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THE VOGUE of VALENTINO

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

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FEBRUARY
MAGAZINE
25 CTS

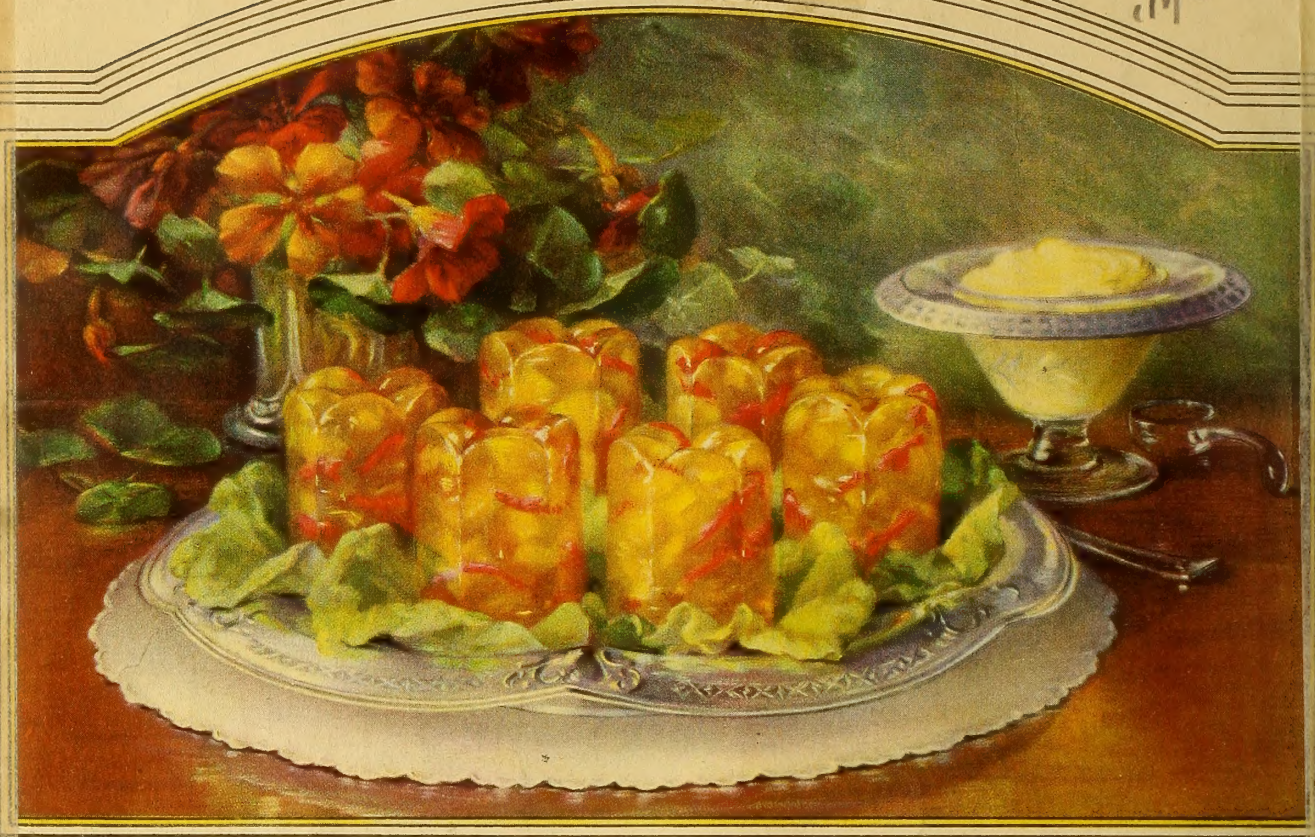


Norma Talmadge

Ann Brockman

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THE VOGUE of VALENTINO

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The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

How I Won The Man I Loved

They called me a social success, because I was courted and flattered by a dozen admirers. I called myself a failure, because I was unable to win the love of the one man for whom I really cared. I was admired, envied and—unhappy. And then Vera Dixon came.



"A few weeks later my Prince harming had crowned me queen of my own li e kingdom"

She fairly took my breath away. Vera and I had been chums through four years at boarding school, and I thought I knew her—but this was a different girl. She had been such a demure, retiring little body, dangerously near a "wallflower." Men just didn't "see" her.

But now—wherever she went Vera Dixon was a veritable **storm center** of masculine attention. The men fairly fought for her smile. You know how it is—if she dropped her fan, three of them bumped heads and came up red in the face and ridiculous—one of them triumphant with the recovered article, the others chagrined and envious. If she breathed about boat riding, or motoring, or golfing, a dozen men clamored to be her escort. And she was just as popular with the girls.

For a few days I watched her in blank amazement. And then I got to thinking: If Vera had been able to change from the unattractive girl she had been into the brilliant success she was now, why could not I change enough to win the one man I really cared about? What was her secret? Finally, one evening when we were alone and "comfy" in Vera's room, I asked her to tell me exactly what it was.

"It's just a little set of books," she answered; and then she showed me what has enabled me, as it had enabled her, to become **mistress** of my own powers of attraction—no longer ignorant of their use—able to attract **any** man I wish—eight little booklets entitled

"The Art of Attracting Men"

Vera went on and on—raving, as I thought—about these wonderful little books. Frankly, I was a little repelled by the idea, in spite of her enthusiasm. But when I got to thinking it over afterwards I was sure of one thing: I would be glad to send for those books, and give them any amount of study, if only they would teach me how to attract the man whose sincere interest I craved.

For the next few days I watched Vera critically. Was she unmaidenly? Had what she learned from her marvelous little books made her forward or immodest? I was compelled to acknowledge that not only was this **not** the case, but that she had acquired a wholly new charm, a sweetness of manner and a poise that had been altogether lacking in the Vera of old times.

Finally I summoned courage to send for a set of the books for myself. I shall never forget the evening they arrived. I took them to my room, opened the package and began to read.

Vera's Wonderful Secret

I Was Interested! I read and read, and as I read my wonder and admiration grew. I had expected a lot of dry rules and instructions, arbitrary and artificial. I found instead a sort of intimate, **personal** dissertation about MYSELF, illustrated with a world of examples from stories I had read and characters in fiction and history that were **familiar** to me. You will laugh, probably, but it was nearly two o'clock when I put the books aside at last and went to bed.

I arose feeling happier than I had felt for months. What I had read the night before seemed to have sort of **crystallized** in my mind. I was conscious of a new sense of power. I felt a greater graciousness. Some way I felt that I could **afford** to be more gracious.

That was just the beginning. It is altogether too long a story to tell in detail—how my happiness grew as I found the circle of my personal attraction widening and widening—how my old friends became warmer friends and both men and girls who had been indifferent began taking notice of me and enlisting on my "friendship roll." For I continued to read, and STUDY, my little books; and as I read and studied I was amazed at the unfolding of what I may call the mystic side of my own nature as well as the many secrets, little things I had noticed myself, but whose hidden significance I did not until then understand, of "human nature" in men—little things that make any man easy to win—and my sense of personal power developed until it culminated, one beautiful evening, in the proposal of the one man in all the world for me.

Somehow, during all this time I had never breathed a word, even to Vera, about having sent for the wonderful little books that had wrought this delightful change in my whole situation in life. I had held the knowledge of them close in my own heart—a sort of personal secret, too near and too dear to share with anyone. It was MY happy secret over which I indulged many a quiet, happy smile. But since my Prince Charming has crowned me queen of my own little kingdom I have come to feel that other girls ought to be told about these marvelous books—what it has done for me and what it can also do for them.

A Game Any Girl Can Play

They are truly "epoch making" books for any girl or woman. Without an objectionable word or suggestion, they lift the veil of the ages from the wonderful [illegible] of Feminine Fascination. For it is Science—as they reveal it—a Science which men have practiced since the days of Mother Eve, but which they have hitherto practiced intuitively, haphazard, blindfolded. To the woman who has studied "The Art of Attracting Men," the winning of admiration and love becomes a delightful game, followed no less innocently and intensely because it is played by **UNFAILING RULES** which make the woman who understands them simply irresistible to any man she chooses to attract.

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Simply sign and mail the coupon below. The entire course of eight books will be sent you IN PLAIN WRAPPER. Nothing to indicate contents of package. When it arrives give the postman only $3 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. Then read a few chapters, apply them to your personal problems, and be amazed and delighted. This wonderful little course means success, happiness, romance, admiration, love.

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rm and How to Acquire It.
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aling Your Real Self.
Appearance that Fascinates.
e and How to Meet Men.
iarities of Human Nature in Men.
g Men Notice You.
l of Arousing Interest.
ining the Man's Reserve.
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ig the Obstacles to Marriage.
g the Proposal.
Conclusions.

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

FEBRUARY

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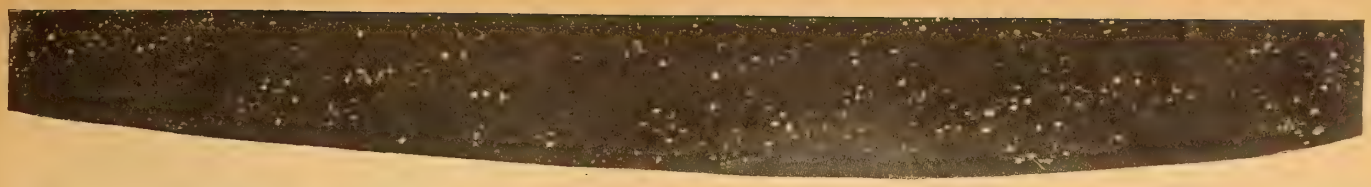
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Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from "Sacrifice" by Stephen French Whitman

JACK HOLT in
"Nobody's Money"
By William LeBaron
Directed by Wallace Worsley
Scenario by Beulah Maxie Dix

A George Melford Production
"JAVA HEAD"
With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Hatton
By Joseph Hergesheimer
Scenario by Waldemar Young

BETTY COMPSON in
"The White Flower"
Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers

MARION DAVIES in
"Adam and Eva"
Directed by Robert Vignola
From the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton
Scenario by Luther Reed
A Cosmopolitan Production

AGNES AYRES in
"Racing Hearts"
With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix
By Byron Morgan
Directed by Paul Powell
Scenario by Will M. Ritchey

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By Emerson Hough
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By Fannie Hurst
Directed by Frank Borzage
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THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

DATE

ALICE BRADY in
"The Leopardess"
By Katharine Newlin Burt
Directed by Henry Kolker
Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller

POLA NEGRI in
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"BELLA DONNA"
Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel
By Robert Hichens
Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Presented by
Hamilton Theatrical Corporation

A William deMille Production
"GRUMPY"
With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel
By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval
Screen play by Clara Beranger

"THE GO-GETTER"
By Peter B. Kyne
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes
Directed by E. H. Griffith
Scenario by John Lynch
A Cosmopolitan Production

GLORIA SWANSON in
"Prodigal Daughters"
Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn
From the story by Joseph Hocking
A Sam Wood Production

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi and Lewis Stone
By Hector Turnbull

An Allan Dwan Production
"The Glimpses of the Moon
With BEBE DANIELS
and Nita Naldi
By Edith Wharton
Scenario by Edfrid Bingham

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno
From the novel by John Fox, Jr., and the play by Eugene Walter
Directed by Charles Maigne

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
From a Pictorial Review Story
By Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

JACK HOLT in
"The Tiger's Claw"
By Jack Cunningham
Directed by Joseph Henabery

WALTER HIERS and
JACQUELINE LOGAN in
"Mr. Billings Spends His Dime"
By Dana Burnett
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"THE RUSTLE OF SILK"
With Betty Compson and Conway Tearle
By Cosmo Hamilton
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

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"A Gentleman of Leisure"
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Directed by Wallace Worsley
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With Nita Naldi, Jacqueline Lo
Conrad Nagel and Robert C
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"Fog Bound"
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Motion Picture Magazine

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Manufactured Stars

It was a sorry day for the art of the motion picture when the star system came into being. This system, which might have been commendable enough, has been abused time and time again. The result is that everything which comprises motion pictures has been sacrificed to it.

The estate of stardom should be enjoyed only by those who, thru one means or another, have earned the admiration of the public. However, this has not always been the case.

There have been, and there are still, what we shall call manufactured stars. These stars are, of course, born of commercialism. For example, several producers, for financial reasons, desired to create another Mary Pickford. A number of girls with the build and golden curls of Mary were placed under contracts and starred in productions similar to those in which Miss Pickford has appeared. But the public here disproved the lack of discrimination with which it has been branded. Not one of these synthetic Mary Pickfords ever achieved any particular degree of popularity and they also failed to maintain the stellar estate thru their own efforts.

Not long ago we came to the happy conclusion that producers had at last given up the costly practice of manufacturing stars. We thought it had been proven a commercial failure. We erred. They are still endeavoring to cut stars from the ugly fabric of commercialism and delude the public by a gilding of publicity and advertising.

The Motion Picture Magazine urges you to do your share in the erection of an impregnable barrier against manufactured stars. Such a barrier must eventually force the discontinuance of what is a deplorable practice.

FEBRUARY, 1923

Vol. XXV No. 1



"Surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance"

THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE

BEAUTIFUL—triumphantly happy—surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance—is it so that you dream of the woman you would like to be?

No matter how you picture her—you can have something of her grace and beauty.

In a hundred ways—you can help to make yourself the woman you would like to be.

Do you long for the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful skin? With the right care you can make your complexion what you will!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new forms in its place. Begin now to give this *new* skin the treatment suited to its needs; see what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make in your complexion.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Just what type of skin have you? Is it dry or oily? Fine or large-pored? Sensitive or resistant? Does it lack color? These are some of the things you must consider in deciding the right treatment for your skin.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin. Two of these famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for each type of skin and its needs you will find in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Fastidious women everywhere are using these famous treatments, for they represent the ideal method of meeting the different needs of different complexions.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well-known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

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Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



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Our Portrait Gallery



ELSIE FERGUSON

Elsie Ferguson, with her aristocratic charm and grace, is one of the most distinctive figures upon the screen. The motion picture is not accorded her entire time, however. Having completed "Outcast," she has begun rehearsals for her stage season in "The Wheel of Life." We have generous praise for Miss Ferguson



Photograph by Freulich

VIRGINIA VALLI

It is difficult to combine the beauty of Virginia Valli with the attention Virginia Valli has won thru her recent portrayals without achieving stardom. And Miss Valli is no exception to this rule. She is being starred by Universal in "Up the Ladder"



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

DOROTHY GISH

Dorothy Gish's greatest desire is to play in drama. And those who know about such things whisper that she is to create the rôle of the Spanish dancer in "The Bright Shawl." This screen version of the popular Joseph Hergesheimer novel will star Richard Barthelmess. It will be interesting to see what the screen's comédienne will do in dramatic rôles



BUSTER KEATON

Buster Keaton, so they say, has decided to follow in the wake of other screen comedians and offer his individual comedy in five-reel productions. If all the laugh-makers of the motion pictures go in for feature length productions, there'll be no comedies to chase dull care away after the sometimes tedious dramas



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

PAULINE GARON

Pauline Garon is one of the screen's younger set. However, youth is no drawback in this sophisticated age and it is not unlikely that a great deal will be heard from Pauline. At present she is working under Cecil B. DeMille in "Adam's Rib"



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Constance Talmadge, too, has departed somewhat from the broad farce and the sophisticated flappers she has so long portrayed. Her "East Is West" offers her opportunities for dramatic characterization, and, as Ming Toy, Constance proves that she has been hiding her dramatic light under the proverbial bushel

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

MAE BUSCH

Mae Busch has done so many interesting things under the Goldwyn studio roofs that they decided to entrust her with the fine rôle of Gloria Hope in "The Christian." To study the above portrait and to see Mae as Gloria is to admit her versatility



CONWAY TEARLE

The world of cinema actors was searched diligently when Pola Negri arrived to make motion pictures on our shores. And, after due deliberation, Conway Tearle was chosen to play opposite her in "Bella Donna"



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

DORIS KENYON

Doris Kenyon is sought to head the casts of both stage plays and motion pictures. And she divides her time between the two with efficiency. Just now she is appearing in "The Flaming Drums" for the screen. Robert Edeson, James Kirkwood and Edmund Breese are also in the cast

Star Stuff . . .

Mary Philbin is a delicate little brush with whom Von Stroheim would paint a wondrous picture

By

HARRY CARR



Photograph by Freulich



Eric Von Stroheim is taking Mary Philbin—a child—with an unformed mind, a pure and beautiful face, with a soul as plastic as virgin snow; and he is absolutely absorbed in the process of molding her into a great dramatic genius. It is a wonderful experiment



At the top of the page is a new portrait of little Mary Philbin. Just above is a recent camera study of Von Stroheim. And at the left, Von Stroheim is shown directing Miss Philbin in a scene of his forthcoming production

IT is somewhat staggering to imagine Svengali with a gold bracelet and a monocle; or Trilby chewing gum and bobbing queer little "Thank y' ma'am" courtesies. But, then, everything Erich Von Stroheim does is liable to be staggering.

In Du Maurier's story of Trilby, the intentions of Svengali were not strictly platonic toward the beautiful model.

But, with that difference, the story of Von Stroheim and little Mary Philbin is the story of Trilby over again.

He is taking this child with an unformed mind, a pure and beautiful face, with a soul as plastic as virgin snow; and he is absolutely absorbed in the process of molding her into a great dramatic genius.

It is a wonderful experiment.

Von Stroheim is a wonderful man.

For many years, as a newspaper writer, it has been my lot to meet extraordinary men. As a plumber deals with bursted pipes, so the newspaper man deals with extraordinary men. Until they become extraordinary they are not grist for his mill. And of all this long list of senators and savants, of priests and crusaders, of great soldiers and great criminals, or great artists and great prize fighters, of the illustrious of the earth and the rag tag and bobtail of the gutter, I can truly say that Erich Von Stroheim is one of the most remarkable men I have ever known.

He is the personification of the most charming civilization the world has known in modern times: he is the voice of Vienna—gay, cynical, sophisticated Vienna.

Paris is a greedy wanton, selling her soul and yours in a hard shrill-voiced bargain. Vienna was an adorable Magdalen who flung herself away with a wafted kiss and a laugh.

During the war I saw hundreds of young Austrian officers like Von Stroheim—altho, of course, without his brains. They were the same in spirit—the Von Stroheim spirit that seems so strange to us—disillusioned, they were, without being bitter—capable of the sweetest and most delicate sentiments — or the most cynical dissipations. The German troops marched into battle with a heavy hopeless determination, the Austrians with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders. The Austrians could face machine gun fire with a laugh—and cry over a crushed flower. The Austrian commander-in-chief went to the front in one of the fiercest battles of the war in a gorgeous limousine that had been commandeered from a Viennese opera singer—an airy palace on rubber tires—upholstered in brocaded white satin.



Photograph by Freulich

Mary has a sweet angelic little face—untouched by the world. When you talk to her, she says, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and bobs funny little boarding-school courtesies when introduced. She won second prize in a beauty contest and got a job in the movies. There Von Stroheim saw her and decided to make of her another Lillian Gish

Of such is Von Stroheim.

——the Von Stroheim who took a queer gay cynical pride in acting the part of a detestable villain in "Foolish Wives" and who gained much gleeful pleasure in hearing Main Street exchanging in hoarse whispers the gossip

(*Continued on page* 98)



The Negri in California

Photographs by
Donald Biddle Keyes



The high estate of stardom leaves few desires unfulfilled. When Pola Negri learned that she was to make pictures in the California studios, she decided that she would prefer her own home to a hotel suite. No hotels for the Negri. She informed everyone that it was impossible to live wisely or well in hotels. And almost everyone agreed with her. She desired a house—with great gardens and with a Polish cook in the kitchen. Presto! When she alighted from the train in California, she found her desires fulfilled. That's the way it goes with movie stars





It is difficult to discern just what comprises the Negri's literature in the photograph above and at the left of the page. However, it looks very much like a newspaper rotogravure supplement. If this is so, Madame Negri is undoubtedly smiling at her own likeness, because the picture sections have been flooded with photographs of her ever since she arrived in America



The thing which most surprises Pola Negri is the quantities of mail which come to her daily. The mail-bags at the studio overflow, and practically every Los Angeles merchant writes her at her home, offering all sorts of inducements if she will shop at his establishment. Heigh-ho, it must be great to be famous!

It may be that the Negri is anxious to return to New York for the height of the operatic season. With her the opera is a passion. At any rate, as soon as her accommodations at the studios were arranged to her liking, she began her work in earnest, and scores of scenes are shot every day

The Man Who Made Robin Hood

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Photograph by Abbé

"Douglas Fairbanks," said Allan Dwan, with quiet conviction, "is, in my opinion, a great factor for progress in the motion picture profession. He has vision. At a time, when retrenchment was the signal word everywhere, he had the courage to press forward"

THERE are, generally speaking, two classes of motion picture directors. There are the men who have drifted into the field from every trade and occupation under the sun. They have learned the technicalities but have little or no cultural knowledge or artistic appreciation. And there are the others who, because of their artistic inclinations and, in some instances, because of their achievements, have come to the high estate of a director. These men are often lacking in even a rudimentary technical knowledge.

Then there are the few who happily combine all these things. Either they came to the industry with them or they have taken the trouble to acquire one or the other.

The direction of "Robin Hood" was a gigantic undertaking. And, before anyone was entrusted with this responsibility, Douglas Fairbanks gave the matter his most careful consideration. Only a comparatively few even merited reflection. They were those possessed of the happy combination. Allan Dwan was eventually selected. And to be chosen for this office by a man of Mr. Fairbanks' discrimination was, in itself, flattering.

Without undue modesty, Allan Dwan disparaged his achievement which we had mentioned with esteem.

"It sounds infinitely more difficult than it actually proved to be," he told us. "It was a question of multiplication. Where we would have engaged a cast of ten people we engaged a cast of twenty. Where we would have employed fifty extras we employed several hundred. And so it went."

However, we realized that his had to be the master mind. He had to be the controlling factor in times of emergency and moments of immediate action and decision. Human beings are not always dependable. To control large numbers of people takes no small degree of executive ability.

We mentioned something of this to Mr. Dwan.

"That," he admitted, "would have once been our greatest difficulty. But the war made 'Robin Hood' easy. There wasn't a single man on the lot, either in the capacity of an extra or on the technical staff, who had not had military training. They knew the importance of obedience. They knew how to take orders and, in turn, how to give orders; every mother's son of them.

"I had a telephone on my platform which saved my energy. I gave orders to my first assistant. He relayed them

Photograph © by Evans Studio



Allan Dwann deals in facts . . . proven things. But he winds them in the silvery magic of his imagination and gives the world, ever and anon, fleeting tapestries and dreams



to his two assistants. They relayed them to their four assistants, and so on, down the line. We specialized in military co-ordination. No man took orders from anyone but his immediate superior. And each man had his particular province inside and outside of the camera lines. A minute after I had given my instruction I would see it put into action in several places on the huge lot."

It all began to seem comparatively simple. There are some comfortable people in this world who have the divine faculty of simplifying what, at first, seem to be impassably difficult things. That is particularly true of Allan Dwan.



"A good continuity," he was saying. "Ah, that's the main thing. Without a good continuity I wouldn't begin work on a one-reel comedy. I like a solid foundation. We had that.

"For fifteen weeks we were busy actually shooting the scenes. But for four months prior to that we were engaged every day, and often far into the nights, getting ready for our first call of 'Camera!'



"There wasn't a man on the lot when we made 'Robin Hood' who didn't have military training," said Allan Dwan. "We specialized in military co-ordination. No man took orders from anyone but his immediate superior"

"The story of 'Robin Hood' is mythical. We had little or nothing to go on. It is likely, I think, that such a character actually lived. But details regarding him are not to be had. Even the old English books of Robin Hood's age were almost impossible to translate. They are in Norman.

"After we had compiled our facts—facts dealing with the history of the time—we set about planning our story as we wanted to tell it. Then came the continuity. It was minutely detailed. After that we selected the characters—first those entrusted with vital portrayals and then the others.

"The sets were designed and subsequently constructed. A great consideration was given to settings. We wanted people to feel the twelfth century every minute their eyes were focused upon the screen. And we knew that atmosphere was something beyond authenticity and the absence of anachronisms. It was

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TAAU YUEN

. . . a glittering yet placid composite of Oriental similies . . . She was a lotus woman, a green slip of willow, an ambrosial moon, a mustard flower . . . Her teeth were white [illegible] . Her hands were like petals of coral . . . Posed by Leatrice Joy, who creates Taau Yuen in the screen version of "Java Head"



The Vogue of Valentino

Illustrations by Guy Rowe

[The following article, which explains the sex psychology underlying the tremendous popularity of Rodolph Valentino, was written by one of America's most eminent psychologists, who, for obvious reasons, does not wish his name to appear. The article is a terrific indictment of the American business man and contains a warning which no one—man or woman—should fail to heed. The writer is a well-known scientist, and the author of many famous books on psychological and philosophic subjects.—EDITOR.]

JUST what is the real significance of the present craze for Rodolph Valentino? For it has a significance—and a very grave one.

All great waves of popular enthusiasm have their source in some deep psychological need. Psycho-analysts call these needs repressions, and tell us that when a repression grows strong enough there is always a psychic reaction. No great public demonstration, no burst of popular passion, just happens. If we look close enough, we will find a definite cause for it.

Valentino is the greatest favorite on the screen today. His triumph is almost unprecedented in motion-picture history. Practically overnight he leaped from obscurity into the front rank of screen stars; and in a few short months he has succeeded in inflaming the feminine imagination of an entire country.

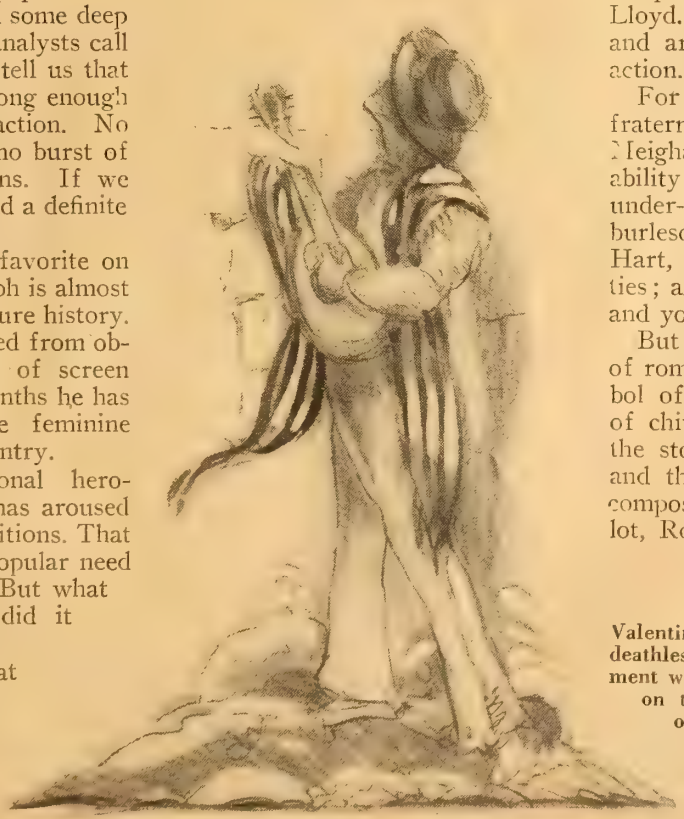
Any wide-spread emotional hero-worship such as Valentino has aroused can be traced to specific conditions. That he has fulfilled some great popular need can not be doubted. . . . But what is that need? And how did it develop?

First, let us see just what it is that Valentino represents—what thing, or desire, he symbolizes.

As to the exact nature of his tremendous attraction there can be no argument. His popularity is not the same as that of Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Will Rogers, Charles Chaplin, William S. Hart, or Harold Lloyd. He makes a different appeal, and arouses a different type of reaction.

For instance, Reid is liked for his fraternal, devil-may-care boyishness; Meighan, for his solidity and dependability of character; Rogers, for his under-dog appeal; Chaplin, for his burlesque and histrionic genius; Hart, for his rugged fighting qualities; and Lloyd, for his spontaneous and youthful comedy.

But Valentino epitomizes the lure of romantic passion. He is the symbol of knighthood—the embodiment of chivalrous ardor. He represents the stolen kiss, the music of flutes, and the clash of swords. He is a composite of King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Robin Hood, and Don Quixote.



Valentino is the Romeo of all the ages, the deathless troubadour at every lady's casement window. He is the Prince Charming on the snow-white steed, who gallops out of a distant, fabulous land, and snatches the rapturous virgin from her moon-lit balcony—the brigand of love, the highwayman of the heart

He is the "fancy man" *de luxe*—the male Helen of Troy — the masculine counterpart of Sappho, Lais, Phryne, and Aspasia. He stands for eternal youth and perpetual romance.

He is the Romeo of all the ages, the deathless troubadour at every lady's casement window. He is the Prince Charming on the snow-white steed, who gallops out of a distant, fabulous land, and snatches the rapturous virgin from her moon-lit balcony —the brigand of love, the highwayman of the heart.

It is he who is the hero of every fairy-tale; and with him the Goldylocks of myth and fable live happily ever afterward—an endurance feat only possible in fairy-tales. But therein lies his glamour!

And even more than this: Valentino is every woman's husband by proxy—the invisible Cavalier of the Boudoir. He is the Phantom Rival in every virtuous domestic establishment—the gallant courtier with whom every husband must bear comparison—the standard by which every wife measures her legal mate. And he is also the young lover's rival—the nemesis of every ardent swain—the third party on every honeymoon—the absent corespondent in every divorce proceeding.

George Washington may be the father of this country; and Mary Pickford may be its sweetheart. But Valentino is its lover.

Why has he thus become the symbol of amatory romance, you ask?

Obviously—unless all the teachings of psychology are wrong—Valentino would not be the national lover, unless the country was in sore need of such a lover. The very intensity of the emotion Valentino has aroused reveals how great a lack of adequate lovers there is in America. The answer is that the business men of this country have not made good with their women!



Valentino carries himself with an unmistakable air. He possesses poise and dignity; his bearing has eminent distinction; and his manner is superlatively gallant. All women take a pride in the manner and appearance of the men they love. It gives them a sense of triumph over other women

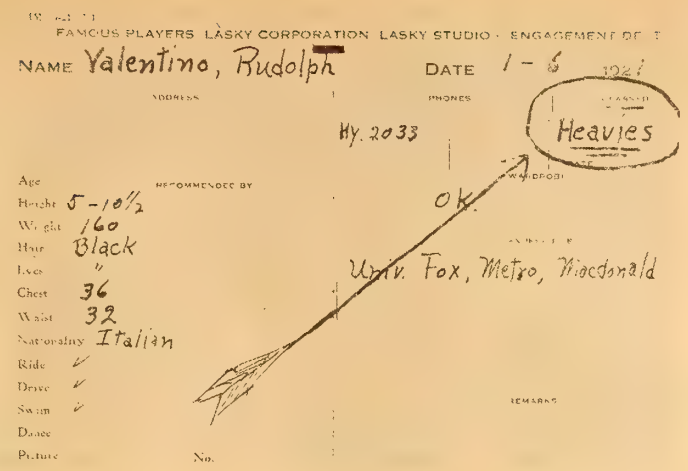
. . . Because he embodies those qualities and characteristics which, from the dawn of history, have fascinated the impressionable feminine heart.

To begin with, Valentino has an almost perfect physique — a physique combining both beauty and strength: Apollo plus Dionysius. He is at once graceful and aggressively masculine. His lineaments are regular and clean-cut, and at the same time bold and forceful. His personal appeal, therefore, is both primitive and sophisticated, both visual and psychic.

Moreover, he combines indifference and fervor in his countenance. There is just enough of sullenness in his eyes to indicate a passionate nature. Also, his expression contains a suspicion of cruelty; yet he appears capable of



All women are romantic—which is as it should be. Love is a big and vital thing in their lives. It is indeed a fundamental feminine need. And this need is not being adequately met by the American business man. The result is that American women are filled with repressions and inhibitions which demand an outlet; and sooner or later a reaction is inevitable



To be a fox is woman's game; and a foxy man is encroaching on her preserves, usurping her prerogatives, and stealing her inalienable rights. A woman has no hold on an intellectual man — her weapons are useless, and she is more or less helpless. Consequently, she instinctively fears such men, and gives them a wide berth.

To be a professional lady's man — to symbolize the eternal Don Juan —a man must not be too brilliant or too intelligent. I do not mean he must not have brains; but he must have the slow-moving, rigid, pig-headed, honest, sentimental, trusting masculine brain. The quick, shrewd, intuitive, tricky, plastic brain is essentially feminine; and when it appears in a man, women naturally resent it.

Valentino runs true to masculine form. Mentally—as well as physically—he is typically male. Therefore, when he comes in contact with the typically feminine, electrical sparks fly in all directions. A high-voltage contact has been established.

Incidentally, Valentino is an excellent actor. Certain critics, blinded by the superficial matinée-idol qualities in his make-up, assume that—like all matinée idols—he is merely a visual triumph. But they are doing Valentino a grave injustice. He is, in fact, one of the best actors on the screen today. He is natural and unaffected. He has abundant restraint, an innate sense of pantomime, and a genuine emotional power.

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salving whatever cardiac wounds he might inflict. Then, again, he is Latin—with the implication of mystery and depth and hidden resources.

But even this is not all. Valentino always appears well-groomed. This is an important item, for the modern feminine sense of beauty contains that heritage from ancient times which delighted in the gorgeousness of male attire. Valentino knows how to clothe himself with spectacular elegance. Sartorically, he is impeccable. At times he overdoes even the proverbial lilies of the field.

Also, he carries himself with an unmistakable air. He possesses poise and dignity; his bearing has eminent distinction; and his manner is superlatively gallant. All women take a pride in the manner and appearance of the men they love. It gives them a sense of triumph over other women.

Furthermore, it must be admitted, Valentino appears as if he could be wheedled and tricked—as if he were susceptible to feminine chicanery and wiles. This is a vital element in his popularity; for women do not relish intellectual men—men who are abnormally shrewd and clever.



Valentino's popularity is an unescapable manifestation of the present great unrest among American women, as evidenced in the increasing number of unhappy marriages of late. Instead of ridiculing Valentino, the American business man had far better study him and imitate him

And Charlie Chaplin Said He Wouldn't Screen Well---



"People in England," said Richard Dix, "in all walks of life, are better informed than are Americans. Even the little bar-maids, bless their hearts, are well read and discuss H. G. Wells over their shoulder, whilst they draw the foaming ale. But the American girls have the English beat a thousand times for looks—never fear"

WHEN Richard Dix was just about old enough to toddle, his mother took him by the hand and led him down to the town hall to see "The Christian." And now Richard has created the winning character of John Storm in this never-dying play.

Altho our interview is with Mr. Dix, it will be seen that John Storm was peeping over his shoulder most of that warm summer afternoon down on the Goldwyn lot at Culver City.

It was not what you would call a cozy chat, of the sort often seen in the magazines, for it was a very busy day in the life of a very energetic and under-weight young man. Director Tourneur was wielding the megaphone over the destines of the Hall Caine opus, and Maurice was feeling a trifle temperamental. So was Richard. It is no joke, he said, to be fifteen pounds below what you usually weigh and then have to wear a heavy black cassock with a suit of thick black clothes underneath and the California mercury doing a dance in the vicinity of the hundred mark.

To look at young Dix, with his level brows, his clear eyes and his wide, friendly smile, you couldn't picture him peevish. If a large safe dropped on his foot, you might imagine him saying a well-chosen word or two, but not exactly crabbing about it.

"Do you mind jogging over to my dressing-room with me while I change my make-up?" asked Richard, as we met in the exact center of the Goldwyn lot. There were no introductions, for I have known this man Dix ever since he was the matinée idol of the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles. Just about since the time that Charlie Chaplin told him he would never make a hit in the films. Charlie, by the way, was wrong for once.

"Did you ever try to think of seven things at once?" he hurled at me when I'd scraped some grease-painty towels off a chair, in his dressing-room, and mopped my dripping brow. He doesn't wait for you to pant out an answer. He just keeps on exploding questions like a rapid-fire gun and then answers himself. It saves a lot of effort on a hot day, but you feel kind of futile.

"I'm trying to remember whether I use a dark make-up in the monastery or a light one and I've got to make a speech tonight somewhere and I've forgotten where, and this collar looks like an oil driller had been choking me to death. Guess I'll have to change it." He changed the collar, wrapped his robes about him and we loped away to a far corner of the lot where a monastery, the exact duplicate of one used in England, had been erected. Director Tourneur was waiting in the shade with a sad, sweet smile of resignation. One gathered that Richard was quite a trial to the boss. But everyone on the lot loves "Dick." His progress along the little paths is a series of impromptu receptions. He stops and chats with everyone from Daddy Lehr to the stenographer of the third assistant director. It is like the time you used to walk down to the post-office at college and everyone said hello to everyone else.

RICHARD DIX CONFIDES SEVERAL THINGS TO GORDON GASSAWAY



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

"Naw," said Dick Dix, "I dont think I am idealistic. I know too well that two and two makes four, and that three and one makes four. I have no time for this stuff you call idealism." Below, Mr. Dix is seen in the title rôle of "The Christian"

John Storm has almost done Richard in, as they say in England. And, by the way, the "Christian" company had just returned from Lunnon when I pounced upon Dix for this story of his life. The wonder of it was that he didn't speak as tho his mouth was full of fog. Many a good movie actor has been ruined by one trip abroad. I say ruined, because when they come back you can seldom understand what they are trying to say.

There is no question about it, but "The Christian" is a big picture and the part of John Storm an important one. Millions of theater-goers have worshiped at the feet of the great actors who have spoken his thoughts.

"I looked too healthy for the part, in the first place," Dick told me, "and so I had to tone down. I toned down fifteen pounds' worth. Do I look æsthetic? I ought to. I haven't eaten any butter or mashed potatoes for five weeks. I cant get a tan on because then I'll look too athletic for a monastery. But in two more weeks. . . ."



There was a sinister implication in his pause that at the end of those two weeks, well, what he'd do to a bowl of mashed potatoes swimming in butter would be a-plenty.

Dick Dix is a very outspoken youth. He embarrasses the interviewer with his frankness, because, honestly, I cant put down here half the things he told me. But of his love for his mother he is most reticent. You see, Richard has never married. I should judge that he is about twenty-seven years along, and pretty ripe, but he hasn't fallen off the tree yet. He is devoted to his family, which is composed at present of his mother and his sister.

And he's not going to marry an English girl.

"Gee, the American girls have the English beat a thousand ways for looks," he confided, in a few moments allowed him while they were tinkering with the reflectors.

"We were treated like royalty in England, and stopped the traffic everywhere and

(*Continued on page 89*)



Singed Wings

By

JANET REID

"IT was a garden of roses . . . such roses as you see only in dreams . . . or . . . or just before you die. They 'minded me of 'the snow-white roses of Paradise' . . . and there were fairies, there, Grandfather, there were fairies, there, loving the roses, with little, light, lingery kisses. And then, all at once, the fairies became excited. They had seen *me*. For I dreamed that I was there, too, Grandfather. Masked . . . and waiting. Waiting for something . . . for someone. Waiting as tho I were standing on tip-toe on a very high place. Waiting as tho I were standing on tip-toe, not breathing at all, not the leastest. And as I stood, a witch came into the garden, a witch on a broomstick of black, and she was like a great, ugly blot on all the whiteness, all the delicate dazzling whiteness. But I didn't mind her, for I was drawn into my waiting as a perfume is drawn into the living air. And then . . . a Prince came. All shining; all white. He was one with the air and the roses. He knew what the fairies said and why they stood still to let him pass. He knew why I was waiting, so poised, so high. . . . And as he came into the garden the white rose fell from my hair to my feet and showered some petals about me, and the Prince stooped at my feet and raised the white rose because it had kissed me and died. But I shuddered . . . because it had died and because the witch stood so very near to me and because I seemed to hear, like grackles, a sudden, silly laughter . . . and because a wind touched the flowers and they drooped with an unseen blight. And then the Prince rose up and broke the witch's broomstick, and she said strange maledictions in a strange and alien tongue. And the wind blew more chilly, and the roses yellowed and a moon arose and mirrored them, and it was yellow, too. And oh, Grandfather, I was so afraid! And the sudden, silly laughter grew louder, so loud that the fairies shuddered with tiny tremors and hid under flower stalks and grass blades and then, all at once, a Fool came into the garden, walking with careless feet

From the Paramount picture "Singed Wings," produced by Penrhyn Stanlaws for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from the story by Katherine Newlin Burr. Screen version by Elfrid A. Bingham. Copyright, 1922, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.

and trampling little, living things under idiot feet. Roses and fairies, and he crunched on the witch's broken broomstick and it made a horrid noise! And oh, Grandfather, I was so afraid! And the Fool talked to the witch and said he loved me to madness and that he would have her brew for him a love potion that he might win my love. And the witch laughed and pointed to the Prince all radiant in the garden and pointed to my masked face and said, "Hark, Fool, these twain are lovers now!" And the Fool yelled out with thin, hideous cries that if I gave my love to another he would kill me. And I knew that the Prince was in danger because of me. I knew that the roses were blighted because of me. I knew that the fairies danced no longer and that their tiny glitters were hidden beneath dead leaves . . . because of me. Ah, Grandfather, Grandfather, I am too young for such sad wisdom. *I* was the blight in the garden! I let it fall on the little, lovely things with the falling of the white rose! And so I went to the Prince all radiant in the moonlight and made him my farewell, and as I stood there by his side the Fool shot an arrow thru my heart and in the yellow moonlight I could see the heart-shaped drops of red that fell about my feet upon the path. And as I fell a chant came from my lips; such a chant as the witch might have sung, and it went:

'The crows are in the castle tower,
Come to me, Beloved,
My bones they'll pick in yonder bower,
Hasten, love, to me. . . .'

"And that is my dream, Grandfather, and I have dreamed it for seven months running, seven times a week, at the waning of the moon. Oh, Grandfather, when I awake, my heart is hot and my hands are cold and see I only before me the face of the white Prince. And always I hear before me the cackle of the sad fool's laughter. Oh, Grandfather, speak to me . . . I am so afraid!"

"The dream . . . of . . . the della Guerdas . . . always comes true. You have seen your lover . . . and you have seen . . . the end."

"You mean?" Señorita Bonita della Guerda bent over the dotard and shook him slightly, with tense fingers. He was so apt to lapse off into dozes broken only by sonorous snores and strange mutterings and groans. And he was the only one who could, or would, tell her anything. "You mean?" she repeated, poking him.

"The . . . dream . . . of the della Guerdas . . . "

"Grandfather! You have said so before. But I do not know what you mean. Bonita does not understand. Does it mean that I shall enter a garden of snow-white roses and see a witch and hear the idiot laughter of a fool?"

" . . . you have seen your lover . . . and you have seen the end. . . . "

"I have no lover!" the girl cried out to him, "you know that . . . come, wake up, Grandfather, I am afraid! I have no lover, I say!"

"In time . . . in time . . . in time . . . " mumbled the dotard, "the end . . . the end . . . the end. . . . " His head fell forward onto his chest. His breath came from cavernous depths of ancient, earned repose.

Bonita rose and turned away. "It means," she whispered to herself, "that if ever a lover comes to me, and he can come, now, only with the radiant face of the Prince, it means that I must say farewell to him while yet I kiss a welcome to the lips of love. It means . . . the end . . . the end . . . the end."

Bonita della Guerda was the last of a once-famous family. The pure blood of Castile ran in her delicate veins, and the fiery, tragic, romantic superstitions mingled subtly with her blood. Common-sense might have cured her, but for her source of knowledge she had only her old Grandfather to turn to, and, with him, Age had turned superstition sour.

Bonita had dreamed much of love. She had heard much of it, and had often seen its counterfeit. She had won-



It was Emilio who had secured for Bonita the chance to dance in the Café Rosa d'Espagnol. It was Emilio who would make merry for her old Grandfather in the cold attic room. Emilio had lucid intervals, a hurt mind and a tender heart. These lucid intervals, this hurt mind and the great and tender heart he had laid, poor treasures but surely his all, at the light, sweet feet of Bonita della Guerda. She took them all and understood them not at all

dered, too, as maidens will, what its reality might be. And now she knew. Its reality, the reality of love, would be the face of the radiant Prince. And because she knew reality and knew its silver, shining worth she went always with a white rose in her hair, and all of her world knew the virtue whereof the white rose was the symbol and the pledge. When the white rose should fall, there would fall, too, the precious petals of chastity.

Bonita danced in the Café Rosa d'Espagnol.

It was not the sort of thing the della Guerdas had permitted their women to do in the traditional days when the turrets and towers of the della Guerda castles had dominated their province in Spain. But now the della Guerdas were come to this . . . to a senile dotard . . . to a maid with a white rose as armor against the world . . . to poverty in an attic . . . to friendship with a half-witted clown, Emilio . . .

Bonita danced her Dance of the Moth . . . and as she danced, the white rose fell from her hair to the floor, and there was a movement and a man bent down at her feet and gathered the white rose in his hands as tenderly as tho he were gathering up a small, hurt, white bird . . . Bonita noticed the tenderness of his hand. And when he raised his face to hers, both pained and puzzled, it was the face of the radiant Prince . . .

SINGED WINGS

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Paramount release of the Penrhyn Stanlaws production of the scenario by Elfrid A. Bingham, based on the story by Katherine Newlin Burr. Featuring Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel. The cast:

Bonita della Guerda	Bebe Daniels
Peter Gordon	Conrad Nagel
Bliss Gordon	Adolphe Menjou
Don Jose della Guerda	Robert Brower
Emilio	Ernest Torrence
Eve Gordon	Mabel Trunnelle

It was Emilio who had secured for Bonita the chance to dance in Café Rosa d'Espagnol. It was Emilio who would make merry for her old Grandfather in the cold attic room. Emilio had lucid intervals, a hurt mind and a tender heart. These lucid intervals, this hurt mind and the great and tender heart he had laid, poor treasures but surely his all, at the light, sweet feet of Bonita della Guerda. She took them all and understood them not at all.

But she understood this; that when they were very poor and were beginning to be hungry; when she didn't know what to do nor where to turn, it was Emilio who took her by the hand and led her to the man who owned the Café Rosa d'Espagnol and told him to permit the Señorita Bonita to dance for him, and after that they were not hungry any more. It was Emilio who told her to wear always the white rose she had chosen and never to look on the faces of the people who looked on her, because, he said, they were not real, but only faces in an evil dream. And it was Emilio who told her never to speak with any man who spoke with her in that café, nor to permit one of them so much to touch as the hem of her fluttering skirt.

And Bonita seemed to know that Emilio's poor hurt mind was somehow very wise. And so she wore her rose and so she did his bidding.

* * *

Bliss Gordon was a man of forty-



odd years of age. He had made too much money and too much love. He was a seeker of white roses.

Eve, his wife, knew these things and still she loved him with a deep pathetic love. Partly, perhaps, because she had managed to be his wife for so many years, and partly because she was beginning to fade.

Eve had been thru many trampled rose gardens. From each and every one of them she had, with bleeding heart and pitiful hands, succeeded in rescuing Bliss. There would come a time, she knew, and there would come a garden in which she could not avail, for all the dropped blood of her heart; for all the pity of her hands.

The Café Rosa d'Espagnol proved to be that garden.

Eve Gordon knew that this was more than other things had been when she watched Bliss as he watched Bonita dance. There was more than a red light in his eyes. There was more than a fever in his flesh. There was, now, a hunger in his heart. His heart which, like her flesh, was fading, too, only he did not know it, or, knowing it, was doing it final battle.

"He *loves* this girl," Eve thought, with misery. With misery she looked on the dancing girl's white body and black hair, the undefeated scarlet of her mouth, the undefeated blossom in her hair.

"Do you know what that white rose means?" her husband asked her, and when she answered that she did not, he told her with a mocking laugh of contempt.

Eve Gordon shuddered. It was a terrible taunt, against which the years of her travail, which was her wifehood, would be agonizingly unavailing.

That night when Eve Gordon went home — alone — she wrote John Peter, her husband's nephew and, she felt, her own best friend. John Peter was young, but he knew things. He knew Bliss Gordon. He knew Eve. And in his young heart he ached with pity for her unworthy loss. There had been times before . . . Yes, John Peter might know what to do. He might propose some tempting trip that would allure Bliss Gordon from the Café d'Espagnol.



She sobbed, and Bliss Gordon put his hands on her. His hot, hard, harsh hands. Old hands. His hands had killed the rose, Bonita knew. "I cant," she sobbed into her hands; "I cant . . . I cant . . . I cant . . . !"

* * *

Bliss Gordon followed the girl home one night. He could be very charming—and he was. Old Grandfather Jose had not, he mumbled, spoken to so perfect a hidalgo in half a generation. The old dotard sat erect while Bliss Gordon was in the room. The matted mass of his age straightened itself out and wore a semblance of ghastly sprightliness.

. . . In a corner of the room Emilio crouched with vacant eyes that yet were terrible with knowledge. . . .

Bliss Gordon said Bonita should not dance in the smoky, wretched Café d'Espagnol. There were great, glittering places, he said, where she should dance if she so desired. But why should she dance at all? A daughter of the della Guerdas. Ah! He, Bliss Gordon, had seen the towers and turrets of the della Guerdas. He had seen the ancient vaults and tombs wherein reposed the last, proud bones of the old hidalgos. What would be their misery and shame if they could see the last of their line in a cheap, San Franciscan café? If they could see the ancient Señor della Guerda in an attic, impoverished and alone? Ah, what a pity! But it need not be . . . no, it need not be . . . There were sometimes friends for such as the della Guerdas. There was sometimes a rare gentleman who understood, who felt a pride in the preservation of blood of ancient lineage.

Such was Bliss Gordon . . . and Bonita had to stamp her little foot and say be still, because the clown in the corner cackled with sudden, silly laughter. Sudden, silly laughter that was insulting to the kindly gentleman. "Be still, Emilio!" she said.



Bonita could now see above the bent heads of the crowd, the curious, ever-curious crowd. They were on their knees about a figure in moth-grey, upon whose breast, in curious design, a blood-red heart was brokenly appearing

But later on that evening, after Bliss Gordon had gone, Emilio crept to Bonita and said, "If you lose your white rose—*I kill!*"

And every night thereafter, when Bliss Gordon, the kindly gentleman, who told old Grandfather Jose of a peaceful grey stone castle in the sun, down on a sunny slope of Southern California, where the sun was like the sun of Spain, had gone, Emilio crept to Bonita and whispered the selfsame thing . . . "If you lose your white rose—I kill!"

And Bonita, frightened and impatient, would reply, "Be still, Emilio!" while she thought with wistful yearning of the peaceful grey stone castle in the sun and the kindly gentleman who stood always behind her when he talked. Kindly but for the time his hand had touched her bared and suddenly shrinking shoulder. Why had she thought his hand unkind when his voice was gentle and placating? Because it had been hot and hard and strong? She didn't know . . .

* * *

Came a night when Bonita was dancing in the Café d'Espagnol. A woman heavily veiled sat watching her, Bonita never looked on the faces that looked on her, because Emilio had told her not to; had told her that they were but the faces in an evil dream. . . . But this woman's face was veiled and Bonita did not know why she looked in it. Many women came there with veiled faces and with men whose faces were not veiled in any sense. Bonita did not know why she watched this woman, saving that the woman's eyes seemed

(*Continued on page* 90)



"Poor Fool!" sobbed Bonita, remembering how he had been kind, and she bent over him and took his witless, painted, happy face against her soft young breast. "Poor Fool . . ." she sobbed again, and she gave him her first kiss

When Is News Not News?

Laura Kent Mason Considers the News Reels



You know what a news weekly is, of course. We all do. It is that part of the average motion picture program that is stuck in between the feature picture and the comedy. Below, a sketch of the news reel's version of the flood in Mishawaka Valley, Nebraska, which killed four chickens, a stray dog, and almost carried away a barn that wasn't anchored firmly enough

WHEN is news not news? Does that sound like one of those conundrums to which the answer is "As often as there are legs on a a glass snake" or words to that effect? This time, however, this is a real question. In absolute seriousness, do you know when news is not news? The answer is simple enough: when you see it in a News Weekly.

You know what a news weekly is, of course. We all do. The only way not to know is to keep away from the movies altogether, and that's too drastic a method, even for avoiding knowledge about a news weekly. However, there are times when we all feel that that would be the easiest way out of it all.

A news weekly is that part of the average motion picture program that is stuck in between the feature picture and the comedy. Perhaps that's why comedies always seem so awfully funny to me. Anything would seem funny after a news weekly. Even another news weekly. A news weekly is, as nearly as I can figure it out, a supposedly adroit arrangement of the news of the week. The only trouble with the news weekly, it seems to me, is that the pictures shown in it aren't news and that they wouldn't be interesting even if they were. Otherwise it's worth walking a mile for, anyhow.

And you are apt to see the launching of a ship, a freighter usually, in which Wee Mary Gage, the captain's fair daughter, aged ten, breaks a bottle of Nothing-like champagne across the prow



The average patron of the motion picture theater reads a newspaper. It may be a New York paper. It may be a Chicago paper. It may be just the weekly Galumphville Gazette, issued in the average movie visitor's home town. At any rate, the newspaper contains, in its own and sometimes quaint way, the real news of the day. Some place in its pages you can find just what you are looking for, whether you care for world politics, the latest scandal, what cold cream to use for sunburn or what the just-defeated tennis player said the day after the defeat. Now, if a news weekly contained things like that, only a bit more lifelike, nobody could say a word about it. We'd willingly sit thru the parts of it we didn't like, knowing that the other parts were coming — like listening to brother read the baseball reports while we are waiting to grab off the woman's page. Is a news weekly anything like a regular newspaper only more pictorial?



If the news weekly is trying to become the chaser of the motion picture world, I'll say, for one, that they are heading in the right direction

It certainly is not. It's nothing like a newspaper, as far as the news is concerned. In fact, the makers of the news weekly probably asked each other why it was that people read the newspapers and then carefully deleted everything that seemed to approach any of the answers.

Little as we like to admit it, we are all interested in scandals. We read every word of them in the papers, usually, even while we are pretending that we're way above all that sort of thing. Wouldn't you be interested in seeing, in a news weekly, the lifelike moving pictures of, say, half a dozen of the people who happen to be in some of the more decent, if possible, scandals, just now? Of course you would. Do you ever see them in the news weekly? You do not. You see, instead, the launching of a ship, a freighter, usually, in which Wee Mary Gage, the captain's fair daughter, aged ten, breaks a bottle of Nothing-like-champagne across the prow. If you feel anything like I do about it, the launching of a ship is absolutely nothing in your life.

There are about equal chances that you read the society news. We may pretend we don't, but we glance at this section of the paper, once in a while. More than likely, too, most of us wonder what really-truly society folks look like, if their homes are the way we think they are and if their parties are all they are supposed to be. There are a lot of out-of-door charity entertainments given by real society people where it wouldn't be at all impossible to get good pictures of real society leaders, of the most prominent débutantes, the cutest flappers, the best known men-about-town. Surely, these pictures wouldn't be any more difficult to get than some of those the news weekly really does show. Do we get real society people, their homes, their social life—which, by the way, the society people would love to have in pictures, just as they do in newspapers? No, we get, instead, "Two hundred school children of Oswecatcha, Iowa, march around the school grounds as they dedicate the new school flag."

Another group of us, and a large group, too, are interested in actors and actresses, stage and screen, off stage and screen. We have seen them in pictures, where they are all posed, ready for a picture, in the studio. We have seen them as they are on the stage. Wouldn't most of us be interested in seeing our stage or screen favorite as he or she really is at home, playing tennis or golf, in the library or in the kitchen, doing some of the interesting things that our favorite motion picture magazines tell us about, but that even they cant show us in motion? Do we get this sort of thing in the news weekly? You know the answer.

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We may get a faint and distant glimpse of Lloyd George sometimes, or one flash of the fascinating smile of the Prince of Wales, but that's about as far as the news weekly will go



Photograph by Arthur F. Kales

Youth

Appropriately posed by Mary Pickford

Cursed With Sweetness

By
MALCOLM OETTINGER



Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.



There is an elfin youthfulness to Madge Kennedy. Like your sister, perhaps, or the best-looking girl on the block, or that Savannah belle who was up last winter for a month . . . a regular girl. Above, as she appears in her new photoplay, "The Purple Highway"

AFTER meeting Madge Kennedy and feeling thoughtfully for *le mot juste* with which to describe her, you will inevitably resort to the word Sweet. It has been that way ever since the beginning, Madge complains.

"No matter what I say, how I act, or what I do, people insist upon labeling me Sweet," she said, with a doleful smile. "Some well-meaning individual once wrote up my Sweet Personality, and I've never been able to escape from it. It's a strain to be Sweet to all comers—to shine day in and day out. I never read 'Pollyanna' and I'm sure I shouldn't like it if I did, and yet everyone insists that I'm a Glad Girl. *Why* did they decide upon Sweet for *me?*"

The exasperating part of it all is that the word fits her completely. Pretty but not beautiful, refined but not aristocratic, not too assured and flashing an ingenuous smile, Madge Kennedy is the sort of girl you would inexorably be compelled to term Sweet. As a matter of fact, Madge isn't a girl as girls go. She left her teens some years ago. But she has the secret, whatever it is, and Time interrupts her not a whit as she plays on the pipes of Pan—Peter Pan.

Slight and slim, the Madge of the city is very like the screened heroine. Crisp brown hair and wide eyes and a puckering smile and something eternally young about her—an elfin youthfulness—there you have Madge Kennedy. Your sister, perhaps, or the best-looking girl on the block, or that Savannah belle who was up last Winter for a month . . . a regular girl. (The girl will crop up. Even marriage has not diluted her girlishness. It would be difficult to say that Madge was womanly.)

She was rehearsing "The Spite Corner," the new Frank Craven comedy in which she is returning to the articulate drama after a year or more of matrimonial retirement. (Mrs. Harold Bolster, if you're curious.) At the Ritz Theatre I found her perched on a prop chimney, chatting over her part with Mr. Craven, better known to the world as the father of the priceless "First Year." We decided that Miss Kennedy would be ideal as the screen heroine of that play, but we were unable to hit upon a suitable film-wise actor for the Craven part.

"That's the chief trouble with pic-

Madge Kennedy Laments the Sunshine of Her Smile

tures," Madge declared, as she kicked her feet emphatically against the chimney. "There aren't enough plays with just folks in them. Broadway is waking up. There has been 'The First Year' and now 'Kempy' and, we hope, 'Spite Corner'—all simple comedies about regular people we all know and love. I'd rather play regular people than all the Lady Duff-Gordon parts ever written. Now we've just had an example. There are plenty of romantic leads—Reid, Valentino, Barthelmess, Meighan, Farnum—but who could do a bashful country swain who develops into a shrewd business man? Charlie Ray might do the first act all right, but then what?"

Now that Madge has her own company, she is going to proceed along the lines stated above. She going to look for simple, honest stories of contemporary American life. The Kennedy productions, promise to be different, something by way of innovation for the fluttering photos. It is Madge's intention to divide her allegiance between the celluloid shops and the land behind the Asbestos Curtain.



Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

Madge Kennedy *is* sweet, say what you will. She has charm. But here is no posturing manikin, no hennaed lithograph ready for the twenty-four sheets, no Broadwayward dramatic *artiste*

"How happy I could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," she sighed. "When I get out before the footlights and hear the applause—if I'm lucky—I feel that the stage is everything. . . . Then I see the rushes of a particularly good day's work in the studio, and I have to reconstruct my likes and dislikes all over again.

"Of this I'm certain. Studio work makes more demands on my nerve centers. I feel absolutely gone after dramatic work before the camera. It's the terrible strain of wondering whether you're putting your story across. In the theater you are in constant touch with your audience and you are able to adjust your playing accordingly."

We were comparing notes on "The Follies" when suddenly Madge looked up and said, "I'm awfully glad you haven't asked me all sorts of silly questions. They frighten me so. Who cares whether I enjoy Somerset Maugham and Hergesheimer, or whether I should rather sit thru one play by Frank Craven than three by the Hattons? It has always been a mystery to me why people regarded the private lives of stage people as public property. You see I'm just folks. There's no particular glamor about me. There's nothing to 'write up' I guess I'm too dog-goned sweet, that's all."

She laughed. But she has stated her case.

She *is* sweet, say what you will. She has charm. But here is no posturing manikin, no hennaed lithograph ready for the twenty-four sheets, no Broadwayward dramatic *artiste*.

Despite her years of stardom—most recently in "Cornered," and currently in "The Spite Corner," and, screenically, in Goldwyn Pictures—Madge Kennedy retains that something—youth covers it—that makes her popular, that keeps her winning, that insists upon the use of the hated word, Sweet.



Photograph by Gene Kornman

Lloyd and Company

A New and Charming Camera Study of the Spectacled Harold and His Mother

Feasters in Babylon

A Serial Story of Two Sisters Who Came to Romantic Hollywood

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustrated by August Henkel

THE THIRD INSTALMENT

A synopsis of the preceding chapters appears on the following page

SUNLIGHT thru silk made a rosy mist in which Mary's drowsy thoughts wandered, putting off the moment of full awakening. Under heavy lids she watched the light shattered into dazzling splinters on the crystal and silver of the dressing-table. Where was the little wooden brush with the varnished pine back that used to lie on her bureau? But that had been long ago—and a great deal had happened since; this house had happened, this room with its cream-and-blue wicker furnishings, the soft caress of silk against her skin.

. . . and Dermott Trent.

The room, its objects far away and sharply miniature, like things seen thru the small end of a telescope, vanished. Mary closed her eyes, as tho in this way she could shut out the thought of him. One couldn't help one's dreams, but this strange surge of happiness that seemed to lift her heart as if on the crest of some suffocating wave—that she could help, *must* help. Nice girls didn't think about men until they "paid them attention" — that was Cloverly's edict; and since that night a month ago when he had given her the card that opened the way to a small success for them, Dermott Trent had shown no inclination to follow up the acquaintance. Sometimes, when he came to the Superba lot, she had fancied she felt his eyes, somber and secret, like windows with the blinds drawn . . .

Mary sat up in bed impatiently. "Silly!" she scolded herself. "Why on earth *should* a man like Dermott Trent notice you when there are so many more noticeable people in Hollywood? He must be tremendously important if just his card could do all this for two absolutely unknown girls . . ."

A thought stabbed her and she sprang out of bed, dragging a plain, little, blue-crêpe kimono about her. The Mary Leonard of the studio might wear daring gowns and intriguing négligée, but her personal wardrobe remained as plain and devoid of coquetry as a nun's. It proved, Lissa said, gibing at the prim piles of muslin in her drawers, that she had a repression. It was a word glib on the lips of "Th' Bunch," the riotous

The lace coverlet stirred impatiently. One round arm flung out on the tumbled pillows, dark curls tossed across crimson cheeks, Lissa lay sprawled like a child in the innocent abandon of slumber; the white satin pillow, where her cheek pressed it, showed red streaks of rouge. Mary shook the uncovered shoulder



crowd to which Lissa had gravitated, obedient to the law of the lodestones.

Her room was in chaotic confusion. On the floor, in a drifted circle as she had stepped out of it, lay the dress she had worn last night, a draped copper-colored chiffon that showed the distracting dimples on her shoulder-blades. A film of cigaret ash covered everything, and on the table by the bed stood a siphon and a clouded glass. Mary's lips tightened with distaste as she breathed the odor of stale smoke, alcohol, and the penetrating perfumes Lissa loved. A gilded vial on the disheveled dressing-table had spilled a pool of sensuous sweetness, and she righted it, reading the coy inscription, *Mon Boudoir Après Minuit,* with a sense of outrage before she turned to the bed.

"Lissa!"

The lace coverlet stirred impatiently. One round arm flung out on the tumbled pillows, dark curls tossed across crimson cheeks, Lissa lay sprawled like a child in the innocent abandon of slumber; the white satin pillow, where her cheek pressed it, showed red streaks of rouge. Mary shook the uncovered shoulder.

"Lissa, it's nine o'clock."

The shoulder twitched away petulantly. "Why do you have to wake me up at that time of night?" Lissa mumbled, burrowing deeper into the pillow; "anybody who was working 'till three o'clock . . ."

"Lissa, dont lie." Mary spoke in a low voice: "When you didn't come in at twelve I phoned the studio. You weren't working last night."

Violently the covers were flung back. Lissa sat up, clasping her knees. "Well, what if I wasn't?" she said defiantly. "Cant a girl have a little fun once in a while? If you didn't make such a fuss, I'd have told you where I was going, but you always cast yourself for the part of Guardian Angel. Alma Abrell had some of th' bunch at her bungalow and afterward we thought it would be fun to have a moonlight swim, so Hollister Fayne took us in his Demon Six — and maybe we didn't break the speed laws, but we certainly fractured them coming home!"

A vision of Alma Abrell's white, heavy eyelids and red lips which could utter outrageous profanity with perfect nonchalance, of Hollister Fayne's florid handsomeness and his air of reckless daredeviltry, flashed disturbingly before Mary's mind. She tried to read her sister's face, but the injured innocence of Lissa's look was an impenetrable mask, opaque as milk.

"That Abrell girl is out of work most of the time, but she lives in a fine house and drives a French car—" she hesitated, coloring—"and they say that Hollister Fayne . . ."

"Oh, I suppose he's listed in the Dun and Badstreak of Hollywood," Lissa yawned; "what's the difference? They're alive at least, and not dead from the collar-button up like that Dalzall Clendenin and the rest you're always talking about, whose idea of a time is dominos and near beer!"

She jumped out of bed, dragging an evening wrap of purple chiffon and fur about her. From the bathroom, a moment later, above the sound of running water, came a voice raised in carefree song:

"I never have been married—
And I dont see why I should;
'Cause nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good—"

When she came back into the bedroom, rosy and unconcerned, and began to drag open drawers and toss over their rainbow contents, her sister spoke wistfully: "They're not our kind, Lissa. They're not real people—all this isn't real—" her gesture drew the chiffon and lace, the decanter and perfume into the words. "It's all a kind of a dream-world—the kind of a dream you have in a fever . . ."

"Well, I shan't leave any call to be waked at seven!" Lissa said pertly as she stepped into an absurd silk slip. "Before I'm thru with it I'm going to dream a racing-car and a diamond necklace, and a maid of my own!"

Thru Mary's mind flashed a picture of Lissa as she looked on the day they had been received into the little church in Cloverly—an exquisite child in crisp, snowy organdie, carrying a white-and-gold prayer-book. What was it this child had told her as they were walking homeward on the grass-grown board walks flanked by the evergreen hedges and white picket-fences? ". . . I dont want to be a goody-good and go to heaven *after* I die—I want to be pretty and go to a ball in a diamond necklace *before* I die!" And now Lissa was no longer wishing to be pretty—she was assured of her beauty—and to the diamond necklace she was adding a racing-car and a maid all her own—and expressing her wish not with the earlier note of uncertainty, but in a tone of such confidence that the expression of wistfulness on Mary's face changed to one of pale horror.

Lissa, who had been watching her sister with amusement, now laughed.

"Oh, dont worry, old thing! No more Sans Souci stuff—I'm wiser than I was then. What's the use of getting in thru the coal chute if the front door is unlocked?"

Mary stood very straight in her long blue robe. She seemed to feel again the touch of their father's hand upon her head, stroking her hair, as he had that night before he died—and his words—she could hear them now: "You're like your mother in more ways than one; she was gentle and kind, too. Lissa has her features, but she's *my child.* Sometimes I'm afraid for Lissa . . ."

Mary looked into her sister's eyes, an expression on her face that Joan of Arc might have worn before going into battle. "Then," she said, evenly, "if you're going to

The Synopsis

Mary Leonard, nineteen, and her fiery sister, Lissa, two years younger, leave the dull little town of Cloverly, after their father's death, hoping to become movie stars. They arrive in Hollywood with little money, but with high hopes. After countless disappointments they are chosen as extras to appear in a cabaret scene, and are dressed in evening costumes that accentuate the beauty of both to such an extent that two important men in the Superba Company are highly impressed. One, Leon Grey, the casting director, calls the gentle Mary into his office and says he will make her a star, if she will be nice to him. Horrified, Mary rushes to her dressing-room, where she finds a note from Lissa, saying that she has gone on a party with Al Gessler, the director, who has offered her a wonderful chance for a real part. Mary knows the nature of such an offer and rushes out into the night, in a panic, to find her sister. On the roadway she is stopped by a man in a racing-car, who peremptorily orders her to get in. Feeling that she can trust him and confide in him, Mary tells her story, and the man drives to Sans-Souci, a roadhouse frequented by Al Gessler. The stranger gives Mary a revolver and instructs her about the stairways leading to the private dining-rooms. In a deserted corridor Mary holds up a waiter, then explains her mission, wins his sympathy, and is directed to the room where Lissa and Al Gessler are dining. She opens the door just in time to save her sister from the director's drunken kisses. Lissa, who has been drinking, too, bursts into tears and scolds Mary for interfering, but the older girl manages to drag her out upon the fire-escape. As they climb down to the street, the threats of Al Gessler follow them. They find the stranger waiting in his car; he drives them home, and gives Mary his card. When the girls reach their room, they eagerly read what is printed on the bit of pasteboard: Dermott Trent. ***It is the name of the Czar of the Movie World!***

the devil, I'm going with you." And added, trembling: "You know—I promised to look after you . . ."

"Good sub-title!" Lissa shrugged. She dipped a lamb's-wool pad into a box of crimson powder and touched her cheeks, "'Member how I used to use red-crêpe paper? Sweet mama! What a life that was! The people in that burg were so dead it was a wonder anybody knew when it was time to bury 'em! You mean you're going around with me and th' bunch? Fine! You'd better buy a dress for tonight—a little Eva get-up wont go at one of Jasper Dorr's parties."

Mary stared aghast. "*Jasper Dorr*—you mean that dreadful old millionaire that gets into the papers all the time? You wouldn't go to his house!"

Lissa turned in the door, red lips curling scornfully. "Oh, you dont need to be afraid! Some of the most capable movie rescuers in the business will be there—everyone goes to Jasper's parties—he keeps the best bootlegger in Hollywood!"

A sense of impending evil followed Mary thru the day at the studio. Since Dermott Trent's card had performed its magic she had advanced from atmosphere to small parts in which she smoothed fevered brows or kept house for white-haired fathers. Today the glycerine bottle in the first-aid kit proved unnecessary when she was called upon to shed tears, and Dalzall Clendenin, the assistant director, complimented her enthusiastically as they sat opposite each other afterward in the studio cafeteria.

"Never saw but one other girl who could cry to order," he averred. "That was Gerda Grandin. Poor kid! She committed suicide—Why, what's the matter?

Mary was gazing at him with wide eyes. "She *killed* herself? How old was she?"

"Oh, seventeen or eighteen," Clendenin said unconcernedly. "It was one of those things that gives the profession a black eye. People dont seem to realize that among four hundred thousand men and women there's bound to be all kinds, including the wrong kind. There's some of the finest people in the world living here in Hollywood, paying off the mortgages on their homes, raising their families, working like slaves—then along comes some pretty little low-grade moron and gets into trouble and we're all tarred with the same brush!"

He saw that she was not listening, and followed the direction of her glance to a tall figure just leaving the cafeteria. As tho her eyes had called him, the man stopped in the doorway and turned, looking across the heads of the diners straight at Mary. For a moment their eyes met and Dalzall Clendenin had the odd sensation of something happening, something tumultuous, tremendous—then, bowing slightly, he was gone.

"So you know Dermott Trent?" Clendenin asked. His tone was a trifle strained and she caught the inflection.

"No. I have met him, that is all." Mary touched her hair in the unconscious way women do when someone has passed whose opinion they care for. "He seems—wonderful."

"Trent is the most powerful man in Moviedom," the director said grimly. "We all kow-tow to him, but, like most czars, he hasn't any friends. Lives alone with a Hindu servant in a big house of mystery that no one in Hollywood has ever seen the inside of—and he never talks. He can say nothing in all languages, including the Sanskrit!"

The party at Jasper Dorr's great country place among the hills began at midnight. Mary wore one of Lissa's new evening gowns. "Lucky we're the same size!" Lissa said as she fastened the two snaps and single shoulder strap that held the dress on. Then despairingly, as she stood off and surveyed the effect of floating black tulle, white shoulders and

He saw that she was not listening, and followed the direction of her glance to a tall figure just leaving the cafeteria. As tho her eyes had called him, the man stopped in the doorway and turned, looking across the heads of the diners straight at Mary . . .





Dermott Trent, watching Mary keenly, saw the horror in her face, and it came to him, unwillingly, that an angel might look so upon the revelry of lost souls in hell. She covered her face with her hands

fantastically piled hair: "But it's no use, Mary! You look so darned *good*, and goodness is out of style. Pep is the thing now. Never mind, a shot of Jasper's third-rail will fix you up, and, honey, forget you're a lady from Cloverly, and if anybody tries a little petting dont call for the police!"

In Hollister Fayne's car they left the town behind and sped along the winding mountain road at a speed that brought a gasp to Mary's lips. "That's the fun of having a Stunt King for a chauffeur!" Lissa laughed gleefully above the roar of the motor. "Why, in 'The Man with Nine Lives,' Holly rode a motor-cycle over a railroad trestle and drove a racing-car off the cliff—he's all right!"

There was pride in her voice, the pride of the Weaker Vessel rejoicing in brawn and sinew. In the circle of existence, Sophistication meets Savagery—the rouge jars of the boudoir and the unguents of the cave are the same things—and the woman in the semi-nakedness of society and in the barbaric beads and tooth necklaces of the wilderness are one in purpose—sisters in their skins!

It seemed to Mary as she watched the rout that poured down the marble staircase and swept thru the rooms of Jasper Dorr's Roman villa that the dream in which she moved these days had become a nightmare. The light flung from torches held in the hands of nude bronze nymphs along the walls awoke echoes in jewels, polished skin, burnished hair. The women's laughter had a bacchante quality; the men, in spite of their correct evening garb, showed the satyr in peering eyes and evil smile.

Jasper Dorr, arms about two slim little creatures with bobbed curls and gowns that displayed their childish meagerness, led the way to the flower-banked table.

"Eat, drink and be merry!" he shouted jovially, "for tomorrow we die-t!"

He swung his companions into two high chairs on either side of his place where they were served with cocktails in nursing bottles to the vociferous delight of the other guests. Far down the table Mary caught a glimpse of Lissa's lacquer-black head and nunlike profile tilted challengingly to her companion, a ripe olive between her lips. A kind of sickness of disgust swept her as she saw the man stoop and capture the olive with a kiss, then a bare white shoulder intervened, cutting off the sight.

"Jasper's a great old boy, what, eh?" admired the man beside her, a weedy youth with a varnished drab pompadour glued back from a receding forehead.

"He's—rather bald, isn't he?" Mary hesitated: "He looks old enough to be the grandfather of those girls with him."

"Grandfather—I say, that's good!" sniggered the youth. He leaned toward her, "C'mon, let us be sociable! You're a damn pretty girl, and that's the way I like 'em!"

Mary shrank back against the shoulder of the man on the other side, then she turned and looked up at him. Dermott Trent was beside her. From his great height he met her wide glance with barricaded eyes. His smile was saturnine. "I am delighted to see you here!" he said, "in addition to the obvious reasons, it is gratifying to have my theory proved."

"Theory?" Mary repeated, hoping that the tumult of her heart did not show under the borrowed dress.

He bowed. "The theory," he said deliberately. "that all women are alike. The other night you threatened to overturn it, which would have been a pity."

Mary opened her lips to explain her presence, but checked the words unuttered, in loyalty to Lissa. "You do not believe in anyone?" she asked; "how unhappy you must be!"

For an instant the barriers were lowered and she saw memories lift their heads in his somber gaze, stir in pain, then she was shut out. "On the contrary," Trent said suavely, "the only happiness that cannot be taken away lies on the other side of Disillusion. When one has

lost everything, one does not dread loss. But let us talk of more attractive subjects, such as—yourself," he smiled his flashing, tired smile.

Mary's heart felt cold and still. Her knight who had befriended her against the world would not defend her against himself. He believed her like these others, with their clothed nakedness, their eyes that said unspeakable things, their lips that had been kissed too much. But she was relieved to hear her voice speaking naturally of her work at the studio, thanking him for what he had done.

The merriment about them, plied with liquor, rose to pandemonium; laughter became hysterical. On every side couples flirted and made tipsy love. Opposite Mary, Alma Abrell was giving an imitation of a scene from a recent picture which had been discussed by the censors: her companion, a handsome boy, was branding her shoulder with an oyster-fork dipped in tabasco. The applause was riotous.

Dermott Trent, watching Mary keenly, saw the horror in her face, and it came to him, unwillingly, that an angel might look so upon the revelry of lost souls in hell.

"The fun is only just beginning," he said casually; "things will get livelier later on."

She covered her face with her hands.

Then she heard his voice close to her ear: "Let me take you home."

The crowd was straggling away from the table; somewhere at a distance music arose, if such wild, unholy sounds of saxophone and snaredrum may be called music. Mary sprang up in a sudden terror, searching among the rout for a dark head. "I cant go! Lissa—I must take care of her!"

In the swaying, jostling crowd that was like some *macabre* dance seen by Doré's jaundiced eyes, they seemed to stand for a moment in a solitude of their own. Dermott Trent's stern look lightened.

"So that is why you are here!" He laughed, but not bitterly. "Poor little Donna Quixote, still tilting at windmills! You cant save people's souls for them—they have to do it themselves. Let me take you away from this beastly crew!"

She shook her head. "I must take care of Lissa!"

A man reeled against her and Trent sent him spinning with the flat of his hand. "Then go home yourself and I will take care of Lissa! You can trust me."

Her look penetrated thru the cold, hard armor of contempt with which Dermott Trent had sheathed his soul. He gave a hard laugh. "My theory is in danger again!" A French window close by opened on the lawn. "It is only two miles to town—you can see the lights all the way. You wont be afraid?"

"Afraid!" Mary looked back at the wild figures locked in whirling dance under the purple light. "Afraid—after *that!*" She laid her hand on his sleeve. "Oh, you are good!" she cried, "you are *good* . . ."

The night wind was cool on her hot cheeks as she ran down the road; the far stars were like friendly eyes. Once more in her own little room she dragged off the hateful black tulle with fingers that blundered in their haste, flung it into a far corner and got into the little, blue-crêpe dressing-gown. And then, deliberately, she let herself think of Dermott Trent.

"He has been hurt," she thought wistfully, with the

(*Continued on page* 96)



Mary dropped the heavy knocker and the sound seemed to reverberate within as tho thru empty rooms. For the first time a sense of strangeness touched her like a cold wind

The Padre of Hollywood

By

HARRY CARR



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

IF you are one of those people who like to trace things back to their original germinations . . .

And can give yourself a thrill over the thought that there wouldn't have been a dictionary if there hadn't been an English language.

. . . And there wouldn't have been an English language if there hadn't been a Rome . . .

. . . and there wouldn't have been a Rome if there hadn't been a broad-minded lady wolf . . etc., etc.

If you're one of those, I can give you another morsel to chew on.

If it hadn't been for a pin-headed government clerk in Washington, there wouldn't have been any "Little Church Around the Corner" in Hollywood, and the movie colony wouldn't have had a chaplain.

In that case I dont know what might have happened —beyond the fact that I would have missed an interesting luncheon at the Writers' Club with the Rev. Neal Dodd, Hollywood's official Padre—who marries them and finds them jobs and mops up their tears, and fiercely defends them and acts in their pictures and finally buries them.

The Padre is young and "regular." He cant be much over thirty; smokes Lucky Strikes; eats ham omelettes. I dont know what he says when his car blows out a tire, but I imagine that it isn't "Oh mercy," or anything like that.

He has become one of the most widely famed preachers in the world—the spiritual advisor to celebrities: and takes his honors modestly.

Somewhere between the ham omelette and the black coffee, the Padre told us how it all happened.

He had been the pastor of an Episcopal church in Petaluma, California. That's the place where the



The Reverend Neal Dodd is Hollywood's official Padre—who marries them and finds jobs and mops up their tears, and fiercely defends them and acts in their pictures and finally buries them. He has become one of the most widely famed preachers in the world. At the right is a scene from the Neilan production, "The Strangers' Banquet," in which the rector appears

chickens come from; it's the poultry capital of the world. What steel is to Pittsburgh, white leghorns are to Petaluma. At this point, let us sternly turn our backs upon the obvious jest that raps for admission. No, the Padre was not attracted to the movie colony by force of suggestion . . . chickens of Petaluma . . . chickens of Hollywood . . . punk joke.

Well, anyhow, the young minister wearied of the incubators of Petaluma and applied for a position as civil chaplain at the Navy Yard at Mare Island, in San Francisco Bay.

If you have ever been in Washington, you can guess what happened to the Rev. Mr. Dodd's application. It is a matter of history that twenty years after the Civil War, the War Department was still furiously corresponding with General Sheridan about a mule collar that disappeared during a cavalry raid in the Shenandoah Valley.

After all, it has only been five or six years, since Mr. Dodd presented his application. One of these days, when he is an old gentleman with a long white beard and navies have disappeared from the earth and the Mare Island navy yard has been turned into a flower garden, he will receive the news that his application has been received and will be considered in due time.

Meanwhile, as the government bureaus were passing the buck around and around and around, Mr. Dodd got tired waiting.

He had been visiting relatives in Los Angeles.

One day he went to the Bishop—who is also a "regular one", in the opinion of Hollywood—and told him he wanted to preach somewhere. The Bishop sympathized with his ambition, but didn't have any churches to spare.

But that didn't dampen the ardor of the young preacher.

With the consent of the Bishop, he rented a vacant store; built an altar with twenty dollars' worth of lumber; scraped together twenty chairs and twelve people for a congregation—and he was on his way.

None of his parishioners were movie people. At that time, it had not occurred to him to become the father confessor of the movies. In fact, the only reason he started his church in Hollywood was that the people he was visiting lived there.

It cost him two dollars a week for the rent of the store room; he got it on condition that he would move out whenever a more profitable tenant appeared. He didn't wait long. After the second Sunday, the landlord gave him notice. Some movie people thought they

(*Continued on page 94*)

THE PADRE SAID:

"I imagine I know the secrets of Hollywood as well as anyone in the world. And I haven't found it a wicked place. Movie actors are usually men and women who have not forgotten how to play. They are like children, they have to show off and cry and laugh and cut up and get the blues and get over them and strut around. I am far more suspicious of men whose youth has been strangled and who have forgotten how to play."

Photograph by International Newsreel



Jack Pickford brought his lovely Marilynne Miller all the way out to Hollywood so they could be married by the Padre



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

Louise Fazenda

It is difficult to realize that the wistful lass in the picture is the comédienne of so many farces. At present, Miss Fazenda is permitting her pulchritude to shine as the vampire in the screen version of "The Beautiful and Damned"

Across the Silversheet

Tess of the Storm Country, The Young Rajah and Oliver Twist Come to the Screen

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

TODAY the vogue for realism dominates all things; and not the least of these is acting. Yet there are still a goodly number among the Great and the Demi-Great who hold briefs for idealistic portrayals. There seems to be a question as to whether or not idealized characterizations, which sacrifice realistic truths, can be really great.

It was Mary Pickford's interpretation of the title rôle in "Tess of the Storm Country" that led to this train of thought. It is highly idealized. Heretofore, Miss Pickford has inclined toward portrayals more realistic than her Tessibel Skinner. We remember, in particular, her Unity Blake in "Stella Maris"—pitiful little Unity with her straggly hair, her twisted smile and her wistful eyes, the only prophecy of Unity's shining soul in her ugly face. And we remember her in "Suds," too.

As Tess, Miss Pickford is a child of the squalid squatters who live along the shore in their makeshift quarters. The other squatters were quite unkempt, frowzy and generally unpleasant enough to suit the most rabid realist. But Tess, supposed to be the dirtiest of them all, did not suggest what the titles were so careful to describe her to be.

However, unless this is borne in upon you immediately, you are not apt to take notice of it, because before the picture is far unreeled you will be a willing captive to the art of Mary Pickford. And after a reel or two Tess is supposed to be somewhat cleaned up, anyway.

Some years ago Miss Pickford made "Tess of the Storm Country," and it was because she believes it to be one of her greatest rôles that she has made the story over again.

It is the sort of story which motion pictures have always claimed as their special province. There is melodrama and generous sentimentality in the tale of the incorrigible and lovable, paradoxical Tess who bosses her adored and adoring Daddy Skinner; loves Frederick Graves with a sometimes tempestuous and sometimes wistful love; shields Teola Graves and finally teaches the hard Elias

(*Cont'd on page* 119)





Above is Mary Pickford in the title rôle of "Tess of the Storm Country," which she has made again, because she believes it to be one of her greatest rôles. At the right is Rodolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah," which is a mediocre production



At the left is Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist," in which he proves his right to all the praise which has been accorded him

Editorial Comment

Critical Paragraphs





Above, Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends." At the left, Katherine MacDonald in "White Shoulders." And below, Betty Compson and Bert Lytell in "To Have and To Hold"

Anna Ascends—Paramount

HERE we have the young immigrant girl, who climbs into the lap of society and wins undying fame as an authoress. The dynamic Italian signora or Spanish señorita is an equally dynamic Syrian in this story. They've merely changed her nationality. Otherwise, it presents the same idea as the tales which feature a personable immigrant being absorbed into America's melting pot and emerging a complete success. Alice Brady, even tho she looks tired, manages to play her part spiritedly. She is familiar with the character inasmuch as it served her upon the speaking stage. The American lover is introduced early. So are the crooks who make a nightmare of her life until the broken threads of her romance are reunited. There are some good individual touches here and there. Certainly, it is well cast — what with David Powell, Charles Gerrard and Edward Durand in the background. You will vote it fairly interesting, even tho you anticipate every trick of its development.

White Shoulders—First National

This serves to send home the usual lesson for mothers who, seeking to better their financial standing, sacrifice their daughters to the highest bidders. Katherine MacDonald is a pretty good-looking girl to be peddled around the matrimonial market. She gets caught in several tight jams before she grabs the man she loves—who turns out to be the wealthiest bidder of all. Obvious and dull except for some melodramatic shocks of a thoroly picturey brand. An old-time story, uninspired and theatrical. Woodrow Wilson's favorite actress displays her famous shoulders on several occasions, and the close-ups indicate that she is getting sufficient beauty sleep.



To Have and To Hold—Paramount

While this screen adaptation of Mary Johnston's colorful

on Other Productions

By The Staff

romance, "To Have and To Hold," which earned a wide popularity a few seasons ago, is cut from the same pattern as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," and may be called a gorgeous tapestry, yet it fails in stimulating the imagination to the point of placing it in the same class as the eloquent pictures mentioned above. Somehow, it appears to lack vitality, notwithstanding the fact that George Fitzmaurice has maintained a firm grasp upon the story. The other attractions, despite their grandiose backgrounds, carried the spectator along with the stirring tales interwoven in the colorful designs. Here, the story seems a thing apart. So the interest is held chiefly by splendid settings which are always correct with the period. It intrigues the eye more than the imagination. Yet we must catalogue it as one of the best things of the season because of the sincerity of effort behind it. Betty Compson's delicate charm and Theodore Kosloff's grace of manner give it a definite appeal.





Above, Earle Williams in "You Never Know." At the right, Helene Chadwick in "Brothers Under the Skin." And below, Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"

You Never Know—Vitagraph

Back to Richard Harding Davis' favorite formula goes the author of this story in search for material. It presents an orthodox romantic drama dealing with the time-honored South American revolution and the accompanying complications — which are ultimately cleared up by the dashing American disguised as a member of the secret service. You've seen it so often that it offers no surprise. The redeeming quality is the atmosphere. But it is easy to collect such an ingredient in this day of the equipment of the modern studio. Earle Williams makes every move — every gesture a picture. Fairly interesting if you haven't become surfeited with the creaking plot.



The Man Who Saw To-Morrow—Paramount

There is no special merit in this picture aside from Tom Meighan's sincere effort to be a regular fellow. He has an impossible rôle—that of a young man in love with two women and unable to decide which would make the better wife. Really, this fellow hasn't a spark of romance in him for he wants



Above, Herbert Rawlinson in "Another Man's Shoes"

to be so certain his bride's virtues that he consults a hypnotist for the sake of peering in the future and finding out her qualities. This divided interest with the picture developing two romances breaks the thread. And, as Tom is wafted to sleep, you are apt to imitate his example. You know way ahead that he will pick the little, sympathetic girl instead of the mercenary fortune hunter. Leatrice Joy has no chance to display her emotional capabilities. A weak effort and we're not recommending it.

Brothers Under the Skin—Goldwyn

Goldwyn's offensive on the rights or wrongs of married life goes on apace. This time husband's side of the question is given a hearing with an exceedingly humorous treatment by E. Mason Hopper, the director. The future benedicts are going to receive a lot of valuable pointers on how to conduct the domestic menage. But it doesn't provide food for thought for them alone. Back of it all is a fine little sermon, spun in the shape of a lifelike yarn, and there is no doubt that it serves as an argument over the coffee cups in countless homes before hubby bangs the front door. And what is this idea? Merely the calling of a halt by two young benedicts upon the family exchequer. It exposes the notion that the young wives want the entire contents of the pay envelope. There's only one way to stop this insistent demand—apply cave-man methods. It's a pleasant little story — one which breezes thru with plenty of humor and sufficient shafts of realism. Moreover, it is very competently acted by a company of five players—with Helene Chadwick and Pat O'Malley doing the best work of their careers. It will be enjoyed by everyone who has reached the age of adolescence.





Above, Walter McGrail in "The Kentucky Derby." At the left, Clara Kimball Young in "Enter Madame." And below, a scene from "Shadows"

Another Man's Shoes—Universal

An attempt is made here to pack this story with mystifying melodrama, but it misses its mark, for the threads are not securely tied together. Herbert Rawlinson is the star—playing the part of Herbert Rawlinson. He steps into another man's shoes — the same being his own, for it is a dual rôle—so that the briber may avoid a lot of trouble. A Balkan kingdom princess and several swarthy kidnappers enter into the so-called "in-tri-kut" scheme before the call of love is heard. It's far-fetched, but fairly exciting. Rawlinson's performance is awkward. You get an impression of much elbow and knee activity. You may call it just another motion picture.



(*Continued on page* 116)

Famous Remarks

WILL ROGERS: "The worst of the movies is that a feller has to be good-looking to make a success."

Valentino: "Money means nothing to me. Art for art's sake is my motto."

Richard Barthelmess: "For an actor to be a success upon the screen he must be at least six feet tall. It's a known fact."

Mae Murray: "An actress cannot be directed by her husband and make good pictures at the same time. Everybody knows that. Take my pictures for instance. They're all losing money."

Things We'd Like To See

A new slap-stick comedy plot.

A title that has some bearing on the picture.

A desert story with some sense to it.

It will be a terrible shock to film fans but Theodore Roberts has just made a picture in which he does not smoke a cigar. Now if Wallie Reid will only make a movie without wearing his cap. . . .

The Censorship bill has met defeat in Massachusetts, showing that there are a few intelligent persons still left in the country.

Another Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there was a director who, when told that his pictures had fallen off to the point where they were no longer held in esteem by the public, remarked, "I knew it would come to this, but I didn't think I could get away with it as long as I have."



Photograph by Raymor, Chicago

Posed by Wesley Barry

Some director's idea of what constitutes art in the films is to have a poor heroine starving to death in a five thousand dollar sealskin coat and silk stockings while the electrician throws a spotlight on from the sidelines to secure an effective backlighting on her permanent wave.

An assistant director has just been discovered, out in Hollywood, who didn't think he knew more than the director. Lots of them dont.

Once upon a time the easiest way to get into the movies was to join the Ziegfeld Follies or become a champion pugilist. Now the only safe and sure method is to be born in Spain.

All the movie aspirants out Hollywood way are dyeing their hair black and rubbing olive oil into their skins to get the new Spanish movie effect. What chance has a blonde these days?

A little boy in the East has confessed to an amazing series, of robberies, and the reformers are very indignant because he says he never goes to the movies but was inspired from reading the papers. There must be some way this can be tacked onto the films.

Hint for Screen Fans

If you have read the book from which the picture was adapted, be sure to keep announcing all the situations in advance to the friend at your side. It relieves the rest of the audience of a lot of suspense and worry.

A company has been formed to present Emerson's Essays on the screen, but they will probably have a hard time getting them past the censors. The board believes it is a crime to show anything on the screen that might make the public think.

Our Own News Monthly

Tom Forman's production, "Shadows," upholds our contention that he has the potentialities of a big director if given proper material.

Nita Naldi looks like one of the big stars of the future.

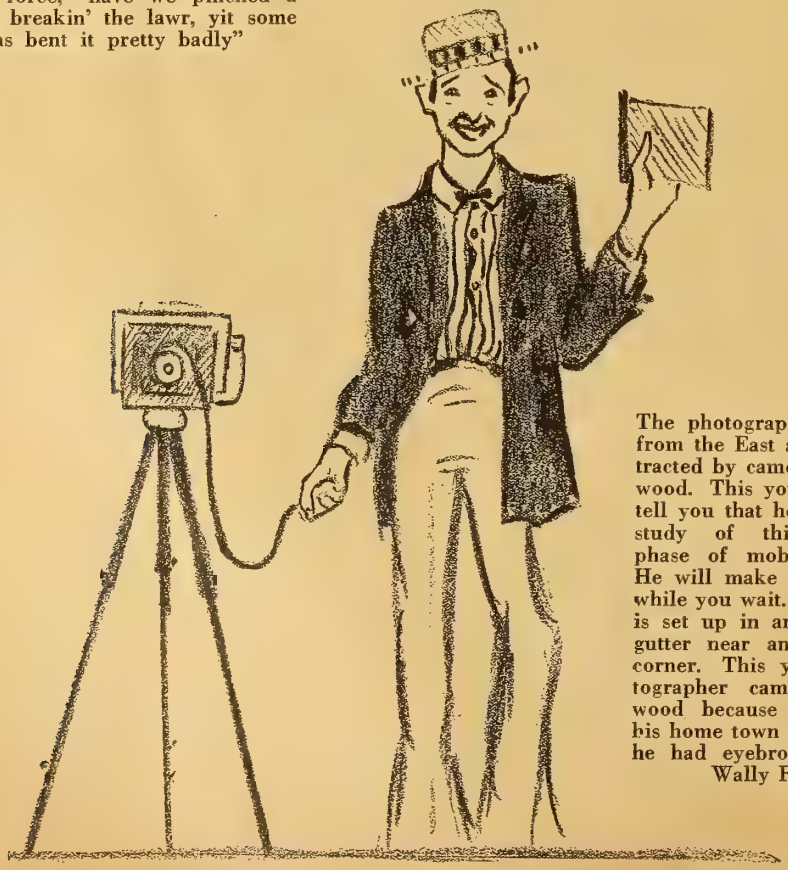
(*Continued on page* 100)



A member of the Hollywood police force who occupies a prominent corner in the movie metropolis when traffic is congested. When not thus occupied, the force maintains its watchful vigilance over all property, including three cigar stores. "Niver yit," says the force, "have we pinched a movie star for breakin' the lawr, yit some of 'em has bent it pretty badly"

Adolphe Bombaste who is registering bewilderment. Adolphe's novel, "Tanalack," is meeting its screen version, and he is a bit puzzled with all the intricate working of a motion picture studio. Do not blame Adolphe if the film "is not half as good as the book." Right here he is reflecting on that score. He cannot remember mentioning a bathtub in his writings



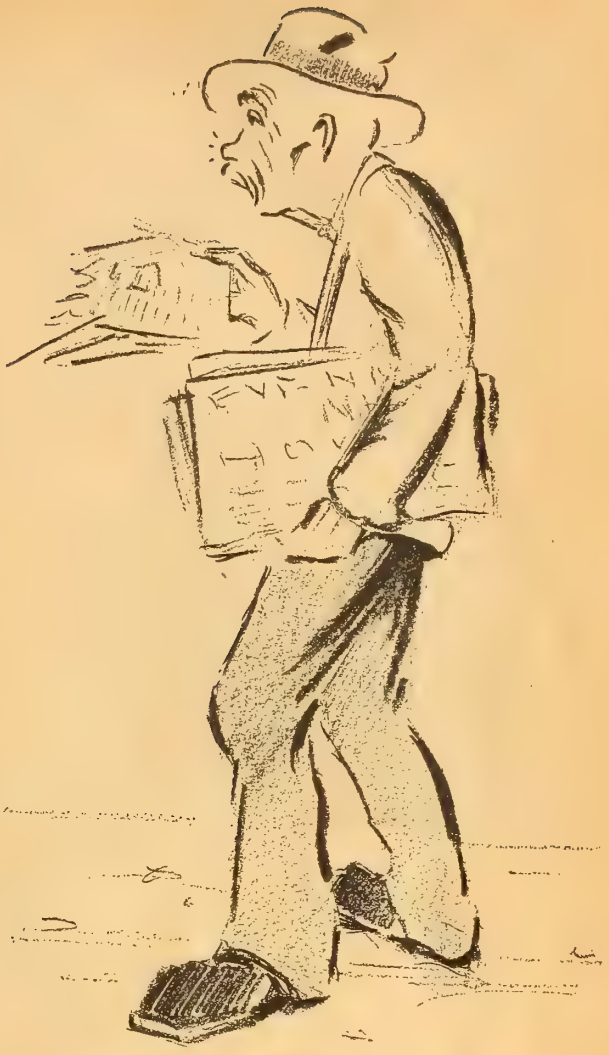


The photographer. Tourists from the East are always attracted by cameras in Hollywood. This young man will tell you that he has made a study of this particular phase of mob psychology. He will make your portrait while you wait. The camera is set up in any prominent gutter near any prominent corner. This youthful photographer came to Hollywood because everyone in his home town told him that he had eyebrows just like Wally Reid's

In Hollywood You See - -

By

MILTON HOWE



The Hollywood newsboy. He was the first to adopt the cry, "Big Shipwreck on the Mojave Desert," when the paper contained no startling notices and did not sell well. Of all the movie stars, he will tell you that Claire Windsor is the best "actor." Claire is his best customer



Eunice, the little waitress in the little restaurant around the corner, calls all the movie stars by their first names. She once served Harold Lloyd with doughnuts and coffee. Eunice has had her film days, too, but gave up her career because "Nobody could git by unless they had a pull"





Ladies Fair - - -

In the upper left-hand corner is Esther Kanief of Chicago, Ill. Esther, who has seen sixteen summers, finds her luminous black eyes and her brown hair enhanced by a fair complexion. Facing her, is Anna Bolton of Brooklyn. Miss Bolton, who is a model, has light brown eyes, black hair and an olive skin



Photograph by Hanson Studios, Portland, Me.

Altho the end of the American Beauty Contest draws near, there has been no decrease in the daily quota of contesting photographs

At the left is Irene Whipple of Newport, Maine. Miss Whipple finds the basis of her beauty in her health. She is a physical culture instructress. Her skin is very fair. Her eyes and hair are brown



Thelma

By
PETER ANDREWS



SIR PHILLIP ERRINGTON had seen a vision. Sir Phillip was a scholar and a gentleman. He neither drank too much nor dreamed too hard. He was not given to fancies. But still . . . he had seen a vision. Oh, a dazzling vision, with hair like raining gold, and alabaster skin faint tinged with rose, and eyes as blue . . . as blue as the fringed gentians that grew in all the little lanes back home in England.

It had even spoken to him, this incredible apparition, in dulcet tones and with a quaintly charming accent. He had wanted to help her with her tiny boat, to detain her a moment, to find out her name, something — anything about her. But she had thanked him courteously, refused the proffered aid, vouchsafed nothing and rowed away beyond the point of land thrust out into the sea where he had discovered her first.

The man stood a moment baffled. He looked around him at the wild rocky coast, the limitless blue of the ocean on whose broad expanse his shining white yacht lay at anchor like a gull on the crest of a wave. He had come ashore to sketch this wild Norwegian country with its picturesque and rugged fjords, its abundant ferns and the numerous cave-like openings in its rocky sides. From one of these the goddess had emerged.

Sir Phillip was bored. He had left England to escape it, and still he had brought it with him—in spite of the fact that he had his good friend George Lorimer along. Errington had left England rather hastily. A certain Lady Clara Winsleigh, who was married, but whose amatory adventures were in no wise limited by that tie, had decided that the rich young lord should be her next victim. Altho in no way a prig, the lady's palpable pursuit rather sickened him. He had been courteous but impervious. This was more than the haughty English woman could tolerate, and matters had come to a disagreeable head when she came alone and uninvited to his apartment one memorable night. She had left sooner than she had intended, a bitter, disappointed and furious woman. And Sir Phillip had begun the long sea trip with only his happy-go-lucky artist friend for company.

For the first time in months something had happened to quicken his interest. Without more ado, he entered the grotto. In the heart of its dark recesses there stood — a tomb! On its granite top a wreath of fresh-picked poppies flamed. In its granite sides was deeply cut one word: "Thelma."

Sir Phillip was dismayed. He had sought the beginning of life and found death. As he mused, awed by the beauty and mystery of the spot, he did not notice, until the thing was upon him, a curious misshapen figure of a man, who advanced toward him muttering and threatening in voice and gesture. Altho the creature was a dwarf, his attitude was so menacing that Sir Phillip knew he resented the intrusion. He could not understand the man's curious jargon, but the untoward circumstance that he was intruding was unmistakable. Whereupon he withdrew, and went back



If Sir Phillip had thought he saw an angel at the grotto, the picture of Thelma in the dress of her people, seated at her spinning-wheel, singing softly as she spun, far surpassed that other radiant vision



Sir Phillip sketched her in every conceivable pose in every conceivable spot. No landscape was complete without that dear figure in it

to his yacht with an exciting tale for Lorimer's ears.

The girl he had left stopped at the crude landing in the village and went up the crooked street with a basket under arm, head held high. For behind her were muttered cries of: "Witch!" "Thelma of the Evil Eye!" "Daughter of Satan!" and mothers were seen to shove their children precipitously behind them, and stare angrily after her.

Now Thelma's sin was this: she was the only daughter of Olaf Guldmar, the last of the Vikings—last scion of a mighty race, last warrior of an ancient heritage, in whom was vested the courage and hardihood of that noble line. They worshipped heathen gods, so the villagers claimed, and in truth, the man still clung to his pagan worship. Sigurd, the dwarf, was another in that curious household who practised the ancient rites, and they still wore the picturesque skins and leathern throngs, and elaborately embroidered tunics of the old Norsemen. Thelma, however, dressed like the other peasants in the village. They lived high up on a hill overlooking the little cluster of dwellings that comprised the village, and thither Thelma made her way.

First she had stopped before the hut of Lovisa, where a little child lay dying. This was plainly an outrage, as far as the easily led, superstitious peasants were concerned, and they drove her out with cries of scorn and reviling. Indeed, so well had Lovisa succeeded in inflaming them that they followed her home. Thelma's own handmaiden was one Britta, granddaughter of Lovisa, and the old woman had persuaded the villagers that Thelma held her prisoner in their stronghold. They meant to take vengeance on Thelma for the dying child and also to release the hapless Britta from the clutches of the heathens.

Thelma faced them at her door bravely and alone. But old Olaf arrived in time and the sullen mob slunk back and dissipated under the wrath like snow on a mountain side at the first strong rays of sunshine.

Errington's yacht still lay at anchor near the town, and a particularly unwelcome guest had annexed himself to its luxurious comforts. That was a Dr. Dyceworthy, an English remittance man. Such was the man's nature that his own kind instinctively disliked him and he was only tolerated aboard the yacht when he began the story of the pagan Viking and his beautiful daughter. Dyceworthy had long coveted Thelma for himself and it was not his intention to make her appear too attractive to other men, so he colored his tale with ugly scandal.

Errington was at once angry and delighted and could scarce await the man's departure — angry at what he felt to be

THELMA

Novelized, by permission, from the Chester Bennett production of the scenario by Thomas Dixon, Jr., adapted from the novel by Marie Corelli. An F. B. O. release, starring Jane Novak. The cast:

Thelma	Jane Novak
Olaf Guldmar	Bert Sprotte
Sir Phillip Errington	Vernon Steele
Lady Clara Winsleigh	June Elvidge
Sir Francis Lennox	Wedgewood Nowell
George Lorimer	Peter Burke
Britta	Barbara Tennant
Sigurd	Jack Rollins
Dyceworthy	Harvey Clark
Valdemar	Robert Fleming
Lovisa	Gordon Mullen
Neville	Harry Lonsdale
Violet Vere	Lila Leslie
The Modiste	Rose Dione
Little Thelma	Virginia Novak

aspersions on the character of the beautiful girl he was already more than half in love with, and delighted to discover who she was. He and Lorimer went joyfully ashore, determined to beard the lion in his den. They could see high up above them on the cliffs the cottage of Olaf Guldmar resting in serene dignity in the beneficent sunshine.

If Sir Phillip had thought he saw an angel at the grotto, the picture of Thelma in the dress of her people, seated at her spinning-wheel, singing softly as she spun, far surpassed that other radiant vision. This was more real, more comprehensible, more earthly. Errington's heart skipped a beat and even the carefree Lorimer drew his breath in sharply, in their hidden retreat.

Suddenly a heavy hand fell upon either shoulder, and the two men were forcibly turned about to face a veritable giant, with a magnificent head of snow-white hair. In the man's broad leather belt he carried a formidable hunting knife.

"What do you want here?" he thundered. "I am the bonde, Olaf Guldmar. What is your business with me?"

Sir Phillip was speechless before the old Norseman's wrath, but Lorimer's habitual nonchalance came to their rescue.

"We can only apologize, sir," he said. "The truth is that we heard such amazing stories about you, that I am afraid curiosity got the better of manners."

Olaf stared rather grimly at the young intruders for a moment and then, suddenly hurling his knife to the ground, he stepped on it and said:

"Be it so. You are men who speak the truth. That counts for much. I cover the blade. You are welcome."

Such good fortune Phillip had not expected and he hastened to avail himself of the bonde's invitation to drink a cup of wine with him. And when the treasure of his household, his fair daughter, was brought out and presented to them, the young Englishman's bondage was made secure.

In the happy weeks that followed, a beautiful friendship grew up between the Guldmars and Sir Phillip. Many a cruise they took with him on his yacht, and many precious hours were spent in their eagle's nest high up among the cliffs. Sir Phillip was now completely under the spell of the beautiful maid of Norway. They went together to her mother's tomb in the Grotto, where he had seen her first. They explored the hills together, climbed the great cliffs, wandered thru poetic sylvan dells, and always together.

Sir Phillip sketched her in every conceivable pose, in every conceivable spot. No landscape was complete without that dear figure in it. Once he dared to arrange her hair for a desired effect, and suddenly all its golden glory descended upon him like a mantle. He buried his face in its softness. Gone was his self-restraint.

"I love you," he cried in a voice that trembled. "I love you. My beautiful—my own—say that you love me a little——

"I do love you," the girl replied with sweet gravity, and turned her pure young face up to his kiss.

In a little wooded copse not far away, Sigurd, the dwarf, was beseeching Lorimer to kill his best friend. He was madly jealous of Errington and thought that he meant harm to his beloved mistress. With compassion Lorimer explained or tried to, but the dwarf in a frenzy ran off to inform old Olaf, who, he thought would surely slay the despoiler of his home.



Those nearest and dearest to her thought it best to hasten her marriage, and so, in the little church at Bosekop, the last of her illustrious line merged its own sweet entity into that of Lady Errington



Thelma was outraged at the low-cut frocks, but her objections were overborne by the admiring throng of dressmakers and dressmakers' assistants . . . The lily permitted herself to be gilded, for what pleased her lord pleased Thelma

On the contrary, when Sir Phillip led Thelma before her father and asked his consent to her marriage, the old Viking gave his consent immediately and calmly set about preparing for the betrothal feast.

They had scarce raised their wine glasses to their lips when that great day was come, when the door was flung violently open by the old hag Lovisa.

"Give me my grandchild back, witch woman!" she screamed at Thelma.

"No, no," cried Britta in a fright, throwing herself on the floor at Thelma's feet, for she loved her young mistress dearly. "I will not leave you—ever."

Then suddenly the room was hushed into silence and the shrill, harsh voice of Lovisa invoked a horrible curse upon the head of the gentle Thelma. She reviled her for a pagan and a witch and laid her curse upon her and all her generation. But Thelma's serenity of soul and pure beliefs could not be touched by such a scene, and when the malevolent old creature had been thrust angrily outside, the ceremony went on as before.

Two more unhappy circumstances marred the peace of that happy interval between Thelma's betrothal and her marriage. One was a last desperate effort on the part of the ignoble Dyceworthy to bend her to his will. But he had not reckoned on the "strength that comes to help the desperate weak" and he left her house in the manner of a man who had been beaten by one stronger than he was. The second was the tragic death of Sigurd, the dwarf. On one of their numerous tramping parties, the man had seen his opportunity to do away with Errington. As he stood on the edge of a dark abyss peering into its terrifying depths, the maddened little creature sprang upon him and they both just escaped going over. Indeed, if Errington had not clung to Sigurd with all his strength, that grim tragedy would have come to pass. Sigurd could not endure the humiliation of being saved by the man he wished to kill, and with one final defiant fist toward Heaven, he leaped into the chasm. For all of Thelma's lofty spirit, she began to think often of Lovisa's curse.

Those nearest and dearest to her thought it best to hasten her marriage, and so, in the little church at Bosekop, the last of her illustrious line merged its own sweet entity into that of Lady Errington.

The wedded pair went to England and old Olaf went to sea with Valdemar Svensen the last of his henchmen. Little by little the gossips forgot the "white witch" and her pagan father, and their little cottage was deserted and overgrown with weeds, for no one would go near the spot. It was supposed to be haunted.

In England a thrill of amazement, incredulity, indignation and disappointment rushed like an electric shock thru the upper circles of London society. In the *London Times* they read:

"At the English Consulate, Christiania, Sir Phillip Bruce-Errington, Bart., to Thelma, only daughter of Olaf Guldmar, Bonde of the Alten Fjord, Norway. No cards."

Lady Clara Winsleigh prepared a great punishment for the man who had flouted her. She would receive the newlyweds with open arms. She would entertain for them and be entertained, along with her scornful friends, by the spectacle of Sir Phillip Errington and his peasant bride, with her lumbering gait and coarse red hands. Ah,



For many days her life hung by a thread. She never knew how the faithful Britta nursed her night and day—without rest

it would be a revenge worthy of her mettle!

Sir Phillip, to Lorimer's utter amazement, accepted the invitation. But he knew what he was about. Because his heart lay prostrate under the small foot of Thelma, he dreamed also of having all London there. He sent for *couturières* from Paris and *modistes* from the smartest shops in London.

Thelma was outraged at the low-cut frocks, but her objections were overborne by an adoring Britta and the admiring throng of dressmakers and dressmakers' assistants, not to mention her own dazzling appearance in the models they managed to get on her. The lily permitted herself to be gilded, for what pleased her lord pleased Thelma, and he took a typically masculine pride in dressing her up gorgeously. The night of the reception Sir Phillip surprised his wife with the famous Errington pearls. In his eyes, she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

At the Winsleigh mansion they really did not expect the Erringtons. Lady Clara could not believe that Errington would face the inevitable humiliation. But even so, everyone in the house was on a nervous tension. It was late and practically every invited guest was there and waiting. Suddenly Lady Winsleigh's impeccable butler announced the long-looked-for arrivals.

"Sir Phillip and Lady Bruce-Errington."

Conversation died into silence. Good breeding was forgotten. Everyone stared as if fascinated at the entrance to the grand ballroom. Sir Phillip entered and on his arm was Thelma, a radiant vision all in white, with the Errington pearls lying on her neck matching its softness with their exquisite luster. Pearls were in her glittering coil of gold hair. She carried herself

(*Continued on page* 111)



He could not speak. He only took her in his arms and held her gently against his breast. And then he felt her arms creep up around his neck, and peace came down to both tried hearts

THE STARS AND THEIR PLANETS



Photograph of Anita Stewart by Ira L. Hill; of Molly Malone in center and of William Faversham by Charlotte Fairchild

TERRAIZE H. McDONNELL CONSIDERS THE STARS BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF AQUARIUS

Aquarius (The Water Bearer) Jan. 20th to Feb. 19th, (Cusp. Jan. 20th to Jan. 26th.)

SATURN and Uranus are the ruling Planets of this sign. The former bestows upon its subjects the gifts of caution, prudence and financial ability, while the latter is responsible for their intense nervous development, changeableness and erratic brilliancy.

In our contact with the Aquarius born, we find the verity of the assertion made by the text-books of Astrology, that out of this sign come the greatest and weakest people in the world. It is true, without question, that the developed people of Aquarius can excel, in brilliancy and execution, the majority of those in any other house of the Zodiac.

Mr. John Barrymore, whose birthday occurs February 15th, is one of our most talented actors of Stage and Screen, and an example of Aquarius genius. This man possesses a quick, receptive mind which seems to absorb knowledge from every source and, without being studious, he memorizes rapidly and retains whatever knowledge he acquires.

Naturally, he is a brilliant conversationalist, with a talent for explaining a subject in an intelligent, convincing way, so that it is easily comprehended by others.

His sense of humor is thoroly spontaneous and a thing of delight, yet he is secretly worrisome, knowing, rightly, that he is often unappreciated and misunderstood.

He is dignified without being cold, but, above everything, extremely sensitive. An unkind remark, which his extraordinary intuition knew to be deliberate, would wound him deeply and cause him to dislike the disparager so fiercely that he would entirely forget any kindness previously rendered to him upon their part.

Like others of his sign, he might be accused of being lazy. This impression is given because of a brilliant mental development which is inclined to sap his physical strength, for, while not really delicate, these people tire easily and have little resistance.

Thru dislike of exertion, Mr. Barrymore would be prone to get into a "rut" and his pet aversions are, undoubtedly,

(*Continued on page* 104)


ARIES


TAURUS


GEMINI


CANCER


LEO


VIRGO


LIBRA


SCORPIO


SAGITTARIUS

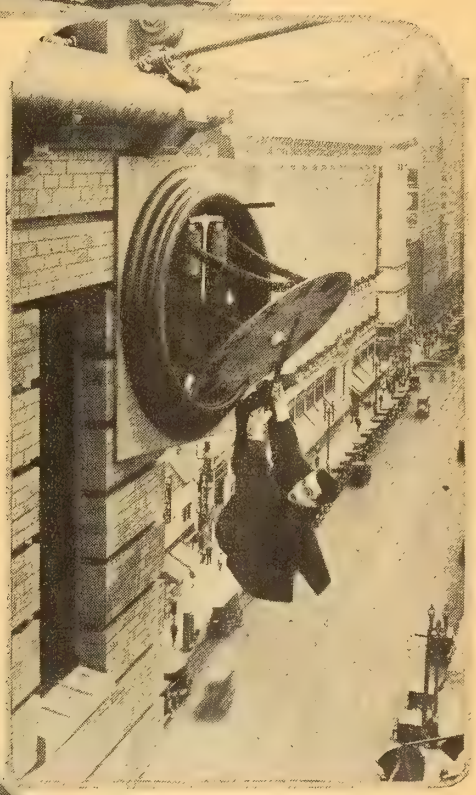

CAPRICORNUS


AQUARIUS


PICES







Safety Last

All Photographs by
Gene Koonman



People and critics (if we may be permitted that distinction) have always complained—justifiably, too—of the irrelevant titles given motion pictures. Evidently, Harold Lloyd has heeded their cry. We ask you to look at the two pictures in the middle of this page and remember his forthcoming production is called "Safety Last"

This new effort of Harold Lloyd's is also a feature-length offering. There are about four reels of fast-moving comedy and fifteen feet of the thrills which cause shivers and goose-flesh. You know the kind Harold goes in for

Character Readings of the Noses of



Nazimova's nose is unusual both in structure and outline, and possesses many seemingly contradictory tendencies. For instance, its soft, oval bridge and rounded tip denote intense sensuousness and spontaneous emotionalism; yet the straightness of its contours, and its somewhat narrow delicate nostrils, indicate an active intellect and a shrewd, practical nature. The "dip" of the tip means quickness of decision and action, impatience and nervous restlessness; while the upward turn underneath the tip, and the breadth of the ridge at the root, denote care, insight and caution. There is abundant self-confidence in the firm bridge; a tendency toward stubbornness in the narrow base; a love of colorful superficialities in the curve of the nostrils; and an almost primitive depth of passion in the contours about the tip.



The nose of Corliss Palmer possesses a patrician delicacy of formation and contour, and reveals a highly sensitive and responsive nature. Its firm and regular modeling denotes strength and poise of character; and the straight ridge and delicate nostrils, with the slightly rounded tip, indicate an intensely feminine temperament—modest, generous, kind-hearted and considerate. The backward flare of the nostrils, narrow at the base and with only a small semi-circle where they join the cheek, betokens warmth of affection and an abundance of sympathy. The evenly chiseled bridge, and the spacing and structure between the eyes, reveals a keen receptive intellect combined with a genuine feeling for the finer things of life. Moreover, the curve from the tip to the upper lip is a sign of vitality and *esprit*.



Mary Pickford possesses a well-balanced and well-shaped nose—neither too prominent nor too small. Its distinguishing characteristic is the way in which it spreads out triangularly from the root to the nostrils. Such a nose represents an evenly balanced nature, with a capacity for both thought and emotion. It also indicates strength, reserve, thrift and financial ability. The direct manner in which the tip joins the upper lip shows caution; and the nostrils, firm but not over-delicate, reveal emotional responsiveness without hypersensitivity. The blunt, slightly rounded tip, and the width at the base, are marks of practicality, and indicate that the mind generally controls the heart. However, the backward dip of the nostrils shows great affection and sympathy.



Inquisitiveness is a marked characteristic of Dorothy Dalton's nature, as shown by the slight upward tilt of her nose, which reveals the nostrils—but it is curiosity controlled by discretion and poise. Also her nose is less than one-third the length of her face, and this fact, while denying her executive ability, gives her shrewdness and intuition. Moreover, her nostrils are not large, but circular; and this trait, in a woman, indicates patience and maturity of judgment. The manner in which her nose joins her upper lip, and the length of her lip, generally indicates a nature not over-warm or sensuous, but rather practical and cerebral. The straightness of her nose and its rounded bridge give her a keen sense of the fitness of things, combined with an ability to succeed.



Betty Compson's nose is well proportioned, fairly prominent, and slightly inclined to flatness. Strength of character is indicated in its general form; and its breadth at the base—together with the firm, medium bridge—denotes vitality, energy, practicality, and a capacity for making and saving money. The way the nose joins the upper lip (receding straight back from the tip, so that the nostril-openings are not conspicuously visible) indicates secretiveness, reserve, and a tendency to avoid deep, powerful emotions. The width of the nostrils reveals the owner's sensuous appeal and strong physical personality, as well as a love for luxury and pleasure. But the slightly curved tip, tho denoting impressionability, is so formed underneath that the mind largely controls the impulses.

What the Contour and

A LARGE, conspicuous and well-proportioned nose indicates power, intelligence and strength of character.

A straight, pointed nose which tilts upward, so that the nostrils are visible, indicates an inquiring mind, and a fondness for knowledge and all kinds of facts.

A flat nose with a large rounded point, as if set on the bridge separately, with the nostrils visible, indicates a vulgar, coarse and bestial nature.

A sharp, upturned nose indicates conceit and quickness of mind.

An upturned nose, with narrow oblong nostrils which are visible from the front, indicates pettiness, narrowness, and lack of emotion or passion.

A nose wide and flat at the forehead, with broad bridge, and rounded at the end, and with large openings of the nostrils, indicates an energetic, practical, money-making nature.

A pointed nose which sinks in along the bridge, and curves upward under the nostrils, indicates an inquisitive, suspicious and underhand nature.

Ten Famous Film Stars - - - By H. H. Faulkner



The distinguishing feature of Norma Talmadge's nose is its rounded Roman end. This unusual characteristic denotes a nature at once self-centered and capable—a nature with positive convictions, energy, and a determination to have one's own way. The firm, well-balanced and generous proportions of the nose also indicate a capacity for organization, for doing things as well as thinking them, and for carrying projects to their conclusion, despite all obstacles. The abrupt outward slant of the bridge—resulting in the mouth and chin being considerably in advance of the eyes—reveals aggressiveness and firmness amounting, at times, almost to stubborness. A taste for ease and luxury, and a capacity for getting the most out of life, are shown in the wide, curved indenture where the nose joins the forehead.



Pola Negri possesses a nose which reveals a strong, domineering, vital and, somewhat, wild nature. Its bridge is a trifle sharp but broad at the base, denoting will-power and executive ability; and its slanting flatness of form reveals a dare-devil, pleasure-loving temperament—one fond of excitement and violent contrasts. The sharp tip, with its abrupt recession to the upper lip, indicates boldness and resoluteness, combined with a plasticity of mind and a capacity to react immediately to impressions. The broad, full nostrils, which terminate in large curves where they join the face, deny its owner a keen sensitivity to art, but give her a capacity for intense emotionalism; and their sensitive openings indicate extreme sensuousness and an adaptability to varying conditions.



Lillian Gish's nose is narrow and delicate, without being sharp along the bridge line; and this formation indicates loyalty, a capacity for hard work, and an ability to follow intelligently any line of suggestion. The small, hidden nostrils denote sensitivity, nervousness, and a slight, instinctive timidity. The breadth between the eyes reveals a character at once circumspect and practical in money matters; altho this particular trait, taken in conjunction with the narrow bridge structure and the full tip, shows a love for the serious side of life—for literature and things aesthetic. The formation of the nostrils, the slight hollow along the bridge, and the abrupt manner in which the tip recedes to the upper lip, preclude aggressiveness, and indicate receptivity and enthusiasm.

Size of Nose Denote

A wide, blunt but well-proportioned nose indicates a mathematical and mechanical turn of mind.

A Roman nose with a prominent "bump" on the bridge well up toward the eyes, indicates an aggressive, energetic nature, with a capacity for organization.

A prominent, pointed Roman nose, with the tip drawn close in toward the lip, indicates a shrewd, cautious and selfish nature.

A short, sprawling nose, with wide, flat nostrils, indicates a treacherous, close-mouthed, sullen nature.

An upturned nose, somewhat pointed, with flat bridge and full nostrils, indicates wit, originality, sense of humor, and quickness at repartee.

A wide nose, with a slightly upturned end, and a marked indentation where it joins the forehead, indicates a luxury-loving, self-centered, non-resisting nature.

A nose narrow at the forehead, slightly pointed, with a straight bridge, and with large but delicate nostrils, indicates an artistic, sensitive, refined, and creative nature.



The nose of Gloria Swanson possesses many interesting and complex tendencies. The width where it joins the forehead, and its slightly rounded bridge, indicates a resolute strength of character, coupled with a nature in which cautiousness dominates. The *retroussée* curve of the bridge in profile, combined with the somewhat thin cartilage structure, denotes highly developed artistic instincts; and the delicate narrow nostrils reveal a nervous and sensitive temperament. The upward tilt of the point indicates an inquisitive turn of mind which an added touch of shyness, and a tendency toward suspiciousness. The rounded tip and narrowness at the nostrils denotes a luxury-loving and emotionally cool and restrained nature; while the thin pointed end confers on its owner quickness of mind, wit, and readiness of speech.



The regularity of Alice Terry's nose, the breadth between the eyes, and the firm cartilaginous structure of the bridge, betoken a practical, common sense person—one who is well balanced and capable of doing well whatever she undertakes. The slight upward flare of the nostrils, combined with the lines where they join the face, indicates a highly developed sense of humor, optimism, and radiance of spirit. The nostrils themselves are medium and sensitive, and have a tendency to draw inward at the base—all of which denotes a good-natured personality, combined with gentleness and instinctive consideration for others. The formation of the tip of the nose reveals an unusually shy and modest temperament, one lacking a little in personal ambition, but susceptible to outside influences.

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR





In the photograph above, the honeymooning Lord and Lady Mountbatten are introduced to Cecil B. DeMille by Charlie Chaplin. Pauline Garon and Theodore Kosloff are seen standing behind DeMille. Incidentally, the Mountbattens resided at Pickfair while the Fairbanks were East. At the right is Jack Holt with the lady who used to preside at the parsonage —Mrs. Charles Holt, Jack's mother. Below, Jack Pickford's big sister, Mary, insists upon a certain scene in Jack's new production



THE motion picture people are preparing to give a grand party to which the whole nation will be invited.

Just as St. Louis had its annual Feast of the Veiled Prophet, and New Orleans its Mardi Gras, so Hollywood plans to have an annual jubilation. It will be more than a show, however. The chief purpose will be industrial advancement.

The specific plans are still in the formative process, but in a general way it can be said that the whole motion picture industry will join every year in a festival that will be somewhere betwixt and between a big beauty show, an industrial exposition and a grand parade.

Already, the big industrial and commercial associations of California have petitioned to be allowed to participate in the show; and this will probably be permitted.

The first show will be held next June.

It must be a trying experience to be a friend of Charlie Chaplin's. Every time he dances with a girl, the Hollywood public, excited to the limits of human endurance, promptly elects another successor to Mildred Harris, the so-far only Mrs. C.

Eleanor Boardman is the latest candidate for fame of that variety. Charlie danced with her, and immediately some agitated Pauline Revere galloped off with the latest tidings. Miss Boardman immediately came back with the crushing information that, while she was a good friend of Charlie's, she happened to be Mrs. Somebodyelse—which seemed to be a sufficient alibi.

Charles, I understand, has been the principal obstacle to the formal launching of the new producing company headed by Frank Woods, former chief of production at Lasky's, Thompson Buchanan and Elmer Harris, the former being the author of "Civilian Clothes" and the latter a well-known playwright and production manager. The plan was for the new producing company to release their pictures thru United Artists; and by the time this appears in print that plan will doubtless have been consummated. The arrangements were held up, however, by the amazing legal complications insisted upon by Mr. Chaplin. Mary Pickford, who had known Mr. Woods since she was a little girl, was for taking the new organization on faith; but Charlie invented more new and amazing kinds of bonds than even the lawyers ever heard of. Which, of course, means nothing except that Charlie had found a new and fascinating toy to play with.

Arrangements have been made for the new

Charlie Chaplin Said European Girls Were the Most Interesting, and the Trouble Has Begun——

producing company to work in the Ince studio. Mr. Ince's business manager will also be the business manager for the Woods - Buchanan - Harris organization. Otherwise there will be no connection between the two.

To go back to Charlie Chaplin, that interesting young man is in hot water from talking too candidly to a San Francisco reporter about women. Being invited to analyze the difference between American girls and the flappers of Europe, Charlie said that American girls are more stylish and prettier, but not so interesting. He said that American girls belong to so many women's clubs that they do not think for themselves; have no individuality of intellect and just follow each other around in circles—or words to that effect.

And when Charlie came home again . . . Oh, oh, oh!

And when the women's clubs met again . . . Wow, wow, wow!

The best thing for Charlie to do would be to select the back alleys when going home.

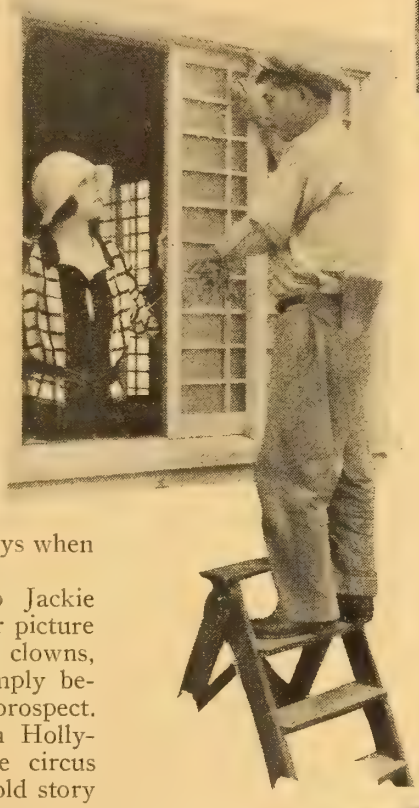
Charlie brings us inevitably to Jackie Coogan. He is at work on another picture now filled with circus animals, clowns, elephants and so on. Jackie is simply beside himself with delight at the prospect. Half the dirty-faced little boys in Hollywood have been engaged for the circus scenes. It is a film version of the old story "Toby Tyler."

Jackie is now in an enviable financial state. There are so many Jackie Coogan schoolboy caps, and so many Jackie Coogan editions of books, and so many Jackie Coogan toys on the market, that his royalties now amount to more than his very, very large salary. Jackie could retire from the films tomorrow and be rich forever from commercial percentages.

(*Continued on page* 108)

At the right, Charles Ray submits to a hair-cut between scenes. And below, Pola Negri supervises the renovation of the Japanese bungalow which serves as her dressing-room on the Lasky lot



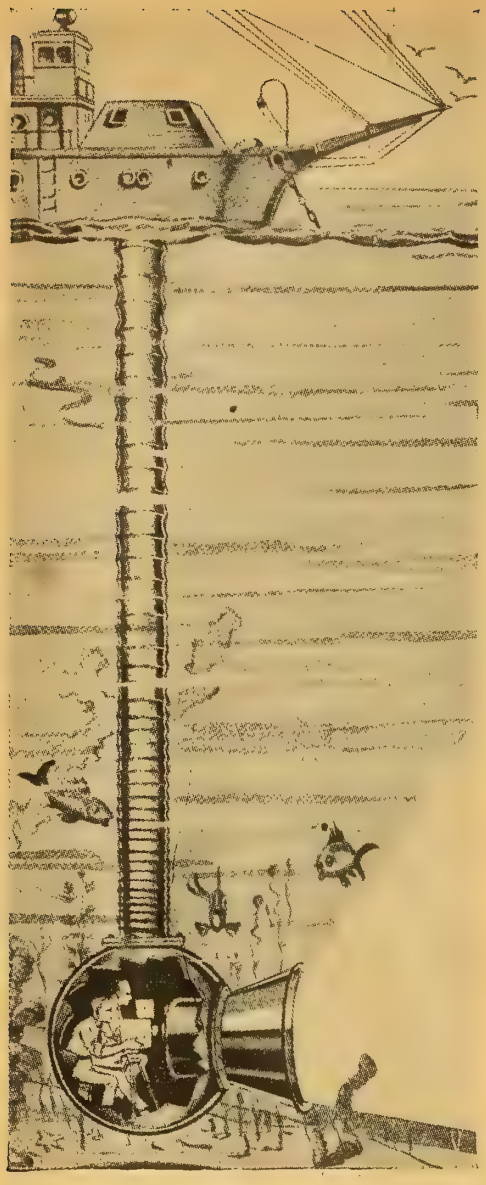






Charles Ogle evidently manages to find something of interest in the morning paper. It is not often we are so fortunate. At the right, five Laskities give an impression of a musical comedy number. Reading from left to right, James Kirkwood, Bebe Daniels, Penrhyn Stanlaws, Anna Q. Nilsson and Adolf Menjan

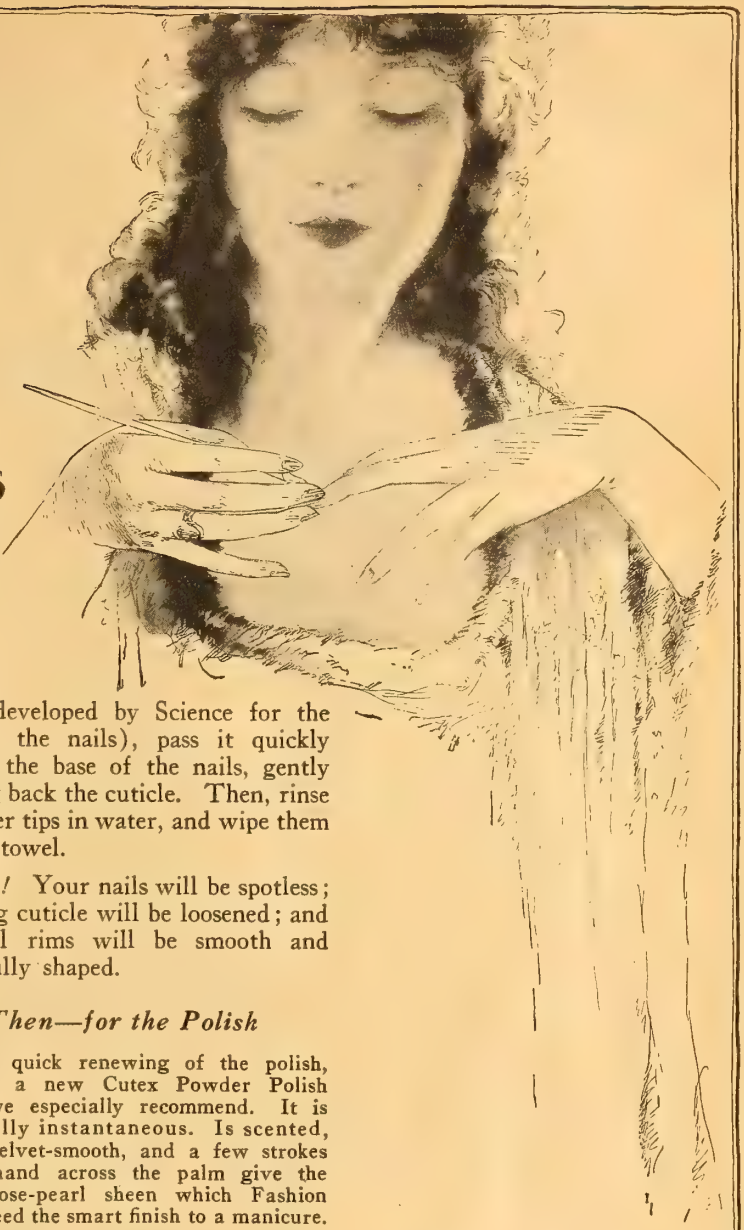
Filming Davy Jones's Locker







"Wonders of the Deep" is the new undersea picture of J. E. Williamson. The two scenes reproduced on this page were photographed in the waters of the West Indies. Just above, Lulu McGrath is shown breaking thru the surface of the water; and at the left is the ocean's floor with its sea gardens of sea plumes, corals, tropical fish, anemones and conchs. At the top of the page may be seen a sketch of the patented Williamson Submarine Apparatus which makes these wonders possible



You can renew the delightful freshness of your manicure every day

WHETHER you "do" your own nails, or go to a professional manicurist, the delightful freshness of your weekly manicure can be renewed *every* day.

And so quickly, that you will never begrudge the time! In just three short minutes, you will have freed your nails from every tiny flake of dead skin, and every little stain. And the nails will be as perfectly polished as though you had but that moment left your favorite beauty *salon*.

This daily touching-up of the manicure is a charming habit, and the simplest of one's beautifying tasks. You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), pass it quickly around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them with a towel.

Voila! Your nails will be spotless; adhering cuticle will be loosened; and the nail rims will be smooth and beautifully shaped.

Then—for the Polish

For a quick renewing of the polish, there is a new Cutex Powder Polish which we especially recommend. It is practically instantaneous. Is scented, tinted, velvet-smooth, and a few strokes of the hand across the palm give the lovely rose-pearl sheen which Fashion has decreed the smart finish to a manicure.

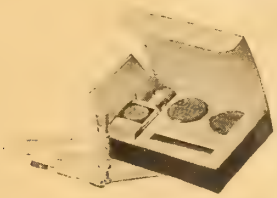
CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



Cutex Cuticle Remover
Does Away With Cuticle Cutting

No longer is it considered safe to cut the cuticle. For cutting not only coarsens the cuticle and makes ragged little edges which soon become hangnails, but infections often come from the tiny cuts made by scissors that penetrate to living tissue. Use Cutex Cuticle Remover. This antiseptic liquid loosens adhering cuticle from the nails, and keeps the nail rims smooth and lovely. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 35c.



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Fill out the coupon below and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. M-2, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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Northam Warren, Dept. M-2
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I enclose 12c for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

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Letters to the Editor



Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

Requesting intelligent photoplays:

DEAR EDITOR: In my estimation, there is but one reason why the motion picture as an entertainment failed to draw its usual crowd last year; the story, and the character of it.

It appears that since the ending of the war, producers are challenging one another to see which one can put the greatest amount of foolishness, spectacular lavishness, etc., into one production, without even attempting to have an interesting theme in it.

Now I realize we all enjoy a picture of this sort occasionally, but, on a certainty, we are bound to revolt at such trash if the producers continue to feed us upon it.

The time has come when we are inclined to turn our heads and giggle when someone mentions the motion picture as an art; that is, in most cases, for I do admit that there are some really great geniuses upon the screen, but the majority?

Isn't it true that, after seeing all the foolishness possible crammed into one picture, we are often inclined to ask, "Just what was the picture about?" And here have we struck a vital point.

I believe that I may say without contradiction that about one out of every ten photoplays has a plot in which we are all interested.

What I believe the average patron wants is a photoplay in which he may see at least one thing that he himself has experienced, or in other words a play which could happen to him, you or me.

Another thing, I believe, which the average patron dislikes, is to be told a lesson in each picture. We go for entertainment, not to be taught, and will appreciate anything the censors do not say. Wishing you every success, I am

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES MOTTA,
536 E. 168th Street,
New York City, N. Y.



One reader writes, "It appears that producers are challenging one another to see which one can put the greatest amount of foolishness and spectacular lavishness into one production without even attempting to have an interesting theme in it"

"Say it with flowers."

DEAR EDITOR: I have no desire to throw brickbats at any of the stars. My slogan is, "Say it with Flowers." I would like to throw bouquets at some of them, and if you will give me a chance I feel quite certain to have flowers named for several of the stars. A gladioli flower has been named for Mary Pickford and may be seen blooming in any garden from Maine to California in the summertime. And I have just succeeded in getting a peony specialist to name a peony—one of his origin—for Lillian Gish. I have a list of fourteen screen actresses whom flowers may be named for. I believe the most effective and surest way to accomplish this is thru the medium of a fan club. The job is too big for me alone to accomplish and my single efforts might prove ineffective, so I have decided to establish a fan club to assist me. But I need your kind assistance to introduce it before your readers. This club will not be a local but a universal organization. It will be named "All Stars Correspondence Club." Persons applying for membership who may be interested in having a flower named for their favorite actress should give out her name, and if it is on my list full instructions will be sent just how to write the right kind of letter to a certain flower hybridizer, suggesting to him to name one of his new creations for this actress. The member who gets a favorable reply will be given a large-size photograph of that star. The letter with envelope, to be enclosed in a large envelope and sent to me, and if found genuine, a notice will be sent to the actress that she may honor him or her with a letter and also her autographed photograph.

To defray expenses of running this club, any person becoming a member will be sent five or more names and addresses at one cent each name. The writer should say who is his or her favorite star and names of members with corresponding favorite stars will be sent wherever possible. Members of the "R. R. Club," if interested, are invited to become members of this club, as their guiding star is one of the fourteen actresses on our list.

Sincerely yours,
A. C. ROSENFIELD,
715 Central Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

Rodolph Valentino was championed in scores of letters this past month. We think the letter we print below interesting:

DEAR EDITOR: I always read your interesting magazine, enjoy it immensely and pass it on to others. But I believe an incorrect statement crept into your December issue, to the effect that Rodolph Valentino does not like sharing honors. I have a friend who played a very minor part with him in "The Four Horsemen" and "Blood and Sand," and he tells me that this star not only was most kind and courteous to his subordinates, but most generous in wanting everyone to get his full share of honor. I believe in fair play for everyone, and while I know this statement was made carefully, with no malicious intention, at the same time I could not let it pass, when I know to the contrary. I respect and admire Mr. Valentino immensely and believe he is going to be one of our greatest actors, and it hurts me to hear him spoken of untruly.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN K. FRENCH,
Boston, Mass.

(*Continued on page* 113)



For a thorough cleansing, the cream with just the right amount of oil

Every normal skin needs two creams

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores of the skin. Ordinary washing will not reach this deepest dirt—and yet if it is allowed to stay your skin will lose its lovely clear transparent look and become dull looking.

To give your skin a thorough cleansing and one that is actually stimulating you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with oil—just enough to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt and of that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's *Cold* Cream. Smooth it in with your finger tips every night before retiring. After you have let it stay a minute wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing the cream gives. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

The kind of cream to hold the powder

Instead of oil (which *will* come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

The cream known all over the world as having been made especially for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. Always smooth it on *before* you powder. Absorbed instantly it makes your skin feel and look softer and smoother at once. Powder put on over the smooth velvety surface this cream gives your skin goes on evenly and clings for hours.

Together these two creams meet every need of the skin. Use them both every day. Both are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
141 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



The Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL



OH, Punch, Punch, Punch!

I've seen Robin Hood and been in Sherwood Forest, and I'm just perfectly happy. It isn't a bit like the book, not nearly so sad, and it ends just beautifully.

My darling Douglas Fairbanks is, oh, so wonderful and he did the most exciting things, but let me tell you about it.

It starts right off with a tournament, and of course Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, that's Douglas, you remember he was Robin Hood afterwards, well anyway he wins and knocks Guy of Gisbourne right off his horse all in a lump, and the king's delighted and he makes Lady Marian crown him and then all the ladies of the court try to give him their favors, scarfs and handkerchiefs, but he won't take one of them.

That night in the banquet hall, and, oh, it's the most gorgeous hall you ever saw, it's bigger than any palace that ever was I do believe, Robert, that's Doug, sees Prince John kissing Lady Marian, and she doesn't want to be kissed. Isn't it silly the way men will kiss girls when they don't want to be kissed? I wouldn't if I were a man, and of course he makes him stop. And Prince John says to him, "You forget that I am a prince." And Doug says, "It is you, sire, that is forgetting," or something like that. Anyhow, he makes the prince feel very mean and he goes away and leaves him and then Robert falls in love right away with Lady Marian and she falls in love with him.

And then the Crusaders all go away to the war and it's very sad when Doug, I mean Robert, says good-bye to Lady Marian. She draws his picture on the wall and kisses it, which I thought very silly when she could have kissed him.

When they have gone, Prince John is king, and he's just a hateful, horrid thing. He's so mean to all the poor people and at last Lady Marian sends Little John with a message to her own Robert to come straight home, and, oh dear, the're all kinds of misunderstandings about it. But you can just believe that Doug gets there anyway, and when he lands in Sherwood Forest an old lady tells him that Lady Marian fell off her horse and was killed. And poor Robin Hood, because he is Robin Hood then, kisses his sword and swears to revenge his God, his King and his love. And it's all very solemn, and I cried.

After that, there wasn't any time for tears, for all kinds of things happened. It was a little bit more like the book because Friar Tuck was there, and Will Scarlet, and Alan-a-Dale, and of course dear little John, but there was much more of Lady Marian in it, because of course she wasn't dead, and Doug found her in the most exciting way.

And in the end, just when Doug is going to be shot with arrows, the real king, Richard the Lion Hearted, steps out, and puts his shield in front of him and everybody's scared when they see the four dragons. I forgot to tell you that Gisbourne thought that he had killed the king, but instead he killed the poor little Jester so everyone was very much surprised.

And Doug, I mean Robin Hood, marries Lady Marian, and I suppose they live happily ever after, and I like to think about it that way because I was dreading to see

(*Continued on page* 101)



At the left is my darling Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," in which he is, oh, so wonderful and does the most exciting things. And at the right is Jackie Coogan, who is certainly Oliver Twist—poor, darling, abused Oliver. I think he is the most wonderfullest boy that ever lived



Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant



THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo





There seems to be no decline in the vogue of stories with their background in the southern seas. But when they offer us a Pauline Starke, beautiful with flowers in her hair and a lais about her neck, we are not sorry. These pictures were taken from "Passions of the Sea," which was filmed in Tahiti under the direction of Raoul Walsh. The dark Antonio Moreno is the romantic hero of the tale

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull



Flower of Southern Seas

Stills Between Shots

By
RUTH OVERTON



THIS month's edition of Stills Between Shots should be headed Famous Month, by rights. There is so much of interest going on over on Long Island. I landed the other day into the midst of Old Salem (and "Java Head"), ambled "Back Home and (but not quite) Broke" into Indiana, and from there dallied along primrose paths of pleasure in Cairo (Egypt!) amid the pleasure seekers from "Black Fury."

That Cairo stuff is superb. The sets are magnificent, but not splurgy. They were so convincing that I had to lay aside my furs. And "Java Head" takes you right back to October, 1840, thruout that charming old New England mansion, furni-



Tao Luen (Leatrice Joy) had left "Java Head" for the man who was "Back Home and Broke" (Thomas Meighan). You can see what I saw in the still of them that is alongside. "One of the endearing qualities of my wife," said Will Rogers, "is her sense of humor. She has gotten over saying, 'Now, Will, dont say "ain't"!' When she used to say that, I'd say, 'Well, we're eatin', ain't we? And some of the folks that ain't sayin' ain't, ain't eatin'!'" Below, Henry Hull in the storm scene of "One Exciting Night"



ture, portraits and all the typical simple grandeur of Colonial days—*simplex munditiis,* some old Roman calls it.

First, among the many well-known men and women who are now working in the studio, my eyes fell upon Mr. Thomas Meighan. A good-looking, big-hearted Irishman, with a bewildering smile—and a touch of shyness. A student of human nature, who looks you between the eyes while he makes up his mind about you. Only one thing—

(*Continued on page* 97)

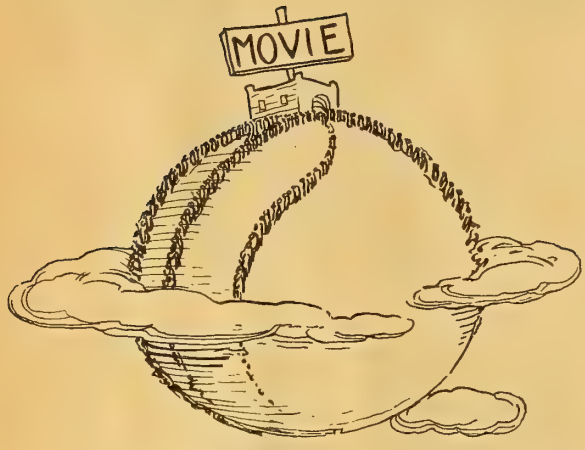
Did You Know That - -



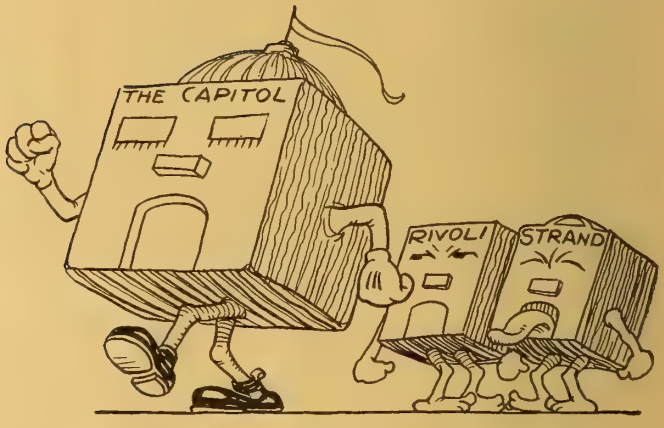
Charlie Chaplin obtained $800,000 for "The Kid" from the Associated First National, thus establishing a new high cash record



"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" had to be revised in order to pass the Ohio State Board of Censors



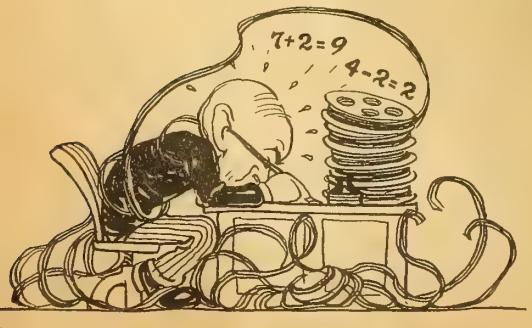
There are 17,824 theaters in the United States devoted exclusively to motion pictures



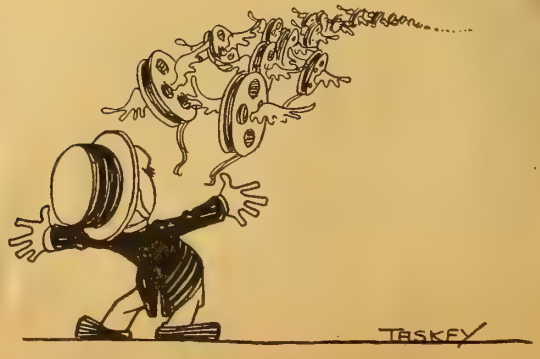
The Capitol Theater in New York is the largest in the world, with a seating capacity of 5,200 —more than that of the Rivoli and the Strand combined

(*Continued on page* 115)

The average production cost of a five-reel feature picture is from $50,000 to $125,000



Over 4,000 feature films were released in the United States during 1921





Their little woolens are sensitive as a baby's skin



WOOLENS must be washed as carefully as their small owner's rosy cheeks. Strong soap shrinks and coarsens woolens, just as it coarsens and chaps a child's soft skin.

Toss Lux into your basin or wash tub—turn on the hot water—now watch the rich Lux lather bubble up. Souse the little garments up and down, press the cleansing suds through them. The rubbing so ruinous to woolens is not necessary with Lux.

A harsh soap "felts" and shrinks wool—and a shrunken woolen is an old woolen, scratchy, uncomfortable, its charm all gone.

Won't shrink woolens

Lux contains no harmful ingredient to attack the sensitive fibres. Anything that water alone will not harm is safe in Lux.

Keep all their little woolens, their sweaters and scarfs, their stockings and underwoolens, always soft and fluffy with Lux.

Washing them in these pure flakes actually makes them wear longer.



How to keep them soft and unshrunken—sweaters, stockings, flannels—anything made of wool

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

For colored woolens make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Dry woolens in an even, moderate temperature.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 100, Cambridge, Mass.

These manufacturers recommend Lux for woolens

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens
North Star Blankets
The Fleisher Yarns

For washing dishes

Three times every day your hands are in the dishpan. Don't let them get that tell-tale in-the-dishpan look.

Wash your dishes in pure Lux suds. Lux won't redden your hands; won't coarsen them even gradually.



LUX



Greenroom Jottings

The Latest News of Plays and Players in a Condensed Form



The Eastern studios are busy places these winter days. The Famous Players-Lasky studios on Long Island are so filled with celebrities that they would represent a starry Heaven to rabid movie fans. The above photograph of Mary McLaren, Chet Withey, Elsie Ferguson and David Powell was snapped informally the other day

WE are to have with us a new type vampire. She is to be a subconscious vamp. When the men first disclose to her that her beauty and charm have impressed them, she gazes at them with a naïve air of surprise—"how come?" she murmurs. Then she gets more or less interested in the situation and finds to her horror that she has something in her nature that responds to these advances. So she passes on from affair to affair, with always the naïveness at first and the surprise later. This naïve, innocent stuff seems to us to have been the vamp's best bet thru the ages, but Famous Players-Lasky swear the subconscious part is new. They ought to know; it's their party. Waldemar Young is writing the scenario, and none other than **Nita Naldi** is to flit subconsciously across the screen.

Nazimova's famous **"Salomé"** is to be released at last. It will appear this week at the Criterion Theater, New York. Perhaps nothing that Nazimova has ever done has caused quite so much pre-release comment than this adaptation of Oscar Wilde's play. The settings were done by **Natacha Rambova** from the original Aubrey Beardsley drawings for the poetic drama. The whole combination sounds more than interesting, even if it may be a bit exotic, which would seem impossible to avoid.

Theda Bara has finally decided on **"The Easiest Way"** for her return to the screen. Thousands of manuscripts were read, running the gamut of comedy to tragedy, but in David Belasco's estimation "The Easiest Way" is the greatest play that has ever been on the American stage, and evidently David Selznick agrees with him, otherwise he wouldn't have picked it for Miss Bara. She is delighted with the choice and said that when Miss Frances Starr was playing in the spoken play she saw her not once, but many times.

Carlyle Blackwell, one of America's handsomest actors, is now playing the part of Lord Robert Dudley opposite Lady Diana Manners in J. Stuart Blackton's production of "The Virgin Queen," which is being produced in England.

(*Continued on page* 82)

When is a Pullman drawing-room not a drawing-room?

Answer: When it's a set for a motion picture. Below, John Stahl is seen directing James Morrison and Edith Roberts in a scene from "The Dangerous Age"





Harriet Beecher Stowe

Have *You* the Power

that makes some men and women great?



Shakespeare

There is one great secret of success. Some people, naturally endowed with it, are unaware of their advantage. It is like a fine tool, given them at birth. Those who learn to use it most skillfully rise to heights that others do not attain.

Scores of men and women possess this tool—dull, perhaps, through lack of use, but needing only use to make it sharp; then the skill (which may be acquired) to carve out the career of which they are capable and about which they have dreamed, but toward which they have never yet advanced.

The Fundamental Secret of Success

IT is the force that solves most of life's problems; that builds great dams, factories and universities; that produces X-rays and radio; that writes masterpieces of literature.

You no doubt use it to some extent each day. It measures your success in everything you do. Age is no bar to its exercise.

The one requirement is that you be naturally endowed with it. Some are. Others are not. And many, richly endowed but unaware of it, miss their greatest opportunity.

Test Yourself —without cost or obligation

IF you wish to know about yourself, ask for the famous Palmer Test Questionnaire. It submits questions, the answers to which will almost unfailingly reveal whether or not you have this inherent ability.

Your answers are confidential. We tell you sincerely what your test shows and give complete reasons for our opinion.

You'll find this test intensely interesting and you may discover something in you that you little thought you had.

It's worth a two-cent stamp—costs nothing more in money or in obligation. So send the coupon for the Questionnaire.

This fine instrument is *Creative* Imagination. One of the wonders of it is that so few people who are endowed with it have learned how to use it in making their success in life more outstanding and more real.

The Channel through which it is developed

THE most fertile testing ground, where untrained people have fullest opportunity to prove creative imagination, is the moving picture industry.

Previous experience counts least in photoplay writing, so it is open to the novice who is willing to learn and develop.

Leading playwrights, novelists and short story writers have failed to write the most successful photoplays. The best have come from men and women unknown in the fiction world, but who developed creative imagination and learned the technique of photoplay construction.

We teach the writing of photodrama through an eminently successful home-study course; but hundreds of men and women students of all ages are not studying to make this kind of writing a profession.

Doctors, lawyers, educators, architects—men and women in all walks of life—are using this means of sharpening this tool—Creative Imagination, that invaluable power—to apply to other activities in which they are engaged.

The photoplay is the ideal field for proper instruction in this development for it furnishes both the necessary objective for study and a money-making field from which graduates are reaping, and thousands more can reap, rare cash rewards if they so desire.

We Offer $1000 and Royalties

THOSE who wish to enter this field professionally enjoy a new era of progress and improvement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation for four years the largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, now becomes also a producer, and will bring out the better stories for the screen.

Under our new plan we are making better pictures from better stories for which a minimum of $1000 each, together with perpetual royalties from the profits of the picture, will be paid.

In addition one hundred sixty producing companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better plays, paying from $500 to $2000 for acceptable stories.

Is It You?

BUT creative imagination is worth developing, if you are endowed, regardless of the use you wish to make of it. It returns immense profit in any line of work, art or profession.

Napoleon, Shakespeare, Edison, Stowe, Marconi, DeForrest—all accomplished their wonders through this tremendous power. You, too, can apply it, if naturally endowed, develop it, feel, use and profit by it, if you will.

Find out if you have this power in you. The Palmer Questionnaire will tell you. Mail the coupon now for this most interesting test—no cost or obligation—that may open to you new fields of endeavor and achievement.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 902,
Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

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For the first time in many months Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan are not working together. However, their work with each other has resulted in a splendid friendship, and they still are able to get together for chats between scenes

Marion Davies is to play on the screen the part made famous by Vivienne Tobin in Rida Johnson Young's play, **"Little Old New York."** She started work on the production in December under the direction of Sidney Olcott.

The two famous children of the screen have both started working on new pictures, **Jackie Coogan** having finished "Fiddle and I," whose title has been changed to **"Daddy"** is now deep in the filming of **"Toby Tyler,"** while **Miriam Battista** is working on **"The Lucky Stone,"** under the direction of Herbert Brenon. And, by the way, Will Hays admits without a blush of shame, but in rather a proud way, that he has fallen in love with the two screen stars. One is Miriam Battista, the other is Baby Peggy, who just had her fourth birthday.

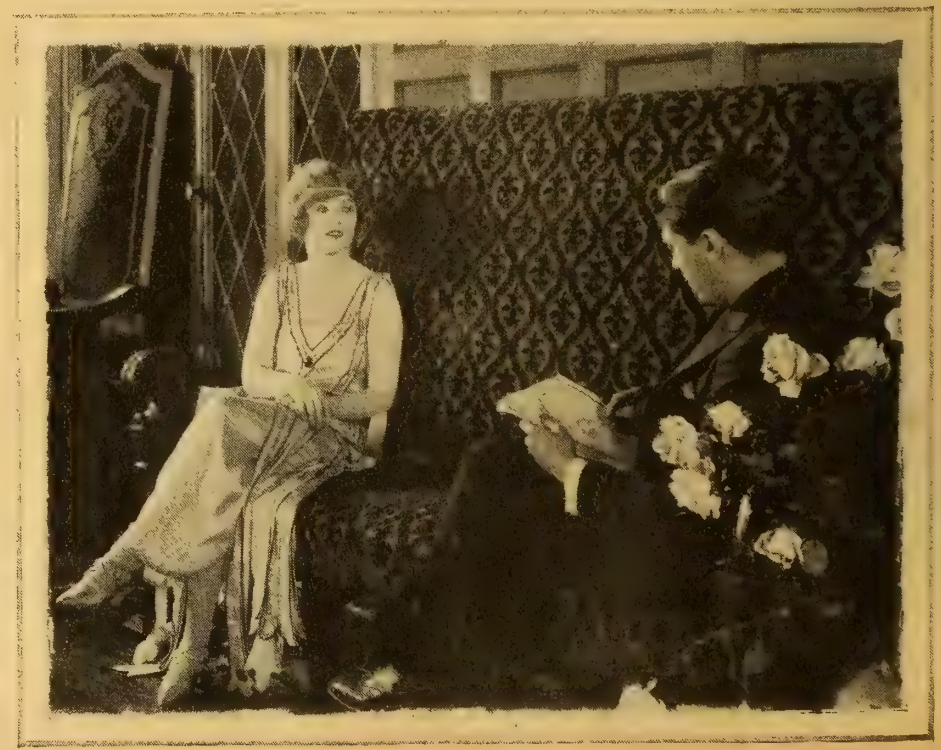
Harold Lloyd has been to town. Harold and New York were both delighted. It is seldom that a person who has reached the place Mr. Lloyd has in films retains such a perfectly normal everyday sort of attitude. His head is still normal size and his swank is noticeable because of its absence. Others, with far less claim to brag than he, make themselves so impossible in personal contact that they are only appreciated on the screen. **Mr. Lloyd** denied with a blush that his engagement to **Mildred Davis,** his leading woman, was to be announced.

Fred Santley, who used to do comedy parts in the old Kalem days and is brother to Joe, has begun work at the Cosmopolitan studio in "The Go Getter." We dont know how many Santley boys there are, but it seems that Fred was the one who, when our army was sitting on the top of the world in Germany, used to play in the band. Anyway, his "line," when he took time off from the band to dance with "The Flying Squadron," was just as good as he ever pulled on the stage.

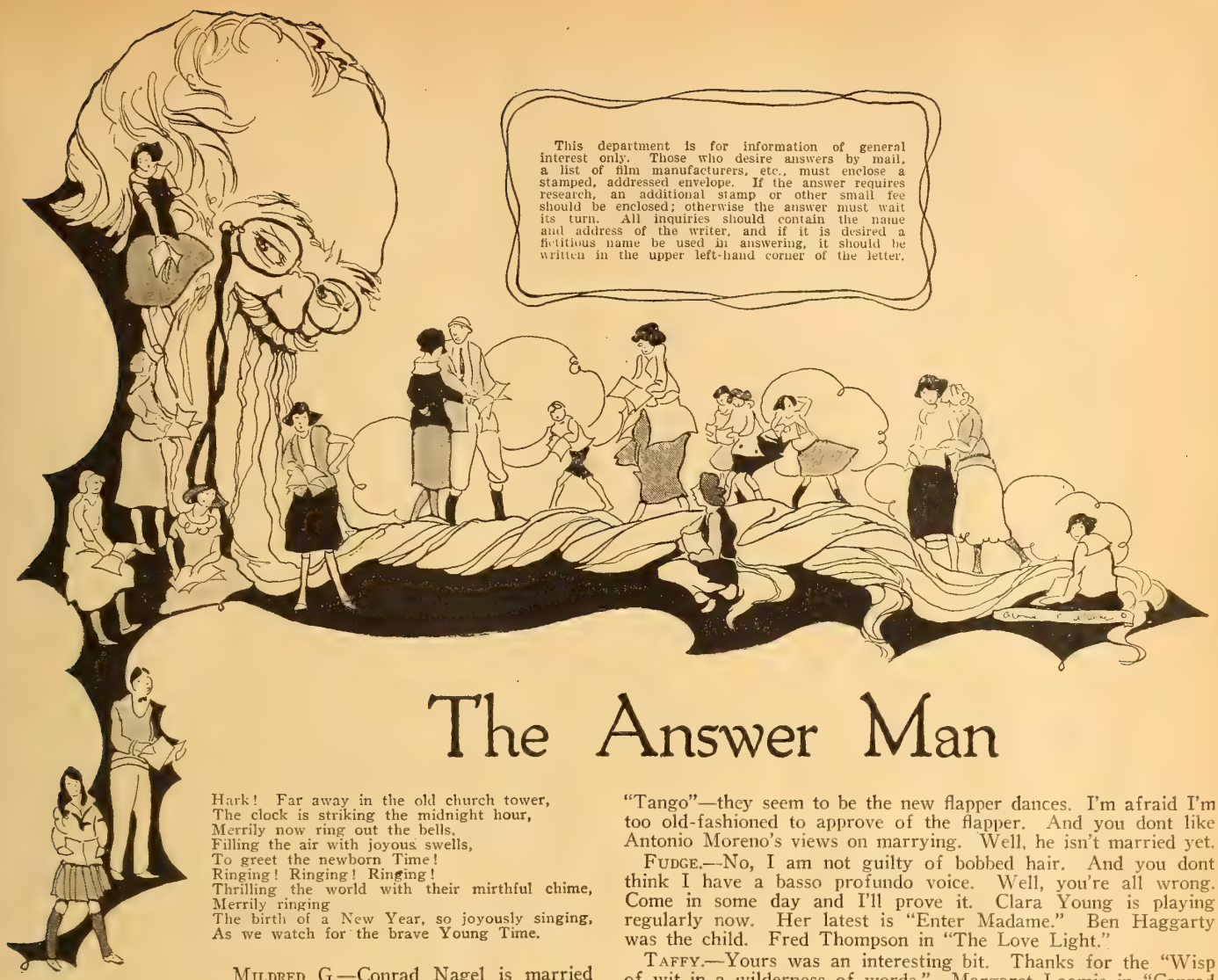
Inspiration Pictures has a large item on its expense account labeled travel. **Lillian Gish** and her company have sailed for Rome to work on **"The White Sister."** They may take a side trip into Egypt, and **Richard Barthelmess** has gone to Cuba to start in on the filming of Joseph Hergesheimer **"The Bright Shawl."** This picture is the first one to be directed by John Robertson, who has just signed a contract with Inspiration Films. Director Robertson's last production was "Tess of the Storm Country."

Eugene O'Brien is to appear on Broadway in **"Steve."** He will not work for the screen during the run of the play.

(*Continued on page* 88)



Marion Davies is being sketched by Maurice Leof, in the photograph at the right, for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. This picture was taken at the Cosmopolitan studios, between the scenes of "Little Old New York"



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

Hark! Far away in the old church tower,
The clock is striking the midnight hour,
Merrily now ring out the bells,
Filling the air with joyous swells,
To greet the newborn Time!
Ringing! Ringing! Ringing!
Thrilling the world with their mirthful chime,
Merrily ringing
The birth of a New Year, so joyously singing,
As we watch for the brave Young Time.

MILDRED G.—Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. You want to know how Valentino jumped into the limelight. He just slid in. Yes, Jackie Coogan is going to do "Toby Tyler" after he finishes "Fiddle and I."

DANTE.—Ah, but let your thoughts be well dressed if you would have them move in good company. Yes, that was Winifred Kingston opposite Dustin Farnum in "David Garrick." Harrison Ford was Oliver in "The Third Kiss." So you dont think I am as old as I look. Well I have just passed another birthday, but I have given up telling my age.

ICHIO.—All the way from Japan. So you are an admirer of Bessie Love. She is playing in two reel comedies with Arthur Trimble. Sessue Hayakawa is planning to play in "The Leopard" for the stage. After all, a good wife and health are a man's best wealth. No, I have never been married.

RICHARD WAY.—Hello there! Just the same old chap. One should drink at least eight glasses of water each day. Remember you have about one hundred and seventy-four million cells in your lungs that require good fresh air. This kind of weather puts corpuscles in your blood. So you are in favor of the Guy Empey Movement. And why dont you like Katherine MacDonald in "Her Social Value"? Well, you shall have your wish. Rose Tapley is coming back in "Java Head." Write me again any time. You'll always find me at the post.

ROSEBUD C.—But, to a woman, the romances she makes are more amusing than those she reads. You are quite romantic. Gareth Hughes is with Lasky. Nazimova's "Salomé" is now being shown. I wish you luck, and, remember, all goodness grows from love.

FRANK A. Q.—Well, if "exaggerated ego" is a sign of insanity, there are a good many people running about loose who ought to be locked up tonight. Nothing personal, Frank. My favorite drink is buttermilk. What's yours? You want Harry Carr to interview Ford Sterling. I'll do my best for you. Yes, Wallace Reid gave up his part in "Nobody's Money" to Jack Holt because of his illness.

SKUNK.—Critics are brushers of other men's clothes. Milton Sills and Eliott Dexter in "Behold My Wife."

VALDORA.—Why not join one of the correspondence clubs? Just send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of them.

FLAPPER.—I suppose you do "The Snake," "The Ritz" and the "Tango"—they seem to be the new flapper dances. I'm afraid I'm too old-fashioned to approve of the flapper. And you dont like Antonio Moreno's views on marrying. Well, he isn't married yet.

FUDGE.—No, I am not guilty of bobbed hair. And you dont think I have a basso profundo voice. Well, you're all wrong. Come in some day and I'll prove it. Clara Young is playing regularly now. Her latest is "Enter Madame." Ben Haggarty was the child. Fred Thompson in "The Love Light."

TAFFY.—Yours was an interesting bit. Thanks for the "Wisp of wit in a wilderness of words." Margaret Loomis in "Conrad in Quest of his Youth." Clara Horton in "The Girl from Outside." Thanks, but a flow of words is no proof of wisdom. You've done your bit.

D. D. D.—It is hard enough to learn how to read, but harder still to learn what to read. Buy the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Here are a few of the new novels: "Casanova's Homecoming," by Arthur Schnitzler; "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris; and of course "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis. You really ought to get a copy of our SHADOWLAND, which contains a splendid book review department. So you prefer Agnes Ayres with Valentino rather than Gloria Swanson. Matter of taste. Write me again, yours was mighty interesting.

JET.—My dear child, romances are not in books, they are in life. You have a good beginning. Yes, Metro is producing a burlesque on "Robin Hood," called "Robbing 'Em Good," with Bull Montana. No, I have never belonged to the Salvation Army. Not yet. I would like nothing better than to sing with them. The Salvation Army was founded by William Booth in 1865.

OLGA 17.—How are you today? Well, here is a list of the pictures I have seen, and in the order in which I should rate them: "Robin Hood"; "Oliver Twist"; "Manslaughter"; "The Prisoner of Zenda"; "Trifling Women"; "The Young Rajah" and "One Exciting Night." Tell me about the pictures you have seen.

G. I. LOVEYOU.—Well, when one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Wallace MacDonald to Dorris May. Charles Meredith to Melba Meising and Owen Moore to Kathryne Perry. Blanche Sweet is playing in "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

LILLIAN WALKER ADMIRER.—Ah, there's the rub. It is not every couple that is a pair. Why, the Fair Lillian is not playing in pictures right now. I see her at most of the picture *premières*. Eugene O'Brien in "Steve" for the stage. And our dear Glen Hunter is making a great hit in "Merton of the Movies," on the stage. He is superb.

BLONDY.—Of course I have a savings bank account. I cant tell you how much there is in it, but, then, it's a savings account. Out of ten dollars and fifty cents per week what would you expect me to save? The first Savings Bank was suggested by Defoe in 1697, but no practical scheme was carried out until 1799, when the Rev. J. Smith, of Wendover, instituted a bank for the use of his

parishioners. Post Office Savings Bank was established by Act of Parliament, 1861. In the U. S. A. the first savings banks were established at Boston and Philadelphia in 1816 and in New York in 1819. Enough for that! Charlie Chaplin was born in Paris, 1889. He was married to Mildred Harris for a short time. His hobby —I should say collecting old shoes and mustaches. See you later.

BERYL.—The Post Office department is very particular about not permitting guessing contests in the newspapers and magazines, but still they say nothing about the weather bureau. Your guess. Milton Sills with Dorothy Dalton, in "The Woman Who Walked Alone."

GENEVIEVE.—Each year passing robs us of something. I lost a chain of keys last year—what did you lose? Gail Henry isn't playing it seems. Yes, that was some gown of Claire Windsor's.

R. R. C.—Selah! It depends upon how you live. Hope Hampton is sporting a twenty thousand dollar Russian sable coat this winter. She is playing in "Lawful Larceny." Yes, I have met Miss Hampton and Miss Calhoun. Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand." Address Alice Brady at Famous Players, Long Island City. You're welcome, come again.

BOBBIE G.—You say "Universal should make a spectacle entitled 'Morons,' followed by a masterpiece 'Sinful Sapheads.'" I dont just like the tone of that remark. There's something behind it. Why, Harry Myers has been in pictures for the last twelve years or more. I knew him when he was at the old Lubin Studio.

DOROTHY B. TEXAS; C. T. ADMIRER; CARD; and JOSEPHINE T.—Valentino was born in Italy twenty-seven years ago. George Stewart is playing in comedies for Christie. Bebe Daniels in "The World's Applause." Mary Miles Minter in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." That's four in one.

BLACK EYES.—The first thing I look for when I go into a home is the library. A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body. Gloria Swanson is playing in "His American Wife." Booth Tarkington has signed up with Lasky to write a story for Thomas Meighan. I hope he doesn't play a 17-year-old part.

JULIA P.—No, I'm never too busy to answer questions. That's all I ever do. Gloria Swanson was married to Wallace Beery and to Hubert Sonborn. Now she is married to neither. That was quite a letter.

EVERETT B. B.—When the women get on the bench the men will have to take to the washboard. There are nearly one hundred women lawyers now practising their profession in Washington, D. C. So you think Mae Murray and Nazimova have the same personality. Cant see it. Ethel Clayton in "The Remittance Woman." Why didn't they call it "The Woman Pays"? Anytime you feel like writing—go ahead.

LILLIAN P. E; A FLAPPER; HELEN F. H.; MRS. R.; JUST ME; FLORA L; JANE, ST. LOUIS; HAZEL P; and LYNX. Here are your answers—Yes, Rodolph Valentino reads our magazines—all four of them; No record of a Ralph Clonige; Baby Peggy's name is Peggy Montgomery. Mahlon Hamilton is married. Above for Glenn Hunter. Sorry, old dears.

MOVIE LOVER.—Really! Yes, I go to the Rivoli, Rialto, Strand and Capitol very often. Then a great many of the legitimate houses are used for pictures. Come along.

JENNY WREN.—Well, I felt right at home reading yours. You sure are an "old timer," coming back to life. So you think I haven't gotten a day older. Thanks. Here's my hand. Jackie Coogan can be reached at the United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. You must write again.

A BAD GIRL.—No, I have never won a prize. The Nobel Prize is awarded annually for excellence in various branches of learning and the furtherance of universal peace; founded by Alfred Nobel in 1833; the first awards made in 1901. You could hardly expect me to. Yes, James Rennie is married to Dot Gish. Yes, Monte Blue was injured last fall in Porto Rico when he was dragged 200 feet by a horse. Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," for Universal.

WINIFRED.—Thanks for the *bonne bouche*. You want to know if I use egg shampoo on my whiskers. That's hardly a nice remark. No, and I dont use tintex, either. Just plain every day 99 per cent. Ivory soap. Winifred Kingston is not playing now. Eric von Stroheim has severed connections with Universal. So they say.

LITTLE BIT.—The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman. You say you want to see more men on our covers—of course you liked the Jackie Coogan cover last month? Robert Frazer and Rod LaRocque in "Coronation" opposite Mae Murray.

MOUNTAIN NEST.—If you had the misfortune to "break every bone in your body," the number of breaks would be two hundred and forty. Why, Richard Dix was in Europe filming "The Christian." Lloyd Hughes in the Mary Pickford picture. Richard Barthelmess is working on Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl."

BETTY L. S.—Yes, and a bad wife takes advice from everyone but her own husband. That was Creighton Hale in "Way Down East." Mary Anderson in "Bubbles." Mary always comes in to see us when she comes to Brooklyn. And so does Harold Lloyd. He never forgets to ask the Old Answer Man about his questions. One fine chap, Harold.

JUMPING JUPITER.—Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have by our arguments. So Lewis Stone is your favorite. He is a strong character, and I, too, admire his work. Marion Davies is going to do "Little Old New York."

JESSIE.—They say a weeping bride makes a laughing wife. Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. His horse's name is Tony. Yes, Juanita Hansen is married to Harrison Post, who is a brother to Guy Bates Post. Pauline Frederick has been in Europe.

FLIRT.—Are you really? You refer to Ben Haggarty in "Little Eva Ascends." Harry Myers was playing in "Robinson Crusoe" last. You want Jackie Saunders to come back to pictures. Marie Prevost in "The Beautiful and Damned." I surely liked yours.

O. CALIFORNIA.—Glad to know all about your home town. Write me some more. Yes, I sure do love honey. Only the queen bees and workers have the power to sting. The drones cannot sting. Robertson-Cole are doing "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

LOLA T.—Of course marriage means more to a woman, generally, than it does to a man. Home love is a woman's very life; a man may live without it. The mother-bird hath one poor nest; foxes have holes elsewhere. Gloria Swanson is playing in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellews" and "His American Wife." I wish you the best of luck Lola.

SMILES.—You say I am past praying for. Dont give up. Mary Pickford is five foot and May McAvoy is four foot eleven. Yes, Dorothy Dalton bobbed her hair; she is wearing a blonde wig. Norma Talmadge in "Within the Law" next. But until we have known gloom we cannot know joy.

HELEN B.—Yes, indeed, George Larkin played in "The Flash," "The Firebrand" and "The Cleanup" for the Premium Pictures. He also played in "News," with May McAvoy. You can reach him at 1417 S. Grand Boulevard, Glendale, Cal.

KEWPIE DOLL.—No, I never was in the newspaper business. The first newspaper issued in America was in 1690 at Boston. Its title was Public Occurrences. It, however, only lasted a day, owing to its too outspoken nature. The first permanent paper was the Boston News Letter, which was issued in April 1704. The first daily paper was the Pennsylvania Packet or General Advertiser, afterwards known as the Daily Advertiser, first issued in 1784. Yes, Constance Talmadge has brown eyes but not curly hair. R. C. stands for Robertson-Cole.



MAY P.—A fool cannot be an actor, but an actor must play a fool's part. Yes, the Lee children will play for Fox again. The first will be "A Pair of Aces," then "Kids and Skids." Yes, Claire Windsor is still with Goldwyn. Charlie Chaplin in "The Pilgrim."

LASSIE; MARJOLANE; MADGE; TINTINNABULUM; TOY; ISH; E. J. S.; DORIAN; R. C. R.; and H. K. B.—Here you are, all in a nutshell. Antonio Moreno is married. At this writing Valentino is not playing in anything. Haven't heard of Bull Montana playing in "Dorian Grey." Vincent Coleman in "Fascination," and Robert Frazer was the toreador. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in "Liliom," on the stage. Yes, Louis Calhern. Talmadge girls at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. You are all very welcome.

MOON CALF.—So you like my whiskers. Yes, they always stick to me. No, I am not Herbert Howe. I dont know why you say that, he really is a good writer. Clara K. Young in "The Woman of Bronze."

JULIA L.—I'm afraid you are too serious. He buys his life too dearly, who takes it too severely. No, Ruth Roland is not married right now. Antonio Moreno and Gloria Swanson in "His American Wife."

MCAVOY ADMIRER.—*Vive l'amour* means "long live love." Mae McAvoy in "Kick In." She is twenty-one.

(*Continued on page* 102)

Any Woman Can Win the Man She Wants!



She Knew the Secret of **Using** *Her Powers to Fascinate!*

A new set of books, recently produced, reveals the most amazing facts; discloses unfailing methods by which girls may develop their natural charm, become the most fascinating of their sex and absolutely irresistible to men.

The ability to attract men, the power to win **the** man, is too often left to chance or destiny. Because of this, thousands of women go through life envying their "popular" sisters, longing for the interest and admiration which they seem unable to arouse.

And even those beautiful girls who seem to have scores of admirers often find it impossible to win the admiration of some particular man who is of all the most desirable. Beauty of face, the most attractive clothes, and captivating manners, fail alike if the girl has not learned the secret of guiding her charms and fascinations to their definite goal.

"Why didn't he call again?" cries a disappointed girl as, in lonely solitude, she thinks of the wonderful man she met at the dance. He had seemed so pleased that night with her charming appearance and had asked to call. Once he came, and before the evening was over she had felt him growing bored. He had not called again.

"Why?" she asks herself in despair, knowing that she had looked just as lovely and had tried to be just as fascinating.

And this little tragedy is repeated every day, and all because thousands of beautiful, fascinating girls have not learned to put into play the powers of attraction that are in them; have not learned to **guide** and **control** their natural instincts.

And so the "popular" girls whose popularity is built on chance, squander their youth in the hopeless struggle and finally lose entirely the happiness of marriage, or else in desperation they marry any one of their admirers and settle down to a life of discontent and failure.

While those less fortunate girls, many of them pretty and lovable, who have not learned to use their powers to attract, become so-called "old maids" and spend unhappy, lonely lives.

But it is a scientific fact that every woman does possess the natural ability to charm, if she but knew how to use it. Watch the women you know who seem actually to cast a spell over any man they choose to fascinate. They are not depending upon **accident, chance,** or **"hunch"** to attract the men who are their devoted slaves; they are following a scientific, definite plan which is guiding their instincts.

Such a plan is comprehensively described in this extraordinary set of books known as

"The Psychology of Winning Men"

The secrets of fascination revealed in these books cannot fail, because they are based on a foundation of psychological facts. It is an unassailable truth that when a woman knows the extent of her powers to fascinate and exercises these faculties she becomes utterly irresistible, and these books contain the secrets that develop these powers for her. They are the methods used since the days of Cleopatra, and may be used by any average woman as effectively as they were used by this majestic queen of the Nile. They are methods based on **knowledge, intelligence,** and **experience.**

This course consists of eight volumes. The lessons reveal the numberless charming feminine tricks and artifices that fascinate men; the traits of character that men admire in women; the stages in the progress of winning a man; the qualities that inspire love; and a thousand similar acts and stratagems that cause men to surrender to the charms of women.

The instructions are written in simple language that can be readily understood by any girl or woman. They are the sort of books that may be placed with perfect confidence in the hands of the very young girl. There is not a word that is suggestive or offensive. The books contain only the things that a modest, self-respecting girl has a right to know.

Remember, you have as much charm, as much personality, as much ability to fascinate as the most attractive and popular girl you know. **These books will teach you how to use it.** If you have ever known a pang of loneliness or unhappiness, learn at once how you become the most sought-after girl in your set, how you can achieve greater social or business success, how you can have your choice among all the men you know.

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When Is News Not News?

(*Continued from page* 38)

We get, instead, a picture of the flood in Mishawaka Valley, Nebraska, which killed four chickens, a stray dog, and almost carried away a barn that wasn't anchored firmly enough.

Another lot of us are interested in world politics. During the war, in order to drive the patriotic male to the nearest recruiting station, a lot of interesting foreign matter was given on the screen. Now that the need has gone, the foreign news has slumped, too. Why not real pictures of real people, who are engaged in making history? Do we get them? Never, old dear. We may get a faint and distant glimpse of Lloyd George or one flash of the fascinating smile of the Prince of Wales, but that's about as far as the news weekly will go.

What do we get instead of the woman's page? The answer is, dismally enough, nothing whatever. Years ago, we got a few glimpses of the fashions. They were few and poor. These, even, have disappeared now. What do we get as substitutes? We may get pictures of the girls in the graduation exercises in Peoluna Falls, Tenn., in the dresses they made all by themselves—and which certainly look it—at the cost of three dollars and eighty-two cents each, and on which the girls lost money, tho no one will ever break the news to them. Or pictures of the Pig Club in Galita, Arkansas, showing the seven boys and girls of Galita, who have raised their own pig and got him all ready for butchering before reaching the age of fourteen—the age is that of the average boy and girl, not the pig.

Here's a hint to the editor of the news weekly, tho, goodness knows, he's never asked me for one: Why not have a real Woman's Part? It would be easy enough to get up, with the help of any of the women's magazines, who would undoubtedly be glad to co-operate. Show a woman making and baking biscuits, bread or cake. Show how they are measured, mixed and baked. Thousands of women, all over the country, young and old, aren't near domestic science schools or couldn't afford them if they were. They would all be glad to know how to bake really good biscuits or a new cake. Show the measurements and how each step is done. Impossible nearly every other place. Easiest thing in the world for the movie news weekly. Show a model kitchen, new kitchen appliances. Show real fashions on real women. Show *how* things are made and done. Show what city and country women—and women in other countries—are really doing. You'll have something worth looking at, then. Do we get anything like that now? I hate to answer. We get "the new mayor of Metomolies, North Dakota, viewing the local annual Elks' parade."

Most of us are interested in important people of all kinds, scientists, scholars, authors, even. Wouldn't you, for example, like to see your favorite writer, at his favorite occupation? Wouldn't you like to see how authors really live, and if the author of "Learn Something Every Day," really gets a new Rolls Royce every year? It would be interesting. Instead, I'm afraid you're doomed to see, "The social life of a gold-fish, taken between the hours of eight and nine, just after feeding."

For the folks who love athletics, the news weekly has a great opportunity really to give them something of interest. They could see real events, just as they happened. Instead, you'll see a half-second glimpse of a ball game on the day nothing exciting happened, anyhow, and this will make way for "Burning of the farm of E. P. Eppelheg, near Durant, South Carolina, taken just two days after the actual flames were subdued by brave fire laddies."

The news weekly people have got a great opportunity, if they only make use of it. Of course, maybe, they are trying to become such bores that people will walk out on them, thus making way for a new set of people. There used to be acts in vaudeville like this, in the days before motion pictures had become just-about-the-world's-greatest-industry. These acts were called "chasers." They usually consisted of a couple of very poor vaudeville entertainers, and the poor things were thrust out on the stage whenever it was desired to clear the theater, so that a new audience should come in. If the news weekly is trying to become the chaser of the motion picture world, I'll say, for one, that they are heading in just the right direction. If, however, they really want to be a real news weekly, the little hints I've given here are all ready for them.

Of course, even I dont expect the news weekly people to send me a card of thanks, engraved on platinum and set with diamonds and sapphires—that happens to be my favorite combination just now, if you happen to be asking. No, they needn't do that much for me. They can take all of these dear little hints without a word about how good I've been to them. But, if they want to show me their real appreciation—after they have done a little something substantial for me, of course—they might do one thing. What I ask is that they cut out that slight section of the news weekly, so much nearly always present and so just bubbling with news to us all, that starts with, "Dedication and launching of the ship. . . ." Surely, in the whole world full of events, they can, by hard work and ingenuity, find some little news item to take its place. Yes, indeed, as I think I started to say in the beginning—a news weekly would be a great little institution, if, by some means, the makers could manage to inject just a little news into it.



Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only *absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong* that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time—of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.

Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

Do *you* know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

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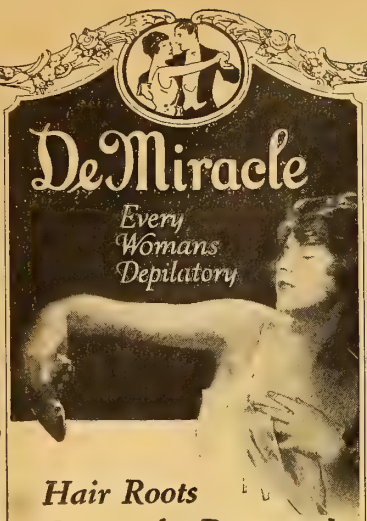
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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 82*)

The best little publicity stunt, that ever made the front pages of all the New York papers, as well as being nicely broadcasted by the news associations, was pulled before the release of **"Brothers Under the Skin,"** Goldwyn's production of Peter B. Kynes story, featuring Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Pat O'Malley and Norman Kerry. Hardened and cynical city-editors and old-time police reporters are still thinking of the fairly prominent heads that ran over the story of the abused husbands who sought to protect themselves from their too bossy wives. Who, we want to know, was back of it?

Mrs. Gretl Urban Thurlow, daughter of the famous and artistic Joseph Urban, not only designed the costumes for Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," but she also designs gowns for Mme. Jeritza for "Tristran and Isolde," "Don Carlos," "Ernani," and "Le Roi d'Ys." Talent does run in families.

Not only did Vincent Blasco Ibañez take time off from his work to be present at the filming of the Cosmopolitan's production of his story, **"Enemies of Women,"** but Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., loaned a group of his famous Follies beauties. **Lionel Barrymore** and **Alma Reubens** are featured in the film.

Tony Sarg has a new feature in his Almanac. The name sounds good and no doubt, if Mr. Sarg has anything to do with it, the feature will be good also. May we present **"The Ogling Ogre."**

Laurette Taylor admits that she was a bit worried before starting in on work on the film version of **"Peg O' My Heart."** She insinuates that she never did think much of her face and, therefore, she had devoted all her attention to the cultivation of her voice. What could she do? The first day she tried out she devoted great attention to her facial expressions. The director let her have her own way and then the next day ran off the scenes without comment. "They were terrible," said Miss Taylor. "I decided then and there he knew more about the taking of pictures than I did, so, in spite of my red hair, I followed his directions from then on."

Nita Naldi is to create the new type vampire. She will be cast as a subconscious siren in her next picture. Selah!



And Charlie Chaplin Said He Wouldn't Screen Well---

(*Continued from page* 31)

every moment was perfect except the one which turned out to be an informal British function. And I wish to say that when the British are really informal they certainly are, that's all.

"People in England, in all walks of life, are better informed than are Americans. Even the little bar-maids, bless their busy little hearts, are well read, and discuss H. G. Wells over their shoulder whilst they draw the foaming ale. It was necessary to investigate all manner of places during our period in London, and that is how I happen to know so much about the quaint places they call 'pubs.'"

The cards were stacked against Richard Dix at an early age. He was supposed to become a rising young doctor. His father had decided as much.

"But the sight of blood nauseated me," he said deprecatingly. Husky young men dont often take to the stage, or if they do, their very brawn mitigates against their success because they lack the finesse of the artistic temperament.

"I had to make a living, so I went to New York when I was eighteen and got into the show business. I've been in it ever since. There was more money in pictures and so when I had an offer to play before the camera I took it.

"One night at a party I met Charlie Chaplin, whom I have always respected, and I asked him if he thought I would screen well. He said that he most certainly did not. But here I am. The other day I met Charlie again, and asked him if he remembered giving me the razz about camera work. He'd forgotten all about it!"

Richard Dix is just like the young fellow who lives next door to you. There isn't a vestige of pretend about him. He doesn't pose, and he doesn't wear his hair long. He's a devotee of the athletic clubs, and he hits a mean handball in the tournaments.

But underneath the brawn and the athletic prowess, there is a broad streak of idealism. I accused him of being idealistic.

"Naw," he replied, succinctly. "I dont think I am. I know too well that two and two makes four and that three and one also makes four. I have no time for this stuff you call idealism."

Wait until you see him as John Storm. There is a look in his eye which gives away the more delicate side of his nature. The artistic side. His devotion to his mother exemplifies this.

I have found out an interesting fact during the time I have spent in interviewing celebrities of the screen. It is this: the more popular the player, if he be a man, the greater his desire to become a *director*. Some brilliant psycho-analyst might be able to explain this, but I cant.

When I asked Dick Dix what his greatest ambition might be, thinking he would say "to play under D. W. Griffith," as all good little movies are supposed to say, he came right back with:

"To be a director." That is what Wallie Reid wants to do. Well, they may disclaim any tendency toward idealism, but I have yet to see a successful director who *wasn't* idealistic, brawn or no brawn!

"Pardon me, I have to change again. The company was folding its tents like the Arabs and more or less silently stealing away, a-down one of the little Goldwyn paths.

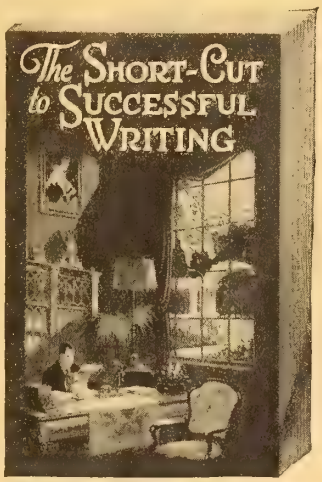
"Well, goo'-bye," said John Storm, his cassock shimmering in the warm sun. "Come out again sometime when we can really talk."

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Wouldn't YOU like to develop a fine new talent like this? Wouldn't YOU like to make money in such a dignified, honorable way? Wouldn't YOU like to turn your spare hours into dollars as this woman did?

Well, you have the opportunity right now. Don't say you *can't* write. How do you *know* you can't? Have you ever tried? Have you ever tried *in the right way?* Maybe you are "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they give up in despair. They're through. They never try again. Yet if they had first learned the simple rules of writing, they might have astonished the world!

Thousands of people, like yourself, who thought they *couldn't* write, found out they *could*—and now make big money in their spare time. These people are not geniuses. They are plain, ordinary men and women who simply learned the rules of writing and intelligently applied them.

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Don't think you can't write because you have an ordinary education—that may be a HELP instead of a hindrance. Many brilliant people have done less than the plainer, persistent ones who had common sense and determination. And don't think you can't succeed because you are not a "genius." That absurd idea was proved to be "bunk" long ago. Editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—far more than is paid in salaries.

Of course, not everyone can write. We don't claim that. But thousands of people who have never *dreamed* of writing *could* make money with their pens—*if they would only try.* You may be one of these. It may be easier than you ever imagined. Surely you owe it to yourself to find out, anyway, since it doesn't cost a penny.

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Singed Wings

(*Continued from page* 36)

to be like magnets, like Bliss Gordon's hand upon her shoulder, hot and hard and strong.

Bonita danced her "Dance of the Moth," and the flame was in the woman's eyes. She danced nearer that flame and nearer . . . as tho she could not keep away . . . Nearer and nearer . . . and as she danced, the white rose fell from her hair to the floor, and there was a movement at the women's table and a man bent down at her feet and gathered the white rose in his hands as tenderly as tho he were gathering up a small, hurt, white bird . . . Bonita noticed the tenderness of his hand. And when he raised his face to hers, both pained and puzzled, it was the face of the radiant Prince. . . .

* * *

John Peter had come to San Francisco at Eve's piteous request. He felt so sorry for Eve. She had been beautiful and was beautiful no longer. John Peter felt a sort of a romantic pity for beautiful women who were beautiful no longer. They were like flowers beautiful and overblown with petals just about to fall for careless feet to trample. They should be tenderly placed in precious vases and watered with the waters of compassion.

He felt so sorry for Eve.

Eve loved and was not loved. She loved against hope, for Bliss Gordon did not know what love was, nor ever had. Eve was fighting for a non-existent hope, but John Peter knew that she craved the substance so deeply that she would not miss the spirit, never having had it. If, this once again, he could save Bliss Gordon for her it might be the last time. It might spell security. For Bliss Gordon was a fire burning out. If this last flare-up were not too powerful.

When he came, Eve said to him, "You must go with me tonight to the Café d'Espagnol. You must see this girl and then you will know what it is I have to fight against. She wears a white rose in her hair and it is said she wears it for the perfect keeping of her stainless love. Bliss, I am told, has waged a mighty wager that he will tear it from its fragrant nest."

And John Peter said, "My dear Eve . . . my poor Eve. . . ." and poor, dear Eve sobbed on his young shoulder and said, "You dont know, John, you *dont know* . . ."

And young John Peter went with Eve to the Café d'Espagnol, more than half expecting to be scornful of some pretty, passionate girl.

And then he had watched Bonita dance her fragile "Dance of the Moth" . . . and curious things had happened in his heart and in his brain. Dreams he had dreamed stirred achingly within him. Lives he had lived, and a love he had loved, fingered his hair and eyes and hands with ghostly, now remembered finger-tips. . . .

The rose . . . the snow-white rose of Paradise . . . had fallen from her midnight hair at her noon-tide feet . . . and as he stooped to give it back to her, touching it to his lips . . . he had seemed to hear, like grackles passing, a sudden, silly laughter . . . and a wind had stirred chilly in the over-heated air . . . and there was a sound all 'round about, like tiny tremors . . . like fairies hiding under flower-petals. And the white moon came in the room and mixed with the false lights . . . and it was yellow!

John Peter spoke no more to Eve that night. She questioned him. She asked him whether he thought it was the "Dance of the Moth" that had lured Bliss Gordon, poor, half-stale blaze. She asked him whether he thought, she, Eve, could learn that dance . . . once she had danced well, it had been said. . . . She asked John Peter when he was going to speak to Bliss . . . and did he think Bliss might return if she should place a white rose on his dresser and so show him that she, too, had once worn one and had given it, over and over again, to him?

And John Peter, who should have answered poor Eve these things, especially the one about the placing of the spurious white rose, answered nothing at all. For suddenly Eve didn't matter to him. Poor, faded Eve. And suddenly Bliss Gordon mattered less . . . only so that he keep away from the white rose of Bonita. . . . They didn't matter at all, these evil, old two.

* * *

Bonita was sick to death of the Café d'Espagnol. Of late she had had to watch the faces, for the fear that she might miss the miracle of the radiant Prince's face. And all the other faces sickened her. She knew now why they came to the Café d'Espagnol to watch her fluttering dance. They did not care that she moved with butterfly wings. They coveted the white rose.

And then the radiant Prince came to see her. Roderigo, the simple, good fisherman, brought him. And they talked in the attic while the moon shone on them, and old Grandfather slept and muttered della Guerda superstitions and Emilio, from across the hall in his room, cackled foolishly and loud.

But always while they talked Bonita seemed to hear the cracking of the witch's stick, the laughter of the fool, and tho she tried to tell herself that she was a silly, imaginative girl and that she had never seen this man before, she could not put from her her Grandfather's words—and she could not bring herself to risk ruin and dismay to his young life. And so she told him that it could never be, and when he asked her why, she drew away, and he thought she meant the white rose in her hair, and grew ashamed. . . . This, he thought, was what they had done to her . . . those seeking, rose-covetous faces in the Café d'Espagnol.

And Bonita grew very tired of it all. Of her Grandfather's whining weariness. Of Emilio's desperate, wandering eyes. Of Bliss Gordon's persistent pleadings. That castle in Southern California where, perhaps, she could recapture her dream and let the substance go. . . . It would be for Grandfather. It would be the last, despairing gesture of the della Guerdas, a truce with shame that ancient glories might be had again.

"I'll go with you tomorrow," Bonita told Bliss Gordon.

She didn't quite know what she was doing, poor child. . . .

* * *

Bliss Gordon had told no lie about his house. It was sunny and it faced blue waters that were warm as love. On every flowery slope peace brooded, and birds and butterflies overhung like a quivering tapestry.

But somehow a blight was there. A blight that made the roses foul-breathed. A blight that made the birds and butterflies quiver with small distortions. Tremors were all about, like fairies hiding from a sun of shame.

Bonita felt like sobbing. All the world

was dark. Ah, darker than the Café d'Espagnol, where faces were remote and where, one night, the radiant Prince had radiantly appeared.

Bonita put her white hand to her black hair. It trembled like a butterfly that finds a rank and odious poison in a flower. The white rose clung to her head, all withered and dry. It felt harsh to her touch.

She sobbed.

She sobbed and Bliss Gordon put his hands on her. His hot, hard, harsh hands. Old hands. His hands had killed the rose, Bonita knew. But it was her fault. Her fault alone. She had come to this garden of loveliness and had cast a blight in it. The First Woman, she felt, should walk in this garden. Only the First Woman. The First Woman who had wrested it from diabolic angels with tarnished words. Who had walked bare-shod over its thorns and nettles. Who had endured its poisonous growths. Eve, the First Woman,. belonged in the sun-shamed garden. . . .

"I cant," she sobbed into her hands; "I cant . . . I cant . . . I cant. . . .!"

Bliss Gordon had expected something of this nature. He had had nearly similar scenes. To wait . . . to be patient . . . gentleness . . . that was the thing.

He soothed her and was kind. He began to talk about dancing, great artists he had seen . . . he won her interest and forgetfulness for a moment. . . . The day began to mellow and grow red and ripe. They went within doors because he told her he had things to show her and she must not be afraid. He didn't touch her with his hands again and she felt kindlier toward him.

When they entered the room, a man was there. "A burglar!" Gordon shouted. Bonita had turned away her face, and she kept it turned away until the sickening smashing fight behind her promised something bad for Gordon, who was breathing desperately. She intervened and gave a sudden, blade-like cry. The "burglar" was John Peter. When he saw that he had been discovered, he drew away from his Uncle.

"I came to save you, Bonita," John Peter said.

Bonita drew up to queenly height. She became all della Guerda, "I need no salvation," she said. "Sir, I can save myself. . . ."

"No," pleaded John Peter, "no, Bonita. Come with me. You do not understand."

"She understands more than you, young fool!" Bliss Gordon snarled. "She gave me a white rose. I found it just this morning on my dresser."

Bonita stared at him. "Not I," she said; "I sent you no white rose . . . ah, did you think . . . ?" She looked about the room and out to where the waters of the bay were shot with ultramarine. "You thought . . . ?" she said. Then it was true. Another coveter of the white rose. So had Emilio hinted with his witless laughter that he held an unsheathed sword.

Late in the evening, when Bonita had come home again from dancing, John Peter came in from the bay where he had been sailing with Roderigo and where, were truth but known, Bonita had been watching him with her telescope, and he threw himself at her white feet and pleaded forgiveness for his doubt and fear of the afternoon. He was all young lover, then, nor did they hear Emilio's mad laughter in the other room.

"I love you, Bonita," he said. "Ah, light of my eyes, my dream, my sweet . . . I love you!"

Bonita bent to him. His white face drew her like a prayer. Her heart was

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Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available the effort proved futile.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant, the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none perfect.

Then accident stepped in, and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English Complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat Tint, had at last been discovered.

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like a burning blossom in her breast. . . . She raised her hand to give him the white rose . . . when in the distance she heard the hollow tolling of the church bells. . . . And they seemed to say, those dismal bells . . . "The end . . . the end . . . the end. . . ."

The superstition of the della Guerdas tore at her throat with talon-fears.

"No . . . no!" she said. "John, dear John, you must go away. If you love me, you must go away. . . ."

"Not unless," said John Peter, spent and white with the past moment, "not unless you tell me that you never want to see me again."

Bonita rallied. Ah, the della Guerdas had been valiant in their day, crusaders of the Cross, strong in a righteous cause.

"I never want to see you again," she said, as simply as the falling of the petals of a rose that has been frozen.

John Peter went away.

* * *

Bonita was to dance at a party given by the wealthy Ralstons. Now and then these occasions arose and they were welcome, for they meant added comforts for the old Grandfather who needed them more and more.

The Ralstons told her that they would send a car to call for her and Bonita thought that was kind until the car came and contained a strangely silent, a silently strange woman, who sat, enveloped from head to foot, in a swathing cape, and stared at Bonita from the corner of the car.

Bonita thought she had felt those eyes before . . . she had forgotten where . . . but somehow, instinctively, she thought of John Peter.

At the Ralstons's Bonita was shown a room where she could dress and make-up.

She took a great while tonight. Somehow her hands were as heavy as her heart since John Peter had gone away. How silent he was, now that she had sent him away. Roderigo said that the Señor went fishing with him no longer. Pressed for information Roderigo admitted that he had seen the Señor standing about the wharf with a face as grey as the grey waters when it rains. Roderigo said, not without reproach, that the Señor was "sick with the love."

Bonita was descending the stairs when she caught, amazedly, a flutter of moth-grey drapery. Then someone was doing her "Dance of the Moth." How insolent. How strange. The moth-grey draperies swirled with a sort of savageness, not like a timid, fated moth . . . and there came a shot.

Bonita could now see above the bent heads of the crowd, the curious, ever-curious crowd. They were on their knees about a figure in moth-grey; upon whose breast, in curious design, a blood-red heart was brokenly appearing.

From a far corner of the room Bonita discerned Emilio, grinning, his eyes mocking his smile like tragedies. . . .

Bonita drew nearer. She didn't know what it could mean. Of course she didn't. She didn't know, for instance, that Emilio had been following Bliss Gordon, and had seen him looking at a white rose and smiling contemptuously. She didn't know that the crack in Emilio's brain had widened and spread until his poor hurt wits ran screaming from the sunlight.

She entered the room, and as she did so, Bliss Gordon caught her by the arms; his face as white as Emilio's painted now, as the clown he had once been. "Good God!" said Bliss Gordon, and his hot, hard, harsh hands were hot and harsh no longer, but cold and terror-struck. "Not you!" he said, and then Bonita saw him push the crowd away and kneel down by the dead Moth, and raise the mask, and the poor dead face was the face of Eve. And Bonita suddenly understood. Poor Moth, she had danced too near the flame which is love. Poor, flaming, frustrate love, that goes a-down the lives of men and makes them fools and madmen. Bonita turned to go, because she saw, thru her shield of tears, Bliss Gordon bend his twisted face to lay it against the face of the dead Moth; she saw him compose the wildly tossed up arm and smooth the quiet, now unattempting hands.

"Poor Moth," Bonita sobbed, as she ran thru the streets to her home, her draperies fluttering behind her, "poor world . . . poor all of us. . . ."

Emilio, she heard, had returned before her. He was talking to her old Grandfather, who, mercifully, was asleep and paying no attention to the mumblings of the Fool. The Fool mumbled too often. His seldom words of wisdom fell unheeded among the chaff.

"She is dead. . . ." Emilio was cackling . . . "she is dead . . . she is dead . . ." and when Bonita came into the room and accused him of being a murderer he raised his revolver, and laughed again, and told her to dance, now that she was dead and had come back again . . . to dance and dance . . . and dance . . . until her wings were singed and her white feet scorched and until the white rose should fall at the feet of the Fool.

And Bonita looked into the widening crack of the fool's brain; poor fool, who had loved her too well, and because she knew that he was mad, and because she knew why he was mad, and because she didn't want his poor soul to suffer in Purgatory, because he had killed the thing he loved, she danced for him . . . danced . . . and as she danced she sang

"The crows are in the castle tower,
Come to me, Beloved. . . ."

In Roderigo's boat, alone, under her window John Peter sat and kissed his dreams farewell. And as he bade them go he heard her voice. He heard her song. And it was as if he were not hearing her at all, but something far away and long ago. A song that said . . .

John Peter got to the room just as, ready to drop from exhaustion, Bonita was at the mercy of the madman's gun. He took her in his arms, and suddenly the Fool laughed long and loud. "Take your dead woman!" he said, "a dead woman . . . worthless white rose . . . ha, ha, but see, it has dropped at the feet of the Fool!"

But John Peter was holding Bonita to his heart, "Princess," he said, "ah, Princess . . . it *is* you. You stirred my dreams in my heart and brain and I dared not know them true. . . ."

Bonita, against his heart, smiled up at him. "You broke the witch's broomstick," she said, "and silenced the mad laughter of the Fool. . . ."

A shot.

Bonita and John Peter ran into Emilio's room. The Clown lay on the floor and on his painted face there had been painted, by a wiser hand than Life's, the lyric of a journey's peaceful end.

"Poor Fool!" sobbed Bonita, remembering how he had been kind, and she bent over him and took his witless, painted, happy face against her soft young breast. "Poor Fool . . ." she sobbed again, and she gave him her first kiss.

"Ah, *happy* Fool," corrected John Peter softly, "you dropped your white rose at his feet, my love."

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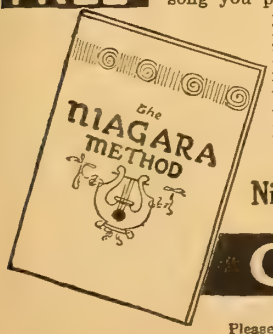


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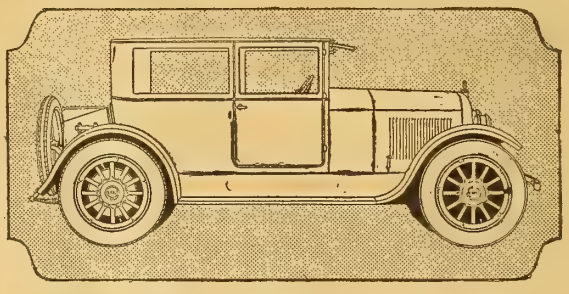
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EARL MOTORS

The Padre of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 49*)

had an idea for a new kind of movie camera and wanted his church for a laboratory. So out he went. The movie folks who ousted him were very apologetic and sympathetic. As they were helping him move the altar out onto the sidewalk, one of the movie men made a remark that resulted in Hollywood's "Little Church Around the Corner." Its official title is "St. Mary of the Angels"—sort of a play upon the title of the city of Los Angeles—the real name of which is Pueblo Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles (the town of our lady, the queen of the angels).

Being a movie church, the structure should, for proper dramatic effect, have been built with dimes from starving but remorseful extra girls and the generously flung gold of the compassionate stars.

But alas for romance.

A rich aunt gave him the lot, and the Padre, with his own money, bought one of those ready-to-wear bungalos that are advertised.

Thus equipped with the church, the Padre's next job was to hustle up a congregation.

Unless you know someone who knows someone whose uncle is somebody or other, there is only one way to get anything from a movie studio: you have to go out and sit on the good old bench and wait to be noticed.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd sat on the benches until he wore them thin. Sandwiched in between smelly gents with beards, Italians with trained monkeys, young ladies with ambitions from Grand Rapids, and fat ladies who said they were just doing it for a lark, the Rev. Mr. Dodd waited.

He just wore them down with patience.

But, after he got in to see the great and the near great, they didn't seem to know what to do about it.

He told the magnates that he wanted to be a friend to the movie profession. They said that that would be very, very sweet and very, very, very lovely and very, very, very wonderful; but nobody seemed to know what to do about it next.

But he stuck around. They got used to seeing him on the studio lots.

One day a little extra girl was crying because her heart was broken, and he asked her what was the matter, and she wanted to tell somebody, so she told him. And then she told another extra girl who had troubles, and she came to him to cry also.

And one day a director, who had lost his wife, needed somebody to tell it to . . .

And one day, when they were making a picture, one of the actors died, and they asked the Padre if he would take charge of the funeral. And he did.

And one of the little extra girls who cried dried her eyes. She came shyly to the Padre and said she was going to be married and would he be the parson; he would.

And then on another day, when Bebe Daniels was making "Oh Lady Lady," the director got all mixed up in a church ceremony, and the Padre was standing around. Would he show them . . . He would.

And it happened that the casting director had sent in an actor who looked like a twin brother of Bull Montana to play the preacher part. Now, would it be asking a perfectly awful—that is to say, they hoped he wouldn't be offended and they didn't mean any offense, but if he didn't really so very, very much mind—would he, just to accommodate them?

His reply was to hold out his hand for the make-up box.

Since when he has been an actor in some

twenty pictures. The latest were Mickie Neilan's "The Strangers' Banquet," and Rupert Hughes's "Remembrance."

Nobody would dream of putting on a church scene in Hollywood nowadays without sending post-haste for the Padre.

And so the Padre became the padre—the friend of sunshine or sorrow of the movie colony—the companion, the pal and the emotional wrecking crew for the movie colony.

It would hardly be respectable to be married by anybody else.

Only Lottie Pickford, when she was married, took a chance on breaking the precedent. Lottie said he wasn't the type. But Jack brought his lovely Marilynne Miller all the way out to Hollywood so they could be married by the Padre.

The Padre says that, all preconceived notions to the contrary, his marriages usually turn out happily. Bill Hart's domestic smash was the most notable exception. The Padre feels much chagrined in consequence.

"I dont so much care whether or not they go to church," said Mr. Dodd in talking about his work. "If they dont want to hear me preach, it doesn't matter. Many of them do; for them I am glad. All I want is to be a friend of the motion picture people."

And a valiant friend he has been on occasion. After the Taylor murder, when everybody else was walloping the morals of Hollywood, the Padre came out with some remarks that silenced the scandal.

"I imagine that I know the secrets of Hollywood about as well as anybody in the world," he said as we sat at luncheon. "And I haven't found it a wicked place. Movie actors are usually men and women who have not forgotten how to play. They have forgotten to grow old; they are children who will never grow up. You cant help loving them. Like children, they have to show off and cry and laugh and cut up and get the blues and get over them and strut around. To many old grouches, whose youth has been strangled, this seems an intolerable sin. It doesn't to me. I am far more suspicious of the man who has forgotten how to play."

The Padre is the official dispenser of the charities of the Actors' Fund relief in Hollywood. In times of stress, like the recent movie slump when the studios closed, he had to tide over many an actor who found meals growing scarce.

He says, as a rule, however, that the movie actors seldom ask for charity. They do not seem to know about the Actors' Fund to which they are entitled to turn; most of those who turned to him were old stage actors.

During this lean period, he was a sort of public employment bureau; every actor without a job pleaded with him to find one. But the Padre confesses that he didn't prove to be much of a job getter.

"The casting directors would take the names; tell me what a grand work I was doing—and give the jobs to somebody else."



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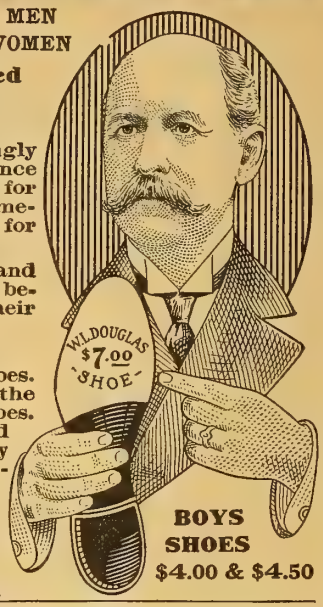
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Feasters in Babylon

(*Continued from page 47*)

woman-instinct of healing; "dreadfully hurt in his soul. But Dalzall Clendenin was wrong when he said he didn't have any friends. He has one now, anyway."

Lissa came in a three, radiant. Some triumphant secret was hinted by her glowing eyes, and demure smile, and presently it was out on a tide of breathless words:

"Mary! Who do you think brought me home? The great Dermott Trent, if you please! Took me away from the party just as things were beginning to get interesting, with everybody changing clothes—the women putting on the men's suits and the men in backless evening dresses! Imagine Hollister in white satin and pearls! I wanted to stay, but he was right there with the caveman stuff, so we took a ride instead. *I* guess that's rotten luck, making a hit with Dermott Trent!" She regarded herself complacently in the mirror, oblivious to the little sound her sister uttered. "He's awfully romantic looking, too—one of the girls at the studio told me he had some secret sorrow and never would talk about his past life before he came to Hollywood. Mary—" she turned so violently that the silver toilet jars tinkled protest"—nobody's safe in this place! There's hundreds waiting to grab our jobs, and our best friends would be glad to shove us out of their way! But a man like Trent could put us where nobody could touch us—*I'm going to marry Dermott Trent if I can!*

Looking at the vivid little figure before her Mary Leonard knew the selfless passion of motherhood that asks only to give. If Lissa married Dermott Trent she would be safe—*safe*. She need no longer be afraid for her—she would always be taken care of. Robert Leonard's last words again echoed in her mind: "Lissa's going to need to be taken care of. . . ." But she could not help remembering Harvey Peders, too, and those strange, long kisses in the syringa-scented dusk—and Lissa's defense: "Pooh! What's a kiss? When I marry it wont be a country boob! And a husband who loves you isn't half so important as one who'll give you autos and grand clothes!"

She asked softly, her heart in her eyes: "You've really fallen in love with Dermott Trent, Lissa?"

Lissa laughed. "Oh, it oughtn't to be very hard to fall in love with a man that could give you a string of real pearls and a sable coat! There, dont look as if I'd committed sacrilege—I'm crazy about him! Does that satisfy you?" She turned to the glass again, leaned to it and kissed her fervid reflection ardently.

But a week went by, and a month went by, and Lissa's ambitions seemed destined to be unfulfilled. Trent was often on the Superba lot, superintending the cutting of his last picture, but some black cloud seemed upon him and he strode about with set face, looking at no one. "He's in one of his devil's moods!" Mary overheard Clendenin say to the cameraman. "God! That stone face of his gives me the creeps—it's like some monk wearing a hair shirt."

Lissa's picture was finished and no new part offered immediately, altho she put on her most alluring finery and made the rounds of the studios. In her dread of losing the luxury that had become a necessity to her butterfly soul she began to resort to the resources of drink to keep her spirits up, alternating between reckless gaiety and moods of depression that terrified Mary.

"You'll kill yourself if you keep this up!" She cried one evening when she

came in from night work at the studio to find her sister lying across her crumpled bed. There were purple shadows like bruises under Lissa's heavy eyes and her lips drooped sullenly.

"I might as well be dead as to go back to cotton underwear and lisle stockings," she said thickly. "God, but I've got a head!" She looked at her sister malevolently. "I've made up my mind to join the Love Cult—it'll be something *different* anyhow; besides, Al Gessler and a lot of directors are in on it and maybe I'll be able to vamp a part out of one of 'em!"

All Hollywood had heard of the Love Cult, an unhallowed group who indulged in strange rites in a subterranean crypt whose entrance was the little marble temple on the grounds of Saidi Love's place. It was said that the riffraff of Los Angeles' fashionable underworld belonged to the Cult, and more than one lurid newspaper scandal had sprung from its meetings.

Remonstrance and pleading glanced like spent shot from Lissa's mood. She would go to hell there if she liked! In the midst of a sentence she fell heavily asleep and Mary straightened the covers over her and went out of the room. In the dark living-room of the tiny bungalow she stood staring blindly before her, groping for some clue to a plan. If Lissa was to be saved from utter destruction, she must have help, advice—and there was no one to give her these things—

Mary spoke aloud without her own volition: "Dermott Trent!"

Feverishly she struck a match and held it to the face of the mantel clock—almost midnight. Fifteen minutes later she was hurrying up the curving driveway to the House of Mystery which no one of Hollywood had ever entered. It lay, dark and secret, before her, but Mary's anxiety for Lissa lifted her mind above any warnings of convention, any whisperings of fear.

She dropped the heavy knocker and the sound seemed to reverberate within as tho thru empty rooms. For the first time a sense of strangeness touched her like a cold wind. Then the heavy door swung back and Mary stepped in.

The door closed noiselessly behind her.

(To be continued)

Stills Between Shots

(Continued from page 77)

his feet are too slender. Denote the artist. Impractical. And yet I heard him talking their story over with his director in a way that proved him practical enough in the details of picture making. When I saw him, Tao Luen had left "Java Head" for the man who was "Back Home and Broke." At least, that was the way it looked. You can see what I saw in the still of them that is alongside.

By the way, Tao Luen in real life is Miss Leatrice Joy, who has recently been helping Tommy Meighan pack the movie theaters in "Manslaughter." At first, Miss Joy looked as if her characterization of that tragic Chinese woman had sort of taken root, as it were. Finally, she slipped back into the present ("Java Head" is laid in about the year 1840, if I remember rightly) and she and I really talked. Beauty and brains! Ye gods! If anyone thinks these screen stars are dumb-bells, they only confess to their own deficiencies.

"It is queer," explained Miss Joy, "what each characterization I undertake brings me. Since I have been Tao Luen, I have delved into everything Chinese I can find. Books, history or fiction, en-

(Continued on page 106)



For You, Also

Prettier Teeth—Whiter, Cleaner, Safer

Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A new way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

That cloudy film

There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains. Then, if left, it forms the basis of dingy coats, including tartar. That's why teeth don't shine.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Now we combat it

Old methods of brushing are not sufficiently effective. So nearly everybody suffers from it more or less.

But dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists all the world over are urging their daily use.

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Two other effects

Pepsodent is based on modern dental research. It corrects some great mistakes made in former dentifrices.

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It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives a manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Watch them whiten

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that you and yours should use this method always. Cut out the coupon now.

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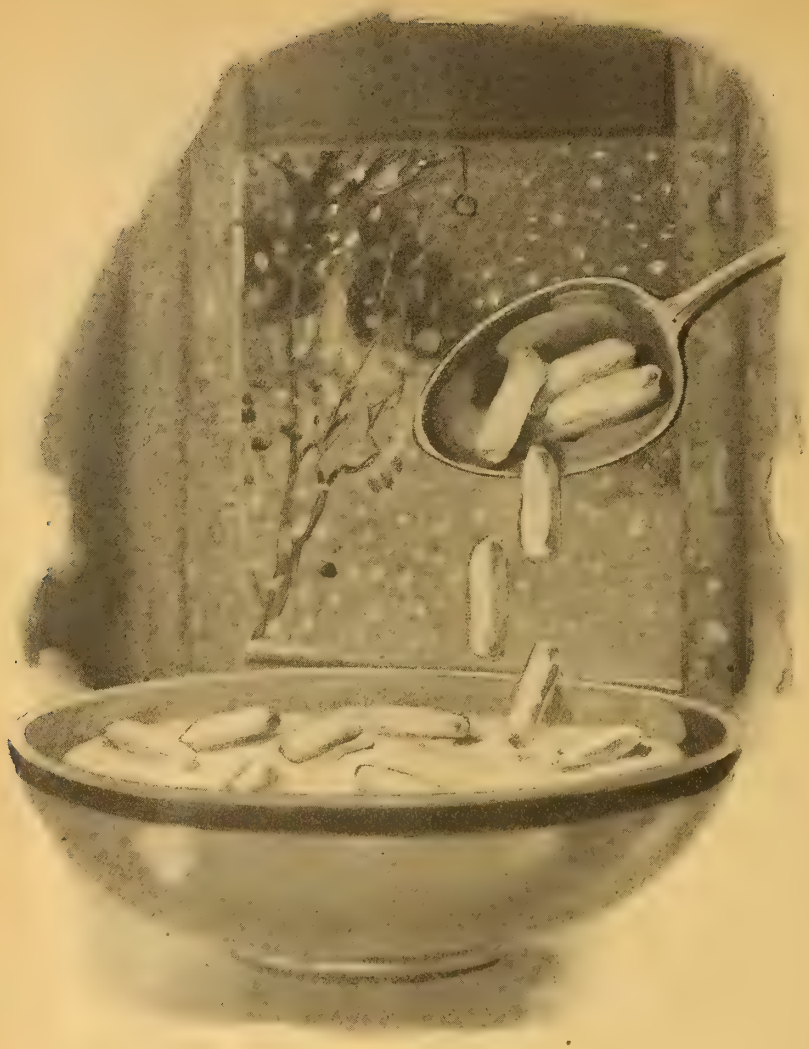
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But remember this. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were invented by Prof. Anderson. And his object was to make whole grains wholly digestible.

The grains are fascinating tidbits, but they mean far more than that. Every food cell is exploded—over 125 million in every kernel.

That's the reason for this process, where the grains are shot from guns. Every granule is fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

The ideal foods

These are the ideal grain foods. Children revel in them. Every serving means whole-grain nutrition. Serve them morning, noon and night, in every way you can. You know of nothing else in wheat or rice food that compares with these.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat in milk is the ideal bedtime dish. It is a practically complete food, supplying 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals. It is easy to digest.

If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve Puffed Wheat in plenty. It makes whole grains delightful.

Star Stuff . . .

(*Continued from page 21*)

that "he is in real life just like that there Russian villain."

——which of course he isn't. Not in the least like it.

An Austrian of the Austrians, Von Stroheim is the flower of an old, old stalk. To him has come the realization that life doesn't matter much: we are only doing what so many countless generations have done before us.

In the words of the old song:

"So there's really nothing in it—dont you know.
We live just for the minute—dont you know.
Clubs and cliques and sets;
Fashions, follies, sins, regrets;
Struggles, strife and cigarets—dont you know."

He knows that all our sins have been sinned before; all our impassioned remorses have been wrung before and the world has gone along just the same.

So Von Stroheim has become a spectator of life—looking upon the passing procession without illusions, but without bitterness. He finds a gay pleasure in tasting all the little bubbles as they sparkle. But he finds no agony in the thought that they soon must burst as they sparkle.

Von Stroheim is the rarest thing in the world—a real cynic who is sincere in his insincerity.

Little Mary Philbin has attracted his attention. She is a delicate little brush with whom he would like to paint a wondrous picture.

Mary has a sweet, angelic little face—untouched by the world. She prefers tutti fruiti flavor to black jack flavor. When you talk to her she says "Yes sir," and "No sir," and bobs funny little boarding-school courtesies when introduced. The history of Mary's life consists of the following events: at the age of nine years and seven months she had measles. She won second prize in a newspaper beauty contest and got a job in the movies. There Von Stroheim saw her and decided to make of her another Lillian Gish.

The average movie girl is a pretty hopeless proposition. Either she jazzes around the foxtrot palaces until she gets blasé and acquires a thick crust; or she imagines that she has an intellect and reads Henry James and gets so full of pose that it is impossible for a real director to do anything with her.

But Mary Philbin is a virgin soul entrusted into the hands of a master of the fine arts. It is wonderful to see him molding this delicate material.

But poor Von Stroheim: he will fail of his dreams.

He will get a few marvelous pictures out of little Mary Philbin. He is making one now wherein she is a little girl who works at a merry-go-round in a Viennese amusement park and who has two lovers—a hunchback of the Underworld and an officer of an aristocratic regiment—an aide of the Emperor—a story of social barriers that are swept away by the war.

He will make two or three such marvelous pictures with her and she will become a Lillian Gish—almost.

Then—just at the threshold, it is not unlikely, that she will fall in love with some handsome cavalier of the films—somebody who wears puttees and an eye shade and whose idea of great literature is "When a Man's a Man," by Harold Bell Wright; who says motion pictures are still in their infancy and who thinks, in his secret heart, that he could put it all over D. W. Griffith, only for the fact that the greedy producers dont never give nobody no chance.

Poor Von Stroheim.

He will shrug his shoulders, with a laugh as another bubble breaks.

The Man Who Made Robin Hood

(*Continued from page* 25)

the atmosphere we strived for far above everything else. If our backgrounds are massive, it is because the walls were high in that day so they might be scaled only with difficulty. And if our dining-halls stretch away into limitless shadows, it is because they are believed to have been so in the day of our story."

We asked him about Douglas Fairbanks.

"Douglas Fairbanks," said Allan Dwan with quiet conviction, "is, in my opinion, a great factor for progress in the motion picture profession. He has vision. Several prominent producers increased their production appropriations when they learned of the manner in which 'Robin Hood' was being produced. At a time when retrenchment was the signal word everywhere, he had the convictions and the courage to press forward."

We applauded his tribute. We, too, believe Douglas Fairbanks to be one of the greatest men in his chosen profession. We believe him to be immeasurably greater than he might be judged, even by the virtue of his five portrayals.

But to return to Allan Dwan:

We can understand the confidence which was placed in him. He is a man who would inspire confidence. In stature he is short and heavily built with a well-shaped head set definitely and firmly upon straight, broad shoulders. He is quiet and dignified in dress and manner. His eyes are keen and bright. And there is evident a sense of humor—always a reassuring virtue. He deals in facts, not vague, shifting theories, untested and untried. Facts—proven things—are his weapons. But he winds them in the silvery magic of his imagination and gives the world, ever and anon, fleeting tapestries and dreams.





Back View *Front View*



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The Wrap-around Invisible Corset is made in all sizes and in all types, from the slender figure to the heavy, full figures.

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The Vogue of Valentino

(*Continued from page* 29)

Were he not so ineffably handsome, and had he not become the flapper's *beau idéal,* he would have achieved a legitimate reputation as an actor of the very first rank.

But this is a little beside the point, altho it has an indirect bearing on the question in hand; and that question is: What condition of affairs in America has brought about Valentino's present status?

Obviously—unless all the teachings of psychology are wrong—Valentino would not be the national lover unless the country was in sore need of such a lover. The very intensity of the emotion Valentino has aroused reveals how great a lack of adequate lovers there is in America.

No nation creates a symbol for a thing which is prevalent in the flesh. All popular symbols are the expression of necessities; they indicate that the reality does not exist. When one possesses the reality, one does not need the ideal. An ideal merely represents a thing which is passionately desired. Knights were not thought so much of when knights were plentiful, for the same reason that a blizzard does not thrill an Eskimo. And South Sea Islanders do not rave over palm trees. Only in the north, where there are no palms, do the people put them in fancy pots and hire liveried butlers to water and trim them.

Why, then, should there be a need for a romantic idol in a country where there are so many able-bodied men? Why should the American women create a symbol of the ideal lover in the person of Valentino, when there are any number of willing males—that is, potential realities—on every hand?

The answer is simply that American men are not lovers! The truth is that the business men of this country have not made good with their women. They have been too busy to give any time or study to the niceties of amatory technique. mercial enterprise, on getting the best of strong, and has made too many demands on their energy, for them to devote themselves to the finer things of life.

The American business man has little or no imagination for æsthetic activities and sentimental pastimes. All his imagination has been focused and expended on commerical enterprise, on getting the best of other business men, and on building up financial institutions. The result is, the American woman is starving for romantic love.

The fact which the average American man constantly overlooks is that love is a game, and a highly intricate and delicate game, at that. Auction bridge and golf are mere child's play by comparison. The technique of love requires time and attention. It can not be mastered in a course of twelve easy lessons by mail.

The American business man knows nothing of the subtleties and nuances of the game of love. After ten or twelve hours in an office every day, he is too fatigued in the evening to get out and play at love. He regards love as an incident, or a necessity, forgetting its vast importance in the civilized scheme of things. The result is that love often becomes a casual and even vulgar part of his life.

Under such conditions marriage loses its romance; and when romance departs from the connubial relationship, there is danger ahead. Women are not mercenary—except as second choice. A graceful caress upon the finger-tips at the proper moment means more to the average wife than a new fur coat. But failing to receive a courtier's kiss, she demands the fur coat as a consolation prize. Thus women get the reputation for being gold-diggers. Women, however, are mercenary only with unromantic men.

European men are far better versed in the game of love and the art of love-making than American men. They have, or take, more leisure. This is why a foreigner—especially a Latin—appeals so strongly to American women; and why so many American men lose out when competing with a European for a woman's favor.

All women are romantic—which is as it should be. Love is a big and vital thing in their lives—it is, indeed, a fundamental feminine need. And this need is not being adequately met by the American business man. The result is that American women are filled with repressions and inhibitions which demand an outlet; and sooner or later a reaction is inevitable. It is a simple physio-psychological law. Hence, they carry on vicarious flirtations with ideal lovers.

Just now Valentino represents that amatory ideal. In making him the symbol of the perfect lover, women are merely giving expression to their ungratified desires and unfulfilled needs.

The present vogue of Valentino is a terrible indictment of the American business man. It is a warning which should be heeded—and heeded at once. Valentino's popularity is an unescapable manifestation of the present great unrest among American women, as evidenced in the increasing number of unhappy marriages of late.

Instead of ridiculing Valentino, the American business man had far better study him and imitate him. The American woman wants, and needs, a lover—a subtle, charming, dominating, chivalrous, imaginative, technically proficient lover. And she hasn't got one. . . . *Verbum sapienti.*

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 55)

Tom Mix is now wearing a check coat that has all Hollywood green with envy.

Directors who talk about art can learn a lot from Tourneur's picture "Lorna Doone."

They say that in "The World's Applause," Cecil B. De Mille has one of his old-time, high-calibre productions.

Doug's presentation of "Robin Hood" in Hollywood came near being spoiled by a tiresome prologue. Why is a prologue, anyway?





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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

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The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page 74*)

him sick and shooting his arrow out of the window to mark his grave the way he did in the book.

I wish I could tell you all the exciting things that happened—how arrows come shooting in just when nobody expects them and scares everybody to death, but I cant. All I can tell you is that I have seen the new "Robin Hood," and he has almost cut out the old one, because, oh Punch, he's so much happier. Uncle Roddy says you won't like it because it isn't like the book, but I just know you will.

I am very sleepy but I am very thrilled and I hope I dream of Doug. He really is my favoritist actor in the world.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

OH, PUNCH DEAR:

I've just been to see Jackie Coogan, no, I mean "Oliver Twist," but that's exactly the same thing because Jackie Coogan is Oliver Twist.

He's the most wonderfullest boy that ever lived. I think he has a set of buttons inside his brain and he just pushes one when he wants to be somebody else, and he just is, and there you are. Anyway, he certainly was Oliver Twist—poor, darling, abused Oliver! I do think Mr. Dickens could not have been a very jolly person. Anyway, he wasn't feeling very cheerful when he wrote that story. Uncle Roddy says he was a reformer, and I guess that means the same thing.

Anyway, he has Oliver born in a workhouse, oh, the most terrible workhouse you ever saw, and his mother dies and he has to pull bits of rope to pieces, and doesn't get enough to eat, and just because he asks for some more one day, they give him to a most terrible man, an undertaker. And oh, Punch, he has to sleep in the room with the coffins, and when he's bad they put him in the coal bin.

Then he runs away to London, and on the way he meets the Artful Dodger, and he takes him to Fagin, who is a most terrible old man, but anyway he fed Oliver, which was something, because he was very, very hungry. And then he taught him to be a thief, only, of course, Oliver didn't know he was being taught to really steal. He just thought it was a game.

After that lots of terrible things happen, and a nice thing at the very end, only I'm not going to tell you about that, because if you have read the book you know, and if you haven't it will be a wonderful surprise when you see the picture. But please, Punch dear, when you see Bill Sykes just hate him as hard as you can, because if you dont you will wish you had when you see the perfectly dreadful thing that he does in the end.

Uncle Roddy says it's the picture of the year, but he hasn't seen my very own, most precious "Robin Hood" yet. We're going tonight and I think that's going to be my favorite. I will write you all about it tomorrow.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

HIS ART CONSIGNED TO THE FLAMES

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

"What's that movie carpenter kicking about? He's making a big fuss."

"Oh, he's complaining because he's got to build a house to suit the director. He says he wouldn't kick, but after it's finished it's going to be used in a fire scene."



A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

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I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

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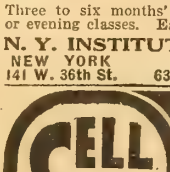
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Do You Like to Draw? Copy this bathing girl, and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize - - $100.00
2nd Prize - - 50.00

3rd Prize - - $25.00 **5th Prize - - $10.00**
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Free! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known American illustrator—and also a FREE TEST LESSON IN DRAWING prepared by the Federal School faculty.

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Rules for Contestants:

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully:

1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 5 inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 7 inches high.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 1, 1923. Drawings will be judged and prizes awarded by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING
1458 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 84)

F. A. O.—Whoa there, slow up. All you need is a soap box and come on down on Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, and you sure would draw a crowd. Yes, Mabel Ballin is playing in "Vanity Fair." Colleen Moore and Cullen Landis in "Forsaking All Others," for Universal.

Minerva.—Thanks, little one, for the recipe. You can reach Harold Lloyd at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Marguerite Clark is not playing now. She is down in New Orleans. No, Douglas MacLean is with the Associated Exhibitors. Write me any time.

Diogenes.—Hello there, stranger. Why Alice Joyce is not in pictures any more. You say "Venus must have created Corliss Palmer from the foam of nectar—she is so beautiful." You must see her to appreciate her. Yes, Marie Prevost is going to star in "Brass."

Hildagarde.—Remember what Ruskin said, "To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things, and looking at them." Come out of your shell, then. Ralph Graves played in "Dream Street," also "The Jilt." Theodore Kosloff was Gaspard in "Green Temptation."

Lilis St. Clair.—Well, well, well! I sure am glad to hear of you again. Thanks for the oranges. A delicate thought is a flower of the mind. Write me again.

Dorothy W.—My, my, where have you been keeping yourself? Harold Lockwood passed away some six or seven years ago. Francis Ford is directing right now. Carlyle Blackwell just finished "Bull Dog Drummond." My favorite bird—guess it's the stork.

Sonny.—Thanks for your kind praise. I try not to be sarcastic. No, that above my eyebrows is not a skating rink—just a place to park my hat. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in another picture. You will see Mary Anderson, Charlie Murray and Raymond McKee in a series of twelve all-star comedies. Thanks again.

Celia L. W.—Yes, I live all alone. Yes, June Caprice recently became a mother. Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Conrad Nagel opposite Pola Negri in "Bella Donna." Sounds like medical plaster.

Bert; Okla City; Little Fan; Uncle Sam; H. K. B. and The Vamp.—Niles Welch was Roy. You think Gloria Swanson is the Bernhardt of the Movies. There has been so many of them. And you like Alice B. Francis better than Theo. Roberts. A matter of opinion. You want more of Bert Lytell. No, I am not Ed Streeter. Write me some more.

Minerva.—No idea how many stars there are. About ten new ones every day. No, nothing would suit me better than to take a trip to Palm Beach right now. No, I haven't a little radio in my home. Have you?

Lizzytish.—The custom of wearing engagement rings on the third finger of the left hand is due to the ancient belief that a vein from this finger led directly to the heart. How touching! Will Rogers' "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" has been changed to "The Headless Horseman." Thanks for what you say.

Princess.—You're wrong. "Robin Hood" made its first public appearance in New York on October 30th.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Now—a Snow White Clay to Draw Poisons from the Skin —in Only 10 Minutes

Marvelous new radium-treated clay not only opens the pores and removes all the impurities, but completes its work by whitening the skin—then closing the pores—all in ten minutes. No mussiness—no bother—no lotions. A complete treatment in itself.



EVERYONE is talking about complexion clay. On all sides people are hearing of the seeming "miracles" performed by this great new beauty discovery. For through it, thousands of women are acquiring entirely *new* complexions — complexions wonderfully clear, fresh and beautiful.

And now Science announces another great advance!

A new kind of clay has been discovered, which not only possesses even greater beautifying properties than ordinary complexion clay, but which, in addition, eliminates every one of its disadvantages. For instance—

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Up to now, all complexion clays have been of a disagreeable dark mud-like color, and have required 30 to 40 minutes to accomplish their work. Naturally the woman of daintiness and refinement has revolted at the idea of allowing this unsightly mud to come in contact with her skin, even though it meant new beauty.

But this new kind of clay is pure white—just as white as snow. That is why it is called Snow White Clay. Applying it is just like bathing the face with a delightful cream. There is no mussiness whatever; for this new kind of clay—triple-sifted through the finest silk—is *clean*. Furthermore a complete treatment takes only 10 minutes! You can actually acquire new beauty while you are doing up your hair!

No Lotions Needed

Up to this time, a complete complexion clay treatment called for the use of an after lotion. This was to close the pores, which the clay had opened in drawing out impurities. But this astringent lotion is no longer necessary. For Snow White Clay after it has drawn out the face poisons, actually *closes* the pores, thus saving any additional trouble and expense.

Nothing Else Like It

Snow White Complexion Clay is actually delightful in its purity and whiteness. No other clay is anything like it. Clean as it is when taken from its bed in the white clay deposits of England, it is made even purer and whiter by being sifted three distinct times through the finest Chinese silk! Compare Arctic snow with mud and you will have the difference between Snow White Clay and ordinary complexion clays. Try it once—and you will never return to old-fashioned clay treatments.

EVIDENCE

"Snow White Clay is certainly a great improvement over the dark clay. I noticed the difference just as soon as I put it on my face. When I removed it my skin was soft, smooth and fairly glowed."
Ida Heiman

"Since I have used Snow White Complexion Clay all the blackheads and blemishes have disappeared and my skin is clear and smooth."
Lillian Block

"Snow White Clay is the best product of the kind I have ever used. One application removed many of the blackheads, and left my skin beautifully white, soft and smooth."
K. Lewis

"In only 15 minutes Snow White Clay had whitened my skin and made it very smooth."
May De Pater

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Snow White Complexion Clay has still another great advantage. It possesses a marvelous radio activity to stimulate the skin, and in addition gives the skin a wonderful new whiteness and transparency. No other clay possesses this wonderful power to give the skin new life and health and to make it soft, smooth and white.

Snow White Complexion Clay is a distinct advance over all other complexion clays. No other clay is like it—no other *can* be like it. Already thousands of women have turned to it for new beauty, and the results are more than gratifying.

How It Works

The skin contains millions of tiny pores, with which to expel impurities. But when dust bores deeply into these pores, they become clogged, and the impurities remain in the skin. Soon pimples, blackheads and other embarrassing blemishes appear.

Snow White Complexion Clay stirs every one of these tiny pores to life. In only 10 minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful yet absolutely harmless clay draws out every skin impurity. Remove the clay, and with it comes every harmful impurity, every blemish. Then notice your complexion. See how clear, fresh and youthful it has suddenly become. You will be actually amazed at the improvement the very first treatment brings.

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So that everyone may test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Although it is a $5.00 product, you may pay the postman only $1.75 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. In addition, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once, if you are not more than delighted with the results.

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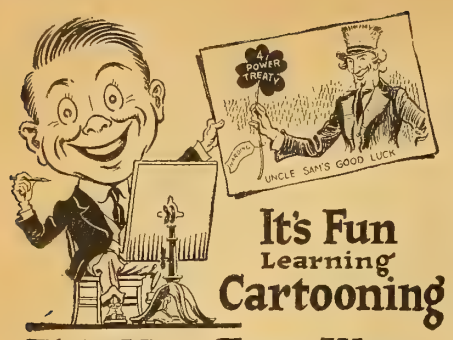
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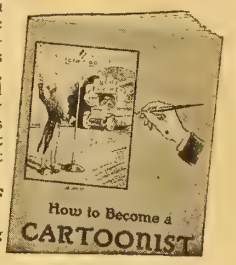
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The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page 64*)

early rising and being forced to keep his belongings in an orderly manner.

We find Mr. William Faversham born February 12th, of similar temperament. Naturally courteous and tender-hearted, he does much to buoy up the hopes and aspirations of others, developing in his associates, unexpected stories of good and imparting self-confidence to all.

He rarely hurts anyone's feelings unless they have first injured him, but he shows no mercy for verbal cruelty prompted by dishonor or jealousy.

Both of these men would be a trifle radical in religious views but, like all Aquarius born, they are truly spiritual, with a presumptuous but beautiful child-like faith, possessing the knowledge that love and kindness are the keynotes of true worthiness.

Mr. King Vidor's birthday occurs on February 8th, and coming under the influence of the Planet Saturn, he is perhaps more practical and less temperamental, nevertheless, he, too, is far from phlegmatic. His love for humanity makes him a true psychologist, yet there is an inclination to disregard his intuition and suppress his imagination, which, if given free rein, would lead him to even greater heights.

Mr. Vidor possesses to a marked degree, the penetrating "Aquarius eye," which is a decided feature of the Planet, denoting as it does judgment that is both accurate and keen, also it enables him to exercise a startling and magnetic influence over his associates.

He is unselfish and humane and many have profited by his generosity who are unable to realize his true worth. However, it is a strange thing that the Aquarius people seem to be protected by a peculiar power and they always live to see those suffer who have abused their kindness.

One of the fair ladies of this sign is Miss Anita Stewart, born February 17th. She would possess the same attributes of the Planet, as the men, additionally enhanced by an endearing feminine charm. She is extremely sensitive and nervous, but, when at ease, is a capital entertainer. She is reserved and discriminating, but affectionate and very fascinating to the opposite sex.

While sincere to her friends, she sometimes tires of her acquaintances and "drops" them, with abruptness.

Miss Ruth Clifford, whose birthday also occurs February 17th, is a deep thinker and everyone does not realize what is passing in her mind. Attracting others, rapidly, as she does, she should beware of discussing her affairs with strangers—a habit superinduced by innate loneliness.

These ladies might easily become clever story-writers, artists or designers, as they couple originality with care of detail.

Their best women friends would be born in March and May.

In writing "Fan Letters" to Aquarius Stars, I can safely advise a discriminating use of flattery. While they detect insincerity, they are susceptible to praise and influenced by compliments.

They attract and are attracted by those born in August, April, December, October and February, in order named.

The Aquarius faults are extreme unconventionality, egotism, conceit, vindictiveness, procrastination, and the changeableness of the Aquarius nature is an Astrological byword.

The Motion Picture Stars, however, are especial exponents of the tenacity of purpose that the developed of the sign



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can display, when they are convinced that the course they have embarked upon is the right one.

Others born under this Planet, besides those whom I have already mentioned, are: George Ade (Scenario writer and humorist), born February 9th; Maurice Tourneur, born February 2nd; Neal Burns, born February 4th; John M. Stahl, born January 22nd; Molly Malone, born February 2nd, and J. L. Frothingham (Director and Producer), born February 6th; Zelda Sears, born January 21st; Constance Collier, born January 2nd; Henry Miller, born February 21st; Rupert Hughes, born January 31st (writer); Robert Bruce Mantell, born February 7th; Florence Roberts, born February 14th; Maxime Elliott, born February 5th; Julie Opp, born January 28th; Donald Brian, born February 17th; Frederick G. Lewis, born February 14th, and Nancy Price, born February 3rd.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Astrology is most ancient of all the sciences and, in this truth-seeking age, the verity of its beliefs is now being accepted, all over the world. Its exact origin is ageless but, historically considered, the Chaldeans were, perhaps, its first intelligent students and later, in Alexandria, in the year 150 A. D., Ptolemy, the Egyptian, compiled his great work, the "Tetrabiblos" or, as the Saracens named it, the "Almagest."*

The astrological zodiac is composed of twelve constellations or "star-groups," thru which the Sun apparently passes, in his so-called path around the earth, and in the Musée du Louvre, Paris, is the original "Great Zodiac of Denderah," possibly the oldest in existence. It was taken from the temple of Hathor, at Denderah, Egypt.

It is the belief of astrologers that character is governed by the "star-group," or "Planet," under which one is born, or that there are twelve distinct types of people in the world, each gifted with some predominating talent and possessing individual faults and attributes, and they are all classified under the signs of the Zodiac, as is mentioned in the book of Genesis.

The first seven days of each planet are called "the cusp," as persons born in this period combine traits of the preceding sign with that of their own.

The reader will realize that not only is Astrology a true science, but also a necessary knowledge, with warnings and suggestions that we may profit by, and, in following these articles, you will gain, as well, a true insight into the character of the motion picture people. Also, it will be of great interest to note if your friends and yourself were born under the same planet as your film-favorite.

"Capricorn." (The goat.) (December 1st to January 20th.) (Cusp. December 21st to December 27th.)

Saturn is the ruling planet of this sign and it bestows upon its subject a high moral nature, with conscientious regard for any duties imposed upon them.

YOU ARE JUNE
(For Mary Pickford)
By LEO H. LASSEN

Joy and laughter honor your command
And Youth has followed in your glorious train
For you are June, and June is fair; no rain
Of winter days can mar your fairyland.
A smile, somehow, touches hidden springs
And when you smile a bluebird wakes and sings!



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is today

DEAD
FROM THE NECK DOWN

"He thought he was alive because he worked with his brain—but his body was fit for the undertaker."

Can you imagine such a fellow calling himself a man? And still there are thousands like him—narrow chested, round shouldered, weak-kneed specimens of humanity. They would rather take a box of pills than do five minutes' exercise.

WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU?

Has life lost its thrills for you? Do you arise in the morning full of pep and ambition for the day's tasks before you? Or do you just drag yourself through life in a lazy, indifferent way?

THERE IS HOPE

If there is a spark of manhood left in you, I will give you a body to be proud of. I guarantee to put one full inch on your arms in the first 30 days. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. I will build out your chest, broaden your shoulders and put real pep in your old backbone. You will have the flash to your eye and the spring to your step of a real athlete. Your whole body (inside and out) will function as it should, sending life-giving blood to your brain and every part of your system. I don't just promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on now and make me prove it. That's what I like.

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over and you will marvel at their present physiques. This work will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing, and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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BATHASWEET

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 102)

TANTY.—You can reach Mme. Petrova at Great Neck, L. I. That is her home winter and summer. She is playing in "The White Peacock" now.

VIVIENNE L.—So you are in love. How perfectly beautiful than love has not thought of self; love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves. Earle Williams is playing in "You Never Know." Leah Baird in "When Civilization Failed."

CECELIA L.—Yes, Rodolph Valentino played in "The Rogue's Romance," with Earle Williams. It was an old Vitagraph.

DAVID D. J.—All the way from Bonnie Scotland. Bring on the bagpipes. Yes, indeed, I am a great admirer of Barrie. Yes, Malcolm McGregor is playing in "A Noise in Newboro," with Viola Dana. The other players you mention are Scotch. All right, come in and see me when you come to America. That sure was an interesting letter.

Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page* 97)

thrall me, if they are about China. Manners, customs, dress, all these have I read about; their philosophies; I have even picked up a few words of Chinese. Mr. Hergesheimer, who wrote the novel, "Java Head," has just been telling me his conception of this high-born, misplaced woman. I wish I had heard him before I started acting the part. When she realizes that she has been touched by the filth of that dreadful man—she has to die. She could not live. Beauty was all life, within and without, meant to her. Other plays have sent me digging for facts, too. A South Seas story I did made me absorb a lot of details about life in the tropics. And when I made Lydia in "Manslaughter," I visited prisons, and spent days in courtrooms, listening to trials. Just see what a wealth of facts I acquire without being conscious of it. Further, I live in these different atmospheres at one with my surroundings. There is much more reality in such a transposition of entity than can be found from mere books."

Jacqueline Logan, much too modest in mien to typify a Follies girl—and she was one, if I mistake not, before she went into screen work—takes the part of the true love of Gerrit Ammidon, Nattie Dunsack. She was busy on the set. So I could only say "Greetings," and pass on. I'll have more of a talk with her another month. However, I saw her before the megaphone in the scene of the "Hallow-e'en Party." She is very lovable.

That Hallow-e'en party gave me quite a thrill, witches on brooms, pumpkin lanterns and all the children. By the way, one little kiddie is the living image of my old love, Alice Joyce. Watch out for her!

I am thrilled by all of "Java Head." The book has always fascinated me, and to see it being transferred to the screen filled me with admiration and terror—admiration for the courage of the man directing it, and terror for the things that might happen to that marvelous story.

Mr. George Fawcett is that tragic old man, Barzil Dunsack. A ghastly example of the thwarted lives of some New Englanders. What a time the company must have had when they were making exteriors in Salem. Mr. Fawcett said the atmosphere of the town "got" him. He did not wonder that the "House of Seven Gables" was so grey a story, if Nathaniel Haw-

(*Continued on page* 114)

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This new liquid makes your hair fall in soft, fluffy waves and silky curls. It adds a wonderful new charm, youthfulness and beauty to your appearance. No fuss—no bother. Simply moisten the hair with a few drops of this wonderful new liquid called Domino Curling Fluid. One application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually for a week or more. Why ruin your hair with hot irons, or pay big fees to hairdressers? Try this new harmless method and see if your friends aren't amazed at the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

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All you have to do is follow the simple, easy directions. Domino Curling Fluid is just what you have been waiting for—because it provides a new way to keep the hair wavy and curly, *without* the bothersome disadvantages of old-fashioned methods.

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So that everyone may test this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $2.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 69*)

Altho old Ponce de Leon couldn't find the fountain of eternal youth, I am inclined to think somebody has steered Jackie to it. It was naturally to be supposed that Jackie was only good for a year or so as a baby star, after "The Kid," but for some miraculous circumstance he seems to stay exactly the same size year after year. The last time I saw him, he looked exactly the same as the first time—a lapse of two years. His people say that he is perfectly well, however, and filled with ginger and pep.

The mother of Peaches Jackson, that other infant prodigy, amazed the world of art and letters the other day by confiding to a young lady interviewer of a Los Angeles newspaper, that Mr. Charles Dickens, the author of "Oliver Twist," told her that Peaches should have had a part in "Oliver Twist," but that a jealous director kept him out. She said that Mr. Dickens came out during the filming of the Coogan picture, and was much attracted by her child. No doubt the next time Mr. Dickens writes a book, he will put Peaches in it.

Which recalls the fact that a famous producer, who probably knows better now, not very long ago sent a cable message to "Charles Dickens, London," asking him what he would take for the rights of "David Copperfield."

Baby Peggy—now that we are on film kindergarten subjects—was sick almost unto death recently from pneumonia. She seems well on the road to recovery. At four years old, she has finished her thirty-seventh picture—which seems to be traveling some.

Pola Negri's second picture will be "A Song in the Dark," from an original story from the pen of that amazing young woman Frances Marion, who writes all the stories for all the companies, with a novel and a stage play thrown in occasionally for good measure. Negri's next director will be Penrhyn Stanlaws. The first thing that impressed the American film producers, when they saw Pola in the flesh, was her marvelous beauty—a strange, exotic, individual beauty, the like of which never had been seen in an American studio before. They saw at once that she had never been properly photographed. Wherefore all the artistic brains of Hollywood are being concentrated on the problem. When the public see her in "Bella Donna," they are due for a gasp. It will be a Pola Negri they never have seen before.

Wally Reid, after a long vacation in the mountains, where he hunted and sprinted around the mountain trails with a professional prize fight trainer, and afterward motored all over California, is himself again and ready for work. His first picture will be "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime." In the film colony, his work in "Clarence" was considered to be the finest in his whole career, giving a promise of a new Wally Reid for the screen.

To go back to Frances Marion, she and her handsome, athletic husband, Rev. Fred Thompson, formerly chaplain of an artillery regiment, and winner of the world's all-around athletic championship, had planned a producing company of their own. Their first picture was to have been a bull fight story that centered around an old cavalry horse. After months spent in training a wild bull for the part, and in collecting oceans of props and data, some other company stole the idea and killed the play by using the same idea.

Miss Marion is now writing a very re-

markable film play, based upon the life of Abraham Lincoln, which is to be produced by a newly formed company.

Down at the Ince studio two little girls, in whom critics have great hopes, are having their "big chance" in adjoining sets.

One is May McAvoy; the other Colleen Moore.

Ever since her performance in "Sentimental Tommy," May has been looked upon as one of the coming great stars of pictures; but fate seemed to be against her. She never could get a real chance. At least, not until "Clarence."

Ince has now borrowed her from Lasky, for a newspaper play, written by Bradley King: it is called "News." Miss McAvoy has a gorgeous part—a young Spanish girl whose happiness is ruined by a yellow journal story, tossed off casually by a correspondent who hadn't anything else entertaining to do.

Colleen Moore is getting her great chance in Fannie Hurst's "The *N*th Commandment," which is being filmed by Frank Borzage, for the Cosmopolitan Company in space rented from Ince.

Dorothy Phillips is preparing for a very big picture, to be made from Jeffrey Du Prend's story, "The White Frontier." It is a dramatic tale of a girl who has been tried for murder, and goes into exile in the wilderness to forget. There she comes in contact with the judge who tried her, and another man, who is also there to forget. The picture will be filmed chiefly in Canada. Her husband, Allen Holubar, will direct. The Goldwyn people are still trying to get Holubar to direct "Ben-Hur"; but at this writing, have been unable to agree upon terms.

Frank Mayo will be featured in "Souls For Sale," when Rupert Hughes films his own story of the Hollywood film colony. In the same cast will be Lew Cody, Claire Windsor, Richard Dix.

Claire is just now the belle of the town. You see her at every dance, and she is reported to be engaged to every eligible young man in Los Angeles. Claire told one young swain that she would never marry anyone until she could find somebody who wasn't jealous every time she looked at a man. She tried one jealous husband. Enuff. Under the circumstances, it looks as tho she were condemning herself to a life of single blessedness.

Hugo Ballin is working on the film of "Vanity Fair," with his beautiful wife as Becky Sharp. In preparing the continuity, they found that Thackeray didn't know a blame thing about Thackeray. The novel, on minute examination, proves to be crowded with misinformation about the period. Thackeray's own illustrations for the story were all wrong. He showed Rawdon Crawley wearing a fierce military mustache, at a time when the British army regulations forbade mustaches. He went to great pains to dwell on Joe Sedley's fondness for Havana cigars, years before anyone in England ever heard of Havana cigars. George Walsh, Eleanor Boardman, Harrison Ford, and other well-known folks are in the cast.

The cutest little comedy company in Hollywood is the one filming H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood"—a prize fight story. George O'Hara, the leading man, is only twenty-three, Clara Horton, the leading woman, is only eighteen, the director, Mal St. Clair, is only a youngster, and all the rest of the company are just getting used to grown-up clothes. If any old person of, say, twenty-seven or twenty-eight comes around, they sympathetically support his senile footsteps, and set chairs for him.

Bennie Zeidman was so moved by "Robin



In Beauty Land not far away
Two little Cre-Maids met one day,
And Disappearing Cream said, "See,
Our Queen of Beauty Land loves me."
Cold Cream replied, "That may be true
But I am sure she loves me too."

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Among its other valuable qualities, this pure liquid emollient forms a wonderfully effective base for face powder and, because it is so simple to apply, the habit of using it is rapidly extending throughout all communities, particularly in women's college towns.

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Just then a voice said, sweet and clear,
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Throughout the realm of Beauty Land,
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All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and $1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a *sample* Honey and Almond Cream for 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or Disappearing *sample* 2c, trial tube 4c.

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M. P. 2-23

Hood," that he called up Doug Fairbanks in New York, on the opening night, by long distance phone. And after he got Doug out of bed, all he could say was, "Oh, Doug, that picture. Oh, Doug, that picture!" Bennie's producing company is now putting on a story of the Spanish days of California, with Alice Lake, and other well-known stars.

Ralph Graves will be Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Prodigal Daughter." In the same cast will be George Fawcett, Theodore Roberts and Louise Dresser. In one scene of "My American Wife," which she has just finished, Gloria appears as an Inca princess, in a costume guaranteed to take the breath away.

Mary Miles Minter's last picture, under her Paramount contract, will be "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charles Maigne directing.

Shannon Day will blossom out as a leading lady in the old California story, "Captain Fly by Night," by Johnston McCulley.

Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Irene Rich, Pat O'Malley, Helen Ferguson, Frank Keenan and Miss Du Pont are all in the cast of "Brass," being filmed at the Warner Brothers studio, with Syd Franklyn as director.

A scarcely less notable cast is filming "The Little Church Around the Corner," at the same studio; Clare Windsor, Kenneth Harlan, Hobart Bosworth, Pauline Stark, Walter Long and Winter Hall.

Margery Prevost, sister of Marie, and herself a film actress, was badly hurt in an automobile accident on her way home from her wedding at Riverside: she married Albert L. Burgen, a broker.

Selznicks have selected the cast for "Rupert of Hentzau." Antonio Moreno will be Rupert, and Bert Lytell will have the part of Rudolph Rassendyll, played by Lew Stone, in Rex Ingram's "Prisoner of Zenda." Victor Heermann will direct. Elaine Hammerstein will be Flavia, the queen.

Jean Acker, the first wife of the delectable Rodolph Valentino, is making a legal fight to be allowed to call herself Mrs. Rodolph Valentino on the screen. Of course she has no actual right to that name, as she was married to Rodolph under his real name, which is Guglielmo.

EVEN AS A ROSE

(For Norma Talmadge)

By Leo H. Lassen

Unnumbered songs have told the garden roses
That beauty is the fairest charm of all;
A crimson rambler, running riot, discloses
The wine of gods upon a sun-lit wall.
Unnumbered words, more golden far than these,
Have echoed lovely rhymes of summer joy
Among the stately blooms that lure the bees
Like Helen lured the glory that was Troy.

No truer tribute can these lines repeat
Than if they say that beautiful thou art,
Even as a rose; thy charm is sweet
With woman's loveliness and woman's heart.
Before the altar of the rose's shrine
With unnumbered songs I bring these words of mine.

SHADOWLAND for FEBRUARY

Includes:

AN article by Edgar Cahill on the work of *Jonas Lie,* with a reproduction in color of his painting, "Silent Stream." Mr. Lie is a Scandinavian, widely known as a painter of Nature and American industrial life. It is not the faithful transcription of a given scene which he achieves, it is a frankly individualized version of something seen, remembered, and re-created upon canvas. It has been said of him that he "chants in paint."

A mid-season musical review by *Jerome Hart,* who discusses the operas, symphony concerts, and recitals—the high spots of a brilliant season.

"Chaliapin of the Universe" by *Ernest Ernestovitch* — a study of the great Russian actor-singer, with numerous photographs of him in his leading characters.

Critical and satirical articles by *Burton Rascoe, Kenneth Macgowan, Thyra Samter Winslow,* and *Benjamin De Casseres.*

Reproductions of three impressionistic drawings in chalk by *Eugene Higgins;* an unusual number of exquisite camera studies; two pages of cartoons by *Wynn,* and two by *Henkel.*

Edward Holger, who has just returned from Sweden, has written a most surprising article on Scandinavian architecture, in so far as it shows that the architecture is entirely different from what one expects it to be. There are beautiful photographs.

SHADOWLAND for FEBRUARY

Thelma

(*Continued from page 63*)

with the poise and dignity of an empress, altho her heart was fluttering wildly. She wanted them to like her for Phillip's sake.

At last the silence was broken.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Beau Lovelace, "What a magnificent woman!"

"What a gorgeous creature!" "What exquisite grace!" "What rare charm!" And people began talking all at once, and flocked toward the handsome pair and begged for an introduction. London *was* at the feet of Thelma as Sir Phillip had prophesied.

Lady Clara turned pale with baffled rage. Vengeance had now become an obsession with her, which grew more acute the more often it was thwarted. She was one of those relentless women who can bide their time. Retribution should be hers! And she would wait. The time would come to strike, and strike she would! She laughed a mirthless laugh and set about the acquisition of another lover who would be a willing tool to her designs.

Thelma was the hit of the season. Great lords and noble dames vied with each other for her favor, but she remained her sweet, unspoiled self. The promise of motherhood had come to her and in her home she was happy. The memory of old Lovi-n's curse was slipping from her mind. She was content.

But not for long. No one in any community can live longer in peace than his neighbor desires, and Lady Clara had started in on her evil machinations. Sir Phillip was accused of a vulgar intrigue with a certain music hall favorite. Hints of it were judiciously administered to the guileless Thelma. At first she ignored them. One always can at first. Then she took to disbelieving them actively and denying them to herself and to others. Then a miserable doubt entered in and she began to wonder.

Lady Winsleigh's newest lover was a man of some influence, and between them Thelma was as helpless as a butterfly in a net. A newspaper was prevailed upon to print a vile notice of the so-called Errington scandal. Thelma was approached by Sir Francis Lennox, Lady Clara's recruit, and told that she had become the laughing-stock of London. It was, moreover, told under the guise of friendship, and Lennox bolstered up his infamous story with all sorts of offensive details. But he need not have bothered. Thelma had fainted and he had called the terrified Britta and left.

Then Sir Phillip was called away on a political tour. It really was that, but by this time, the bewildered and unhappy Thelma could scarcely believe it. He could see that something was troubling his wife, but like most short-sighted men, he concluded it was her approaching motherhood that made her seem so distraught. He kissed her with more than usual tenderness, and Thelma begged piteously that he tell her he loved her once more. He did gladly, over and over again, and she quieted down under that blessed assurance.

With his departure came the storm. The next morning Lady Clara made it her duty to call on Thelma with the scandal sheet that had published the vile notice. Thelma tore it into bits. Then the woman played her trump card, a letter from Sir Phillip to the actress in question—innocent enough as it subsequently transpired—but it could not be explained then.

Thelma's eyes read, but her brain did not take it in. She felt cold, and shivered; sick, and drooped her head. The room swam and only the cold, cruel eyes of

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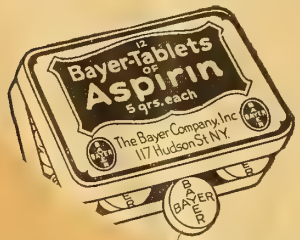
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Clara Windsleigh remained distinct. An abyss had opened before Thelma's feet and she was falling . . . falling. . . . Everything was so black . . . it must be that night had come. . . .

When she opened her eyes, Lady Clara was bending over her with a tiny jeweled bottle of smelling salts. Here, truly, was such terrible suffering that even the cold hard woman that she was quailed before it. Once again revenge was robbed of its unhealthy sweetness. Thelma pushed her angrily away. For Thelma the mists had cleared away. If her husband loved another woman, she would never stand in the way. She would go home—home to her father—home to the little house atop the cliffs—home to Norway. When Lady Clara had taken her departure, Thelma hastily packed a bag—with her baby's little things, and wrote a long grief-blotted letter to her husband wherein there was no reproach, only regret that she had failed to make him happy. And she was gone.

In the meantime, the good George Lorimer had horsewhipt the editor of that scurrilous sheet and hurried away to the Errington home to tell Thelma the truth.

But she was gone.

Back in Norway, a small ship lay off the coast, clinging to the shore. From it a slender spiral of smoke was seen to rise in the still air. And then a little tongue of flame licked up its sides, and another and another. It was the funeral pyre of the last of the Vikings, Olaf Guldmar, who lay dying. It was his wish to go that way and there was none to restrain him. As it burned, a heavily veiled woman landed at Bosekop. Valdemar Svensen perceived from his post his bonde fall dead; and the burning ship drifted out to sea.

Suddenly he beheld Thelma.

"Frœken Thelma, he is there!" he gasped. "His gods have called him. He is gone."

With an irrepressible shriek of terror, Thelma turned toward the sea. She knew her father's creed. She understood.

"Father," she moaned, "oh, my father—it is Thelma, your child, come back to you, father. Dont leave me alone—I shall die—alone——"

Valdemar picked her up and carried her home tenderly and lovingly, home to her birth place, home to the abandoned nest—and there Sir Phillip found her. Lorimer had lost no time in locating his friend and the political tour was abandoned and the yacht got ready, to go and find Thelma.

She, poor, harried soul, lay unconscious, babbling fitfully in delirium of the curse of Lovisa, of her father and her mother, of the husband she had lost, of the child that was to come. For many days her life hung by a thread. She never knew how the faithful Britta nursed her night and day without rest. She never knew that when she called so piteously for Phillip, that he was there, almost beside himself at his inability to make her feel his presence. She never knew that the baby had come—another little Thelma to gladden the heart of those who loved her.

No. She knew none of these things until there came a day when she opened her eyes upon consciousness.

"Phillip, my Phillip," she whispered. "Is it you?"

But he could not speak. He only took her in his arms and held her gently against his breast—she was so frail—he longed to crush her madly to his heart. And then she felt her arms creep up around his neck and peace came down to both tried hearts and grace and joy, and understanding, the most precious of all.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 72*)

A hurrah for Dick Barthelmess:

DEAR EDITOR: Just finished reading the three letters in your November number. They're regular books. I'm not a devotee of William Jennings B. I believe in coming to the point as quickly as possible, which is—"Why do they spend so much time arguing the pro's and con's of Valentino and Wally Reid?—Valentino of the patent-leather hair and Wally—half-asleep Wally!"

The real *man* of the movies—the kind who looks, and I am sure is, the very soul of honor and chivalry—two virtues at which the modern flapper rolls her wordly-wise eyes and sneers, but for which real women always looks—is—Dick Barthelmess.

Why doesn't someone laud Dick?

Sincerely,
FRANCES DUKEMAN,
517 So. Fifth St., Columbus, Ohio.

Anent several stars and several productions:

DEAR EDITOR: I have never before voiced my opinion in this department. But at last I feel that I would like to sling a few brickbats and scatter a few bouquets. Last year I had great hopes for the movies, and they are still my favorite amusement, but oh! what an avalanche of impossible photoplays have been crammed down the public this past year. The producers seem to have given very little thought to the betterment of motion pictures. The majority of them have catered to "box-office attractions," which I think has greatly lowered the standard of motion pictures in America. And then consider the enormous number of stars that are entirely unworthy of this title.

Take for example — Irene Castle, who I think is utterly impossible. I have never seen on screen or stage such versatility—she possesses only one expression—with which she registers—love—hope—despair and revenge! Speaking of yawn provokers, "Slim Shoulders" certainly merits that title.

Another star who is proficient in the art of looking supremely bored is Agnes Ayres. She is a strikingly beautiful woman—but her arched eyebrows and heart-breaking facial contortions approach the ridiculous.

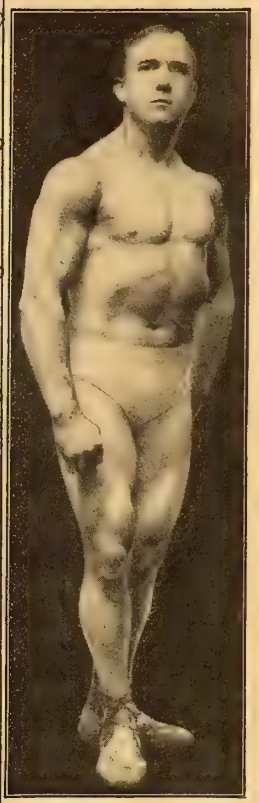
I think Richard Barthelmess is by far our most promising actor—too much praise cannot be accorded him. I have seen his "Tol'able David" six times and in my opinion it is one of the finest pictures produced in the last five years.

When you go to see a Barthelmess picture, you know that you are going to see something fine and something that is really worth while. I have attended two different Universities and among the men in both colleges I noticed that Barthelmess was a decided favorite—and Rodolph—of the cauliflower ears! Noy—noy—my error—at present I dont possess the price of a passage to Jericho—so I dare not lift my voice against this tender object of feminine admiration. Then a comparison between the two would be positively ludicrous.

Lillian Gish is another actress who has my undying admiration. In "Orphans of the Storm"—I think she does the greatest acting of her career. Dear fans, please dont think I am unappreciative of our stars—I am vitally interested in all motion pictures—still more so in their betterment.

Sincerely,
EDMOND ANDERSON,
35 Easton Ave., Lynchburg, Virg[illegible]

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Whose feats of strength have never been equalled

Are you dragging yourself about from day to day always ailing and complaining—always tired and despondent—suffering from Backache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Vital Depletion, etc., etc.,—your Biliousness showing in your face—your lack of energy in your eyes? Have you and your family given up hope that you will ever be a real man again, achieve success and amount to anything in the world? Have you lost ambition and allowed your youthful ideals to slip down into the bog of physical defects and unfitness? Then, you are the man I want to help.

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Strongfortism will go directly to the root of your trouble and remove the cause. **Strongfortism** will purify and enrich your blood, revitalize your nerves, strengthen your Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and other vital organs. **Strongfortism** will send the rich, red blood to every corner of your being, bringing the nutriment and vital force necessary to restore the half-dead cell life and build up muscle and bone. **Strongfortism** will drive out the poisonous waste matter that has been accumulating for years in your body and brain and make you clean, wholesome and normal, **externally** and **internally.** I guarantee it—irrespective of your sex, age, occupation or surroundings.

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..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Weak Eyes
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Gastritis
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Heart Weakness
..Lumbago	..Billousness	..Poor Circulation
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Skin Disorders
..Diabetes	..Indigestion	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Lung Troubles
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Street.....
City..... State.....



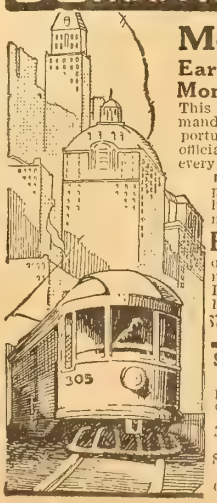
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Coming! "Our Dick" in his latest and best!

"BOY," she demanded, "don't you love me?"

"Yes, but I can't marry you 'til I've done what I promised Dog Leyton."

"What's the good of loving me then," she said, choking back the tears. "You croak him and they string you up. Can I marry a dead one? I ask you?"

Here's one of the dramatic scenes between Richard Barthelmess and his sweetheart, played by Dorothy Gish in "Fury," that'll bring a lump into your throat. And it's a picture filled with dramatic climaxes and thrilling, picturesque action.

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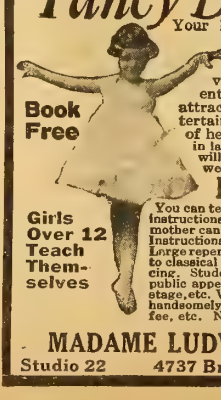
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Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page* 106)

thorne, as report goes, wrote the book in this solemn old town. Mr. Fawcett had just finished for the day, and, as I find all screen people do, when they are in, or just out of, make-up, spoke from the heart out. Of course, his long stage experience helps him to step quickly into a characterization. But the mood is always genuine to him. "It must be," went on Mr. Fawcett. "Why does Douglas Fairbanks handle his parts so well? They are real to him." (So said Mr. Clayton Hamilton, also, at an Equity Players' meeting). "That's why. He creates and builds as he goes along. So does Charles Chaplin. Directors can always depend upon response from them. I suppose I, too, create, but what good does it do me? I might perhaps better create a pin bent for some particular purpose, and thereby make millions for myself. But I wouldn't have the fun out of life that I do now."

Mr. Meighan is making "Back Home and Broke," a screen story by George Ade, as I understand it. Miss Lila Lee is the girl back home. No wonder he went back. No wonder, too, that she is called "Cuddles." She sinks into the smallest handful for a girl of her size that you can possibly imagine. She was much piqued because Dorothy Dalton, over on another set, making "Black Fury," had a band, while she and Tommy had to emote to a plain piano. Perhaps they had a lot to emote about, and Miss Dalton didn't.

Miss Lee does not like the East. Too cold for her, and for Miss Joy, as well. "It was terribly cold on Long Island, when we were on location," shuddered Miss Lee. "I had to wear a gingham dress, and the autumn winds were searchingly cold. I prefer California." I hope we can keep Miss Lee for a while longer, at least. That is purely selfish, for I want a chance for a longer chat with her.

Miss Dorothy Dalton is in a most mysterious play, this "Black Fury" thing. First she was in a nurse's uniform, and later, in shimmering evening splendor, she was strolling about the gorgeous gardens in Cairo. Yes, Egypt! Do you know she has a purely Grecian nose? While she was being sketched by Mr. Leaf, I had full opportunity to study her profile. Mr. Robert Ellis, whom I saw last in "Anna Ascends," is with her, and Mr. Jose Rubens, whose wife, Mary Nash, is the intriguante, Anna Valeska in "Capt. Applejack," which has kept New York laughing for so many months.

Mr. Rubens had a terrific headache, which he attributed to the fact that he had been in make-up since early morning.

"When I put on make-up," he bewailed, "I step into my character, and there I stay until the grease paint comes off. Consequently, I am all tired out by the end of the day. The actor who is used only to the screen does not feel this strain. His stimulus comes when the big lights go on." That seems a natural reaction in a man used to the stage. I am sure I should feel so.

LIKE THE STARS

(For Alla Nazimova)

By Leo H. Lassen

No similes among these words of mine
Are rare enough for you unless I say
That you are like the distant stars that shine
In far-off seas of sky when some clear day
Has gone; there is magic in the light
That stains with beauty the deep-toned
robes of Night.

Did You Know That - -

(*Continued from page 78*)

Over 4,000 churches in the United States use motion pictures.

The first cinema in Constantinople was installed in 1905. Now there are eleven!

Motion-picture distributors in America, for one year from June 1920 to June 1921, paid $119,023,754.60 in rentals on films.

There are 450 motion-picture producing companies in the United States.

Australia has over 800 motion-picture theaters, and Alaska twenty-six.

Nearly fifty motion-picture magazines are published in America.

"Passion," shown at the Capitol, took in $100,000 during the first two weeks of its run—thus establishing the high record for motion-picture attendance.

The first man to project motion pictures on a screen was an Englishman living in California, named Edward Muybridge. This great event took place in the summer of 1877; and the subject of the picture was a race-horse in action.

New York has the largest number of motion-picture theaters of any state in the union—namely: 1,695. Pennsylvania comes next with 1,533; Ohio third with 1,095; and Illinois fourth, with 1,027.

The United States supports nearly 2,000 important first-run houses.

"The Miracle Man" made in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars; and up to June first of last year it had been shown 7,800 times.

There are 840 Y. M. C. A. and Welfare Leagues in the United States, showing motion pictures.

The entire State of Nevada has only thirty motion-picture theaters, while the city of New York alone has 604, with a seating capacity of 182,442.

There are sixty motion-picture studios on the West Coast, and forty-seven in the East.

In Ontario, Canada, no suicides are permitted to be shown in motion-picture dramas; and in Pennsylvania no picture which deals with counterfeiting is approved.

There are in the United States about 1,200 well-known, listed motion-picture actors; 700 actresses; and fifty child players; to say nothing of the thousands of extras and lesser-known actors. Then there are 325 well-known, listed directors and producing executives; and 260 scenario writers and editors.

France has 4,500 motion-picture theaters; the British Isles, 4,000; Brazil, 351; Finland, 100; and Jerusalem, two.

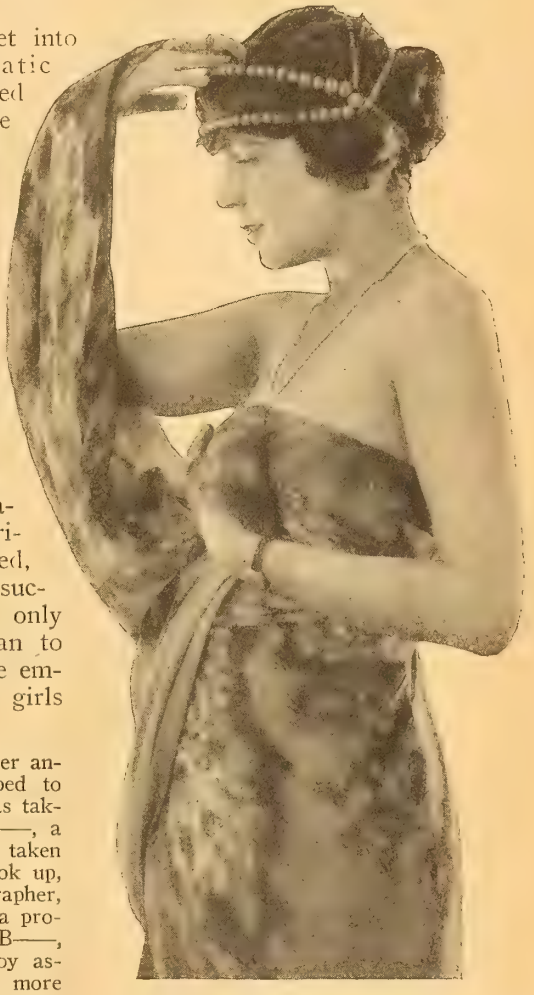
It is estimated that 15,000,000 persons visit the motion-picture theaters daily in the United States—more than in all the other countries of the world combined.

In the year 1919 about $700,000,000 was taken in by motion-picture theaters in the United States and Canada.

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.



FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B——, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile——." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B——, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B——'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B —— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it," I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

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"Then he asked me if I thought I could take over Bill Stevens' job. I told him I was sure that I could—that I had had that goal in view ever since I started my I. C. S. course.

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FOR thirty years, the I. C. S. has been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business and in life.

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Editorial Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 54)

THE KENTUCKY DERBY—UNIVERSAL

Another racing story this one—an adaptation of Charles T. Dazey's old-time "gallery god" melodrama, "The Suburban." Pictorially, it is highly satisfying, since King Baggot has gone right down to Louisville—to Churchill Downs, suh, and come back with real atmosphere. The plot is crammed full of exaggerated hokum. There is the proud and haughty colonel, his son who is turned out for marrying beneath his station, the black retainers, the impostors, who would inherit the colonel's wealth, for characters; while the action presents the young scion shanghaied, the plight of his forsaken wife, and a lot of stuff which is unreal. The editors (or it may be Mr. Baggot) have forgotten to knit certain threads which would make it more plausible. The youth returns to square himself with father. And he saves the Derby from the gamblers. Result? Dad's horse wins. You will like the race track scenes. The cast has been picked for types, so the characterization looks genuine.

ENTER MADAME—METRO

An interesting picture, this adaptation of the dramatic hit two seasons ago, even if in the journey from the stage to the silversheet it has lost considerable of its sparkle and vitality. Naturally, dialogue cannot be transferred, and since this was a play which depended entirely upon conversation coupled with effective stage "business," it stands to reason that it might falter in many respects. The idea of a husband contemplating divorce proceedings with the object of marrying another, while the rejected wife, to win him back, uses all the artifices of her sex and the tricks of the profession (she is an opera singer), has been worked time and again. It is at its best when treated lightly. Constance Talmadge has used it a score of times. Here it is treated too seriously. There isn't much variety to the scenes and situations, altho it is well directed, acted and staged. Clara Kimball Young is the temperamental diva, Elliot Dexter the playful husband. Both are adequate. You older ones may like it.

SHADOWS—LICHTMAN

Wilbur Daniel Steele's prize story, "Ching, Ching, Chinaman," makes a picture which is certain to be accepted as one of the better things under its new title of "Shadows"—principally because of Lon Chaney's eloquent pantomime as a Chink, and the spiritual value of the theme. The locale? A fishing village. The central figures? A young clergyman and his bride, whose first husband made her a widow when he was lost in the angry sea. The motif? The Chinaman's devotion in returning a kind deed. He watches and waits to unmask the villainy of the disappointed suitor—the pillar of the church who has compelled the youthful domine to pay hush money under the threat that he will be exposed as a bigamist. The Chink accepts Christianity when he sees the lesson of faith and humility. Some compelling scenes. But mostly a character study for Chaney, who demonstrates his uncanny talent for characterization. Worth seeing. Dont be ashamed of your tears.

THE TOWN THAT FORGOT GOD—FOX

This picture will live in your memory for carrying the most amazing flood scene ever caught by the camera. In fact, its



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appeal depends entirely upon its dynamic climax, which shows a town being swept away with a crashing, smashing swirl of sweeping waters. It is awe-inspiring and actually dwarfs anything of its kind ever shown on the screen. The story? Why detail it? It is nothing but a favorite formula with Fox showing a suffering youth bearing his cross against the humiliations of his mercenary townspeople in general and his vicious foster-father in particular. Punishment comes in the shape of the storm and his faith in the Almighty brings him relief from his sorrow. And what a storm! Breathless minutes pass, bringing with them thrill upon thrill. It is undoubtedly the most compelling individual scene that was ever recorded upon the silversheet. Well worth seeing.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH—FOX

There isn't any of Longfellow in this picture, even if it is supposed to be based upon his celebrated poem. The smithy is in the picture, but you will hunt for the spreading chestnut tree in vain. The poem having no plot, the author has constructed one of his own and it smacks of all the sob stuff imaginable. One's credulity is strained to the utmost to accept the wild hokum. The pathos almost becomes bathos, so grossly exaggerated is the incident. The smithy's children meet one disaster after another. His wife dies. And when everyone has suffered enough, including the spectator, the pendulum swings back in the other direction. If you want a gloomy evening, see it. The poem is much more simple and real.

THE LOVE GAMBLER—FOX

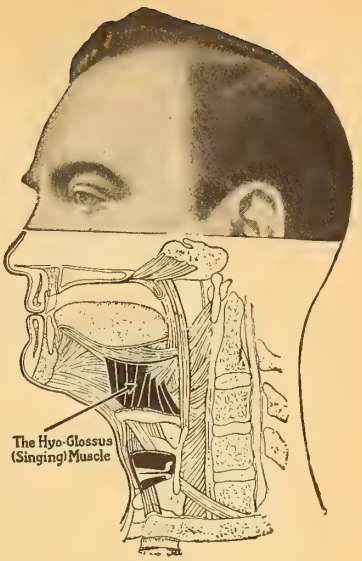
He comes "from nowhere in particular and is bound for the same place." This is the caption which introduces the hero. It might have just as well introduced the picture, which is very ordinary and lacking any highlights whatsoever. We have a Westerner (John Gilbert is miscast here) who wagers that he cannot only ride a ranchman's captious colt, but that he can kiss his daughter in the bargain. The "taming of the shrew" idea with a broncho thrown in for good measure. The youth resorts to whistling a certain tune to conquer the girl and the horse. Silly, isn't it? You'll find a lot of humor in the heroine's interminable heaving over each kiss.

TOM MIX IN ARABIA—FOX

Doug Fairbanks started something when he put his name in a title, for Tom Mix, sensing the selling value of such a stunt, has picked on Arabia for the quotation marks. The piece is typical of what the Fox rough rider has offered the past season—which is to say that it is filled with snappy adventure, even if it is hokum. Tom simply doubles for an Arabian prince who is fleeing from the retainers of his court and he bobs up in the Orient. Here is presented the customary Mix rescue act—the heroine being an American girl whom he has met on his ranch and whose excuse for being so far from home is offered in the study of dead languages. Tom frustrates the plans of the bold brigands. Not a sensation, but entirely pleasing.

ONE WEEK OF LOVE—SELZNICK

It isn't easy to define this picture. It contains all the sparkle of a Sennett comedy, and a volume of well-sustained melodrama. There is plenty of travesty and plenty of spectacular thrills. So, not knowing what is coming next, the spectator is in for an evening of surprise. Elaine Hammerstein, who graces the story, is



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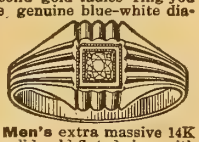
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Without Compromise—Fox

Political stories dont vary much on the silversheet. There must be conflict. So, when the disciple of clean government stands his ground, it is reasonably certain that one of his sweetheart's relatives is back of the mud-slinging campaign. Since the locale is a mining town the two factions are guided more by their trigger fingers and their manly fists than political lies. And William Farnum as the sheriff plays so heroically that you are glad to see him conquer his powerful opponent, the senator who would control the town. It's an arbitrary plot. You know how everything will develop, but that is not saying that it does not contain a vigorous punch. The girl's brother is the tool in the hands of the senator. So you have your conflict. Robert McKim is the oily politician and Lois Wilson is the charming heroine.

Bulldog Drummond—Hodkinson

A rollicking melodrama which bordered upon burlesque—which was so exaggerated that it constantly brought forth a volume of chuckles as a stage play—has been treated so seriously as a picture that its original sparkle or "kick" is entirely absent. Thus it resembles nothing so much as a cheap and tawdry attempt to make capital out of crime. The idea is so exaggerated that the only course left is to burlesque it. It is not only deprived of this satire, but the "business" which put it over on the stage—the various tricks of the trade coupled with much noise cannot be reproduced on the silversheet. Carlyle Blackwell is Bulldog and acts as if he knew nothing could happen to him. Such nonchalance is fatal to the value of suspense. The central scene is a sanitarium wherein a group of murderous criminals practise the pretty idea of getting rid of wealthy patients for the sake of collecting the spoils. Bulldog bobs in and out and captures them eventually. One sees considerable of the mad pursuit—thru many entrances and exits. There is little mystery and practically no suspense. Doug Fairbanks should have had this opus. He would have caught some of the original spirit.

Brawn of the North—First National

Primitive men who love and fight hard—primitive wolves who stalk their prey—primitive backgrounds which are truly awe-inspiring and which are in complete harmony with the vigorous plot, even tho there is too much of it—and a mighty dog who acts as the god of the machine—make this picture a rugged document. If you saw "The Silent Call," you will remember the German shepherd whose name has been changed from Strongheart to Brawn. The opus does not carry the simplicity of its predecessor and it is not so much of a dog story. But you will marvel over the gigantic landscapes, the thrilling hand-to-hand encounters between man and dog over the waste places of the earth—the uncultivated ground which has invited man to take the yellow metal from its bosom. A climax showing Brawn rescuing an infant from the hungry timber wolves will give you more than a little palpitation. The dog gives a wonderful performance.



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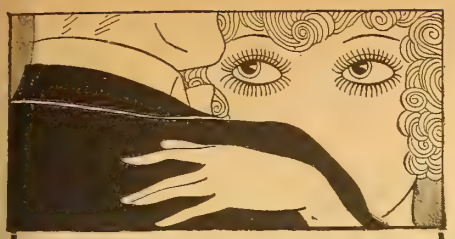
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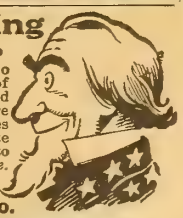
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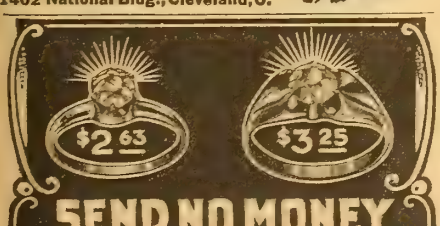
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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 51)

Graves the true meaning of the Christianity he has mouthed in his great house atop the hill.

There are interludes of poignant sadness. Little Tess stumbling up the courthouse aisle to comfort her condemned Daddy Skinner, and the woman Tess defying an austere congregation, and the rector who refused to administer the baptism that she may "sprinkle the brat" so he'll find his way into Heaven, bring tears which will not be refused.

The supporting cast is splendid, and after complimenting John Robertson on his direction of this story, which might easily enough have dismayed the censorous censors, we would like to mention the portrayals of Jean Hersholt, Danny Hoy, Forrest Robinson, David Torrence, Gloria Hope and Lloyd Hughes.

Even while we question the idealized portrayal of Miss Pickford, we remain her ardent admirer. You may put your critical finger upon what you believe to be a false note in her work, but the elusive quality of her greatness is something beyond understanding. Such is the essence of genius.

Rodolph Valentino also came to the screen again this month. After witnessing "The Young Rajah," in which he is starred, we begin to understand many things, principally among them why Mr. Valentino desired to select his own casts.

And if it wasn't that we remembered from our nursery days that "Two wrongs do not make a right," we would be sorely tempted to applaud Rodolph Valentino for refusing to continue with his contract. At any rate, while we may still disapprove of him ethically, we sympathize with him emotionally. All of which has probably led you to believe that this is a pretty bad picture. It is. It is about as artistic and as satisfying as a cheap serial. As a matter of fact, it is the concentrated essence of those things which have composed serials since time immemorial.

The "Young Rajah" is based on the novel, Amos Judd. It tells of Amos who has been reared in a provincial American town. Then there is the Far East with its rajahs and its maharajahs. Amos really belongs to the East. Furthermore, he belongs to a line of its rulers and he has inherited the sixth sense bestowed by one of the Indian gods upon the sons of this noble family. It is this sixth sense which serves him well when the usurpers of his kingdom learn of his existence in America and threaten his life.

Even The Valentino is somewhat submerged in the mediocrity of this production. Of the supporting cast Charles Ogle is the one member who stands forth with any degree of effectiveness.

"Oliver Twist" comes to the screen with success.

Jackie Coogan may well be considered with the greatest stars of the motion picture world—or the entire dramatic world for that matter. We will endeavor to consider his production, but it will be Jackie himself who will absorb most of our attention.

The well-known and beloved story of the little waif, Oliver, who, leaving the Orphans' Home falls into the hands of a band of crooks in the East End of London, has been brought to the screen with the same atmosphere and the same conception of characterization which you find in the Cruikshank illustrations in the Dickens's novel. And if there are any changes in the story, they are so slight that there was



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61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

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no confliction between our memory of "Oliver Twist" and the filmed story.

It is, undoubtedly, one of the finer pictures of the year and one which reflects credit upon the screen, in addition to furnishing splendid entertainment.

Frank Lloyd may be proud of his direction of this production. And if he was also entrusted with the selection of the cast, he may be doubly proud. We did not realize that the ranks of motion picture players might so effectively rally to the casting of this classic.

Lon Chaney is sinister as Fagin. We also liked Edouard Trebaol as the Artful Dodger and we wish to congratulate Gladys Brockwell upon her performance as Nancy Sikes. We had ceased to regard her seriously until we saw her as Nancy Sikes. We know now that we were unfair to judge her by the frightful productions in which she was starred.

And now we come to consider Jackie Coogan.

The same people who complained that he was too young to portray "Oliver Twist" before they saw the picture will undoubtedly remember "Oliver Twist" in years to come essentially as Jackie portrayed him. We never cease to marvel over this extraordinary child. Someone said that if we remembered half we knew in our infancy we would be wise indeed. Jackie's infancy is not so far behind him that it is improbable that he remembers some of those things he brought with him from the Infinite.

Irving Cobb said of him in tribute:

". . . I do not know who is responsible for Jackie Coogan. Perhaps the kindly Angels. If so, they did a good job, for I believe that, in his maturity, Jackie Coogan will be one of the blithest spirits that ever gave unending joy to countless millions. He already is that."

NOTHING NEW

By ELIZABETH HAMPTON RHETT

I sat in the forest, damp and dark,
And I watched the dead leaves fall;
The light, filtering down thru the half bare trees
Cast a gloom like a sable pall.
I stayed till the sun had sunk to rest,
And the chill winds 'gan to blow;
Then said, as I turned me toward my home,
"It was just like a picture show."

I stood for the first time in my life
By the wild and restless sea;
The white-crested waves now rose, now fell.
'Twas a wonderful sight to see.
But the scene did not cause my heart to swell,
Nor quicken my pulses slow.
I'd seen the sea a thousand times
At the moving picture show.

I wandered one night in the moonlight pale
In a garden, quaint and rare,
Where the roses grew rank and fountains gleamed
As they threw their spray in the air.
I saw a maiden clasped in the arms
Of a man. But I turned to go,
Nor cared to look, for I'd seen them like that
In the moving picture show.

Why Good Dancers Are Popular



Everyone admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wall-flower! Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing teacher, has perfected a wonderful new method by which you can learn any of the newest steps in a few minutes and all of the dances in a short time.

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To show you how easily and quickly **you** can learn his new way, Arthur Murray has consented to send, for but a limited time, a special course of sixteen dancing lessons for only $1.00. This extraordinary offer is made to prove you will enjoy learning the newest steps in the privacy of your own home—without onlookers to embarrass you. **You need not send any money now.** When the postman hands you the 16 lesson course, just deposit $1 with him, plus a few cents postage, in **full payment.** If within five days you are not delighted, return the lessons and your money will be promptly refunded.

This unusual offer may not be made again. Write **today** for the sixteen lesson course. If you prefer, send the dollar now and we will pay the postage. The lessons will be sent promptly, in plain cover. Learn at home and surprise your friends. Act **now** and be a good dancer **soon.**

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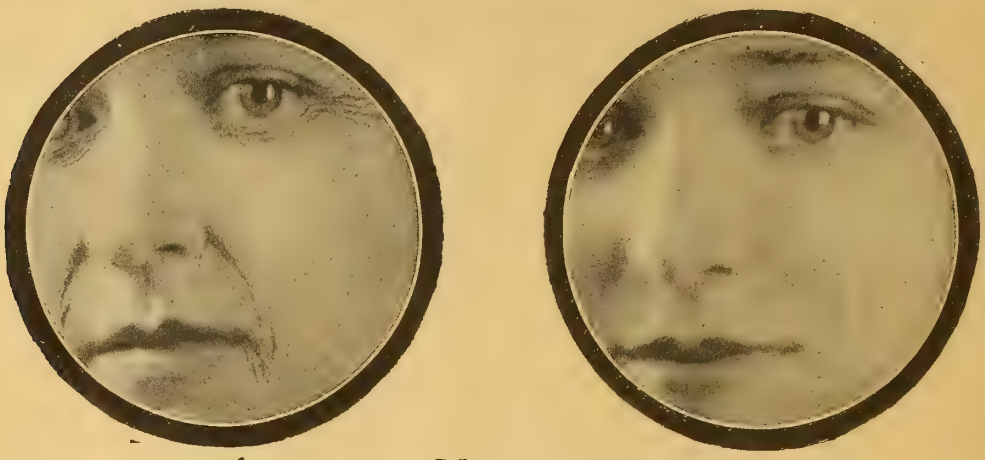
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A wonderful new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary!

No longer need women fear the little tell-tale marks of time which rob them of their attractiveness. No longer need they dread the tragic lines that foretell the end of youth. For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

With this new treatment it is almost as if some magic wand were waved across your face, banishing every line and wrinkle and restoring the firm youthful freshness of the skin.



Lines formed by arching the forehead or frowning can now easily and quickly be removed forever.



Tiny lines around the eyes (crow's feet) mar your natural beauty. This new treatment will soon banish them.



Laugh lines and chin wrinkles are often mistaken for marks of age. These, too, can now be painlessly and effectively smoothed away.

Why allow wrinkles to add age to your face, when they can be erased so easily? Why allow deep frown lines to mar your appearance, when they can be harmlessly removed with scarcely any effort at all on your part?

Removes the CAUSE of Wrinkles

This new discovery is based on a simple natural principle. There is no tedious massaging, no painful electrical treatment, no harmful lotions. And unlike many so-called wrinkle "eradicators" it does not attempt to cover up or conceal the lines or wrinkles.

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Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

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When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural, beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

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Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

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Clogging the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

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If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

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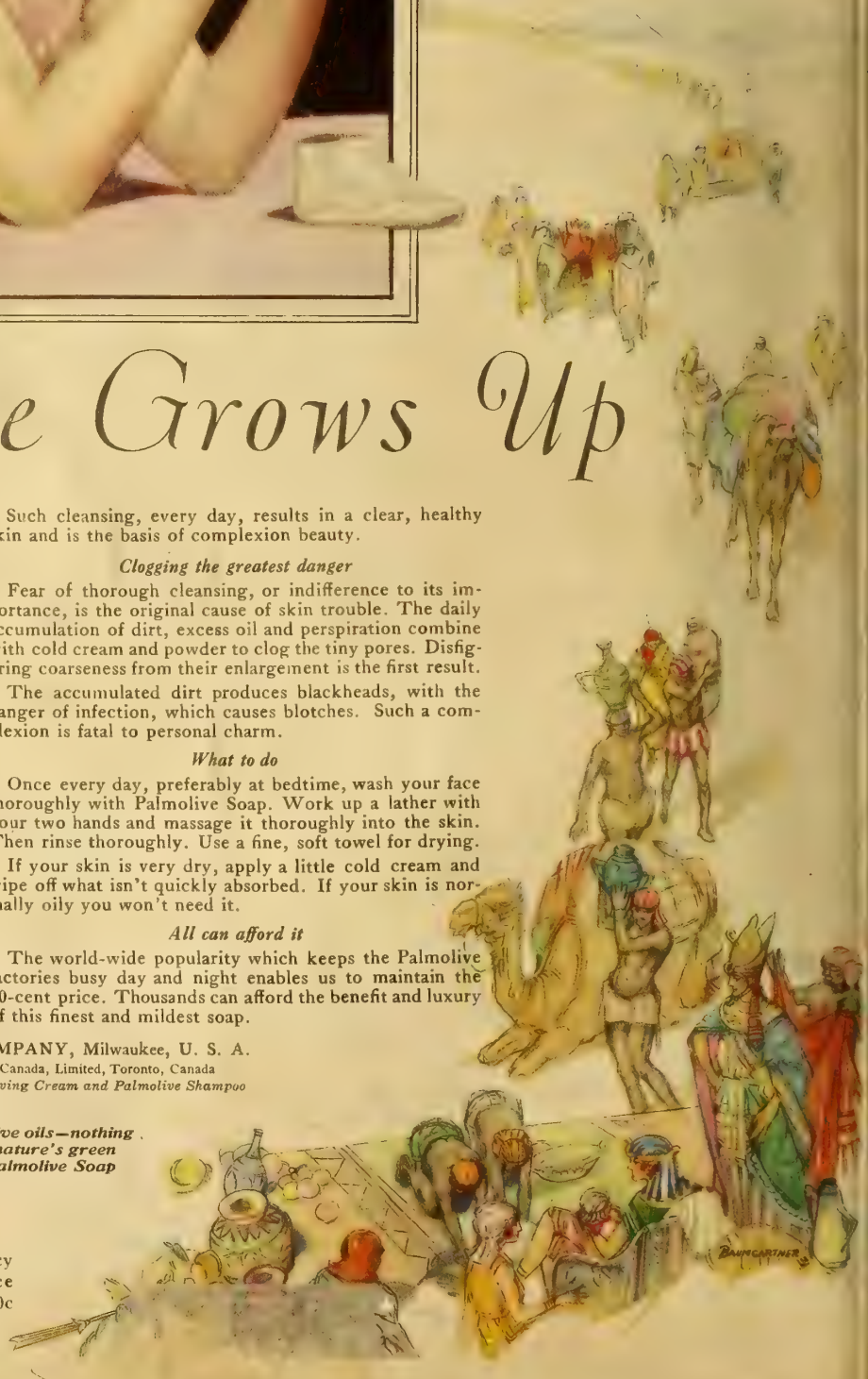


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Pay Little by Little Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—an advantage that ought to place these Congoleum Rugs in every American home. In spite of the lowest price in existence—in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free—we bring you the opportunity to clinch this *proven bargain* without a tiny bit of worry.

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Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—universally used in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room in good homes. People of taste and judgment are glad to use Congoleum Rugs in their best rooms. It is the rug with a hundred superior points.

They lay flat from the very first moment without any fastening. They never curl or kick up at the edges or corners. There is no need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath. They follow perfectly any uneveness of the floor.

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This stunning pattern is a superb tile design that looks exactly like the finest mosaic tile that you have ever seen, in lovely robins' egg blue and stone gray colorings. Such a rug in your kitchen will change the appearance of the whole room. In the dining room it gives an effect impossibly beautiful to describe. For a bedroom it is the most appropriate pattern imaginable. For the bathroom it is absolutely ideal.

Let us loan you these rugs for 30 days' *Free* so you may see for yourself the indescribable beauty of this wonderful design—the greatest favorite and the most popular Congoleum Rug ever produced.

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Mosiac Tile Pattern in Robins' Egg Blue and Stone Grey. All four rugs on 30 Days Trial.

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Rugs and carpets in all weaves and patterns and colors. All sorts of odds and ends like wringers, irons, drapes, tools, fixtures, trunks and bags. And great big department of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

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The name that *earned* fame through thousands of hours of wonderful entertainment

THE name that means better pictures to the people who see pictures for entertainment and the people who exhibit pictures for a living.

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Successes such as the great pictures of Paramount's famous 41 released during the past six months—"Manslaughter," "Blood and Sand," "The Old Homestead," "To Have and To Hold," "Back Home and Broke," "Clarence," "The World's Applause."

Today no good theatre will make up its program until it knows what Paramount has in store. And what Paramount has in store for 1923 outshines anything in the past!

Back of the name and the fame are an intense ideal and much the largest organization in the industry. An ideal expressed by high standards of production *in every Paramount Picture*—an organization unique in power, finance and personnel,

—and yet, you may miss the benefits unless you choose your pictures by the *brand name* Paramount! An unromantic thing, perhaps, but what thrilling results it ensures!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

JAN 29 1923 ©CIB569004



Motion Picture Magazine



The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

MARCH

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Painted from a camera study by Bangs

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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

SHE bosses her mother. She scolds the minister. She challenges gray-haired family councilors. She captivates men.

If you're over 25 and think yourself one of her "betters," you will disapprove of her madcap masquerade dancing.

If you're over 40 and "doddering down some primrose path," you'll wrinkle up your crowsfeet when she crosses her aunt by giving her a cigarette case in exchange for a prayer book at Easter

To most "old folks" over 25 she will look like any one of the million bewitching, frivoling girls that editors and preachers are talking about.

To you who belong to the great "League of Youth," she is all the time preparing for her great crisis, when she takes her choice.

And that choice is what untangles the snarl of three half-spent lives.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is from the great artistic stage success by Clemence Dane, which thrilled New York, London and Chicago audiences—a play you will enjoy because of its daring plot, fine acting and beautiful scenes. An Ideal Film Production with lovely Constance Binney starring as the daugnter. "Seldom does it fall to the lot of an artist to interpret and portray so vivid and intense a character," says Constance Binney of this star role.



Look at her closely. What is there about her mischievous eyes, her appealing mouth, her budding beauty, her brilliant mind to bring forth such condemnation. . . .

"You, my child, should never have been born"

"A Bill of Divorcement" brings to the screen what we all have been wanting in moving pictures: a great story based upon powerful human motives. "Without exception," declares Constance Binney, "my role of the daughter is the strongest ingénue part ever given me, either on the stage or the screen."

Encore Pictures

FROM all parts of the country comes a cry for more of the truly entertaining, really fine pictures. Yet, in both large and small cities, exhibitors fear to show such pictures at frequent intervals unless they feel sure of public patronage.

What is an easy way of getting your exhibitor to show the best pictures? We have worked out the following fair-for-all plan.

We have the choice of hundreds of new pictures, ready to be released. No company, of course, has first choice of *all*. So we have a revolutionary plan to bring about the wish in everybody's mind. We have made arrangements with the leading motion picture Review Service which gives the judgment of unbiased critics on *all* new pictures. This service will be sent to any Committee you form to choose pictures you want to see. Your picture exhibitor wants to know what you want, so he can be assured that the better class of pictures will pay him.

The plan to bring your favorite theatre the really good picture plays is very simple. Some live-spirited citizen—perhaps it is *you* reading this advertisement—starts the whole thing by sending us the names of several people who ought to favor the idea. Write for the complete plan of how to form a "Committee of Ten"—a simple plan which works. Address me personally, Arthur S. Kane, 7th floor, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.



CONSTANCE BINNEY and her screen father in the photoplay version of "A Bill of Divorcement," Clemence Dane's stage triumph, now an Encore Picture.

To be worthy the name of Encore all pictures bearing this title are chosen for their high-quality entertainment. They are judged by us regardless of the fame of producer, director or stars—judged as you judge them in the audience.

From George Arliss in "The Devil," to Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy," they form a carefully chosen group of pictures that entertain. Others include George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor-made Man."

Soon to be released: "The Tents of Allah"—a gorgeous picture of the desert, of passion and romance, of intrigue and mystery. If you are keenly interested in the pictures to come, write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., Arthur S. Kane, President, 7th floor, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

DID Eva fool herself because he used "cave man" tactics? Was he, too, like all the other men who try to take advantage of "show girls"? Her heart told her differently, but she was afraid to believe.

In the "Woman Who Fooled Herself" you will have your craving for romance and excitement filled to the utmost in scene after scene of beauty.

Trickery, big business, jealousies, hatred, and above all, Love—all the big emotions are depicted. You feel them keenly as each fine actor portrays them.

And in this love story, one of the first motion pictures ever filmed in beautiful Porto Rico, you will watch lovely May Allison, as Eva, with breathless interest amid settings that will make your heart beat faster.

This is one play, a simple yet thrilling romance, in the great chain of better films. Your picture theatre man will appreciate a note or phone call from you, showing your support of pictures like these.



Are You Ever Tongue-Tied At a Party?



HAVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about?

Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease?

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady, or a young man, at a dinner table and not be able to converse in a calm well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips.

Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests, saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart?

Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

The difference between being a calm, well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening.

Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

THE man who does not know exactly what is expected of him at a party or a dance, who does not know how to mingle with the guests and exactly what to do and say under all circumstances, feels alone, out of place. Often he feels uncomfortable. He imagines people are noticing him, thinking how dull he is, how uninteresting.

The woman who does not have a pleasing, engaging manner invariably has the "panicky" feeling of a wallflower. She is afraid of making blunders, afraid of saying the wrong thing, constrained and embarrassed when she should be entirely at ease.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to be tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. The man or woman who is able to do the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.



The Easiest Art to Master

Music, painting, writing—most arts require long study and constant application. Etiquette, which is one of the most useful arts in daily life can be mastered in almost one evening.

Do you know when to use the fork and when your fingers, when to rise upon being introduced and when to remain seated, when to acknowledge an introduction and when not to, when to wear full dress and when to wear informal clothes?

Etiquette tells you everything you want to know about what is worn and what is done in good society. It reveals all the many important little secrets that every well-bred man and woman knows.

By telling you what to say and when to say it, by explaining exactly what to do under all circumstances, by making clear every little point of conduct, etiquette gives you a wonderful poise and ease of manner. Instead of being tongue-tied, it shows you how to be a pleasing, interesting conversationalist. Instead of being "alone" it teaches you the secret of making people like you and seek your company.

Mistakes That Condemn Us as Ill-Bred

There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who mutters "Pleased to meet you" over and over again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.

At the dinner table, in the ball-room, with strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit.

The Book of Etiquette—Authoritative and Complete

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every phase of etiquette. It solves every problem that has ever puzzled you.

In the Book of Etiquette you will find absorbing chapters on dinners, on teas, on weddings, on engagements. You will find a most fascinating chapter on the bride's trousseau, and a wonderful chapter devoted to the business woman. There are chapters on introductions, on correspondence, on speech, on dress. Nothing is omitted, nothing is forgotten. Whatever you want to know you will find fully explained in this famous, authoritative work.

Sent to You Free for Five Days' Examination

Won't you let us send you, entirely free and without obligation, the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette? No money whatever is necessary. Just let us send you these famous books free so that you may read the chapters that interest you particularly. Keep the books for 5 days and examine them thoroughly. Within that 5-day period decide whether you want to return the books without one penny's cost to you, or keep them and send us only $3.50 in full payment.

You will be the sole judge. This is a free proof offer—the Book of Etiquette is sent to you free for examination before you purchase it. You are urged to take advantage of this offer at once.

Just clip and mail the coupon, and the Book of Etiquette will be in your hands in a day or two. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept 783, Garden City, N. Y.

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Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather binding** at $5, with 5 days' free examination privileges. *(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable $3.50 cash with order.)*



Here's the modern flapper sitting on a million year old dinosaur, powdering her nose — and the first flapper, the kitten girl of prehistoric times!

Jesse L. Lasky presents

Cecil B. DeMille's Production "ADAM'S RIB"

By Jeanie Macpherson

with Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Pauline Garon

CECIL DEMILLE shows the modern girl in a new light. In "Manslaughter" he showed her as a thrill-seeker; here she is in a far finer vein.

To protect her mother's honor, she draws to herself the attentions of a courtly lover, almost mortally misleading her own true love!

With all the luxury of beautiful gowns and magnificent sets that are an integral part of Cecil DeMille's art, "Adam's Rib" reveals the modern girl in her true colors, and in a story crammed with action interprets her impulsive heart to all who wish to appreciate her for what she really is.

Don't miss the wonderful scene of social life in prehistoric times in a great forest!



Cecil B. DeMille

—whose screen record literally glitters with successes—such as "Male and Female," "Forbidden Fruit," "Something to Think About," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Fool's Paradise," "Manslaughter"

—who commands all the resources of the greatest motion picture organization and who places his art before anything else—and now producer of the finest picture of the year—"Adam's Rib."

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

It's a Paramount Picture

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Old Pictures For New

Something immediate and radical should be done regarding the pictures, years old and long ago delegated to dead storage, which are brought forth, dusted up and presented to unsuspecting audiences as new products when the occasion demands.

There are some productions which have come to the screen which are worthy of reissuance. They reflect credit upon the screen and merit projection for years to come. It is not with the reissuance of these pictures that we quarrel.

But to consider the other reissues. Often someone achieves great popularity after having played for years either as an extra or in minor rôles in countless productions. Immediately the old pictures in which they inconspicuously appeared are brought forth. New advertising is prepared featuring the new celebrity in bold letters.

If this sort of thing is practised in your neighborhood theater, you are being cheated. Your money is accepted at the box-office under false pretenses. And unless you register your complaint, the theater manager will go on showing old productions in the guise of new, believing you are satisfied with them. And if the theater managers continue to rent these pictures, you may be sure the producers will continue to offer them for release and to reap their ill-deserved harvest.

The Motion Picture Magazine is definitely and unalterably opposed to this practice, believing it unethical and believing also that its effect upon the screen is a detrimental one. We urge you, then, to co-operate with us in a determined fight against this commercial and most inartistic practice!

MARCH, 1923

Vol. XXV No. 2



You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Is your skin pale and sallow?

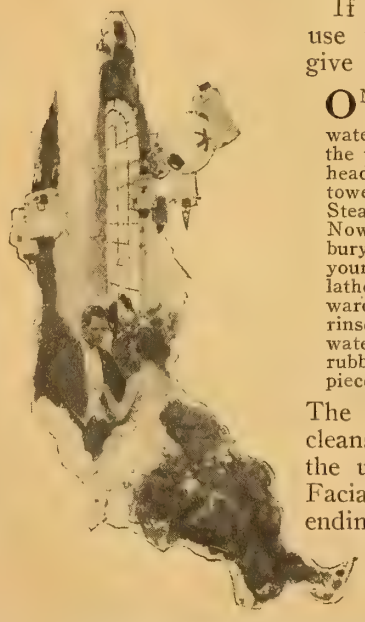
—How you can rouse it

Sleep, fresh air, the right food—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must be given special care, if you wish it to have the brilliant loveliness of which it is capable.

Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:



ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold. You will be surprised at the difference even two or three of these treatments will make in your complexion.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap special treatments are given for each type of skin and its needs. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, *with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1303 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1303 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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Our Portrait Gallery



GLORIA SWANSON

The next production to frame the exotic beauty of Gloria Swanson will be "Prodigal Daughters"



Photograph by Abbé

NATACHA RAMBOVA

Natacha Rambova, otherwise the envied Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, may appear upon the New York stage this season. Rodolph will not return to the Famous Players-Lasky fold; and for two years the law permits him to act for no one else. We find something admirable in the modern woman who, in an emergency, accepts the financial responsibility



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MARY PICKFORD

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is to have Mary Pickford for its golden heroine. And Ernst Lubitsch, who specializes in things historical, has come to America to supervise the screen production of this loved novel



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

KATHERINE MacDONALD

Rumors of Katherine MacDonald's marriage still persist, but, oblivious to them, Miss MacDonald goes on making pictures. She will next be seen in "Refuge"



Photograph by Abbé

GEORGE WALSH

George Walsh now draws his salary checks from Hugo Ballin. They are given him not for performing death-defying stunts, but for appearing as Rawdon Crawley, in "Vanity Fair," which is coming to the silversheet



Photograph by Nelse Lennes, L. A.

CHARLES RAY

Bashful swains are Charles Ray's stock in trade. And what could be more fitting and proper, then, than "The Courtship of Miles Standish" for his next production? Was there evet a lover more bashful than John Alden?



Photograph © by Hugh Cecil

ANNA Q. NILSSON

Add to your list of the motion picture's silken women, Anna Q. Nilsson. Cecil B. DeMille has taken her under his directorial wing, and she will be seen in his forthcoming "Adam's Rib"



Photograph © by Strauss Peyton

BLANCHE SWEET

Blanche Sweet has come back. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" marks her return. And we hope that after a short rest she will continue to lend her name, beloved by hundreds, to the casts of numerous productions



Photograph by Pach Brothers

THOMAS MEIGHAN

To find someone who doesn't like Thomas Meighan would be a quest as difficult as that of Diogenes when he set out to find an honest man. Everyone, whether they be of the profession or the public, has a good word for the genial Thomas. His next picture is a screen version of Rex Beach's "The Ne'er Do Well"



Strongheart

Posed by Strongheart in his latest production
"Brawn of the North"

Picked for Glory by the Talent

By
HARRY CARR

THE "talent" doesn't always pick the same idols as the public.

But they have them just the same.

Out in the paddock, there is always one horse that the jockeys and stable boys believe in to the exclusion of all others.



Bebe Daniels is a girl upon whom most directors look with puzzled anticipation. William DeMille says some day Bebe is going to get suddenly interested and simply tear the cover off the ball

Sam Blythe, for instance, is the journalists' journalist. George Herriman, the man who draws "Krazy Kat," is the cartoonists' cartoonist.

Just so, there are movie stars upon whom the talent stake their hopes.

And, in their way, the "talent" is just excited over its favorites as the matinée girls.

Ask almost any one on the professional inside of things which actress has the best chance of immortal fame on the screen and, nine times out of ten, the answer will be "Leatrice Joy."

I simply state this fact for what it is worth. Directors and managers from other studios as well as Famous Players-Lasky say so.

Cecil DeMille told me that there can be no reasonable doubt about it. Mary Pickford has reduced the art of acting for the screen down



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

The young girls on the screen simply burn incense before the shrine of Mary. Below is Lillian Gish for whom adoration is set to another tune. It is the keen, critical, analytical "noticing" admiration bestowed upon a master critic

Photograph by
Kenneth Alexander





Photograph by Hoover Art Company

Griffith is the directors' director among the men who have tackled big pictures. Mack Sennett, Thomas H. Ince, Marshall Neilan, Allen Holubar and Von Stroheim are all for Griffith. Cecil B. DeMille says Leatrice Joy is the finest instinctive artist the screen has so far produced. He believes she will be one of the great actresses of all time

has been under the very best of directors—men who really know how. Many an impressionable young actress of great promise has been spoiled by one bad director who let her slip into the habit of overacting.

One of these days Bebe is going to throw off the cloak of careless girlhood and—Oh Bebe!

The actresses' actress?

There are two.

The young kittens of the screen—like Helen Ferguson and May McAvoy and Betty Compson—adore the ground that Mary Pickford walks on. May McAvoy told me that, every time she sees Mary on the street, she turns and follows her like the fanniest of the fans.

Helen Ferguson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Colleen Moore and all the rest of the "baby stars" simply burn incense before the shrine of Mary. Which, by the way, is a pretty good place to burn that kind of incense.

The other type of actress belongs in the Lillian Gish field of adoration. Generally (*Cont'd on page* 90)

to the finest conscious technique; but Leatrice Joy is the finest instinctive artist the screen has so far produced. He said that he believes she will become one of the great actresses of all time if nothing comes up to block her progress and she really keeps on trying. I find that many other directors hold to this same theory. She could safely be called the "directors' star."

There is another girl upon whom most directors look with puzzled anticipation. She is the "directors' riddle."

This is Bebe Daniels.

Bebe is the dark horse in the race. They dont know quite what to expect of her. Ask nearly any thoughtful director what he thinks will become of Bebe and he will sit down and light his pipe and consider his answer carefully.

William de Mille told me the other day that, some day, Bebe is going to get suddenly interested and simply tear the cover off the ball. No one who knows Bebe well can fail to agree with him.

There is a great deal underneath this exterior of jazz and fluff. Bebe is a girl of fine instincts and a deep well of feeling. She comes from a fine, aristocratic family with generations of culture behind her. The world only sees her when she is jazzing around; getting arrested for speeding and going to parties. But there isn't a girl in Hollywood with a keener thirst for really good reading. They dont see her at home with her books.

Bebe has been fortunate in that her training in technique



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Photograph © by Albin

Cordelia

Mary Astor lends her young beauty to the rôle of Cordelia
in a production based on "King Lear" and
inexplicably called "Success"



If Popularity Comes to a Novel, the Screen Version Is Never Far Behind



Even while the A. S. M. Hutchinson novel, "If Winter Comes," goes into another edition, the story comes to the screen. Harry Millarde directed it for the Fox Company, with Percy Marmont playing Mark Sabre—the whimsical Puzzlehead—and Ann Forrest in the rôle of Lady Tybar. At the right are seen Mark Sabre with his two servants, whom he so loved to call High Jinks and Low Jinks

Presenting Scenes from "If Winter Comes"



All the exteriors of this picture were filmed in England—on the sites which Hutchinson used as a stage for his novel. It has always seemed to us that this was the thing to do whenever practical—the fact that it is possible to do this being one of the features of motion pictures



"Oh wind, if winter comes,
Can spring be far behind?"

It was those lines from Shelley's Ode to the West Wind about which Hutchinson wove his novel. And paraphrasing them, we are glad to say: "If popularity comes to a novel, the screen version is never far behind." Much fiction which is splendid comes from the press today





Like the builders in old countries, Lila Lee may venture to crown the peak of her achievement with the laurel wreath. She will not fall. She knows it well, brick by brick. Sincerity, determination, study and sacrifice. These are the things with which she has builded. She has done well!

Photograph by Pach Brothers

Of Greater Worth

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

YOU heard of Lila Lee first a few years ago. Previously to that she had been with Gus Edwards in vaudeville. She had been his professional *protégée*. And, because of her miniature size, they called her Cuddles. She came to the screen heralded as a new star. And there was the fanfare of publicity trumpets.

But Cuddles wasn't a name dignified enough for a motion picture star. Cuddles wouldn't do for the huge electric signs outside of the theaters. They needed another name to flash in giant letters across the screens. So they called the little girl Lila Lee. A pretty name, Lila Lee. A name that sang itself into your consciousness.

A few months later her first picture was released. Her stardom was an actuality. They did not care that she was not ready for stardom. They needed new stars and she was young and comely. Another of her pictures was released. And another.

Then word came forth from the offices that Lila Lee was a star no longer.

We remember that we found ourselves wondering how the poor child felt. It seemed unfair that they had given her stardom for her toy only to take it from her. What of her pride? A child's pride is unfortified by the philosophy of mature years. What of her future? Broken hopes and shattered dreams are poor things with which to build either futures or careers.

The next time the screen caught her shadow it was in a DeMille production. She played a minor rôle. After that she appeared inconspicuously in supporting casts. And then came four or five feature productions in which she played opposite Wallace Reid. The critics noticed her work with appreciation. It seemed interwoven with shyness and sympathetic understanding. A leading-lady, Lila Lee!

Because of all this, we talked with her about her career—about the career she is now building so surely upon the ruins of her stardom. And she was interested in talking of what had gone before.

"If I had it to do over again," she said slowly, "perhaps I wouldn't come thru so bravely. I was younger then—younger than the difference in years alone indicates. I'm glad, tho, it was Then and not Now. The Now part is the thing which always matters most. You get over things and forgetfulness is blessed.

"To lose whatever standing I have today would be a loss greater than the loss of my stardom," Lila Lee told us. "I've built my career thru constant study. It is me and I am it"

Photograph by Pach Brothers



"I was just finishing what turned out to be my last starring picture when Cecil B. DeMille sent for me to come to his office. I was frightened nearly to death. My ears buzzed and my knees shook awfully. But he was kind. He spared my tender little feelings. He told me they didn't think I had been doing the right sort of thing. He had a part for me in his next picture and, of course, I took it.

"Today when I remember the little girl I was then, trudging back to her dressing-room, I

(*Cont'd on page* 91)



Just Tony

He May Only Be Worth About One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, But He's Insured for Twenty Thousand

By
MYRTLE GEBHART

HE'S insured for $20,000—but he's only worth $150 and cost still less!

His statue stands in Washington.

He's the newest screen star.

He's—Just Tony.

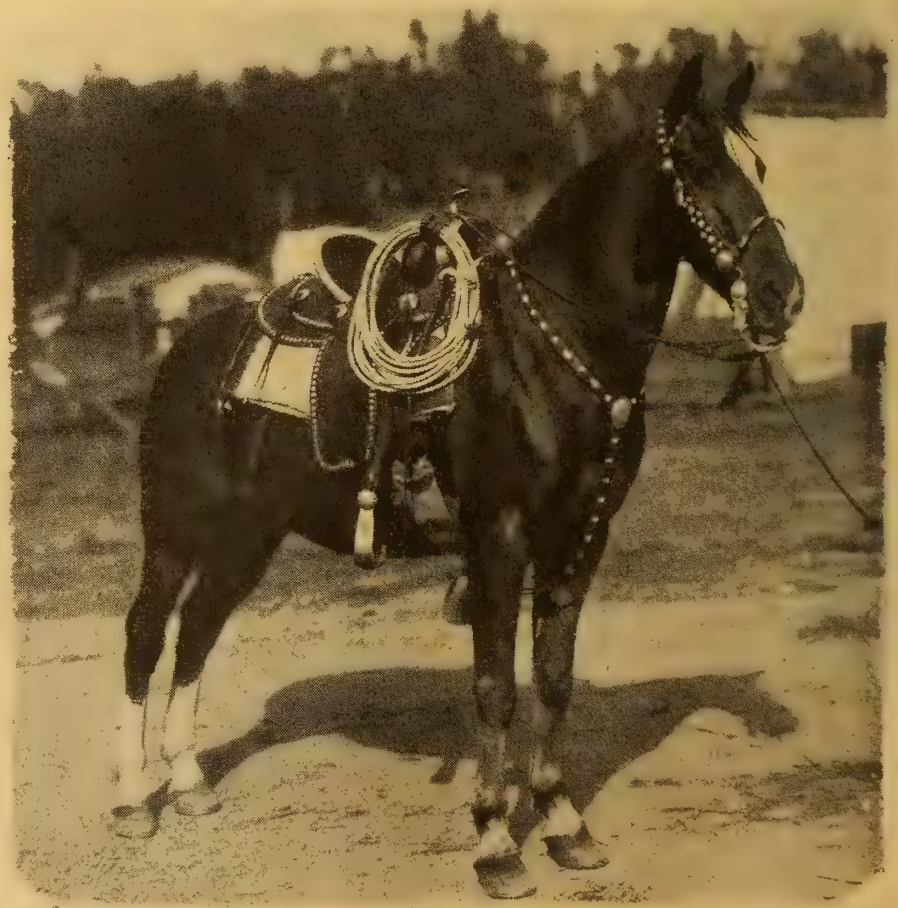
Just a big, raw-boned range-hoss, who looks with pained eyes upon the fancy blanket his valet drapes upon his sleek back. For Tony, Tom Mix's horse who recently starred in "Just Tony"—the first equine to be made an asteroid in the leaping pastels—cant understand what it's all about. All this fuss they make over him and his $20,000 insurance policy means nothing in his eight-year-old life; he'd rather have his master slap him on the back and lecture him in good, old, unvarnished cuss-words; and he prefers his mash in a bucket of bran and not in pink-tinted notes.

Tho, to be sure, he gets his share of them. Hundreds of letters already have come to the Fox studio addressed to Tony, in which the fans express admiration for his dramatic abilities. Fancy bridles and blankets and boxes of sugar-cubes arrive in almost every mail—his wardrobe, all gifts from adoring fans, rivals that of a prima donna. And his master's secretary spends half of her time sending out his photographs to collectors!

"No, Tony ain't any fine-blooded hoss," his master told me. (He must be determined to start Tony right, without any of that old bunk publicity. If this elevation of a horse to starring honors had occurred a few years ago, we would have been deluged with publicity to the effect that he was a blue-ribboned English trotter invading the movies for a lark.) "I've had him eight years—got him with a bunch of range ponies when he was just a colt. No'm, he never was particular smart. Just these last coupla years we began to notice he kinda used his brains and did things on his own hook; then I started in to train him. An' my, how he did pick things up. He seems to figger things out for himself and instinctively does the right thing, if you just give him a pointer or two."

Tony is just a big, raw-boned range hoss, who looks with pained eyes upon the fancy blanket his valet drapes upon his sleek back. All the fuss they make over him means nothing in his life; he'd rather have his master slap him on the back and lecture him in good, old, unvarnished cuss-words

A veteran of over twenty pictures, Tony now demands — and receives — his rights as a star. An especially made automobile-truck — with a Packard



He was not *bad*
But he had never known
"The Ennobling Love of a
Good Woman . . . . .
That Makes Man Little Lower
Than the Vague Gods
He Worships"
(After Meeting Mabel . . . . . he
Went to Night School
And came out all Right)

The rest was easy . . . . .
I changed the Hired Man to
Dopey Dick . . . . . and
Mabel's father . . . . . whom the Author
Had called Deacon Smithers
Became Absinthe Al . . . . . the
Undisputed Head of Chinatown . . . . .
When everything was planted
I introduced my famous
Babylonian sequence
(Which has never failed me yet)
And borrowed some
Classic lines from
Omar Khayyam . . . . . just
For variety . . . . .
The Author
Was decidedly unkind
About the Omar titles . . . . .
He said the Old Boy's Stuff was
Passé as
Hair Wreaths Under Glass
But
I know My Public
And My Art . . . . .

At the Pre-View
The Author caused
A Slight Disturbance which
I'm glad to say was
Final . . . . .
He had a Weak Heart
Anyway . . . . . and as the mighty
Allen Holiday has said,
"What is a Mere Life
In the Making of a
Motion Picture?"
The book I
Work On Next was
Written by a guy named
Balzac . . . . .
I've left word with my
Stenographer . . . . . if he
Comes snooping 'round my offices
To tell him I'm
Not In . . . . .



At the Pre View The Author caused A Slight Disturbance, which I'm glad to say was Final . . . He had a Weak Heart Anyway . . .

I pepped it up By calling it . . . Hell Hounds From Hades . . . and I borrowed some Classic lines from Omar Khayyam . . . just For variety . . .

Someone to Think About

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

"Vampires, they are terrible," wailed their portrayer. "Terrible on the screen and terrible in real life. And if you play them on the screen, people think you are one of them"

HOW she hates vampires!

And yet, thru a strange twist of Fate, Estelle Taylor seems doomed to play vamps in every picture she makes.

The black-haired heroine of Fox's latter version of "A Fool There Was" is a witty young person who went to California with a headful of New York ideas.

She's sensible. In the first place, she hasn't a telephone. Neither the studio nor outsiders can bother her. Likewise, interviewers have to send her telegrams before they can get an appointment with her.

A *different* idea!

Far up toward the crest of one of Hollywood's winding foothill roads she lives in a neat bungalow. Bungalows are the rule, rather than the exception, with the picture people.

But Miss Taylor's bungalow is different. It has no ornate, bizarre furnishings. The whole color scheme is dark blue and soft grey.

And Miss Taylor, with her olive skin, her shining black hair and eyes, and her pearl-like, white teeth, is offset against this background like a Zuloaga.

She is one of those girls who is instantly distinctive, yet who lacks mannerisms that are ultra.

She doesn't entertain you with a nomadic conversation about herself and her ideas—but she'll seek you out and find out what books you've read, and proceed to discuss them with you.

Cytherea, . . . Kimono, Simon Called Peter . . . some Russian tales, . . . the *Cosmopolitan, . . .* the *Literary Digest. . . .*

You find them on a small console together with others.

She offers you a bowlful of brazil nuts, pecans, almonds—and positively refuses to indulge in them herself because she's dieting. . . .

And then, like a regular fellow, she pitches in and eats them with you to her heart's content—and tells you how many pounds she will have gained by tomorrow morning.

A coy little fox terrier bursts its way into the room by pushing back a sliding door, and proceeds to make a fuss over you, over Miss Taylor, again over you.

"She'll keep on till she wilts your collar!" exclaims your hostess—and dispatches the dog elsewhere.

"I brought her from New York with me," she explained. "She's the only vestige of my former Manhattan life that remains. Hollywood is so different in every way. . . .

"Its external aspects . . . its people . . . its girls . . .

"What a shame it is that the home of pictures is known *as* Hollywood because strangers at once think of brass bands on the street corners, of ornate personages parading the streets, of mad movie companies cluttering up the landscape with reflectors and cameras and all that. . . .

"And that isn't Hollywood at all, because Hollywood is *two* places—the business district and . . . just pretty, simple *homes.*"

"But," I protested, ". . . about vampires!"

I was cut very short.

"They're terrible!" wailed their portrayer. "Terrible in real life and more terrible on the screen.

"If you play them, people think you're really one of them—and no one stops to realize that theatrical life and real life are two opposite poles.

"That's why some people have talked about motion-picture people.

Estelle Taylor Is Discovered to Hate Vampires and Bizarre Backgrounds

"It's because there is too much association of ideas.

"If, for instance, you play a bad woman on the screen most of your public take it for granted that you're a worse woman off of it."

There are other views of Miss Taylor's that are bizarre, interesting. For instance, she insists that people in the theatrical world are like children, thus . . .

"When you're working in a scene you're all tense. You may have to give out your emotions hour after hour. Then, when you go home, you want either to rest or play. You dont annoy yourself with perplexing issues. You take what comes and leave what doesn't come.

"That's why it isn't logical for a wife to work with her husband in a picture. Both are reticent about showing their innermost feelings to the other. It's a certain shyness—a certain desire of one child not to let the other see when his feelings have been hurt.

"And your 'feelings,' in this instance, are your emotions."

Just before she went into pictures, Miss Taylor was on the legitimate stage. Her family, of Virginia, sent her to a dramatic school for her preliminary training.

Then she "got on" in "Come On, Charlie," a musical piece, and attracted sufficient attention for an agent to send her to the erstwhile World studios at Fort Lee, N. J., to apply for a rôle with Montagu Love in "The Broadway Saint." Which she got.

"The salary was so much bigger than the one I drew from the stage that I felt flattered to death. But I couldn't get used to pictures for the longest time. I kept wanting to do things as I had learned on the stage."

Then came to her an offer of the feminine lead in "The Return of Tarzan," and, while she was working on this, another offer, from Fox, to make "The Adventurer" with William Farnum.

"The proposition was too good to turn down," she said. "I'd work all day on 'The Adventurer,' jump into a taxicab with a sandwich, ride from New York City to Yonkers and get ready to work most of the night on the Tarzan story. It nearly killed me, but the sheer excitement kept me going.

"That's what makes pictures worth while. You

(*Continued on page* 89)



There has been for some time a rumor rampant in Hollywood that Cecil De Mille has cast an anxious eye in her direction, so that he may have her for his leading-woman. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," she sighed when I told her. "Because he can so easily make every one of his actresses someone to really think about"

All photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser





Merton has a difficult time as an extra in motion pictures. But even while she destroys his illusions by doubling for his adored serial queen, the Montague girl looks out for the inner man. If you have read the book, you know she eventually marries him, thereby becoming "his best pal and severest critic"

When Merton arrives at the Los Angeles studios, having deserted his native hamlet, Simsbury, he meets the great film hero, Harold Parmalee. It is his resemblance to Harold which eventually changes his fortunes

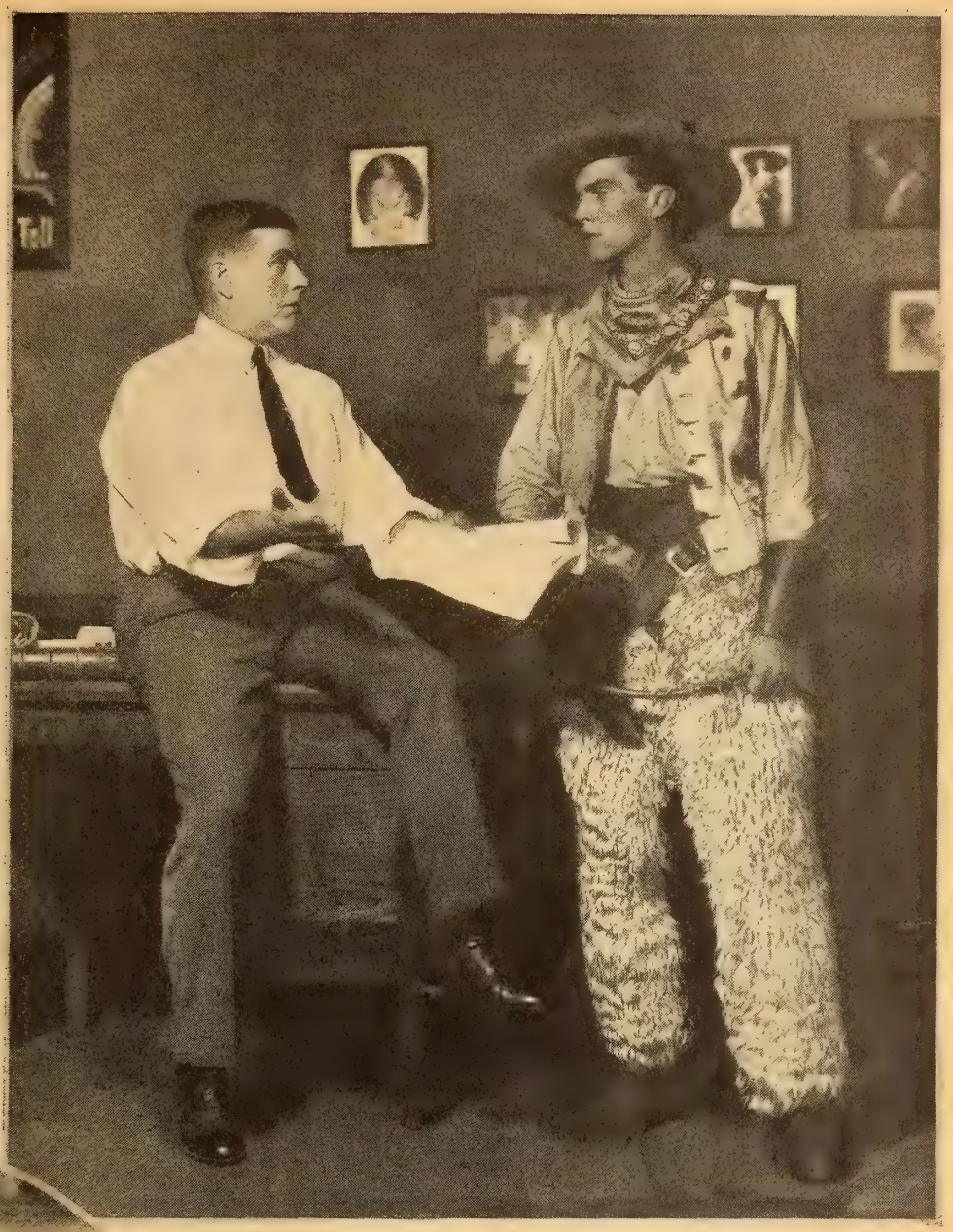




It is difficult to laugh at Merton for always there is a lump in your throat. He is a plaintive youth . . . Before he leaves his clerkship in the general store, Merton prays over his future career every night. The curtain of the first act descends as Merton prays, "And make me a good movie actor, for Jesus' sake—Amen"

The Movies Hold the Stage

All Photographs by White Studios





"The movies are big enough to stand having fun made of them"

This is what Glenn Hunter has to say of both Harry Leon Wilson's satirical novel, "Merton of the Movies," and of the delightful Broadway stage play in which he is starred. We agree with Mr. Hunter, but even if we didn't, the perfect satire in the story of the movie-struck boy who "wants to do bigger and better things" would be its own excuse. It is to be hoped that Merton, in the person of Glenn Hunter, will soon come to the movies which gave him his birth



Photograph by Evans

Mistress Peg

We present Baby Peggy, who is one of our favorite screen artists. Little—but—oh, my!

"... as Happy as Kings"

By
BURDETTE KINNE

Illustration by Eldon Kelly

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings."

EVERY time I think of that verse of Robert Louis Stevenson's I have a desire to change it to suit myself, or, rather, to suit what experience has taught me, and to write it thus:

The world is so full of a number of things
It's a wonder we aren't as unhappy as Kings!

For my conviction is that kings are unhappy, and I have not found it difficult these days to have the courage of that conviction. I would even be willing to keep the neighbors awake arguing that the world's most photographed Prince did not have a really happy time on his trip around the British possessions. Would you, one hundred per cent American citizen, with your lively memories of liberty and your present freedom to do as you please before six o'clock in the morning and after midnight in your own unlighted cellar, would you, I ask, be happy on a trip whose every detail had been planned mechanically and inalterably before you started, and perhaps without your knowledge? You answer that if you could have the trip, you would put up with the details—but my question was, would you be happy, and your answer is obvious. What fun would it be to have dinner with half the princes of India if you preferred to be playing golf with your best friend; or what happiness to fall in love with the most beautiful girl in the United States if you knew all the time that the law and your Grandma wouldn't allow you to marry her? And speaking of best friends, have you thought of the barriers which loom between a Prince or a King, and friends? Royalty cannot browse about among human beings as you do, choosing delightedly him whose personality pleases and complements your own; and even if it could, it still may not like and dislike according to the dictates of its own human — all-too-human heart. The King may like only those whom it is politic to



A king with no worlds to conquer, it is now clear to Charlie Chaplin, is indeed an unhappy mortal. He knows now that the essence of life is struggle. Like the extant kings, too, he shall never be able to know who is his friend

like; he probably never knows the joy of expressing an ordinary man-to-man hatred. That would never do. And as for love or marriage . . .

The little black-haired, wistful-eyed man whose name is Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq., is king of the motion picture world. The queen, anachronism tho it may be, is Mary Pickford, but that fact takes away not one whit from the divine right of Mr. Chaplin to the throne. He has made himself king, and, while to be born a Guelph or a Ghibelline, a Hapsburg or a Hohenzollern might be thrilling or a bore, there can be no doubt as to the romance of making yourself a King! In all history Mr. Chaplin's only rival for that distinction is Napoleon, and Napoleon, after all, died leaving plenty of worlds to conquer. Charles Chaplin has completely conquered his world. He is monarch of all who survey him. There is nothing left for him to vanquish. With which we put our finger, however flippantly, on one of the sources of his now famous unhappiness.



Above are the clothes to which Charlie Chaplin has given a fame world-wide

The imagination of the most stolid would find little difficulty in recreating vividly the dreams of the boy who wandered the streets of London some twenty years ago. We have all had such dreams, in that realm the human soul is of one piece, there we understand one another and are sympathetic. Poor, impractical and unstable, he lived thru many long years before the discovery of his talent for mimicry came to release his spirit and to set his mind fairly mad with visionary plans and wild dreams. What wouldn't and couldn't he do with money? And how satisfactorily he would rearrange the

(*Continued on page* 104)



Charlie is now engaged to Pola Negri. It is possible that she will be his wife when this is published. We hope she may give him some of the happiness for which he hungers—lonely and unhappy as kings



Photograph (left) by John Biddle Keyes

Ave Maria



Lillian Gish will next come to the screen as a star. She is at present in Italy, where the exteriors of "The White Sister" are being filmed. Miss Gish will portray the title rôle in this story, based on the famous novel by Marie Corelli. We await the production with eager interest

Photograph © by Albin



That's Out

by

TAMAR LANE

Movie Beauties Answer Penrhyn Stanlaws

HOLLYWOOD is in an uproar over the slurring remarks which Penrhyn Stanlaws has made upon the beauty of many of our movie queens. The fact that Penrhyn has the reputation about the studios of being one of the choice limburger directors of the business hasn't seemed to mitigate the offence. He said that Viola Dana has a big nose and her jawbones are too wide; Betty Compson's hips are musclebound; Betty Blythe has "horse nostrils;" Norma Talmadge has a bulbous nose; Agnes Ayres's figure is what is technically termed not under control; Anita Stewart's upper lip projects too much and her eyes are too small for her head; Wanda Hawley has fat ankles and her mouth is too big; the entire lower part of Clara Kimball Young's face is out of drawing and that May MacAvoy's eyebrows are too low and her nose projects too much out of her face, etc.

As our policy has always been fairness to one and all, we interviewed several of these fair favorites and asked them for their opinion of Mr. Stanlaws. Herewith we print their replies:

Viola Dana: "Mr. Stanlaws has a big head and his hat is too small for him."

Betty Compson: "His ears are musclebound. This greatly limits their graceful action."

Betty Blythe: "Mr. Stanlaws is what is termed in art *'non compos mentis.'*"

Norma Talmadge: "He has carbon in his cylinders and his carbureter needs adjustment."

Agnes Ayres: "His brain is what is technically termed not under control."

Anita Stewart: "He has too much chin and his feet aren't mates."

Wanda Hawley: "Mr. Stanlaws is what the cameraman terms an 'N.G.' He needs to be retaken."

May MacAvoy: "I just hate him. Please tell everyone that he is the one who was responsible for 'Pink Gods' and 'Singed Wings.'"

We wish that the movie magnates would give more attention to the seats in the theaters. One of the chief drawbacks to the cinema of today is that it is such an uncomfortable place to fall asleep in.

For This Have We Critics!!

For unadulterated nerve, ignorance and stupidity rolled into one we introduce the alleged movie critic on *Judge,* who writes under the name of Ruth Hale. This Hale person, in a review (?) of "Tess," first has the audacity to announce that it is the first time that she has ever viewed Mary Pickford on the screen, and then attempts to throw Mary forthwith and forever into the ash-heap as an actress. Now, we dont wish to give undue attention to this Hale, from whose blurblings one can only get the impression that the writer has not even the qualifications to pass upon the abilities of a Murial Ostriche or Billie West, but what we would like to know is how can an individual have the effrontery to set herself up as a critic of films whose experience with the silent drama has been so limited as to have never included a Pickford production; and why does a magazine offer the lollypops to a writer of such marked incapacities?

Hint to Directors

When in doubt, put some animals in the picture. They can always be depended upon when the plot begins to misfire. Besides, they are such good actors.

Hint to Actresses

When called upon to register fear, always raise the right hand quickly to the mouth and bite hungrily on the finger nails. The way Lillian Gish always does it. It's very emotional.

An exhibitor in the Middle West has refused to play Tourneur's picture "Lorna Doone" because he claims it is an advertising stunt for the National Biscuit Company.

Feasters in Babylon

A Serial Story of Two Sisters Who Came to Romantic Hollywood

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustrated by August Henkel

THE FOURTH INSTALMENT

A synopsis of the preceding chapters appears on page 49

WITH the closing of the door, darkness rushed over Mary like the rising of a great wave, engulfing sense and thought alike. She stood submerged in the velvet blackness for a moment so intense in its significance that it seemed like a long time—a time so long that she could hardly remember what the light looked like.

No sound came from the impenetrable dark about her, but she had the sense of eyes upon her, the feeling of another presence. In the back of her brain a small, thin voice said mockingly, as from a great distance, "Dangers and temptations—dangers."

With an effort that was almost physical, Mary forced down the tide of hysteria, spoke quietly, as tho by matter-of-factness she might deny her fear, "Is Mr. Trent in? I must see him—tell him it is very important."

Her eyes, growing accustomed to the darkness, made out a faint blur, a lighter black among the crowding shadows. From it came a hissing whisper; "Shall the lightning strike the blasted tree? By Allah, the long hair of a woman is a wave in which the heart of man is drowned and her scented breath is more deadly than the upas-tree! Go from hence, before he who is dead shall die a second time, go, Worker of Woe, Little Handful of Delicate Corruption!"

Mary gasped. This must be the Hindoo servant they spoke of, but what amazed her was the implacable hatred that gave an edge to the words, like a thin, cruel hidden



Over the writhing heap, Trent looked at her. "Did he hurt you? If he did, I will crucify him—like the dog that he is"



Breathlessly, she poured out her fears—pleading Lissa's case. "She is so young—and she loves pretty things. That's only natural. Oh, you cant understand what it does to a girl to come into this—lights, excitement, flattery and everyone talking money"

blade. She would have turned and fled, but in the thick blackness all sense of direction was lost. As she hesitated the paler shadow seemed to move toward her until she felt the scorch of hot breath on her forehead. "Is it not enough that you have made the life of my master a waste and a desert in which no green growth of joy may grow? Must you come now like a simoon to ravage the desert and uncover the buried bones of old griefs hidden under the sand? Now, as Allah is Great, I, Hahn, shall save my master from a spell stronger than any I can wield——"

The darkness had become hands that groped, seeking a warm, white throat. Mary struggled weakly, feeling her strength seep away as if in a nightmare where one tries to run from nightmare shapes—and cannot move. Then, with the unseen hands upon her, a voice came out of the darkness nearby. "Hahn! Who is here?"

Mary felt the hands fall, heard the voice of the Hindoo, smooth, suave like a salaam made audible, "Protector of the Poor, there is no one here! It was a mistake, and the one who came has gone away."

"He is lying!" said Mary clearly. Not until long afterward did she know the marvel of her escape from the hypnosis of terror that numbed her. "I am here—Mary Leonard."

A button clicked and the room sprang out in the sharp light, lining the girl's white face, the robed figure crouching, forehead to the floor at Dermott Trent's feet. "Master, send her away! She is very evil. In the darkness I saw her hair shining like flames. Those flames burn the soul, Master—send the White Memsahib away!"

Over the writhing heap, Trent looked at her. "Did he hurt you? If he did I will crucify him—like the dog that he is."

Mary managed a shaky little laugh. "No, he only seemed to think that I meant some harm. I suppose at this time of night he didn't expect callers, I shouldn't have come, but I needed help and I thought of you."

Dermott Trent spoke to the Hindoo in a tongue that she did not understand, and the man slunk away like a whipped thing. "Will you come in here?" He held the door for her to pass with grave courtesy. In the glow of the table lamp Mary saw dimly that they were in a library walled with books which caught the light in dull gleams of gilt and crimson. He drew a chair out for her, sank down into the one opposite, turning the worn boyishness of his face to her. "It is Lissa." The words were not a question but a statement.

She gazed at him, eyes wide with wonder. "How did you know?"

"It is always Lissa with you," he said, grudgingly. "You are a gentle creature, but where she is concerned you can be fierce as a bird guarding her nest. Well, what danger threatens your fledgling now?"

Breathlessly, she poured out her fears, always standing between her sister and what he might think of her, softening, extenuating, pleading Lissa's case. "She is so young—and she loves pretty things. That's only natural. Oh, you cant understand what it does to a girl to come from a quiet little place where she's never had anything into *this*—lights, excitement, flattery, and everyone talking money, big money! Why, in Cloverly people dont

know how to count above a thousand! Here everyone seems to be successful, everyone is a star——"

"Tinsel stars!" Dermott Trent said dryly, "this noisy crew that plays at vice have half of them never been inside a studio. All-night parties aren't exactly the best preparation for a day's work. Tell Lissa that, and tell her—from me—that if she'll be a good little girl and try to be satisfied with only one or two autos and her shabby old pearl necklace for a while, she shall have a part in the next picture started at the studio. But whether she keeps the part or not depends on *her*."

Mary rose. Her eyes had a clear light. Under their gaze the man's sardonic glance turned away, abashed. Her words of thanks fell on unhearing ears, drowned by the voice of his own soul whispering, "here at last is Truth and the Faith that you lost so long ago. Here is the answer to your questioning, the healing for your hurt. You can believe in her—you can *believe*."

And he did not want to believe. But if she stood there much longer with that light in her blue eyes, all her thoughts laid before him in sweet surrender, like flowers placed on an altar, he might forget that he had promised himself never to believe in any human being again——

His nails bit into the flesh of his palms with the strong clenching of his hands. He spoke harshly, goaded by the voice within. "I do not deserve the things you are thinking of me. I am not 'good'—no one is good. I tell you I know, none better!"

He would make her hate him, yes, that was the only way. Men were such weak fools—blue eyes, a smile, the touch of white fingers to over-balance the bitter lessons of a lifetime! He would drive that look from her eyes, and put horror in its place, and thereafter he would go back to the old, safe contempt of Life which had served him well.

"You dont mean that," Mary said indulgently, as one speaks to a child who prattles of things it does not understand. "If we were in Cloverly, I could show you a great many good people—people who never did a wrong thing in their lives."

"But if the chance had come—if they had ever had to make a choice?" Trent sneered. "Bah! That isn't goodness. A man can go to church all the days of his life and then if his neighbor cheats him of a foot of ground, he will shoot him down without the least hesitation! A woman may be so sweet and pure and beautiful that you would swear she was an angel of God and all the while, when you are praying to be made worthy of her she may be laughing at you behind your back for a blind, fatuous fool!"

She had sat down again, pale, hands clasped on her breast in the gesture he had come to know. "There was—a woman like that?" she asked in a whisper, "but no! She *couldn't* have done that—to *you*——"

Dermott Trent laughed harshly, struck the table a blow that made the knuckles of his clenched hand bleed. "You flatter me!" he said. "I was younger then,—and not rich, so like a sensible lady she took what I had to give her, which was only my love, and my honor and my faith in God and man, and, in return, she gave me careless crimson lips to kiss; and while the young, hot fool that was I worked to make her a home, and, as I say, prayed every night on his absurd knees to be better so that he might be worthy of so much happiness, this thrifty lady was busy laying her snares for bigger game. But, because I was important to her, because she could use my poor uncouth devotion, my calf-like raptures to arouse the desire for possession in the other man she kept me believing in my happiness until there was no need of me any longer." The restrained violence of his self scorn left him breathless so that he was forced to pause, and in the sudden stillness sounded, from somewhere close at hand, a monotonous chanting, a wail infinitely mournful.

Mary Leonard felt, for the first time, the feebleness of words, the inarticulateness of the soul. Before such stark despair, such bitterness of disillusion, she was silent as before some overwhelming revelation of the forces of nature. And now he was going on, speaking of the breaking of his heart with the cold dispassionateness of a surgeon describing a wound. He had found them together in the garden, sacred to the kisses she had given him, and after the first moment of surprise she had burst out laughing in the face of his bewilderment. And because he wanted to kill the fattish, prosperous man who drew her to him with such an air of proprietorship, but could not even speak for the shameful sobs that threatened to overwhelm him, he had stumbled away, all the boyishness stripped from him forever.

"I had made her God, you see," Trent finished hoarsely, "and it would have been blasphemy to have believed her wicked. So—when I could think at all, I decided that she was only like everybody else in the world. If she was not true and good, no one else could be——"

"Poor boy!" Mary's tears were not for the stern-faced man with the wry lips and bitter eyes who stood before her, but for the desperate youngster of long ago, "but you were wrong—surely you must see you were wrong!"

Dermott Trent shook his head almost with triumph. "I told you I had proofs—do you want to see them?" He led the way to the door and paused, looking back; "you shall decide, for after I've shown you the truth you will despise me and distrust everyone in the world, including yourself."

Mary Leonard met his haggard gaze quietly. "I am not afraid."

A Résumé of What Has Gone Before

Mary Leonard, nineteen, and her fiery sister, Lissa, seventeen, leave the dull little town of Cloverly, after their father's death, hoping to become movie stars. They arrive in Hollywood with little money. After countless disappointments they are chosen as extras in a cabaret scene. Two important men in the Superba Company see them and are highly impressed. One, Leon Grey, offers the gentle Mary a part if she will "be nice to him." Horrified, Mary rushes to her dressing-room, where she finds a note from Lissa, saying she has gone to a party with Al Gessler, the director, who has offered her a chance at a real part. Frantic, Mary starts out to find her sister. On the roadway she is stopped by a man in a racing car, who orders her to get in. She feels that she can trust him and tells her story; then the man drives to a road-house; giving her a revolver, he instructs her how to find the private dining-room. She gets there just in time to save her sister from Al Gessler's drunken kisses. The two sisters escape, followed by his curses, but the stranger is waiting; he drives them home and gives Mary his card. He is Dermott Trent, czar of the movie world. Thru his influence both the sisters are given small parts. Mary leads a normal, simple life, but Lissa is drawn into a wild crowd, and in spite of what Mary can say she refuses to give up her parties. One night there is a party at Jasper Dorr's, whose orgies are infamous. Mary goes to protect Lissa, and there she sees Dermott Trent; she has seen little of him, but she still trusts him, altho intuitively she knows that he is a bitterly disappointed man, who hates women. The party becomes so wild that Mary, horror-stricken, leaves, after Trent has promised to guard Lissa. Lissa, elated at his attentions, makes up her mind to marry him. Soon, Lissa's picture is finished, and to forget she has no money or job she dissipates more than ever. Mary resolves to ask the advice of Dermott Trent. One evening she goes to his home. She knocks. The door opens and closes noiselessly behind her.



Mary Leonard found herself staring down at the heap of papers in the iron box. "What," she whispered, "are you going to do with those incriminating things?"

"Then come with me," Trent cried, "and I'll show you what no one else in the world has ever seen, but which a good many people would give all they own to get hold of, poor devils!"

The room into which they went was stranger than anything that Mary had ever imagined. A dim glow from a swinging lamp hinted at great marble pillars rising from a floor paved with weird devices and symbols. The sides of the room were lost in deep gloom. Fingers seemed to clutch her heart as Mary saw that the light came thru the grinning jaws and sightless eye holes of a skull!

A rustle from the shadows drew her eyes to a white-robed figure crouching before an altar where smoke wound upward from a censer, filling the air with a heavy Eastern scent. In the darkness eyes, like hot red coals, watched her, and the wailing chant rose and fell on her senses. From far away Dermott Trent's voice reached her brain thinly. "I promised myself to prove that human beings were all alike, treacherous, liars, thieves of honor, selfish, faithless. I chose the women who were celebrated for their virtue; the men who were most respected for their integrity; and I made my researches—I had money by that time, and money can buy what one wants. What I wanted were proofs—letters, dates, indisputable evidence of the things in their lives that no one suspected, but that I *knew* were there; indiscretions, intrigues, shady dealings, dishonesties—sins. And I found them!" he was stooping at the base of one of the marble pillars, which under his touch moved, and swung noiselessly aside disclosing an iron box set in the hollow base. From a chain about his neck Trent detached a key. He was smiling, but the smile distorted his face like a spasm of pain.

Mary Leonard found herself staring down at the heap of papers in the iron box with the fearful fascination of a child peering at a monster in a side show, longing to run away, yet held by very horror. A little heap of dingy paper, that was all, but it seemed to her that she was breathing the miasma of the swamp beyond the Medder Bridge in Cloverly, with its rotting vegetation and yellow scum covering stagnant and poisonous pools.

"Every one!" Trent said with a kind of exultation, that changed the bleak sternness of his look no more than stormy sunlight passing over the face of an old granite god. "Not a woman nor a man failed me! And no one knows but God and I."

"What," she whispered difficultly, "are you going to do with these—dreadful things?"

"Keep them!" he said, "keep them to remind me not to believe in a human being again. Oh, I'm not a black-mailer!" he made a harsh sound of laughter, "still, I dont deny that some of my—my subjects may suspect that their reputations lie in my hands. They say I am the most powerful man in Hollywood, perhaps this is why."

She put her hands over her face. He had to bend to hear, "Have you no pity—these poor, poor, unhappy people—no mercy?"

"Pity—mercy!" Dermott Trent cried bitterly. "That's not the way the world is run—does the spider have pity for the fly in its web? No, I tell you—it's all Self, Self, nothing else, so why shouldn't I gratify my little hobby of collecting the sins of these people—of *integrity?*"

He had thought to see horror in the blue eyes that threatened his hard-won philosophy, but there was only pleading in the gaze she lifted to his face. "Burn them! Let me help. You may not believe in anyone, but I believe in *you.* I remember, once when I was a child and had been sick with the measles, how the room looked, the furniture all queer and dreadful, and the wall paper full of ugly grinning faces. You've shut yourself up in a sick room, that's all. Burn these things!"

"No." Dermott Trent locked his strange treasure trove, touched the spring that swung the pillar back into place and leaned against it, arms folded. "You still think too kindly of me, my dear Miss Leonard. What can I do to disillusion you? Suppose I should tell you," under lowered lids his eyes smoldered, "suppose I should tell you that every night in this place Hahn, yonder, tries to bring back the dead. This lady who laughed did not live long to enjoy her jewels and her house at Newport, by the way, and her husband has married a Follies girl since. I have a fancy to see her, and speak to her face to face. And Hahn knows the Forbidden Things; already we have had strange results, but she has not come—yet. Perhaps she is afraid of what I might say."

The smoke wreaths curling upward took vague shapes before Mary's dizzy eyes. With a cry of horror she turned and ran from the room, somehow finding her way into the open air. In the distance a clock was striking two. The strokes dropped heavily and slowly thru the air like stones sinking into a quagmire. The sky was a dark cover fitted tightly over the horizon.

Mary stopped presently in her panic-stricken flight and closed her eyes. When she was a child, she had had a habit of making little prayers like this; she would stop in the middle of her play, screw her lids tight shut and whisper, "Thank You, God, for daisies;" or, when a thunderstorm frightened her, a whispered, "Please, God!" would bring comfort. Now instinctively she reached thru the whirling of the world for the old comforting "Please, God," Mary whispered, but she did not finish there, "Please, God," she begged childishly, "make him happy. Amen."

It did not occur to her to petition that Dermott Trent might care for her. That would not have been according to her code of "niceness."

Lissa accepted her good fortune in securing a part in the new Superba picture complacently, as one to whom good fortune belonged by right. But she resented the new alarm clock that summoned her shrewishly from her dreams to the bleak realities of a cold grey-lighted studio, sputtering violet lights and grinding camera.

"It's a slave's life!" she complained, yawning over her coffee, now served by a Chinese house boy in a white coat as befitted the coffee of a future star. "All I need is a few bloodhounds to make me feel like Eliza crossing the ice! And you're so damn meek, Mary—I expect at any moment to hear you say, 'Yes, Masser'!"

For the first time the two girls were working in the same picture, which gave Mary a chance to keep a watch on her sister's movements. Now, anxiously, she scrutinized the face across the table, but even the unflattering morning light failed to reveal a shadow on Lizza's glowing beauty. She might fret unceasingly for the wild parties and excitement she had enjoyed, but the threat of losing her weekly pay envelope made her for the moment a martyr to Virtue.

"If you dont hurry, we'll be late at the studio," Mary said unsympathetically. "You know they have half a dozen re-takes, and the first showing is next week."

Lissa brightened. The prospect of sitting in the director's box with the other players while an audience of picture people watched her moving across the screen, laughing intriguing, beautiful, was almost worth the dull weeks of work that preceded it. There would be flowers and applause and compliments, and afterwards a glorious two weeks, holiday in which she would collect the long arrears of fun she had missed.

She stretched, charmingly, admiring the effect in the mirror opposite—there generally *was* a mirror opposite Lissa. "I bet the guy that wrote that 'early to bed' stuff

(*Continued on page* 106)



"It's a slave's life!" she complained, yawning over her coffee, now served by a Chinese boy in a white coat as befitted the coffee of a future star



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

In Hollywood, where achievement is a bubble blown and pricked overnight, Frank Keenan juts up, a tower of shadowed granite about which young stars flare and rocket upwards —to disappear in a shower of sparks

Straight Talk

Willis Goldbeck Converses With Frank Keenan

FRANK KEENAN, who needs no introduction as an actor and eminent figure of the American stage and screen, speaks from the heights of fulfilment.

In Hollywood, where achievement is a bubble blown and pricked overnight, he juts up, a tower of shadowed granite about which young stars flare and rocket upward—to disappear in a shower of sparks. For the moment only there is streaking brilliance; it bursts prettily into oblivion and the granite tower emerges to vision again from the darkness. Frank Keenan has his head in the firmament, but his feet are planted solidly on earth.

There was a time when Frank Keenan was being pressed as the greatest this and the greatest that, that the American stage had known, before pictures were dreamed of. He recalls now with a grim smile the days when he used to sneak shamefacedly into a movie theater; how he used to shudder when he saw some poor devil of an actor he had known who had been forced to turn to the screen for a living. But he was a man sufficiently beyond prejudice to overcome that. Accepting pictures, he went in with his whole heart; formed his own producing corporation. He is still reaping profits, tho he has dissolved the company long since.

"A man doesn't like to kick against his government," he said. "But when

(*Cont'd on page* 88)



"Motion pictures are not going to the dogs," said Frank Keenan. "The truth behind the present chaos has not been told. The trouble lies with the heads of the industry. They are welchers. They dont play the game. They repudiate their contracts and deny their obligations when facing losses. They are not good gamblers"



Above, a character study of Frank Keenan as Sir Ensor Doone; and at the left, in a scene of "Lorna Doone"

On Foreign Films

John Emerson and Anita Loos Discuss European Films with Gladys Hall

RECENTLY, by editorial dispensation, I lunched with John Emerson and Anita Loos, for the purpose of finding out what they thought about foreign films, foreign studios, foreign stars, possible, foreign rivalry, et cetera.

They were, as you may know, recently returned from foreign parts. They had been to Vienna and Berlin, to London and to Paris, and they had gone studio-seeing and star-gazing in all of these places and sundry others.

Incidentally, at luncheon, small Miss Loos ate mammoth pancakes and mammoth country sausage while Mister Emerson confined himself to cornflakes and cream. I suggest these items to you as possible brain-calories if you are thinking of going in for the writing of scenarios. They seem to have worked well with the firm of Emerson & Loos.

Not to digress again:

"What are things *like* over there?" I wanted to know. "Have they any stars, either made or in the making? Which American star is the most popular with the Continentals? Do their players get enormous salaries? Can foreign 'fillums' be considered rivals? What sort of stories do they go in for? Do they——?"

"They were simply charming to us!" said Mister Emerson and Miss Loos. (Sing this to the tune of Gallagher and Sheean.)

"Of course! Of course!"

"It wouldn't," said Miss Loos, "be fair or kind or just to make any criticism of the way things are done over there at present. They are too *poor* to be worthy or even possible competitors. One cannot judge at present. They simply have not got the available funds to go in for production as we go in for it. They cannot keep studios equipped and running. They cannot maintain either a star or a staff. Our Paramount studio was the best and indeed the only one they had in Paris. They dont keep stars on salaries, large or otherwise——"

"They have no stars to keep," interposed Mister Emerson.

"You score!" said Miss Loos.

"How extraordinary!" said I.

"It is a free-lance proposition with them," said Mister Emerson. "A producer gets a story——"

"*Any* story," said Miss Loos; "they dont have stories written especially for the screen as we have them written here. They have developed no school of screen writers. They do not work from continuity. There is no such thing there. They simply get what they consider a producible story and——"

"And," said Mister Emerson, "they go ahead and 'shoot' in the hope that the proceeds of the film will enable them to go ahead with another one. If not, they are out of luck and their staff, star, et al., are again out of work."

"Of course," said Miss Loos, "with things in such shape it is impossible for them to develop any star-material. Nor can they do much toward creating a consistent fan-public. It is all too haphazard, too much of a gamble. It has not become an industry. I dont know whether they would or would not take the films as seriously as we do

(*Continued on page 90*)

"The stories being filmed in Germany run altogether to morbidity, perversity and decadence. Their comedy sense is appalling. Poking monkeys with red-hot irons is one choice bit of humor we were fortunate enough to see. They are unhealthy and without appeal, certainly, to the Anglo-Saxon"

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.





Across the Silversheet

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

WE looked forward to "Hungry Hearts." Two or three people we know saw it when it was completed at the studios and they spent months reminding us that it was a pity we had missed it. They spoke of it always with appreciation.

Now it may be that nothing could be as satisfying as they declared "Hungry Hearts" to be but, it seems to us, that "Hungry Hearts" fails to even approach the standard they set for it. And, because they are people of intelligence and discrimination, we believe that intervening changes and innovations have robbed the picture of its original worth.

It is an enjoyable enough production, far better than many we have seen, but achieving nothing in particular. And it would have seemed infinitely superior in retrospect without some of the comic titles and without the happy, happy ending.

(*Continued on page 96*)





At the top of the page is a scene from the love story of "Lorna Doone" which Maurice Tourneur has brought to the screen with Madge Bellamy in the title rôle. At the left is Elsie Ferguson in "Outcast," a theatrical affair, not worthy of her distinction. And at the right is Helen Ferguson in "Hungry Hearts," which is a human tale

Editorial Comment on

CRITICAL PARAGRAPHS





Above is Bebe Daniels in "Singed Wings." At the right, Ella Hall in "The Third Alarm." And below, Helen Eddy in her first independent production, "When Love Comes"



Singed Wings—Paramount

WHEN you couple an allegorical prelude with a fantastic dream — and when that dream is acted out by a group of marionettes who never appear real, the result is something which widely misses the mark. "Singed Wings" is artificial with nothing of merit in its story. It never convinces, because it seems so unreal—and its motif depends a great deal upon symbols and what not. When the allegory spends itself and the old witch rides away on the broom, it gets down to a tragic triangle—which features a half-crazed clown (he is always the Pierrot) a girl who charms a husband away from his wife, a rose and a masked ball. The picture has been given an artistic setting. Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence and Conrad Nagel are the central figures. And try as they might, they cannot convince us that they are real. Not when the story would make them so many marionettes.

The Third Alarm—Film Booking Offices

It was just a little while ago that the policeman had his inning on the screen, and the company which presented him as the central figure in an orthodox story of saturated heart interest has now turned to the fireman, who responds to duty in a like manner. "The Third Alarm" is cut from the same cloth—a pattern which in the ten, twent' and thirt' days would have appealed to the gallery gods. Why? Because it contains all the elements which make the second gallery—and the first, necessary props of the theater. Which is to say that it releases sentiment, pathos, heart interest and action. There is a fine fire-fighting scene—the backbone of the picture, and we predict it will be popular. Ralph Lewis played the cop; he is also the old-time fire fighter. Be prepared to see him or some other actor, one of these days, as a member of the street cleaning department.

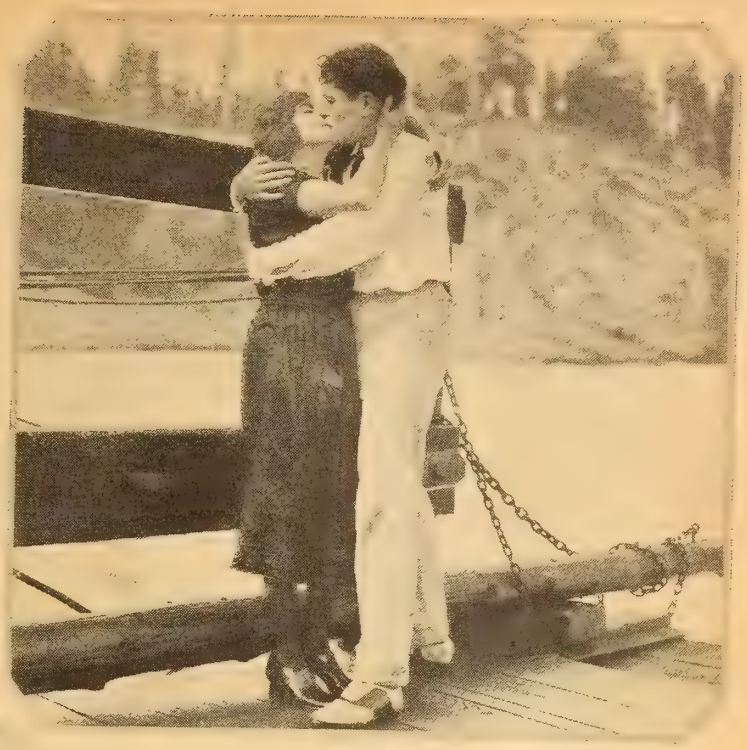
When Love Comes—Film Booking Offices

The background? A rural village. The central characters? A bashful youth and an old-

Other Productions

BY THE STAFF

fashioned girl. The motive? Misunderstanding. So the boy goes away and stays five years, while the girl remains faithful to a memory. When he returns with a little child, the loyal sweetheart is shocked but remains constant in her devotion. All very simple up to this point—and fairly true. Then it becomes arbitrary. The other woman—the young man's wife—must appear and stir up trouble. And the villagers, like the screen or garden variety, heap their abuse upon him. When will directors learn to put humanity in such scenes? It comes to an end when the wife makes a confession of her sins and conveniently dies. Sentiment is sharply emphasized and the incident is overdrawn. An old story and an obvious one. And not well told, for the boy's five years are covered by a subtitle. Just another motion picture.



QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER—METRO



Here is the rural drama again, which, while it makes good picture entertainment, does not soar with the humanities that one expects after scanning the pages of the book. There was no real plot in the story other than the conflict centering around some jealous ruralites attempting to make things unpleasant for a confident youth from Boston who comes to the village to execute some legal matter. But the director has sharply emphasized the characters and plot for picture purposes. He had to, else we would have no picture. So we have a cider party, some country sparking, some villainy executed by the wily skinflint, a breath of appealing sentiment and romance, and a climax, picturesque and thrilling, tho it is tacked on to give the picture substance. The Bostonian rides to the rescue, the girl is being carried away on the raft which is at the mercy of the swift current—and, well, you do relax when he plunges into the river and saves her just in time from going over the falls. Lon Chaney is miscast as the village skinflint, and John Bowers is too awkward as Sawyer. The real honors belong to Blanche Sweet, who might have stepped out of an old miniature. Go see it.

Above, Blanche Sweet returns to the screen in "Quincy Adams Sawyer." At the left, Laurette Taylor brings "Peg O' My Heart" to the shadows. And below, Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan in "The Beautiful and Damned"



PEG O' MY HEART—METRO

We've waited a long while for



"Peg O' My Heart," and now that it is here, with Laurette Taylor in her original rôle of Peg, we can use our belated superlatives. This Metro opus, produced with rare discrimination by King Vidor, who in our opinion has created his best effort, is certain to live in the memory of every one who sees it as one of the neatest little studies in sentiment and caprice that the silversheet has ever offered. It is Miss Taylor who embellishes it thru her skilful pantomime. She has played Peg for so long that she has made it mellow. Every gesture is a study of art; every whim and impulse is achieved thru perfect naturalness. The interpretation is inspired and will leave an indelible memory. It is unquestionably the richest portrayal of the screen in the charm of its caprice and whimsicality. The play is faithfully followed, releasing color and atmosphere—with a background thoroly suggestive. You are sure to enjoy "Peg O' My Heart," but especially Laurette Taylor.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED
—WARNER BROS.



Presumably the censors had something to do in suggesting the soft pedal upon the psychology of plot and characterization of Scott Fitzgerald's original. He has his figures paying the piper to the bitter end. Here the jazzy couple quarrel and cut up capers (oh, a wild time is had by all on several occasions), but they remain true to their marriage vows and after they have realized their mistake—passage is booked for Europe. The picture is another sample of taking the sting out of a story which held the mirror up to life. It merely presents the hard-drinking boys and girls of our present generation—with considerable moralizing to teach us a lesson. There is some acceptable incident in the country house party. But we cannot put it down as other than just fair entertainment.

MINNIE—FIRST NATIONAL



Above, Leatrice Joy in the title rôle of "Minnie." At the left, Guy Bates Post as "Omar the Tentmaker." And below, Wallace Reid in "Thirty Days"

Marshall Neilan is always doing the unexpected. His pictures may bear a similarity to others which have been directed by his rivals, but he is such a revolutionist that he always gives his own efforts an individual touch—hence they seem different. "Minnie" is nothing but the ugly duckling story, but Neilan gets away from the obvious. He disobeys the conventions in his search for novelty. He will give an old plot a new flavor, and whether you agree or disagree with his ideas, you are forced to admit that he puts his pic-

tures over. There are a lot of new tricks employed here. "Minnie" will furnish you with an evening of real entertainment. Neilan's novelty and Leatrice Joy's expressive acting make it really worth while.

Omar the Tentmaker—First National

The title of this picture suggests a colorful spectacle which would dazzle the eye with its background and the opulence of its settings. One thinks in terms of "Kismet," and "One Arabian Night," two opuses which carried the true flavor of the East. "Omar the Tentmaker" is disappointing. It is as if the sponsors told James Young, the director, to be careful of his overhead, for there is nothing of the spectacle about it. In fact, it falls down not only in its visual appeal, but its story fails to reveal any genuine Oriental intrigue and is exceedingly slow in getting started.

You expect a few excerpts, at least, from Fitzgerald's celebrated poem and only one appears. It is a picture of interiors and the atmosphere is not very suggestive of the lure of the East. The day has gone when the painted backdrop is employed. Yet it is used in several scenes here. Toward the finish, the story offers some mystery and not a little dramatic suspense. Its strongest point is its characterization and the fact that it is well cast, tho Guy Bates Post is much more convincing when youth has passed him by than he is in the first flush of maturity. The picture is much too long, but its romantic quality will doubtless invite response among those who are not looking for a screen masterpiece.

Thirty Days—Paramount

We still remember "Clarence," which probably is the reason why this slice of comedy hokum will be easily forgotten. Wallace Reid can do the polite comedy very well, but he is not a burlesque comedian. And he usually takes his time—for such is the way with players who have poise. "Thirty Days" demands speed—and Wally takes his time. It's all about a man who is continually sought by a jealous Italian who finds his wife in the former's arms. So on to the chase until the rivals land in jail. Hence the title. The story is slight and it doesn't need five reels to tell it. How Mack Sennett would have burlesqued the idea! One of his comedians, Kalla Pasha, has an important part. Unimportant, but with a bright spot here and there.

(*Continued on page* 108)







Above, Betty Compson Bert Lytell in "Kick In." At the right, Herbert Rawlinson in "One Wonderful Night." And below, Colleen Moore and Ernest Torrence in "Broken Chains"

The Comely 'Teens



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser





Above is Miss Diane Namdreh, of Hollywood, California. Miss Namdreh, who is eighteen years old, finds her beauty in black hair and brown eyes, enhanced by a fair complexion

The American Beauty Contest has closed, and the colossal task of choosing the American Beauty has begun. Results will be announced as soon as possible

Above is Victoria Candida, of Brooklyn, New York. Miss Candida, who has seen eighteen summers, has an olive complexion with dark brown hair and eyes. At the left is sixteen-year-old Ruth Irving, of Sask, Canada. Miss Irving's beauty is comprised of a fair skin, dark hair, blue eyes and a lovely form

Photograph by
Gordon Marchbank Studios

Stills Between Shots

RUTH OVERTON TALKS WITH THE FOLK OF THE SCREEN

TWO thrills have come to me this month. I have been invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and I have seen "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood." I have never, nor I think has anyone else, seen such sumptuous sets, noble towering castles such as you dream about, and such as Edmond Du Lac pictures in his fairy tales, such magnificent feasts, such marvelous drapings as dignify this picture. There are shots in it that I would give my eye-teeth to know how to make. Photographic shots, of course. There is one in particular where Maid Marian (and what a heavenly Maid Marian Enid Bennett makes!) and Robin Hood meet in the garden of the nunnery that is like a vista of Paradise seen in a dream. And the final scene in the nuptial chamber is lovelier than any poem ever dared to be. The whole picture is a noble gesture toward that dark period of history, which has come down to us best in gest and romance.



Glenn Hunter is a haunting youngster. The dream look on his face, as he wanders thru the stark realities of his dream world, has seared me

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are the most stimulating people I have ever met. They are dynamic! Mary—and let me state here that, altho I have met them only recently, they must be to me, as they are to the rest of the world, Mary and Doug—looks at Doug with love shining in her eyes. Gorgeous, lucent eyes they are. No wonder Doug's religion embraces a love of beauty. Mary spells beauty. She has all the virtues, simplicity of manner, hospitality, a warm reality. Who would ever think that this little woman has had the homage of the world! I can think of no higher joy, if I have a chance at re-incarnation, than to be a child

(*Continued on page* 110)



Mary spells beauty. She has all the virtues: simplicity of manner, hospitality, a warm reality



There is none of the mischief that animates the Harold Lloyd who wears spectacles in the Harold Lloyd who does not



Letters to the Editor



Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

The following letter which resents the manufacture of stars echoes our February editorial:

DEAR EDITOR: After seeing a picture of Paramount's latest "made in France" importation, and reading that English hurt his throat, I decided that Charles De Roche has a somewhat grouchy profile, and will not take Valentino's place, to any great extent.

Famous Players' treatment of Rudy, before he left them, was awful enough, to say the least, but now, seemingly, to "get even" for their loss, they bring De Roche to our shores. The public, therefore, is ordered to forget Valentino and, with spontaneous admiration, welcome this would-be imitator. "The king is dead!—Long live the king!" This is the laughable issue that Paramount is attempting to force upon us. In this case, tho, the king happens not to be dead, but only temporarily dethroned, and this usurper seeks to rule his kingdom! Will we allow Rudy's place in films to be taken from him? Is it right that stars should be manufactured for our use? The whole thing is up to the Valentino fans. We have praised, criticised and flattered him, and now Rudy is in a hard fix, he is depending on us to stick by him! There are ways, of which every fans knows, to make or break an actor, and the vast army of Valentino admirers must prove to him that we will not let Charles De Roche or anyone else put Rudy off the screen!

This new actor may produce some very good characterizations, but do not let us forget the debonair, dashing Julio; the fearless, fiery Gallardo, and, most of all, the inimitable Valentino!

Very truly,
TRIX MACKENZIE,
Box 1688, Atlanta, Ga.



Will motion picture fans allow Rodolph Valentino's place in the films to be taken from him? Valentino's admirers will not let Charles De Roche or anyone else put Rudy off the screen! Is it even right that stars should be manufactured for our use?

Deserved praise for "To Have and To Hold."

DEAR EDITOR: After seeing the George Fitzmaurice production, "To Have and To Hold," from Mary Johnson's book, I think congratulations are due Mr. Fitzmaurice on having produced such an artistically interesting picture.

The characters are all well taken, but especially worthy of praise, I think, is the "Lord Carnal" of Theodore Kosloff. Mr. Kosloff obviously assumed the part with his usual zest and wholeheartedness, giving to the screen a bit of exquisite acting. He puts so much character, so much life into the portrayal of the cruel, wily, dashing "Lord Carnal" that I am sure everyone who saw the picture, and they are legion, felt just as I did, a little sorry at the tragic ending for the story's villain. Mr. Kosloff is a genius in two arts—dancing and acting. One of the few real artists of the screen, he should be given, I think, the opportunity to use his talents to a greater extent. Knowing him only thru the medium of the screen, he gives me, nevertheless, the impression of having done great things, and, if given the opportunity, will do still greater.

"To Have and To Hold" is interesting, both from the artistic and historical point of view. It is an example of the glorious heights to which motion picture photography can reach, and gives an ideal description of the dress and customs of the time of James the First.

Nearly everyone likes the costume play, because it takes them out of the "hum-drum every day," and any story woven about some historical incident always proves interesting as well as educational. May there be many more pictures such as, for example, "To Have and To Hold," "Orphans of the Storm," and the coming "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It is such pictures as these which raise the motion picture drama to the top-most rung.

I speak for everyone, I'm sure, when I say—Success and Long Life to the Fitzmaurice "To Have and To Hold."

Yours sincerely,
M. M. D.

Commercialism and motion pictures:

DEAR EDITOR: *A propos* the great amount of talk about "commercialism" in movies, I notice on the "That's Out" page of the November edition of your magazine the following: "It is claimed that as a box office attraction William de Mille is beginning to rival his brother Cecil." In the name of Art, isn't that a healthy sign! The movie public has indeed promoted itself from the primary grade if it has begun to favor the artistry of the one as much as it has favored the "hokum" of the other! For one is as thoroly and sincerely artistic as the other is commercial.

It was not so long ago that I saw Mr. William de Mille's "Miss Lulu Bett," a proven story, which he transferred to the screen faithfully and masterfully, and made real entertainment out of it. And, by way of contrast, I witnessed just a few days ago Cecil B.'s "Manslaughter."

The basic story of the latter was good and so was a lot of the picture, but what, save his commercial instinct to make it a "spectacle," possessed him to insert the Roman orgies? (The posters displaying these "orgies" did, it is true, make gorgeous advertise-

(*Continued on page* 94)

Mary's friends are trying to persuade her to put on a monster film version of "Romeo and Juliet." I think she would do it, if Douglas would play the part of Romeo; but that gentleman has a burning ambition to play the part of Mercutio. It is whispered around that John Barrymore will play Romeo if Mary puts the picture on.

Meanwhile, Douglas and Bull were having a wonderful time out in the studio. Douglas was showing the "bool" some stuff from the pirate picture he is going to make next. It is going to be a regular "knife-between-your-teeth" buccaneer, with the scenes laid in the Spanish Main.

"The only trouble is," said Douglas, "a lot of those scenes will have to be taken at sea; and I get so awfully seasick: Oh, boy! When I take a sea picture, the director always has to provide a clear lane between the camera and the rail for me; sudden emergencies develop."

In the circumstances, it would seem that Douglas would not look forward with a leaping heart to the projected around-the-world trip that has been spoken of.

Bull Montana is now working on a comedy to be called "Dancing."

Ora Carew, formerly a Mack Sennett bathing girl, has acquired a new husband and her own productions, husband being rich. For about a week, Ora had the town in a state of excitement almost eclipsing the Pola Negri, as to which of two rich young men she intended to marry. According to the relieved bridegroom's own story, he was accepted on a Friday; turned down again on Saturday and finally safely married on Sunday. He is the son of a manufacturer of salad dressing in Haverhill, Mass. Name: John Howard.

Erich von Stroheim is making a picture — his first under the new Goldwyn contract—from Frank Norris' "McTeague." If he sticks to the story, it will be a picture calculated to send thrills of horror down the human spine. It is the story of a San Francisco quack dentist, who becomes a horrible brute thru drink and discouragement. The end of the story is in Death Valley, where a dying police officer locks his wrist with handcuffs to the wrist of



The photograph at the right was taken just before Wally's breakdown. We hope its publication will find him recovered and in the midst of his family again—a healthier and wiser Wally

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.



Photograph by Abbé

We present, at the left, a future heart-breaker—Billy Windsor. We have no doubt he will follow in his mother's footsteps and seek a career on the screen



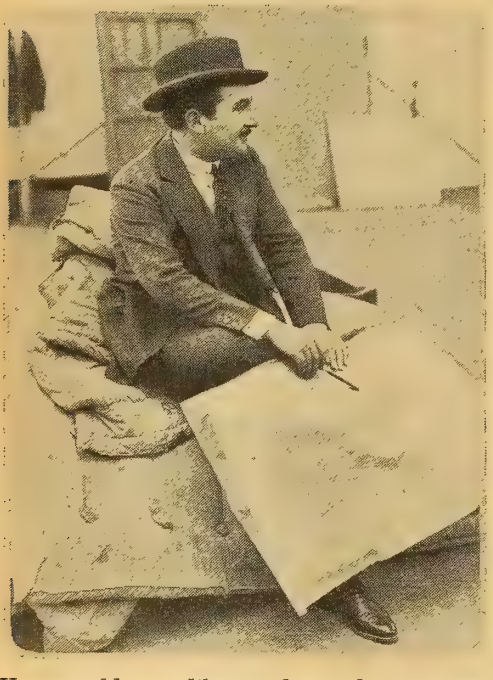
While some of us shiver in the February winds and snows, Dorothy Phillips goes on location and enjoys the refreshment of a plunge on a warm day



Hugo Ballin looks serious because he recently undertook to bring "Vanity Fair" to the shadow-drama. A colossal task, that!



The scene above is the honest-to-goodness wedding of Elliott Dexter. And reading from left to right you will see Cecil B. DeMille, Elliott Dexter, Rev. E. P. Ryland, Mrs. Elliott Dexter and her matron of honor, Mrs. Frances Freeman



How would you like to direct the temperamental Mme. Negri? That was the task which recently fell to the capable Fitzmaurice, pictured above. Besides being a splendid director, he speaks French. That was a help



Photograph by Brown



Lest you are deceived, the young person depicted above is the comely Billy Dove in a character from her new picture. At the left, Baby Peggy stops for repairs during the filming of her new Century Comedy. We love the absorbed look as Peggy considers the chessboard

McTeague, and leaves him hitched to a corpse out in the horrors of the desert heat. Von Stroheim is going into Death Valley itself to film these scenes. Anna Q. Nilsson is finding this a jinx year so far as mishaps are concerned. She narrowly escaped being burned to death in "Hearts Aflame." The other day, in a scene for Maurice Tourneur's "Isle of Lost Ships," she was attacked by a large monkey they were using in the picture. The beast leaped on her shoulders and nearly clawed the flesh off. One of these days a terrible disaster is going to occur in some picture in which these brutes are used. If you dont believe it, read Kipling's "Bimi." These great apes seem safe, but are more perilous than ten lions.

Rupert Hughes went out to the Palm Springs on the edge of the desert to make the opening scenes of the film version of his novel "Souls for Sale." It suddenly began to rain in the way rain comes down in the desert and the company was stuck there in idleness for a week. Claire Windsor, Richard Dix, Frank Mayo, Lew Cody and other well-known actors will be in the cast. It has always been supposed that Maj. Hughes drew the heroine of his story to a certain extent from Claire Windsor, altho, of course, with liberal modifications. It almost went without saying that she would have the part when the story was screened.

The name of Maj. Hughes' story, "The Bitterness of Sweets," has been changed to "Look Your Best." This was the picture in which Colleen Moore appeared as a dancer.

Will Hays has arrived and in his wake Mr. John C. Patton, who is to be out here as Mr. Hays' assistant in keeping things in line in Hollywood. He is going to assist Mr. Hays. Mr. Patton was formerly a member of Congress and the postmaster of New York.

(*Cont'd on page* 113)



As a protection against March winds the right cream is an absolute necessity

A cream that protects against wind and cold

Everyone knows the coarse, dry texture that is spoken of as "weather-beaten." That is the result of constant and continued exposure.

But even a single day's exposure can cause chapping that is actually painful. Wind whips the moisture out of an unprotected skin—cold roughens it. To prevent these dangers, a cream is needed that will shield the skin. The cream made by a special formula for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream.

Try a little of this particular cream side by side with any cold cream and see the marked difference. The cold cream is oily—the Pond's Vanishing Cream has not a drop of oil in it. Instead it is made from another ingredient famous for its softening and soothing qualities and which the skin can absorb instantly. This cream keeps the skin's natural moisture in, and so protects it from the drying effects of wind and cold. No matter how cold and windy it is, your skin will keep its natural transparency and softness if you always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out.

A very different cream for a thorough cleansing

No one cream can completely care for your skin. To give your skin the thorough cleansing that keeps it fresh and supple a cream made with oil is needed.

The cream with *just the right amount* of oil to reach deep into the pores and remove every trace of dirt and impurity without overloading the skin is Pond's *Cold* Cream. Smooth it into the skin of the face and neck every night before retiring.

Both these creams are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything to promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
156 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

The Juvenile Critic Considers Baby Peggy

By
DOROTHY WHITEHILL



All the little boys fell in love with Peggy as Carmen Jr. And I dont blame them, she looked so cute. But I do wish she would play a real little girl part sometime—or a fairy tale—or something

DEAREST PUNCH:

I have just had the most scrumptious time you ever heard of, only you wouldn't have liked it same as me because you wouldn't have liked the pictures. There! I told you before I meant to, but they were pictures and I can tell you all about them because I dont think you'd go to see them. Uncle Roddy like them tho and laughed a lot.

Do you remember, a long time ago that I wrote you about a picture that a little bit of a girl played in whose name was Baby Peggy? Well, these pictures were hers too and they were both perfectly cunning.

You know, Punch, I like it when you wont go to the pictures—I do, because then I can tell you all about them and I know Uncle Roddy wont say "Dont spoil the picture for Punch now Infant."

The first picture we saw was "Peg O' the Movies." Of course it was all just pretend and never could have happened in the world. At first I thought it was serious and it worried me an awful lot but then when I knew they were just having fun why I simply loved it.

Well, now I am going to tell you the story. Peg who is Baby Peggy you must remember and she is just four years old too, is traveling West to break into the movies. First you see some tramps who are stealing a ride and then you see Peg in a little hammock that is swung under the freight car and she is dressed just like Tom Mix and she looks littler than ever.

When she gets to the place where they make the movies the very first thing she does is to spoil a picture by running into the street and throwing a brick at the villain.

The man who is telling them what to do, the Director I guess you call him, is just perfectly furious and he chases her away but she doesn't go far. She climbs into the motor and rides to the studio and, oh dear, after that she gets into all kinds of trouble.

At last she does get in and she rides on a piece of scenery that two men are carrying right past the Director and smears his face all white with fresh paint.

When they are taking a very important part of the play where the villain opens the safe—what do you suppose they find inside? Peg! and, oh dear, the Director is mad, but the rest of the people say that she is just right for a part of a little child.

She is a real actress then and she does just everything wrong and finally she gets tired of playing children parts and she goes to the gate of the studio and lets in some little boys and they all dress up and Peg is a vamp and they take a most threilling picture just like some of the grown-up pictures and then the Director comes and spoils it all and I forgot what happens next but anyway in the end Peg dresses up like Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin and the last you see of her she is on a train and I guess she has had all the movies she wants.

The next picture I saw her in was called Carmen Jr. and she played the part of a little Spanish boy in the beginning and she made all the other little boys mad so she dressed up like a girl and they all fell in love with her and followed her just everywhere and I dont blame

(*Cont'd on page* 102)

Baby Peggy is perfectly cunning in "Peg of the Movies" after you know it's just pretend and dont take it seriously



Why he wanted to know her

THERE was no special reason for his coming to this dance, and then, in the brightly gleaming lights he saw her! Slender, dainty, radiant, she stood out from among all others like a softly flushing rose.

She was turned slightly from him when his eyes first found her, and he watched eagerly for a chance to see more clearly.

Suddenly, as if his gaze had drawn her, she raised her graceful head and looked at him. Was it possible that anything could be so sweet?

The faintly glowing color of her round cheek, melting into the cream of throat and shoulder. The pure whiteness of the low, broad brow, the coral of curving lips—she was like a delicate miniature on ivory.

For a breathless second he watched her, then hastened to his hostess. "Who is she?" he whispered, drawing his friend quickly toward her



She was like a delicate miniature on ivory

The delight of a lovely skin

However attractive you may be, it is possible to make yourself lovelier if you use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian Day Cream. This is a vanishing cream that, when worked well in, is a protection for the skin and a delicate foundation to which powder adheres evenly, and from which it will not easily rub off.

Then, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of a delightful perfume.

Now a bit of Pompeian Bloom.

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the Bloom. And instantly the face is radiant with added youth and beauty.

If you use these Pompeian preparations together for Instant Beauty, you will obtain the most natural effect. For great care has been taken that the colors blend naturally.

Pompeian Lip Stick is of a rose petal shade and adds yet another touch that will set off your beauty.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c *per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c *per jar*
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	25c *each*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

How Youth Can Spoil Youth

By MME. JEANNETTE

Today I sat opposite a young girl in the street car. She had charming, piquant features and a wealth of dark brown hair—but, oh, her complexion!

The skin about her neck and her temples was sallow and dark, while on her face she had powder and rouge of the shades that should be used only by the fairest blonde.

How I did long to sit beside her and say, "My dear, did you look in the mirror before you came out? Don't you know that it is really tragic to spoil your pretty face as you have done today?"

For that is just the point. The proper, the correct way to use rouge and powder is the studying of your own particular type, and the deft accentuating of the color nature gave you.

Just take this girl, for example. Her complexion, from what I could see, where she had neglected to powder, must have been naturally dark.

But a good vanishing cream, such as Pompeian Day Cream, carefully used over face and neck would have softened and prepared the skin for the powder and rouge to blend naturally. They would not have stopped abruptly in the irregular lines shown on this girl's face.

Then the powder. She should have had the rich, creamy Rachel Beauty Powder that Pompeian has prepared for this dark type. And for rouge, Pompeian Bloom, the dark shade made especially for brunettes.

Here was a girl whose features were really lovely and who could very easily have been called a beauty—if she had used a little thought. There is no great knowledge or skill needed to make the best of oneself. Practical common sense in choosing good, pure creams and powders that are the correct shades, and a little care in the way they are used is all that is required.

—:—

Pompeian Orange-Tinted Rouge is charming at all times, and you will find it particularly good for daylight use.

—:—

Lip stick, too, plays an important part in improving the appearance. If the shape of your mouth is good, follow its curves with the lip stick. If the lines are not good, draw the lip stick from the inner side of the lips to the outer edge, and blend with the finger tips. Pompeian Lip Stick is absolutely pure, prevents chapping, and its shade is delightfully natural.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND
For Mary Pickford Panel and four samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below.

THE STARS AND THEIR PLANETS



D. W. Griffith by Hoover Art Co., Betty Compson by Evans, L. A., and Charles Ray

TERRAIZE H. McDONNELL CONSIDERS THE PISCES PEOPLE



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER



LEO



VIRGO



LIBRA



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



CAPRICORNUS



AQUARIUS



PICES

PREFACE

Astrology has existed, almost unaltered, since a time far beyond any human reckoning, and we find a clear demonstration and knowledge of its practice among the very earliest testimonies of Ancient Egypt. From that age, now dim in antiquity, down to the present day, the verity of its truths has been investigated and believed by intelligent seekers.

Philostratus, the Greek writer, maintains that Astrology was mainly the faith of his country, nearly twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ. Diodorus Siculus, the universal historian of Greece, affirms that it was Heracles who introduced it to that nation. In the temple of Thebes, Egypt, there still remains a Zodiac, so primeval that it is impossible to define its origin, therefore it is amply established by evidence, that this science has lived for uncounted centuries.

Astrological investigation proves that each person is endowed with human qualities and failings, according to the Planet under which they are born and, to a great extent, their future is governed by their birth-date.

In following these articles, it will be interesting to note, among other things, the explanation of the law of attraction or why we are especially fascinated by certain film-favorites.

"Pisces." (The Fishes.) (February nineteenth to March twenty-first.) (Cusp, February nineteenth to February twenty-fifth.)

Jupiter and Neptune are the ruling Planets of this sign. The former bestows endurance, persistency and ambition to excel. The latter gives desire for inventive and literary attainments and adds activity and force to the Pisces mind.

MR. DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, born February twenty-second, is possibly considered the world's greatest motion-picture director. This man is idealistic as well as practical. He discerns the picturesque in everything and executes his dreams in a remarkably skilful manner.

As his birth-date occurs in the "Cusp," the influence of

(*Continued on page 92*)



A new use for Lux-dishwashing

The new way to wash dishes

Rids your hands of that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look
54 dishwashings in a single package

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

It isn't like experimenting with something new and untried. Of course Lux would be wonderful for dishwashing. You would know it—yet you feel as if you had made a delightful new discovery. Lux saves your hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap.

Your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day—sometimes even longer! That is why it is so important to use a soap for washing dishes that won't irritate your skin, that won't dry the indispensable natural oils..

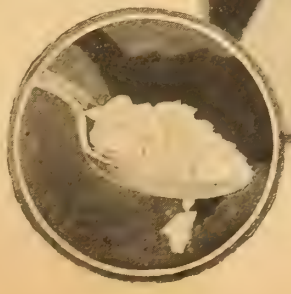
Just underneath the surface of the skin, Nature placed these oils—secreted them in millions of tiny sacs. They nourish the chiffon-thin outer skin, keep it soft, pliable and resistant.

But Nature didn't provide against the ravages of kitchen soaps. If your hands wash dishes in harsh, alkaline soap suds three times a day these abundant oil sacs are drained dry. Your fingertips, those sensitive organs of touch, grow rough and scratchy. Your hands show unmistakable signs of the dishpan.

With Lux in your dishpan your hands won't be robbed of their natural oils. Lux is so pure and gentle it can't dry your skin. These delicate flakes preserve the satiny softness of your hands; they won't redden or roughen the most sensitive skin.



As easy on your hands as fine toilet soap



One teaspoonful makes the water soapy all through

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

Flip one teaspoonful of Lux into your dishpan. Turn on the hot water. Now watch these fragile flakes break into instant suds.

Just one teaspoonful—it sounds incredible, but try it!

A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes, morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china you use on special occasions, but the regular everyday dishes as well.

Dishes so clean and lustrous!

No cloudy, dull surfaces left on your tumblers, no soapy streaks on silver and dishes.

Just a swish of your dishmop in the pure Lux suds—and out come your dishes—clean and sparkling.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Greenroom Jottings



Photograph by White Studio

Elsie Ferguson is spending the winter touring the United States in her stage-play, "The Wheel of Life." Motion pictures are temporarily forgotten. Above is a scene from the play

MAE MARSH has returned to the Griffith fold and, outside of the public, no one is gladder than **Mr. Griffith.** "I have," he says, "made many stars in my time, but I did not make Mae Marsh. She was born to be a star. I knew it from the time I saw her on the 'lot' where she had come with her sister. She had the most amazing play of expressions, and all who saw 'The Birth of a Nation,' the picture that made her famous, remember the little sister of the Cameron's." Miss Marsh is to be starred in **"The White Rose."**

Alfred Lunt is the latest stage luminary to twinkle on the screen. He is under the direction of Henry Hobart of Distinctive Pictures. The name of Mr. Lunt's vehicle is **"Backbone."** In one section Mr. Lunt gets all dressed up in grey tights and black and silver doublet and cape. He is a most handsome but unhappy prisoner. But he swears that he is much unhappier whenever he goes into the projection room and sees himself being run off. "I am terrible," he says, "simply terrible."

William Fox has just celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his association with the motion picture industry, first as exhibitor, then distributor and finally producer. Before he was connected with movies, his first job was a cloth-sponger, and after that he became a penny-arcade showman. Well, they used to have movies in the penny-arcades. Drop your penny in the slot and turn the crank.

Seena Owen was hurt in an airplane crash during the filming of **"The Go-Getter."** The fact that the airplane really didn't crash didn't make the injury any less painful, even if it wasn't quite so thrilling. This is how it happened. A Curtiss plane was being set up in the studio; one of the cables slipped and the wing swerved, striking Miss Owen a glancing blow, which stunned her. She was revived and rushed home. No ill effects resulted.

Marion Davies not only got a lot of publicity for herself while she was playing in **"When Knighthood Was in Flower,"** but she also forced the sales of Charles Major's book way up. Written twenty years ago and

Alice Brady played in "Anna Ascends" on the stage, both last season and the season before last. Because her friends liked her so well in the rôle of Anna, the immigrant girl, she persuaded the officials of Famous Players-Lasky to buy the motion picture rights. Below is a scene from the picture now being made in the Eastern studios



very popular at the time, it gradually, as is the case with most popular novels, reached the stage where the sales were nothing to write home about, but now in every town where the film is shown the booksellers and librarians have a hard time keeping up with the demands.

The first Arthur Maude production will be brought out sometime during February. It has been taken from an old English song called **"Sally in Our Alley,"** and so far has managed to retain its original title. This is to be a five-reel picture. Later Mr. Maude contemplates making twelve two-reel pictures from masterpieces of painting.

Lady Diana Manners will not come to America to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in **"Monsieur Beaucaire."** America calls, said Lady Diana, but Los Angeles is a long, long way from London.

Vincent Coleman has just done three exceedingly important things. He has taken a wife. He has bought a house and he has returned to the screen. His wife was formerly **Miss Marjory Grant,** late of Ed Wynn's "The Perfect Fool." The house is located on Long Island and his screen appearance will be a Dr. David Carson Goodrich production, "Something for Nothing." Mary Alden is being featured in this production. Mr. Coleman has been appearing opposite Doris Kenyon on the spoken stage in **"Up the Ladder."**



Ah! Spaghetti Italienne! "What could be finer?" asks Rodolph Valentino, serving a generous portion of his native dish

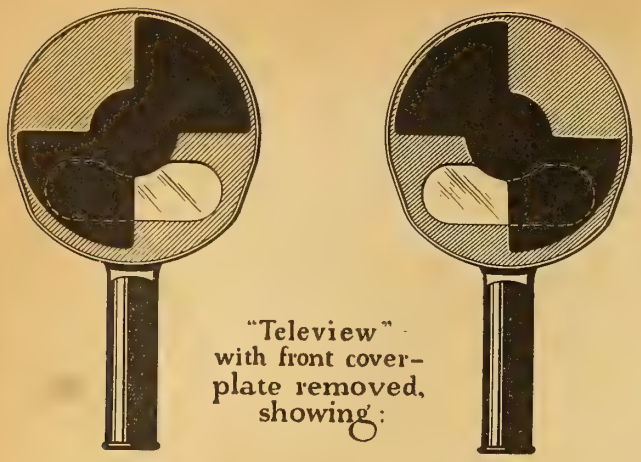
Lillian Gish recently sailed for Italy, where the exteriors of the Marie Corelli story, "The White Sister," are to be filmed. Dorothy Gish and Mary Pickford were at the steamer to cry *"Bon Voyage,"* and Mary directed some news photographs taken of the sisters on the promenade deck



"The Bohemian Girl," or rather the picturization of Balfe's famous opera, has a remarkable cast, headed by Gladys Cooper, *première* dramatic actress of London and noted for her beauty and it also includes Ivor Novello, who is now in this country under contract to D. W. Griffith. From all reports Mr. Novello is one of the handsomest young leading men now on the screen. Then there is Constance Collier, well known to Broadway; C. Aubrey Smith, who made his first appearance twenty years ago in New York with Lady Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliot, who played in Kipling's "Light That Failed." And making her screen début in this film is the world-famous Ellen Terry, who for years co-starred with Sir Henry Irving and whose family in the English theater is the same as the Barrymore one in the American theater.

"The Hunch Back of **Notre Dame,"** is being

(*Continued on page* 80)



"Teleview" with front cover-plate removed, showing:

Revolving shutter covering left eye uncovering right eye.

Revolving shutter covering right eye uncovering left eye.

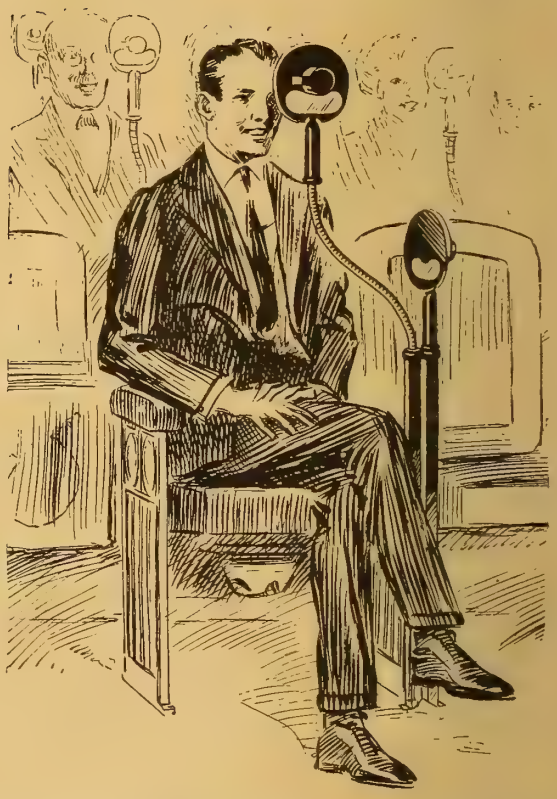
Still the motion picture advances! Laurens Hammond has invented a stereoscopic device called the Teleview. This invention, which is now interesting Broadway theater-goers, gives great depth to the picture, and the illusion becomes perfect. At the left may be seen the Teleview, which is placed at each chair in the theater



Photograph © by Bachrach

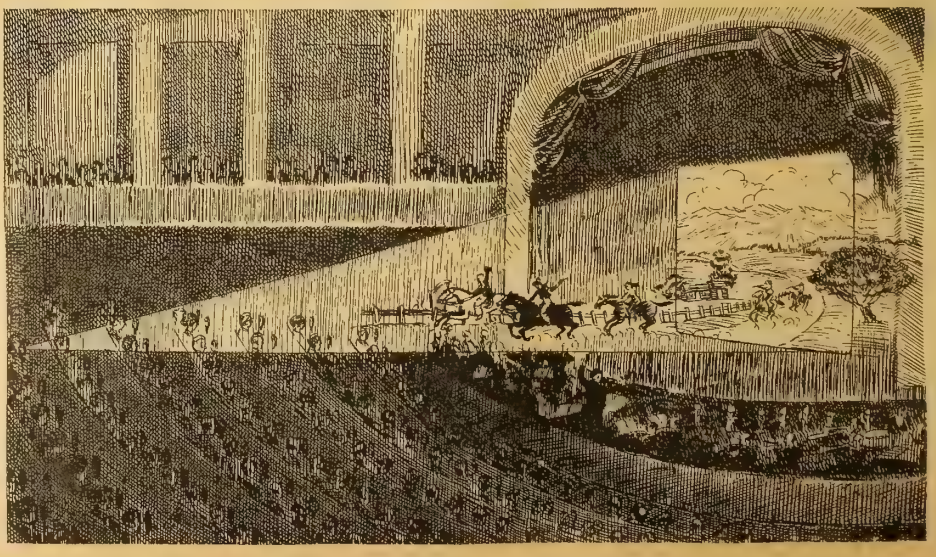
The Motion Picture Advances!

All Illustrations by Nina B. Price



The shutter of the Teleview covers first the right eye and then the left so rapidly that the spectator is unaware of the process. In the lower part of the instrument is a piece of plate glass thru which the spectator views the pictures

The process of the Teleview is quite the same as that of the stereoscopic pictures which used to entertain you at Grandmother's. Actually, two pictures are projected. And there are times when the spectator feels he could put out his hand and touch that of the actor



A DOLLAR will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heart aches and even bitterness, because it all seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true, but I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the *fashion* figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.

Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I'll send you this dress, postage prepaid, in your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C. O. D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

Take All Spring And Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Post Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrassment or red tape. I always allow a full half year to pay.

This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or a postcard is enough.

Here Are a Few Departments:

Aprons	Corsets	Millinery	Suits
Baby Needs	Dresses	Raincoats	Sweaters
Bathrobes	Furs	Petticoats	Underwear
Bloomers	Gloves	Shoes	Waists
Children's and Boys' Wear	Hair Goods	Skirts	
Wraps	Hosiery		
Coats	Kimonas		
	Lingerie		

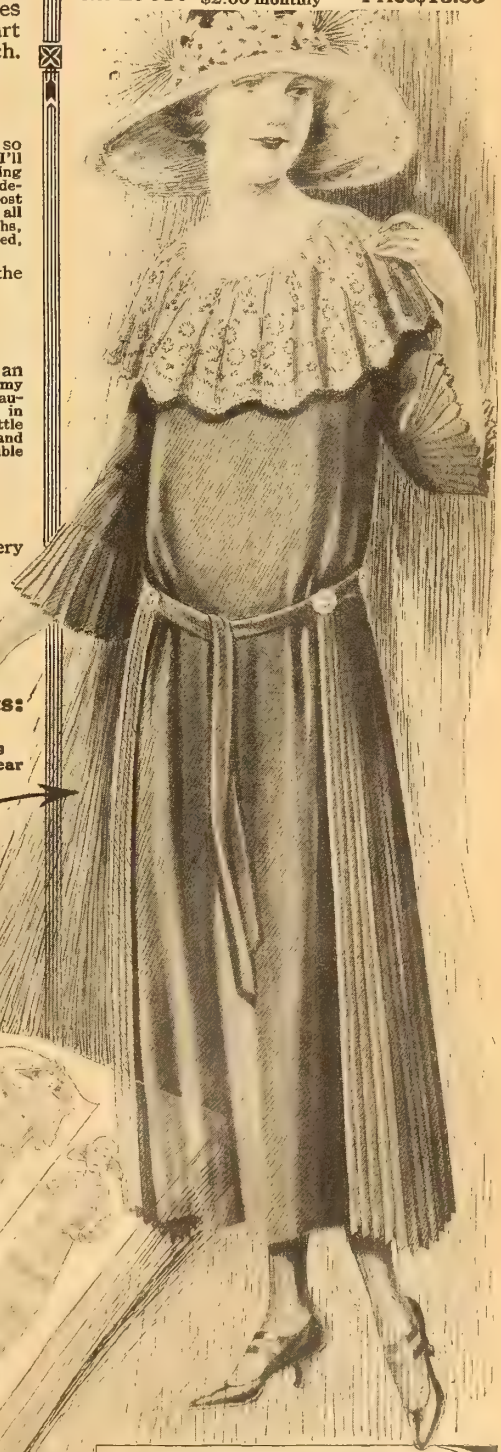


All Wool Poiret Twill Dress

I show directly below an exquisite little fashion that I'd like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fabric is guaranteed to be all wool Poiret Twill exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with an all around Bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow length bell sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self material belt, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut steel buttons. Side panels, pleated to match cuffs, drop loosely from the belt at sides to below the hem of skirt. Yoke underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closes at sides with snap fasteners.

Color: Navy blue only. Sizes: 34 to 44 bust measure.

No. E5C10 $1.00 with coupon $2.00 monthly **Price $13.85**



MARTHA LANE ADAMS CO.

3915 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Martha Lane Adams Co.
3915 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose $1. Send me on approval postage prepaid All Wool Poiret Twill Dress No. E5C10. Size.....
If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my $1 back. Otherwise I will pay easy terms, $2.00 monthly until total price, $13.85, is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Also Send Me Your Latest Free Style Book



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

The story of Margaret Leahy sounds like the story of Cinderella. A clerk in a London shop, she won the contest conducted abroad by Norma Talmadge, and she has come to this country to appear as Aggie Lynch in "Within the Law," which will star Norma

adapted for the screen by Perley Poore Sheehan. **Lon Chaney** will star in the production, playing the part of "Quasimede." Mr. Sheehan says that Lon Chaney is perfectly adapted to the part and that he intends to emphasize the Gothic quality of "Quasimede," so as well as being an individual he will also be symbolic of the cathedral. The idea sounds excellent, but thinking of Notre Dame rearing its huge bulk and Gothic arches on the *Ile,* we dont envy Mr. Chaney his symbolic rôle. Another thing that Mr. Sheehan is doing is supplying verses for the poet "Gringeire" —Victor Hugo evidently thinking he had done quite enough by putting a poet in his book, failed to supply the verses. Altho Sheehan hasn't written French since he was in college, he now sits down at his typewriter and dashes off a lot of French pentameters with no trouble at all. What, they are asking on the lot, has the spirit of Victor Hugo joined the staff, and if so, just what should a spirit's salary be? However, a ghost author must be a great deal more pleasant around the lot than a perfectly live one with a loud, raucous voice, who informs everyone that his story is being ruined.

A new producer has joined the ranks in New York, a woman at that. **Marguerite Gale** has announced the formation of the Marguerite Gale Productions. Her first picture will undoubtedly be **"The Turning Point."** It is a

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 77*)

Western story and the first of a series; **Lem Kennedy** will direct. Miss Gale is a well-known figure both in pictures and on the stage. She appeared with Constance Collier and Tyrone Power in the all-star cast of "Thais," and one of her first pictures was "How Molly Made Good," the cast including Leo Ditrichstein, Henrietta Crossman, Julian Eltinge and Julia Dean. So she has had plenty of experience to back her up.

Will Hays has stayed out of movie news long enough, or it seems that he hasn't been appearing on the front page as often as he used to. Perhaps he has made so many speeches and attended so many meetings that they are getting used to him, but he is an indefatigable worker and now, not satisfied with what he has done, he has written an article all about the dear film industry. It appeared in the January issue of *Review of Reviews.*

There is a story, in the January issue of *Hearst's International* by Somerset Maugham, called "Before the Party." It is illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda, the Polish artist and creator of the Benda Mask. The illustration that heads the story proves, beyond a doubt, that Mr. Benda is a movie fan; for the man looks so much like **Jack Holt** that even his director would admit it and the girl is surely none other than **Mabel Ballin.**

Betty Blythe has started her

(*Continued on page* 116)

The Baby Grands —Jane and Katherine Lee—have spent the last few years appearing in vaudeville, where they have pleased the countless friends they first made in their screen comedies

Photograph by Strauss Peyton

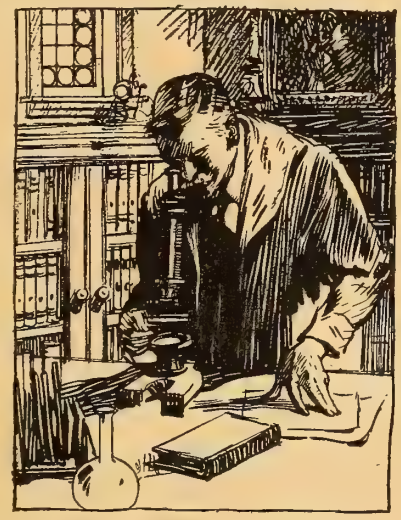


Man Finally Reproduces Nature's Natural Flush!

Old-Fashioned Rouge has had its Day and Women are Turning to this New Discovery

AT LAST a satisfactory, *scientific* way of imparting color to the cheeks! An Englishman discovered it. Women everywhere are welcome to the secret. This announcement—not designed to sell you anything—is truly important to every thoughtful woman who values her personal appearance.

A two-year search for a tint which would not clash with Nature has resulted in one so perfect that its use has spread faster than a large laboratory could supply the trade. Meantime, a limited quantity is being sent direct [without charge] to those anxious to try it. But first, read what English Tint is, and how it works.



He discovered a tint so perfect no woman can afford to ignore it, or ever look her best without it

Why the Tell-tale Shades of Rouge Were Wrong

Three hundred shades were tried before the English Tint known as Princess Pat was found. All the old rouge colors had the same great fault—every one of them added to the face a color that was not natural. Their purplish tinge could neither match nor blend with Nature. Then an extraordinary experiment was made. Uncompromising reds were abandoned, and the scientist tried—*orange!*

A rare shade of *orange* was applied to his assistant's cheeks—and Nature performed her miracle! Instantly, the orange hue turned the familiar, inimitable flesh tone. The woman's natural color and the added color became one! The effect is exactly as when the color of your cheeks is deepened by a flush. Brightest sunlight reveals no difference between the color of your skin and the English Tint used to enhance it.

No wonder this way of emphasizing one's own natural coloring is fast ending the use of things which cover it up. Princess Pat English Tint gives that desirable shell-like tone quite impossible to the most skillful user of the old-fashioned purplish rouge.

And your introduction to Princess Pat is secured without cost!

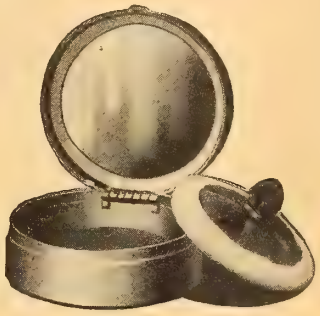
Amazing Features of Princess Pat English Tint

Here is a tint that takes its color from your own. So the one shade is correct for any type of complexion. (Old style rouges have failed because of the impossibility of "matching" an artificial color with yours.)

English Tint has this tremendous advantage: It retains the same, perfectly natural appearance *whatever quantity is applied.* Deepens to any desired warmth of color *without a trace of purple*; and the effect is the same by day or electric light.

Princess Pat is perspiration-proof and water-proof; English women have found it unaffected by surf-bathing. It *will not* run. Yet it vanishes instantly when you apply a bit of cream, or soap.

This scientific tint has already met with such enthusiasm that the women of two continents have all but pounced on fresh shipments to the shops and stores. Your druggist may have been supplied; see if he has any left. Or, you may take advantage of the present offer of a free trial of the tint. The special offer which follows means that any woman desirous of trying this new and better tint may do so. Until the distributers are able to supply all stores with Princess Pat English Tint, a request mailed direct to them will bring you a complimentary supply. It is sent without any charge whatever, to acquaint you with the unusual superiorities of this very unusual tint. Use the coupon printed below for your convenience; do so now.



FREE!

A Week's Supply of Princess Pat English Tint

Free of charge!

News of this new beauty aid that works hand-in-hand with Nature has caused an embarrassing shortage for the time. We can, however, let every woman who writes us have a week's supply—and this we are glad to do without cost to you.

If your dealer has English Tint you will want to have it and use it today. If not, request some of us and it will be forwarded by return mail. There is sufficient Princess Pat to supply everyone making prompt use of this coupon:

GORDON GORDON
2701 So. Park Ave., Dept. 23 Chicago

ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me postpaid a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat English Tint.

Name ----------

Street ----------

City ----------

GORDON GORDON, Chicago SOLE AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS

Princess Pat English Tint—Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfumes



Starring The Head Hunters of the South Seas

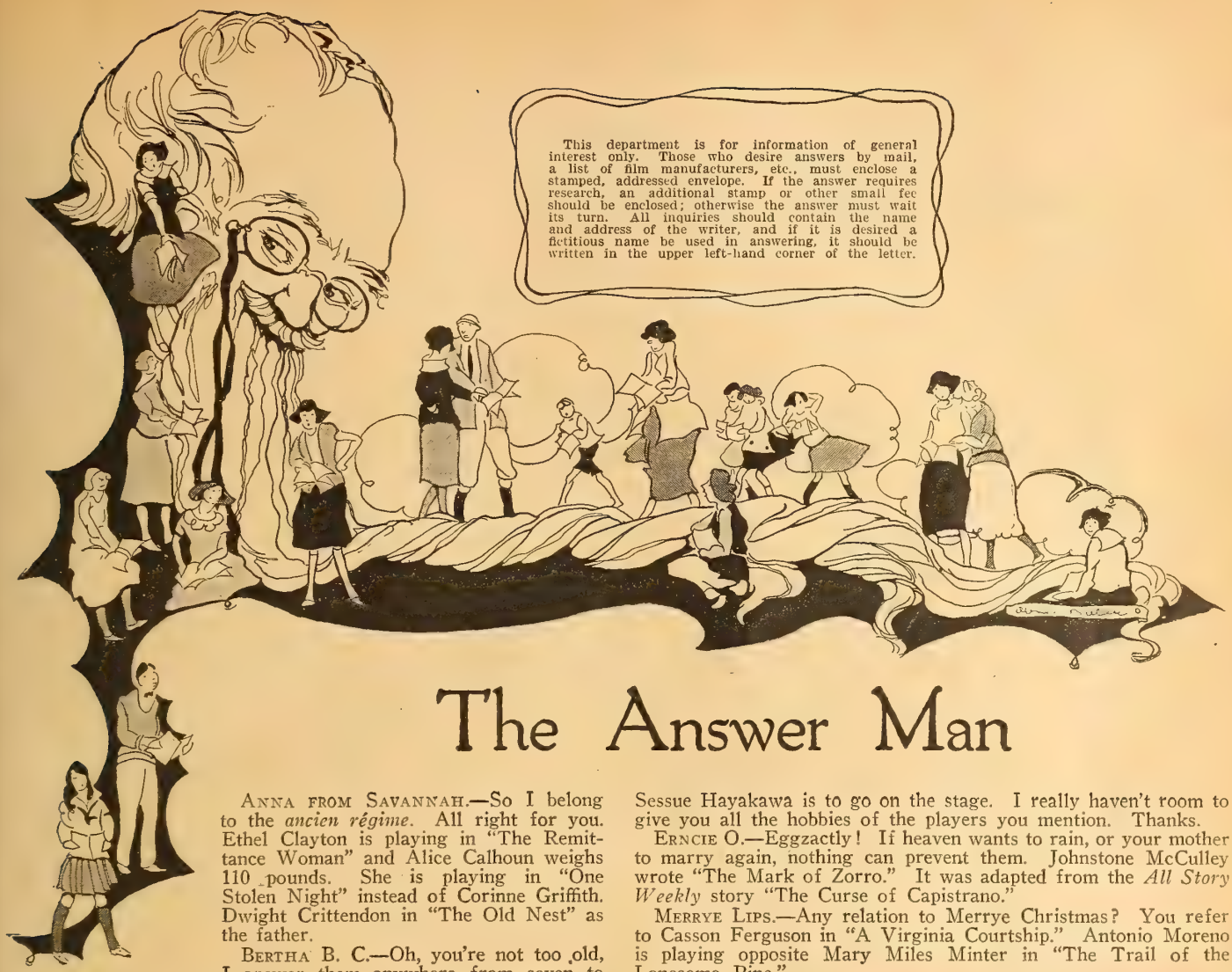
If you dont believe there are still uncivilized cannibalistic quarters of the globe, go to see the Martin Johnson production, "Head Hunters of the South Seas"! Martin Johnson filmed this production in the South Sea Islands of the New Hebrides group. During the early part of the filming he was taken captive and would have been killed but for the timely arrival of a British patrol boat



When the old head hunter, at the left, knew he was going to be photographed, he reached up and picking an orchid stuck it in his uncombed and unwashed hair! It must be pleasant living where orchids are to be had for the picking!







This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

ANNA FROM SAVANNAH.—So I belong to the *ancien régime*. All right for you. Ethel Clayton is playing in "The Remittance Woman" and Alice Calhoun weighs 110 pounds. She is playing in "One Stolen Night" instead of Corinne Griffith. Dwight Crittendon in "The Old Nest" as the father.

BERTHA B. C.—Oh, you're not too old, I answer them anywhere from seven to seventy-seven. The more the merrier. Yes, Theda Bara is playing in "The Easiest Way" for Selznick. Yes, Rodolph Valentino has played on the stage, in vaudeville and musical comedy. Write to me any time.

BABYE.—Glad you like my new picture up above. You should see me in the CLASSIC. Gladys Leslie is not playing now. Carlyle Blackwell is playing in the next J. Stuart Blackton production. You might just as well give your cow beer and expect her to give malted milk as to ask me which is the prettiest actress, and get an answer.

THELMA.—No, sorry.

JUST SEVENTEEN.—There is no Sixth Commandment in literature. One cannot write a sentence without stealing. Ideas are public property, but expressions are copyrights that never expire. Some writers neglect to use quotation marks because they are an admission that somebody else has been able to say the thing better. You refer to Edward Langford opposite Pauline Stark. No, I am not so old as I look, but you know I had another birthday last month.

REGINA T.—There is really nothing that I can suggest for you. Better luck next time.

MRS. H. S.—You have the right idea when you say a man's value is that which he sets upon himself. My valuation is $12 per week. *You see I was raised on the first.* Yes, it is true that J. Warren Kerrigan is coming back. He will play opposite Lois Wilson in "The Covered Wagon." Address the players you mention at Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal.

RUSTY.—But he who never changes his opinions will never enlarge his knowledge. Yes, I still have the same beard I had last year. What do you think, I dont get a new one every year. Harrison Ford was Hector and Kenneth Harlan was Donald in "The Primitive Lover."

THU JAYS.—Wahoo!! Your questions, to wit, are out of order: "Who was the first John Smith known to the world? The first John Doe and John Jones? When were these names considered quite the thing? A way to acquire unlimited wealth sans work? A recipe for happiness?" Wahoo some more.

RENE V.—You flatter me, but the conspicuous thing about common sense is that it isn't common. No record of that dancer. Sessue Hayakawa is to go on the stage. I really haven't room to give you all the hobbies of the players you mention. Thanks.

ERNCIE O.—Eggzactly! If heaven wants to rain, or your mother to marry again, nothing can prevent them. Johnstone McCulley wrote "The Mark of Zorro." It was adapted from the *All Story Weekly* story "The Curse of Capistrano."

MERRYE LIPS.—Any relation to Merrye Christmas? You refer to Casson Ferguson in "A Virginia Courtship." Antonio Moreno is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

T. M. FAN.—No, I didn't go to either. Yale College was founded in 1700, by ten principal Ministers in the colony. Each brought a number of books at their next meeting in 1701; and presented them to the Society and said, "I give these books for the founding of a College in the Colony." It was named from Elihu Yale, the most liberal donor. Betty Compson and Tom Moore had the leads in "Over the Border." Matt Moore is the eldest of the Moore boys. Thomas Meighan in "Back Home and Broke." You're very welcome, come again.

MARY ELLEN.—So you want to see Jack Warren Kerrigan being so attentive to his mother in pictures again. You will, be patient. No, Leo Delaney passed away some time ago. William Duncan is with Vitagraph in "Terrible Terry." I'm afraid your paper has those pictures a bit twisted. Write me again.

S. A. P.—Really! Well, the greatest good you can possibly do with a cent is to buy a postal card, and write to a friend. And you have read "Pickwick Papers" six times. Good for you. Pauline Garon just finished "Adam's Rib."

MARILLA K.—I should say I did like your purple ink. Pretty Spiffy! So you think I say some awfully sour things. I dont mean to. I'll sprinkle some powdered sugar on them. Enid Bennett opposite Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Yours was so very clever—do write again.

I. L. B.—Well, I can see that you sure are broadminded. I wish it could be so. Tom Mix is playing in "Hostage" now.

EVERYBODY'S PAL.—You must have asked the questions for the whole community. There were at least thirty questions. Well here goes—Bebe Daniels in "Glimpses of the Moon." Valentino is not playing in anything right now. Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughters." No, I have never seen Elliott Dexter. The balance in your next instalment.

ROSALIE R.—Thanks for sending me the pictures. It was kind of you to remember me. I also received the book. When you come to New York, look me up. Yes, travel tends to broaden one, but a padded coat will do it, too. Your move.

NUMBER 711.—There is only one thing worse than insomnia, and that is worrying over it. As to Theodore Kosloff, I have no record of his being married. You can reach him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal. I'm sorry I cannot tell you more about him. Write me again.

MARY ELLEN.—What, again, child? You suggest that I cut my beard in half and have a wig made. Not a bad suggestion. But I use my beard as a muffler these breezy days. So you dont like Olga 17, and you wont have her saying anything against your Dick Barthelmess. The battle's on.

ALMA J.—Of course you have been reading about Wallace Reid. It is indeed a sad case.

AUSSIE.—Glad to hear from you again. I do believe that Oxford College is the oldest in existence. You nearly got it that time. No, I really haven't the time to read all the books I would like to read. There isn't enough hours in the day. Yes, "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" is being done in pictures now.

MONCEN G.—You say you have just had an operation on your feet and you are not able to write. I see, I didn't know you wrote with your feet. Walter McGrail and Leah Baird in "All Mine." Elliott Dexter and Helen Jerome Eddy in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

CHERRY.—I am sure you dont know who I am, and cant find out. You see I am kinder ashamed of it, and they keep me in a cage where thieves cant break thru and steal. Yes, I thrive on buttermilk. We had an interview with Montagu Love in the September, 1920, issue of the CLASSIC. That was Wanda Hawley in "The Young Rajah."

LOVABLE M.—You certainly do know how to make me happy. The reason why lovers are easy in one another's company is because they never talk of anything but themselves. Viola Dana is playing in "Her Fatal Millions." Mae McAvoy is to play in "Grumpy."

R. V.—Just write to Rodolph Valentino at the Hotel Des Artistes, 1 West 67th St., New York City.

LOLA L.—Well, if you must know—Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt and notorious for her beauty and licentiousness. She captivated Julius Cæsar when about twenty, and bore him a son. After his death she persuaded Mark Antony to repudiate his wife, Octavia, and bore him several children. She put an end to her life by poison. Marguerite Clark is not playing now—she is in New Orleans with her husband.

MOTION PICTURE MARIE.—Well, you must remember that the eye is harder to please than the stomach. Address the players you mention at the Lasky studio. And you didn't care for the picture Valentino sent to you.

MARGARET T.—The quotation "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," is from Oliver Goldsmith's poem "The Hermit." Yes, Sessue Hayakawa attended the University of Chicago. Gladys Hulette was Esther in "Tol'able David." Tell your mother she doesn't know what she is missing. Dad is right.

GRACE H.—You're funny. You say, "Tall men are like high houses, generally ill-provided in the attic." You want to know more about Cullen Landis' baby. She isn't on my list. Sorry. Mae Murray—she is Mrs. Robert Leonard.

J. GORDON L.—Here is a list of the plays he has played in: "The Big Little Person," "Delicious Little Devil," "Society Sensation," "All Night," "The Rogue's Romance," "Out of Luck," "Eyes of Youth," "Ambition," "Passion's Playground," "Four Horsemen," "Unchartered Seas," "The Wonderful Chance," "Once to Every Woman," "The Sheik," "Blood and Sand," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Beyond the Rocks" and "The Young Rajah."

CONSTANCE.—The Tower of London covers a surface of twelve acres. The jewel house is a small building, where are kept the state jewels, the value of which is upwards of $3,000,000 sterling, the queen's crown alone being valued at $1,000,000. Of course, I have never seen them. I can see your favorites are Richard Barthelmess, Glenn Hunter and Pauline Garon.

NONSENSE.—Man says what he knows, woman what will please. Pearl White was the wife of Wallace McCutcheon once, but she isn't married now. You can get "Just Me" from Brentano's, 27th St. and 5th Ave., New York.

MRS. MARY D.—I am indeed sorry you misunderstood my remark about Valentino. I have the highest regard for him, and wish him all the success in the world. You say "you are jealous of his youth, his art, his good looks and his startling ability." No, indeed, nothing like that.

MARY JANE.—Richard Dix is playing in "Souls for Sale," with Claire Windsor, Lew Cody, Barbara LaMarr and Mae Busch. You say you want to see him on the cover. I'll do my best.

GREGG.—So you dont believe that I am over eighty years old. Well, I am. No, never been married. Never been asked. Dorothy Gish just finished "Fury" with Richard Barthelmess, and now they are making "The Bright Shawl."

DORIS ELAIN.—Well, a woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and if it isn't a man, it's the hired girl, or the cat. Just like them. Jack Perrin in "The Rogue of Paris." Myrtle Steadman in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," with Fred Niblo as the director. Cullen Landis, Ward Crane, Carmel Myers and Huntley Gordon are all in the cast.

CURIOSITY.—Ah, we must have you or I wouldn't have a position. Notice how I said it. Well I certainly dont mean to be sarcastic. Dont tell me you dont know about Oscar Wilde. You must look him up in the library. Why, Robert Warwick was playing with Grace George and Norman Trevor in "To Love," on the stage. Enjoyed yours very much.

R. V. FAN.—That's nothing, we have a cemetery here in Brooklyn, Greenwood Cemetery, that has two hundred acres. Norma Talmadge is going to do "Ashes of Desire," and Constance "Mme. Pompadour," which was produced on the stage in Europe.

HEINIE.—And you dont think I am handsome, but you do think Tamar Lane is. Them's my sentiments eggzactly. It's Greek to me, but, anyway, Æsop was a Greek writer of fables. He was said to have been a slave, but liberated by his master on account of his talents. Yet, there is so much obscurity and conflict concerning his life and writing, that many doubt that he ever existed. So figure it out for yourself.

MILDRED Q.—You refer to Will Rogers, Jr. in "The Vengeance Trail."

SMILES.—See above for the Valentino pictures. Yes, Marion Davies has finished "Adam and Eva." Virginia Faire, one of our contest girls, will play in "Stormswept." Ralph Graves is with Trixie Friganza in "Mind over Motor." Also with Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughters."

F. D. N.—No, I never said it, it was Disraeli who said "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret." Francillia Billington is taking care of the fireside for her husband, Lester Cuneo. Ella Hall for Emory Johnson. Marguerite Gibson and Patricia Palmer are not the same.

THE DOVE.—Oh, yes, it is an easy matter to make good films, but not so easy to sell them. Clara K. Young was born in Benton Harbor, Mich., in 1891. That is Mabel Normand's real name. Dorothy Dalton in "Dark Secrets." Write me any time.

M. M. M.—So you have been skating. Hurrah for you! Wish I could go with you some time. Yes, you can write to Leah Baird at Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal. She has brown hair and brown eyes.

DICK M. F.—Boy, Oh Boy! You say you have written a story entitled "Youth's Great Love" for the screen. A few of the main parts—"A boy and a girl fell in love at 16. Later he goes away and is gone for five years. He then meets her in a lighthouse. From then on romance and adventure." Well, Dick, it shows you are thinking, and I give you credit, but you will have to have something more unique.

RODY VALENTINO ADMIRER; DELMAS H; J. P. M; DORIS M; RICHARD BARTHELMESS FAN; AREV; DOROTHEA M; JINNY; AUDREY; GENE W.; SASS-BOX; PAUL; V. G. C.; ELIZABETH; B. B. B.; MARIE C; SNOOKUMS, JR.; A TEXAS BLUE BONNET; E. B. N.—Your questions have all been answered up above. Better luck next time.



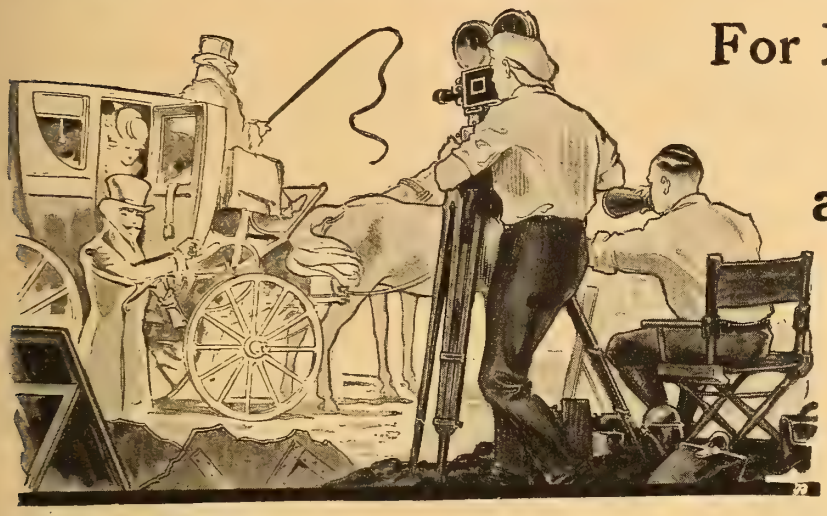
LUCRECIA.—Glad to see you again. No, I can see that you are not an idol worshipper. You like Cullen Landis, Wallace Reid, Tony Moreno and Richard Barthelmess as well as you do Valentino. Well, so you have met Kathlyn Williams, Elsie Ferguson and Marie Walcamp when they were in Hongkong. Very nice too. Cullen Landis is married to a non-professional. I believe you are joshing me. Your letter was a peach, and I hope you write often.

C U C U.—Your English was very good. You want to see more of Mary MacLaren in our publications. You say when you think of Lillian Gish, you think of white roses, she is so beautiful. You surely must look me up when you come to New York. My best to you.

RAY M.—Well, I sure was glad to know of the things that made your life happy, among them Leatrice Joy, Edith Roberts, George Jean Nathan, *Smart Set*, *Snappy Stories*, Greenwich Village, and you are only seventeen. Will someone page Booth Tarkington? Mighty clever letter, just the same. Leatrice Joy in "Java Head." Little Aubrey Berry of Vitagraph fame is playing in it, too.

(*Continued on page* 118)

A Nation-Wide Call



For New Ideas for the Screen—

and New Writers to Supply Them

Producers are Searching Everywhere for New and Original Stories for Their Productions

THE call is for *new writers* who can write *new stories* that these producers can use to meet the public demand for better stories.

And there is a *new opportunity* for those who have thought of writing for the screen—a wide open field for new talent yet undiscovered. This talent may be anywhere—in people who may least suspect that they possess it. Recently a California school teacher; a New York society woman; a Montana housewife; an underpaid office man in Utah; a Pennsylvania newspaperman and many others discovered by this corporation in ordinary walks of life, and *trained* by us, have sold their stories or become staff writers to prominent producers.

It is a fact, well known in the industry, that adapted books and short stories already written by the professional writers of today, are insufficient, and in most cases *unsuitable* for use; and scores of men high in authority in the studios are buying these published stories—written *to read*, not to screen—*because they cannot get enough suitable original material written directly for the screen.*

The producing companies in Los Angeles today can use scores of new stories immediately, and yet they cannot find them anywhere.

A great director recently paid $8,000 cash for merely *an idea* that one of his trained scenario writers could make into a photoplay.

It is *stories* that producers want, not well known *authors* with famous names—stories written by anyone so long as they are good ones and are written with *a knowledge of screen technique.*

Now most people know life for they live it. And most people also will find that they have good basic story ideas, if they only stop to think. Many, too, are naturally endowed with Creative Imagination, that most important of all qualifications for screen writing.

What most people *do not* know is what they really *do* know, and frequently never find out merely because they never try to do the things they might do quite successfully.

Is screen writing *your* ability—could you help supply producers with these wanted stories?

Have you that essential, natural endowment, *Creative Imagination?* Don't answer negatively, even to yourself, until you really know. There's a very simple, interesting and reliable way to find out all about yourself in this respect.

The way is through the famous Palmer Creative Test—the most successful method ever devised to sift out and clearly indicate a natural aptitude for a certain kind of work.

If you have thought that you could write better photoplays than many you have seen, or could change scenes here and there to make a picture better, send for this free test.

If you believe that you know life and have some ideas that could be adapted to the screen, send for this free test and learn the truth.

If you are conscious of an active *creative imagination,* send for this set of simple questions and see what score you make.

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Just Tony

(*Continued from page 29*)

stopped; turned and raised his hoof gravely to his master's outstretched hand for a shake.

"Seems to grasp instinctively what I want him to do," Mix explained when he had ridden him back to where I waited beside the camera. "You cant fool him, either. Wont let a soul direct him but me. He's temperamental as can be and sometimes walks out on the scene if we've forgotten his sugar-cubes."

"Tony," I began gravely—a safe distance away, for there was a mean look in his eyes—"this is your first interview. A momentous occasion. I want to know if you would advise ambitious young geldings to leave the old farm and seek fame on the screen."

He champed his bit, pawed the ground impatiently, inferring that he couldn't see any sense in interrupting a fellow's work that-a-way. Truly, an interview is enough to make a horse skittish when human beings often are rendered nervous when they feel one coming on; and Tony has no brass-band inclinations. But then he has no adoring Ma-mah to guide him, to manage his publicity. Only a big, broad-shouldered master with a Western dialect and a habit of saying "Ma'am" to inquisitive lady interviewers—which Tony palpably regards as wasted effort.

"He doesn't like it when folks stand around," Mix told me. "Likes action, that's Tony. Up till four o'clock in the afternoon—then he's thru. Has union hours. Wont budge a step after four. I never could figger it out, but there must be an English strain in him somewhere.

"Best pal I ever had," he continued with a grave smile. "We've shared bad times, Tony and I. Eight years ago things weren't like what they are now, you know. I'd talk it over with Tony and it seemed to me lots of times that he sort of understood. Cuckoo, maybe. But when a guy lives alone a lot, with just his horse, they get to be staunch pals. He may not be worth much as hosses are valued—mebbe about $150—but no amount of money could coax him from me. I've got fifty-five hosses, but cant none of 'em touch Tony. Does he know it? Say, he's boss of the ranch. Dont you ever think hosses haven't any sense!

"Why, only a short while back I bought some new fine-blooded animals. Tony knew they were different from the cow-ponies on the ranch and for a while there was no doin' anything with him. Just plain jealous. When he finally realized he was still Ace of the pack, he calmed down."

All of the stars receive adoring fan letters—but can you mention another whose statue stands in the nation's capital? Upon a corner in Washington his replica in bronze supports the conquering doughboy and many sculptors have modeled him, some by posing him in the flesh, others from photographs. He was also accorded the great honor of presentation before the New York Police Department as an example of the finest in horseflesh.

Being cursed with more ambition than common sense, I decided I wanted to ride him. But Tony was of another mind. Giving a Bolshevik neigh, his eyes like glowing embers, he danced right merrily for a few seconds—with the painful result that I am now eating my meals off the mantelpiece. He will allow no one to ride him but his master, tho he does permit Baby Victoria to be hoisted upon his back, He isn't very keen about the idea, but seems to divine that there is some connection between his master and this small piece of gurgling humanity and therefore tolerates her.

"It isn't every equine," neighed Tony with a triumphant shake of his thick mane, "who becomes a star in the movies and is supported by his master, a sort of well-known guy himself. Yes, *supported*. Kind of turning thing, upside-down, eh? But now that audiences are showing a little common sense and rooting for animals, it's quite likely that soon you'll see a picture in which all the actors are four-footed, with no pestiferous humans around to interfere with the exciting action. Shall I star in the all-animal picture? Well," he lowered his head in modesty that I swore was false, for there was an amused twinkle in his eye, "see my manager."

With which parting triumphant taunt he flung his tail in my face and stepped pertly off down the road.

The horse always has been close to the heart of man, his companion in deeds of valor, of bravery. The saying that a wife may be held "but little dearer than his horse" has its basis in the companionship of man and beast that is as old as history. Then, too, Tony's master understands him as do none others. Tom Mix was born on a ranch and rode a horse almost as soon as he could walk. During the Spanish-American War he served as scout on horseback; he rode with the U. S. during the Boxer uprising in China. He actually rode his way into pictures. So it is but natural that Tony should respond only to the one hand that has ministered to him thruout his eight years, to the hand that understands his kind so well.

And if you ever get the idea that he isn't as important as he thinks he is, just drop into Mixville Ranch most any time and see how he runs things. Tho to his master he's "Just Tony," to the rest of the ranch he's Ace of the string.



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Straight Talk

(*Continued from page* 53)

that government takes half of what he earns in taxes and forces him, if he would go on, to invest that half which should rightfully be his profit, it is too much.

Owner now of oil properties, real estate, both in New York and California, an actor of such standing that he has only to announce himself open to engagements to be swamped (but he never does announce it), he has come into a splendid fulfilment of his hopes and his work. Recently he has played in "Lorna Doone," a Maurice Tourneur production, and "Brothers of Hate" for Ince, principally because Thomas Ince is his friend. "Brothers of Hate," he believes, is a picture of great possibilities.

In the library of his beautiful home on Poinsettia Place in Hollywood we sat for an hour, two hours, over our cigars; no, let's give credit where it is due—*his* cigars.

Tall, erect, white hair combed precisely back, with a glow of apparent health that twisted me into a jealous attack of lumbago, he is obviously a personality. His blue-grey eyes are keen, his mouth incisive, his chin square. There is no question of dominance in the presence of Frank Keenan; only acceptance.

It is Frank Keenan's policy never to give a mechanical interview. He didn't.

At his library table, in his vest and house slippers, cigar gripped firmly between his teeth, he talked, hitting out squarely toward his objective.

"Motion pictures are not going to the dogs. The truth behind the present chaos has not been told. Picture people have been afraid to tell it. I'm not. The reason lies with the heads of the industry. They are welchers. They dont play the game. There's no love of fighting, of the game for the game's sake, in them. Facing losses, they repudiate their contracts, deny their obligations. They are not even good gamblers."

He spoke deliberately, drawing easily at his cigar, his eyes flitting thru the window of the garden outside. But each sentence had a shock behind it.

"These shrewd producers!" He smiled sardonically. "Have you stopped to consider what they are doing? They have been systematically destroying a capital so vast that Wall Street with its millions couldn't balance it—the intrinsic capital of illusion. They have no idea, these suppositiously shrewd producers, of the meaning of illusion. They have no idea of the power of illusion. They have no eyes to see that in illusion lies the very secret of this tide of gold which has swept into their coffers in such quantities as they had never dreamed of. They are deliberately stripping it away, with personal appearances of their stars, with public revels of their stars in the hotels and cafés, with printed exposés of their stars and of how each unique mechanical effect is done. The public has rubbed shoulders with the stars, and in the rubbing has removed the glamor.

"These shrewd producers lack utterly a comprehension of showmanship. Given my choice between the backing of one of these with all his millions and a real showman with only a shoestring, I'd choose the shoestring, because I know that, no matter how things went, in the end that showman would fight his way thru. The other fellow, smelling failure, would whimper and run."

He regarded his cigar a moment.

"But I'm an optimist," he resumed. "You've heard the excuse often enough—the motion picture is still in its infancy. That has become banal. But have you ever heard anyone say what the motion picture in its maturity will be? You haven't, because there is no way of telling exactly. But there is this much to stand: that infancy is, after all, only a promise of maturity. There is bound to be a development. I'll make you a prophecy."

He leaned toward me slightly.

"Within a period of time comparatively brief we shall be sitting in our own private houses with our own private picture screen, our projector, our phonograph and amplifier, and on our roof our own set of wireless aerials. Sitting there in our library chairs we shall be able to see and hear, without moving, every word or song or sound or scene or situation of a show that is being staged in actuality some hundreds of miles away, perhaps thousands of miles away. We were planning to do something of that with my son's show, "The Perfect Fool," playing in New York. Ed Wynn he is, a great boy, a showman. But the receiving station here was inadequate. They caught it in Alaska, tho, where they have a tremendous station.

"That is the future of the motion picture, part of it. I do not think it will wipe out the picture theater. I believe that a new angle in presentation will be developed there, as yet unthought of.

"There is this one fact that cant be got around. A pioneer, no matter if he be a pioneer in the realm of ideas or the realm of action, is going to sooner or later break thru all opposition. Corporations nor governments can hold him down. For a while he may be forced to sit back and watch mediocrity forge ahead. It is a test that we all meet in time. But if we have anything of genuine worth to give, if we are dominants, we will eventually dominate. Thus with pictures today. Producers have been playing a game which can never be beaten; with their sex pictures they have appealed deliberately to the erotic in people, to their baser sides. But it is a fact of eroticism that pursued to a certain degree it ceases to gratify and instead disgusts. That, in part, is the reason for the public's revolt against the motion picture. It has reached the point of satiety. But play the other game, of giving pleasure in a clean, decent way, and you can always beat it. Mind, I'm not demanding nor recommending Sunday School methods. I recognize the villain as a very necessary fixture. I recognize the great good in great truths outspoken. Our censorship has gone too far. But let us do the thing decently."



Someone to Think About

(*Continued from page 39*)

never know what you're going to do next, where you'll be or who you'll be working with.

"It's nice to be under contract, because you draw your salary regularly. But if you free-lance, you can choose the parts you wish to play and eliminate the others.

"If I had my way in the beginning, I would never have 'vamped.' It's thankless and tiresome."

In her private life Miss Taylor has none of the siren's aspects.

She reminds you of the girl you used to chum with when you went to college.

Nor is she Egyptian, nor French, nor Spanish.

She is purely American, even though she looks more like Carmencita than a maid of Manhattan.

It was after she completed "The Adventurer" that she signed her first contract with Fox, and was featured in "While New York Sleeps," "My Lady's Dress," "Passersby," "Footfalls," "Monte Cristo," "A Fool There Was" and "Across the Border."

On finishing the latter, there was a new contract offered her.

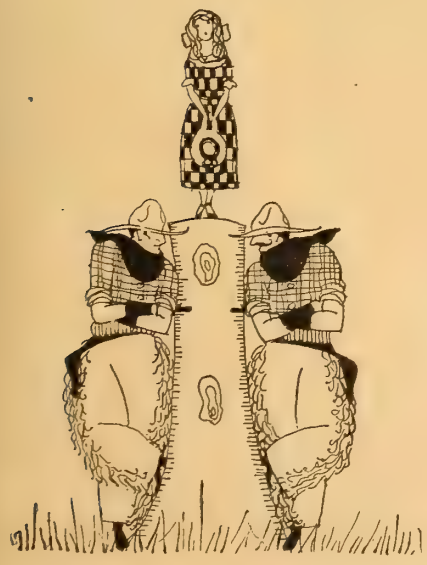
"I had decided, however," she declared frankly, "that I wasn't either going to 'vamp' or play female leads in Western pictures, because neither type appeals to me.

"It seems so futile to portray unreal emotions of unreal types when literature has so many marvelous works. And now I'm going to free-lance for a while."

Under this new régime of hers she has played a sympathetic heroine in Bertram Bracken's "Over Here." And . . .

There has for some time been a rumor rampant in Hollywood that Cecil B. DeMille has cast an anxious eye in her direction to have her for his new leading woman.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful!" she sighed, when I told her. "Because he can so easily make every one of his actresses someone to really think about."







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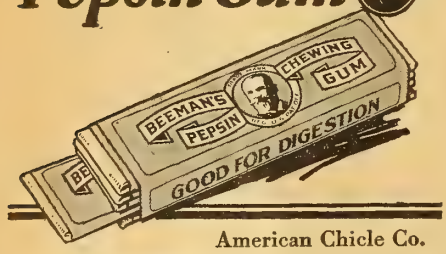
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Picked for Glory by the Talent

(*Continued from page* 22)

speaking, these are the girls who are striving for success as emotional actresses; girls like Madge Bellamy, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, Priscilla Dean.

Oddly enough, Mary Pickford is a private in the ranks of the Gish fans and Lillian is one of the incense burners before the shrine of Mary.

There is a difference between the two schools of adoration. Mary's fans will murder anyone who insinuates that Mary could do anything otherwise than perfect. If Mary started in killing every baby she met on the street, they would say that it was absolutely just all right—if Mary said so.

The adoration of the Gish young ladies is set to another tune. It is the keen, critical, analytical "noticing" admiration bestowed upon a master craftsman. There is nothing emotional in their vogue for Lillian. They look upon her as, I imagine, the inventors look upon Edison or Steinmetz.

When it comes to directors, there are also two schools of fandom.

Griffith is the directors' director among the men who have tackled big pictures. The two biggest boosters D. W. has in the world are Mack Sennett and Thomas H. Ince. Marshall Neilan is another director who raves about Griffith. Also Allen Holubar. Also Von Stroheim.

There is another school of younger directors who favor the literal realistic school, and who have other opinions. They think Griffith is too romantic in tone. I have never noticed that these insurgents have concentrated their gaze upon any other one director. To tell the truth, the directors who do not consent to yield the palm to Griffith usually bashfully yield it to themselves.

On Foreign Films

(*Continued from page* 54)

because they haven't had the opportunity thus far to prove that."

"Of course," said Mister Emerson, "they have some notable points. Their lighting is excellent. Their technique is often admirable. We have had one or two cases in point: 'Passion' was one of them. 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari' was another."

"That," said Miss Loos, "was a divine mistake."

"One of those things," said Mister Emerson, "that extraordinarily *happen.*"

"When," said small Miss Loos, "they do costume pictures, they are unexcelled. Or when they go in for historical drama. They have the authentic backgrounds and the authentic atmosphere. They have the 'feel' of the things. We cannot do old-world stories over here, and we shouldn't attempt to. We simply have not got the settings and we are not sufficiently imbued with the customs. In Paris they laughed at 'The Four Horsemen.' There were so many minor things—old-world pictures in new-world frames ring falsely.

"And, on the other hand, it is the same with them and worse when they attempt modern stories. Imagine them doing a 'western' drama in Paris! Hopeless. Especially are their modern stories hopeless over here. We do not get their story point of view. We do not care about nor understand their types. Particularly their men-types. They appear to us to be either brutal or slightly effeminate. We are too thoroly Americanized in our type-liking. Their stories——"

"Their stories," said John Emerson, "are astounding. In particular the German stories. I cannot describe to you some of the films they are making there. But for one significant instance, they are doing 'The Life of Oscar Wilde.' Their stories run altogether to morbidity, perversity and decadence. Their comedy sense is appalling. Poking monkeys with red-hot irons is one choice bit of humor we were fortunate enough to see. They are unhealthy and without appeal, certainly, to the Anglo-Saxon.

"In Vienna they are more delicate, more subtle, but still inclined to the decadent note. Of course there is no censorship, which should be greatly in their favor.

"Of Paris, as we have said, nothing should be said. They are too utterly poor to be able to demonstrate what they might do. We didn't see much of conditions in London, but things are very dull there. Famous Players are pulling up stakes.

"We hear that Italy is doing the best things, but we didn't get to Italy. Spain is very primitive, cinematically.

"Pola Negri is the only star they have developed, and Lubitch is the one big director. And it is significant that both Miss Negri and Mr. Lubitch have had to come to this country to make pictures. It is significant that they *let* them, had to let them go—their two best bets."

"Pearl White," Miss Loos observed, "is the most popular American star—especially in Paris. Next to her I should say that Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick are in favor."

"One or two men over there," said Mister Emerson, "are doing worth-while things. Americans, by the way. Al Kaufman is one of them. They are filming a story of the Inquisition, which bids fair to be excellent. They have a Spanish woman, a prima donna, whose name escapes me, taking the leading part, and she will, I predict, be a sensation."

"To sum up conditions in a phrase or two," said Miss Loos, "I should say that they are in the same cinematic state over there today as we were over here ten years ago."

"Exactly," agreed Mister Emerson, "now you have it."

"To cross the ocean and bridge the ten years," I said, "what have you to say about conditions over here, *now?*"

"I think they're improving right now after a slump," said Miss Loos. She laughed. "But ask Mister E.," she said.

"If censorship goes on," said Mister Emerson, "we shall have pictures that will appeal to morons and none others."

By way of plans, Mister Emerson and Miss Loos were working at the time on a new Constance Talmadge picture, in order to be ready to go to California with her when she shall return from abroad. It will be, they said, a shade more serious than straight comedy.

They are also working on a play for stage production.

Of Greater Worth

(*Continued from page 27*)

am sadder than that little girl could possibly have been.

"Since then I've worked very hard. When I'm on a picture, I come home from the studios, and immediately after dinner I go to bed. There are times when I'm too tired even for dinner. Between pictures I'm studying under a man whom I respect enormously. And he has helped me.

"For months I have been conscious of a lack in my work. I've stayed awake nights trying to locate it, but it has been no use. The other day my teacher put his finger on it. I'm not impulsive enough. Too demure, so he said. He found my lack for me. I must remedy it.

"Unless you are a genius," smiled Lila Lee sagely, "and few enough of us are, it means study all the time if you are to do good things. And the hardest part of it all is the maintenance of anything you may have achieved. That's infinitely more difficult than the achievement itself.

"To lose whatever standing I have today would be a loss greater than the loss of my stardom. I've built my career thru constant study and some sacrifice. It is me and I am it, do you see?"

We saw. But more than that we saw that Lila Lee sitting opposite to us, dark hair curtaining a pale brow and dark eyes lighting a placid face, had understanding and intelligence. She knew that stardom had never really belonged to her—that stardom can never really belong to anyone who has not earned it.

The longer we live the more convinced we become that achievements are always comprised of substantial contributing causes. The exceptions are the rare genii who are born ready for the lofty mountaintops. And those enjoying stardom have built their success as definitely as any man of commerce builds his.

To the outsider the existence of motion picture people seems a gift of the Magi—the kingdom of a faery wand—the fulfilment of a rubbed Aladdin's lamp. It seems Utopia—glittering, enviable, comprised entirely of fame and its adulation; wealth and its luxuries; and beauty and its æsthetic satisfaction.

But the more players we interview and the more intimately we come to know them as people, the more we are convinced that their lives are comprised of far different things—constant application for the greater thing and study and sacrifice.

And this brings us back to Lila Lee. Like the builders in old countries, she may venture to crown the peak of her achievement with the laurel wreath. She will not fail. She knows it well, brick by brick. Sincerity, determination, study and sacrifice. These are the things with which she has builded. She has done well!



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If your spine measured what it should normally, you would feel like another person! Younger by years in all your powers. More vital, vigorous energetic. Scorning pills and potions. Laughing at sickness. Living life for all it's worth—a human being *fully* alive!

But your spine isn't of the length it *naturally* should be—unless you are one person in a million—and because it isn't, you are not the man or woman you were meant to be. A strong statement? Maybe you think so, but let me explain.

The spine, the foundation of the body, is a series of small bones placed one above the other. Between each pair of bones (vertebrae), is a pad of cartilage which acts as a cushion or shock-absorber, taking up the weight and shocks thrown on the spinal column as we stand or walk. Since nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine, these once soft and resilient pads are flattened down, become thin and hard as the felt pads under the piano keys do. One's spine then does not absorb the shocks sustained, *but transmits them straight to the base of the brain.*

Then, eventually, headaches. Backaches. "Nerves." Insomnia. Habitual fatigue. Dullness. Depression.

When the cartilage is worn down to a certain point, nerve impingement may result. That is, two of the vertebrae may curve so close together as to "pinch" or press upon a nerve leading from the spinal to an organ which the nerve controls. Then there *is* trouble! If the impinged nerve has to do with the liver, then liver trouble. If with the stomach, stomach trouble. And so on.

I say a person with a full-length spine is rarely sick because a spine of full normal length indicates cartilage of full thickness, and that being the case, the shocks are properly absorbed and the nerves, upon whose integrity all health depends, are free to perform their normal functions.

SPINE-MOTION for Old and Young

Living more or less unnaturally as we do in our civilization, our spine needs special attention. It needs the peculiar motion, the flexing, the laxation it would get if we lived as man primeval did. Thus, in order to loosen up the spine—to "elongate" it—to take the burden off the cartilage and the pressure off the nerves. No amount of violent exercise will do the trick, and as for walking or golfing, the spine only settles down a bit firmer with each step. Judging from the results obtained in thousands of cases, my method of "laxating" the spine seems to be the answer to the problem. My SPINE-MOTION is a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so the whole process means but five minutes a day. But those movements, simple as they are, bring a wonderful change—*almost instantly!*

I have seen my spinal motion put sick people on their feet in a few days. I have seen many a chronic case of headache, nervousness, stomach trouble and constipation completely relieved in a matter of weeks. Speaking of constipation, I have one motion — a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement — that will, in fifteen minutes, in nine cases out of ten, bring a complete evacuation.



Be Fully Alive!

I know that there is something in my method for everyone, and I invite everyone to try it. I invite the young and the apparently "vigorous" to see what difference spine-motion will make in their energies and capacities. I invite the ailing to see the direct relation between spinal mechanics and health. I invite men who are ageing prematurely to put to test my statement that a man's powers (in every sense), by nature, should continue full flush up to the age of 60, being only a matter of a sound nerve-mechanism.

No "apparatus" is required with my SPINE-MOTION. Just my few simple instructions made doubly clear by my photographic poses of the five positions.

I Promise You Startling Results

I promise you who will try my series of five movements some startling results in a few days. In less than a week you'll have something to marvel at in the way of new health, new appetite, new desire and new capacities. If you are not the astonished person I promise, you will be nothing out of pocket—for I return to you, in full, the $3.00 fee which is all I ask for my system. The $3.00 fee is but a mere fraction of what I have been accustomed to receiving in my private practice.

The $3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance unless you prefer. Just pay the postman who brings the package. Requests will be filled in turn. Try "elongating" your spine and see how differently you'll feel in a few days.

HOBART BRADSTREET, Suite 437
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois

I will try your *Spine-Motion* without risk if you will provide necessary instruction. I will pay postman just $3.00 for everything, on arrival. This deposit to be returned in full if I send back the material in 5 days.

Name.....

Address.....



A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

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Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

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Room 403, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."

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Address .....
City ..... State .....

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AMERICAN LABORATORIES FOR SCIENTIFIC HAIR CULTURE
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Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin

In fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**
Famous Medicated Reducing
RUBBER GARMENTS
For Men and Women



Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 per pair. Extra high, $9.00.
Send ankle measurement when ordering.
Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50
Send for Illustrated Booklet



Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York

The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page 74*)

Aquarius gifts him with an inventive mind and unusual memory for detail, while his own sign bestows a love for the beautiful and an excellent perception of color.

Despite his not being a particularly good judge of character, he is very decided in his likes and dislikes and frequently careless in concealing his estimation of those with whom he comes in touch.

His natural dignity of manner is sometimes mistaken for extreme sternness, as he conserves conversation in his contact with strangers and can often convey ideas without the exchange of a single word.

Talent, originality and great executive power are his to the full, but, while punctual in business obligations, he would not consider social dates so important as to be held inviolate.

He is careful in expressing his views, rarely changes a statement once made and will adhere to any idea or principle, even if it entails sacrifice upon his part.

Mr. James Kirkwood was also born February twenty-second and would, to a great extent, share the same Planetary influence as Mr. Griffith.

Mr. Charles Ray, whose birthday occurs March fifteenth, is a true son of Pisces. He is gentle and kind, altho his innate reserve and fear of criticism is frequently misunderstood and wrongly judged as snobbishness.

His observing, logical mind exacts a reason for every deed, but it is difficult for one to be certain that they have convinced him in an argument as he would act submissively and apparently yield, yet quietly continue to complete or accomplish his original plan.

Tho proficient in many things, he is never boastful and would hesitate before displaying his knowledge, for his mental attitude is one of self-depreciation.

Mr. Conrad Nagel, born March sixteenth, while not aggressive, possesses an inherently genial nature. His unboundless generosity and unselfishness are sincere and he would rather entertain his friends than be entertained by them, being sensitive in regard to placing himself under obligation.

Altho lacking in intuition, he naturally trusts acquaintances, and, should he fall a victim to schemers, his disillusionment would be hard to bear.

All of these men are peaceable, but, with cause, they can become exceedingly furious. Their anger is indicated by a thrusting out of the lower jaw, coupled with a look of grim determination.

One of Pisces' fair daughters, is Miss Betty Compson, whose birth-date is March eighteenth. Women born directly in the Planet, are the kindest in the world, and Miss Compson is no exception.

Her chief traits are generosity and fondness for helping others. She is retiring and practical and, altho she does not intrude her views, they are worthy of attention.

She would find more happiness in traveling than in the home and her best women friends should be those under Aquarius.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, born February twenty-eighth, is extremely fond of amusement and of being surrounded by company. Very democratic, she is a capital entertainer and hostess, but lack of luxury would cause her much unhappiness, and the innate pity that she possesses for poverty of others, is to be commended.

Unfortunately, unlike the men, women of this "Cusp" do not possess the good qualities of either Planet. They prevaricate, are curious and egotistical, also exact a great deal from those around them. They delight in hurting the feelings of others, yet wonder why they are eventually abandoned by their friends. The end of their lives is invariably unfortunate.

In writing "fan-letters" to Pisces people, I would advise truthful praise, as they are inclined to think themselves unappreciated.

Their love-nature is deep and sincere and they attract and are attracted by October, January, May, September, July and November, in order named.

Their faults are stubbornness, fretfulness, impatience and over-anxiety.

Others born under this Planet, besides those whom I have especially mentioned, are Pearl White, born March fourth, Henry B. Walthall, born March sixteenth, Mildred Davis, born February twenty-second, Harrison Ford, born March sixteenth, Earle Williams, born February twenty-eight, Channing Pollock (writer), born March fourth, Eddie Foy, born March ninth, Elsie Janis, born March eighteenth, Mary Wynn, born March thirteenth, Rose Coughlan, born March eighteenth and the famous Ellen Terry, born February twenty-seventh.

GRANNY AT THE PICTURES

By ELIZABETH HAMPTON RHETT

Old Granny Jones had lived in town
  Full thirty years, I know,
Yet never once in all those years
  Had seen a picture show.
At last one day her neighbor said:
  "Now, Granny, this fine day
You come with me, we'll go to town,
  And see a picture play."

"I dont care if I do, my child,"
  Said Granny, full of glee.
She tied her bonnet 'neath her chin
  And set out joyfully.
The picture was the average sort;
  The maiden sweet and shy
Was courted by the hero bold
  And by a villain sly.

Dear Granny clasped her wrinkled hands
  And sighed in agony
The while the villain base and bad
  Did ply his villainy.
But when the hero brave and bold
  Did save the maiden true
Dear Gran relaxed with peaceful smile
  And many an "Ah!" and "Ooh!"

The villain slunk out in the night;
  The rain began to fall
Just like it does in picture shows.
  Dear Granny grabbed her shawl
And rose to go with trembling haste;
  "Oh, wait," cried out her friend,
"Please dont go yet, dear Mrs. Jones.
  Let's stay and see the end."

But Granny was determined quite,
  And, in her gentle way,
Declared that she must go, in spite
  Of all her friend could say.
"But, Gran, why must you go?" she cried,
  Since argument was in vain.
"I've fifty little chicks," said Gran,
  "A-drownding in this rain."

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

New York

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 B'way.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)

Ballin, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Ave.
Biograph Studio, 807 E. 175th St.

Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 W. 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmopolitan Productions, 2478 Second Ave.

Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave. (Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.)
Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave.
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th St.
Film Market, Inc., 1482 Broadway.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 W. 48th St.
Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St.

Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1540 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway. (Studio, Oriental Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.)

Hampton, Hope, Productions, 1452 B'way.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.

Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2478 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 W. 46th St.

Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd St.

Kane, Arthur S., Prod., 25 W. 43rd St.

Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., 1540 Broadway.
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway.

Outing Chester Pictures, 220 W. 42nd St.

Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway.
Prizma, Inc., 110 W. 40th St.
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th St.

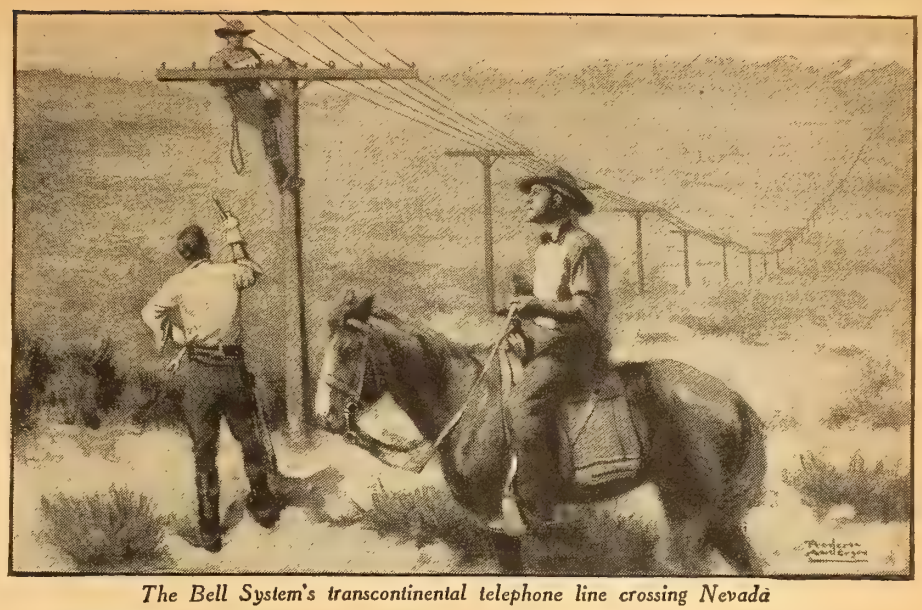
S. L. Pictures, 1540 Broadway.
Seitz, George B., 1990 Park Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave. (Studio, W. Fort Lee, N. J.)
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 W. 48th St.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 W. 44th St.

Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 B'way.
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 B'way.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Films, E. 16th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn.

Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway.
West, Roland, Prod. Co., 236 W. 55th St.
Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 537 Riverdale Ave.



The Bell System's transcontinental telephone line crossing Nevada

Highways of Speech

Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and industry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

The only telephone service which can fully serve the needs of the nation is one which brings all of the people within sound of one another's voices.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

We Are Looking For a Certain Young Woman

She may be a High or Grammar School girl—a Stenographer or Clerk—an Actress not permanently engaged—a young lady with an occupation not to her liking—a young married woman with insufficient funds to purchase the extra nice things for her home—or she may belong to that great big class of young women, whose wants are continually exceeding their means.

Her station in life will interest us only in so far as it gives her poise. Her education will prove an asset in giving her confidence. Her vocation will influence her chances for the outlook on life which it has given her. But the most important factor of all will be her desire for more money.

Perhaps YOU are the young lady we are looking for. If you are interested in having more money, we'll tell you how to get it. Through our plan, hundreds are earning the money they want, and the same opportunity we offer to you.

Representatives are wanted at once to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for the *Motion Picture, Classic, Shadowland* and *Beauty* magazines. A liberal proposition will be given, and you may work either on a full-time or spare-time basis. A letter, a postal, or the coupon opposite, will bring you full particulars.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe I am the young woman you are looking for. Please send me full particulars of your plan.

Name.....

St. & No.....

City.....



All Foods There

In a night dish children love

Think what children get in a night dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. Wheat supplies 16 needed elements. All the body minerals are in it.

In puffing, every food cell is exploded. Every granule is made available as food.

Puffed Wheat in milk combines two practically complete foods in their ideal form.

Flimsy, flavory tidbits

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts.

Children revel in it. Few ever get enough.

So with Puffed Rice. Both Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's great process.

Both are fascinating dainties. Both make whole grains tempting. Both are fitted for easy and complete digestion.

These are no mere breakfast dainties. They are all-day foods in millions of homes where mothers know whole-grain needs.

Serve them in plenty, morning, noon and night, for the children's delight and good.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

The Quaker Oats Company *Sole Makers*

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 62*)

ments, but incidentally fooled the poor public to death in regard to the story.) And why, but to give it the "spectacular" length of ten reels, did he drag out the story so interminably? It should have ended when Lydia Thorne awakened from her delirious nightmare of hate and cried, "If only I could begin all over again," but instead went on and on, made the hitherto indomitable attorney go the whole length of the down grade to hell, stage a "come-back," win a fight for the governorship and then give it up because his wife was an ex-convict!

Poof! for Mr. Cecil, I had rather see one of William's honest-to-goodness stories than a half-dozen of his brother's "spectacles."

This is the first communication that I have ever addressed to you and since I have done nothing but wax sarcastic (mostly for my own benefit, I realize) I will be brief.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. W. D., North Carolina.

A hurrah for the much criticised Cecil B. de Mille.

DEAR EDITOR: For a long time I have been a reader of your publications, especially your CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. And also I am an "absorbed-to-it" reader of your "Letters to the Editor" column in both papers, and I am proud to say, "with malice toward none," that your papers and those columns are the best in America.

The "Letters to the Editor" page is really wonderful, for it tells the different opinions of movie fans regarding flaws in films, mistakes of directors and non-worthy actors or stars, coveting the honor of stardom. But there are times when I do not consider their pasted statements to be true—for they are full of exaggerations.

In Mr. de Mille, I do not find him to be getting worse every time, but instead to be ranked with the best directors of the day, like D. W. Griffith, Rex Ingram and Ernest Lubitsch.

Mr. de Mille is the true type of man. In him there is a soul so unquenchable, so dedicated in the revelation of nowadays home fad—"divorce." Its causes are so portrayed in his pictures with skill and days of careful study. He is an up-to-date director, for all his pictures I have seen are not of those wigs and Louis XV cavalier clothes. And he is a man of facts because he does not direct pictures of old, scenes which we have not seen nor yet his grandfather, but instead he directed and made pictures of present life.

Are we interested in the past? I think we ought not take great interest in it, but instead we ought to remodel ourselves at present, for future and not for the past.

Long live Mr. de Mille, for he gives us life, impetus for self-reconstruction and home preservation.

Long live Mr. de Mille, for we need thousands of him to fill the hearts of man and woman who do feel going to courts for divorce.

I am for Mr. de Mille. Give him to me or give death, as I remembered Patrick Henry in his speech for the freedom of the glorious America, and am for the freedom of social evils which creates the world in agog.

Success for Cecil de Mille.

Yours truly,
ERNESTO ILUSTRE,
1456 Abreu Int., Manila, Philippines.

Versus censorship and a plea for belief in public intelligence.

DEAR EDITOR: With your approval, I am going to give my honest opinion of the so-called censorship.

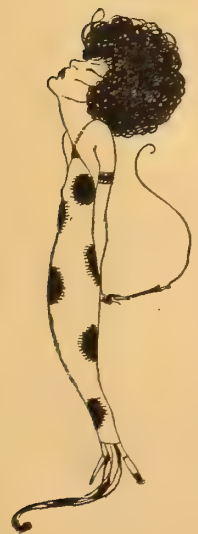
As I have studied the question of censorship for some time, I finally come to the conclusion that it is the mistake of a lifetime to allow the censoring of pictures. In the first place, directors never produce pictures which will tend to create indecency in the minds of the audience; and, in the second place, people who can be so easily influenced by pictures should stay away from them entirely. When the censors cut out a certain part of the film, we are to believe they did it because of its immorality. Bosh! To me, censoring is just another form of making money without earning it.

Just a word of praise for our motion picture people. People are constantly criticizing them. Is it because of their success? Those who have reached stardom deserve it. Their place in the screen firmament was won only by earnest conscientious effort, and not by a pull. Give them and others less prominent the credit that is due them. Dont be prejudiced against people, who after many hardships and many failures finally meet with success. That's not a bit fair. When I read articles that are forever-lastingly discrediting the movie people, it puts me in mind of people who are always talking, but say nothing.

By the way, have any of you ever written to Miss Gloria Swanson? I have. I wont tell you any more. Write and see for yourself. Miss Swanson is the largest box-office attraction in the Twin Cities, with Miss Talmadge second. Both Thomas Meighan and Rodolph continue to draw crowds. Their pictures are always shown at our Million Dollar Theater, the Capitol, which surpasses any movie house in the Northwest for cost and beauty.

Trusting that I was not too rash in my statements, and wishing the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC every success, I remain

Sincerely yours,
MISS HELEN CARLSON,
White Bear Ave. and E. 3rd St.,
St. Paul, Minn.





The Price

Of pretty teeth—Just film removed

Millions have found a delightful way to beautify the teeth. You see the results now wherever you look—in teeth you envy, maybe.

Perhaps no other creation ever did so much to enhance women's beauty. Or to bring about a better dental era. You owe yourself the test we offer here.

That dingy film

You can feel your teeth now coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Most teeth had film-coats under old methods, for old tooth pastes do not effectively fight film. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for film is their major cause.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people, under old methods, escaped those film-caused troubles.

New methods found

To meet that situation dental science searched for ways to fight film. Two ways were finally discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Found other needs

Modern research also found two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

A delightful test

You will find a test delightful. And it will probably lead to life-long benefits, both for you and yours.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1086

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 713, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



Won't Rub Off

Mad Cap Rouge is the *ORIGINAL ORANGE* tint, and when applied to the cheek the color changes and blends to harmonize with the complexion of the individual.

Special Trial Offer

Everyone using Mad Cap Rouge is enthusiastic. **Be convinced** and pin a dollar bill to the coupon and we will send you immediately a regular 75c. jar of Mad Cap Rouge and a 75c. jar of the famous Mad Cap Face Cream in Flesh or White.

COUPON

KOLAR LABORATORIES,
4 So. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3-R

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me postpaid your special offer in Motion Picture Magazine.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Develops Busts Like Magic!

During the past 15 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using GROWDINA. For Bust, Neck or Arm Development. Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results guaranteed or money back. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now.

Mlle. Sophie Koppel, Suite 911, 503 Fifth Ave., New York



Viola Dana, Beautiful Photoplay Star, recommends Maybelline

"EYES THAT CHARM"

Maybelline

WILL BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES INSTANTLY

A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes—their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. MAYBELLINE is unlike other preparations, it is absolutely harmless, greaseless and delightful to use. Does not spread and smear on the face or stiffen the lashes. We guarantee that you will be perfectly delighted with results. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades: *Black and Brown*, 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

Maybelline Co., 4750-54 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 55)

Anzia Yezierska wrote the story and called it "The Lost Beautifulness," in her book of short stories, "Hungry Hearts." Personally, we prefer the story's individual title, but we can see that "Hungry Hearts" is too good a box office title to sacrifice. Motion pictures have yet to jump the hurdles of commercialism.

Abraham and Hannah, who with their brood of children come to America seeking to escape the oppression of the Cossacks in their native Russia, give us the story. In the golden Land of Promise they find other oppressions. There is the landlord of the tenement in which they lease three dark and tiny rooms. Everyone who hasn't heeded the advice, "Buy Your Own Home and Cheat the Landlord," will appreciate this oppression. Then trusting Hannah slaves to paint her kitchen white so she may enjoy its beautifulness. And the landlord decides, in view of the improvement, that the flat is worth more rent. We feel confident this episode will receive sufficiently sympathetic understanding.

The picture runs along its human course until the supremely happy ending. Here the entire family is ensconced in a cottage over which roses ramble in abundant profusion fairly bursting into riotous bloom. And the fine, good son returns from his work with yards of frankfurters, over which the family hold a jollification on the front lawn. We sympathized with them in their poverty, but we found it trying to witness their success. And we have no doubt that they proved annoying neighbors in the modern realty development.

E. A. Warren pleased us particularly as Abraham—the dreamer who loved his good book more than the pushcarts in the crowded street. Rosa Rosanova looks Hannah and was Hannah. Bryant Washburn was a likable hero in the rôle of David and as the heroine, Sara, Helen Ferguson, causes you to believe that she will go on to greater things.

If it is true that the public demands happy endings, it will have much to account for at Art's Judgment Day.

It would be possible to review Maurice Tourneur's production, "Lorna Doone," with the sentence: "It is a pleasant picture." That would be quite adequate.

But to be more explicit—

Stories of great love have a charm which withstands the years. And romance never bores even the most jaded people. "Lorna Doone" is essentially a love story—the love story of a girl of noble birth and a peasant sweetheart. Love storms the castle walls and finally reigns supreme. Of course. And whether or not people do actually give up beautiful surroundings and cultured friends for a humble peasant's cottage and uncultured peasants, it is enjoyable to believe they do for a little while at least.

There is no vital issue presented—there is no profound analysis made. The thing which you carry away most indelibly impressed upon you is the pictorial achievement of the production. And this is always true of motion pictures from the hand of Tourneur. There are artistic settings and backgrounds and softly diffused photography. As a matter of fact, you might well compare witnessing the picture with looking at a series of delicately beautiful illustrations telling a love story. The essence of drama in the story is submerged to a fourth or fifth place.

Madge Bellamy was a comely Lorna Doone. John Bowers was the peasant

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sweetheart. And Frank Keenan as Sir Ensor Doone is the dominant character, both by virtue of his portrayal and by the sheer force of his personality whenever he is upon the screen.

To finally consider the latest Elsie Ferguson picture, "Outcast."

We spend a great deal of our time regretting the fact that the distinguished Miss Ferguson does not come oftener to the screen. And we spend the rest of our time, speaking more or less extravagantly, resenting the unmitigated trash given her when she does make a motion picture. It does not strike us that there are so many motion picture stars of Miss Ferguson's charm, beauty, and ability, that producers can afford to consider her lightly.

They tell us that "Outcast" was previously a stage play in which Miss Ferguson successfully appeared. We did not see it, but we know that it was far removed from the motion picture we witnessed. We have seen mediocre and bad stage plays, but not since the almost forgotten days of ten, twenty and thirty melodrama have we seen anything remotely resembling the screen's "Outcast" presented behind the footlights.

The first part of the story is fair. At any rate, it is not so bad as to obtrude upon the beauty and understanding of the star. Then someone evidently decided to jazz things up a bit—introduce modern thrills. The end of the picture witnesses a race between an ocean liner and a hydroplane. And the hero, who is in the plane, swoops down into the ocean's waters barely in time to dispense with a coroner's inquest.

After all, the special province for this sort of thing is the serial.





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FADE IN!

By Ruth Overton

New England at its frozen height;
Shy, evasive, blind to light,
Curved lashes drawn like window shades;
At aught that's real her color fades.
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. . . . . .

A careless rub with cold cream first;
Then grease-paint, smooth, with care is nursed.
The eyebrows now, a sharp drawn line:
A purple shadow helps define
The eyes with depths profound.

The hair let loose, its tendrils curl
In golden, flaming mists a'whirl
About that wistful, dreaming face.
A change, glad, strange, is taking place.
Can this be she?

A lightning-play of mirth springs out;
Away with fear (mad beast!) and doubt!
Behind that mask, as comes the notion,
She runs the gamut of emotion,
A creature free!

THREE MEALS A DAY AND DISHES

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Three meals a day and dishes!
And tasks from early light.
Beneath, desires and wishes!
And so, at night,
Strange worlds she never would have known
A desert island, jewels, a throne.

The floors to sweep and mending,
Day after day
Old drudgery unending,
At night the gay
Laughter from throats whose ropes of pearls are white
Enough to break the blackness of her night.

Three meals a day and dishes.
Wearily fall her feet!
But, oh, her print dress swishes
Like silk, her lips are sweet
Still with the kisses that she has seen
The night before upon the screen.

AFTER THE SHOW

By Don Homer Travis

The curtain has been dropped
The audience is gone
Silence is king
Where but a moment past——
Laughter and tears
Whispers and sighs
Shared places in the changing tide
Of swayed emotion.
Here is the shell
Filled for a moment
By the flow of life——
Empty now in the ebb.
A movement——
The gallery is dark,
Another row of lights go out,
And so—until
Only a black abyss
Yawns hungering a moment
For the light it held,
Then gives itself
To the ghosts
Of dead mummers.

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AS DIRECTED

By RUTH OVERTON

Languorous, lax, she lissom lay,
Tawny, treacherous beast of prey.

Smooth, soft-toned like ivory old,
Her flesh her body doth enfold;

Slum'brous eyes, lids veiling deep;
Smiling lips their message keep.

Sinister, her head she rears,
Poised until her prey appears.

Her flashing glance, like lightning bold,
Commands obedience.

. . . . . .

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CAPTIVITY

By MARY B. LITTLE

What is it,
In that dim-lit place,
Which throws an airy net around
One's fretted thoughts, and smoothes away
The tension lines that work has drawn?
What gives that sense of cooling calm
And free abandonment?
Is it the velvet dark around
Filled with half light and mystery
And the dim plush of seats?
The witchery of organ-strains,
Low-stealing,
Or wild with pulsing fright . . .
According as the silver-screen,
Its bride,
Shows love or tragedy?
What is it? Deep I wonder. . . .
While within its subtle thrall
It holds me fast.

THE CENSOR

By NELL LAWRENCE

In the darkened theater,
A red-nosed censor sat;
He packed chew in his underlip
And now and then he spat.
A boudoir scene flashed on the screen:
A lovely maiden there
Sat in a clinging lingerie
Combing her golden hair.
"Sweet Baby," cried the gentleman
And rubbed his ruby nose,
As from the silken folds appeared
A shapely silken hose.
And then he said: "We'll cut it out;
That one was certainly fine!
But these lovely daring scenes
Are for no eyes but mine."

WE ARE ALL CINDERELLA

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

We are all Cinderella
Working in our chimney corner.
The movies are fairy godmother
To all of us.
At the ball
For a few hours
We escape from our drudgery.
After,
We must go back to our ashes
And clean the world's pots and pans.
But, while the movies last
We forget our rags
For we are clad in silks and jewels
And each one of us is dancing with the prince.



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61	113	118	124	127
62	116	120	127	130
63	118	122	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

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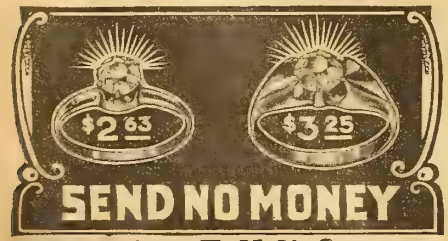
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The Voice from the Minaret

(*Continued from page* 34)

"You have made vows . . ." the Bishop said.

"I know . . . does . . . does Andrew know?"

"I talked with him this evening, my child. He asked me to talk with you. I told him much of what I have told you, and more, because I felt that he should guide you in this matter, that he should be not your weakness, but your strength. I had to bring strong pressure to bear. It is Andrew's great crisis. He loves you tremendously. I do not underestimate that. I only tried to tell him what perfect love might be, as I see it."

"And he . . . ?"

"He would not harm a hair of your head. Why should he harm your soul?"

"Ah, but I would give it for him."

"That you could not do, my child. There is never a soul for a soul . . ."

. . . . . .

The man in the pulpit ceased to speak, and the people in the dimly lit church filed out in a deeper silence than was their wont. People were beginning to talk about Andrew Fabian. They said that he seemed to be pleading for something special. Something urgent. They said that he seemed to them to have lost something and then to have found something infinitely dearer. It was almost as tho he held in his possession a secret, most shining and sweet.

This day he had talked with a fervor that seemed to swing the censers liberating their dim, cathedral breaths. The cloistered lights had laid their fingers about his lifted head. To one woman watching him he had seemed a veritable Sandalphon, an Angel of Glory. She had watched him first thru a mist of tears, but the tears had dried, and when he had done, her face was serene and at rest.

"I dare to see him now," she whispered to herself, when he had done and the congregation had begun to file out, "it will be safe for me to stop a moment and speak with him. I can tell that from his face."

The last person left, and the great, studded doors swung to behind him and shut the world away. Within the huge, dim place were only the breathing censers, the richly dying lights . . . Adrienne . . . and Andrew. In the pulpit the man knelt for a moment, resting his head against the massive Bible. The last red sun-ray peered thru the purple glass and touched his bended head to a sad gold. "Andrew!" spoke the woman in the church, so softly that his name came to him like an incensed breath, but he answered her immediately and without surprise, "Adrienne . . ."

He came down and sat by her and quietly took her hand, but still Adrienne knew that they were safe, for he took her hand now with an infinite tenderness. The harsh, hurtful passion of that trip to Damascus was gone. Now he was as he should be. Now he was right with his soul. That day she had bade him farewell on the desert by Damascus . . . that day she had given him back his soul.

"Did you know that I would come, Andrew?"

"I hoped that you would. I knew that you were in London again. I thought that you would come when you felt that it was right. I should have come to see you, but I did not know for certain that you were —ready."

Adrienne knew what he meant.

"I dont think I was, Andrew," she said earnestly, "until I heard you talk today. Until I saw your face. All this time I have been groping to find the way. I couldn't quite seem to find it. And then I saw your face and heard your voice and it all seemed to come right to me. As I sat here in this church, I knew that I could go on living and enduring and even being happy, so long as you are here, so long as you are as you are. And oh, how glad, how *glad* I am that we did what we did . . . that I left you . . . that I didn't hurt you as I might have done!" A silence touched them, like a living peace.

"May I come here as often as I wish?" Adrienne asked.

"Of course. This is God's house."

"Andrew . . . ?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Andrew, is it . . . is it sacrilegious for me to feel that it is a little . . . *your* house, too?"

The man in the surplice laughed, low and tenderly. "No," he said, "anything that gives you that look in your eyes is right, Adrienne."

"I can have that look mostly because I feel that you still love me . . . is *that* wrong?"

"I do still love you, Adrienne. I always shall. But I have been able to reconcile the love of my heart with the love of my soul. It is complete now. It is absolute. You need never fear that it will swerve or lessen."

Adrienne walked home that night, and she had the curious sensation that she was wrapped all around about in a mantle of infinite warmth and security. At the dinner-table Lord Leslie's crude insults glanced from her and fell harmlessly beside her. She even felt sorry for him. How wretched he must be, blundering thru. She wished that she could help him. Perhaps if she told him about Andrew Fabian. Perhaps if she could make him go with her one day and hear the man speak, with that something impelling in his voice and words. Perhaps if she could do this, Leslie, too, might change, might feel that lifting glory.

"Leslie," she said to him, over coffee in the drawing-room, "I wish very much that you would do one little thing for me. It would really be for *you*."

"Now, my dear," the man poured brandy in his coffee and regarded her with bloodshot eyes which held a mockingly endearing look, "how unlike a woman! And when . . . when for years, have you cared to 'do' anything for me? Are you offering me a caress? Or asking me for a jewel?"

"You know it is neither."

"I can swear that it isn't the former, my Beautiful! But as for the latter . . . when have I been anything else to you?"

"Oh, Leslie, that is because you never wanted to be. No, but please let me finish what I want to say, you confuse me so . . . I want you to go to church with me and hear Andrew Fabian talk. He . . . he will give you something you have never felt before. He may . . . he might be the means of showing us both . . . what we have missed. . . ."

Lord Leslie narrowed his eyes and looked at her. "You give me an opening, Lady Leslie," he said, in mock-melodramatic manner. "I have heard strange rumors of your illicit attachment to some obscure man. Who knows but what this Fabian is the one? The more I think of it the more likely it appears to me that you would turn from a full-blooded Englishman to some pale, emaciated preacher? I may go to see him, or, better still, I shall ask him here to see me. I may be able



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to help him in his—ah—work. Charities and that sort of thing, you know. Wouldn't that be rare, my love? The husband helps the lover in his work!"

"Leslie!" Adrienne rose, knocking over the fragile Sèvres cup. It crashed its delicate life to an end on the rug at her feet. "How can you say a thing like that!" she said.

"How can you make so piteous an admission!" Lord Leslie replied coolly, and as she left the room, he added, "Fabian shall dine with us a week from tonight!"

. . . . . .

Adrienne had written him a hurried little note and had begged him to refuse. "Something tells me that this will be *wrong,*" she said, but Fabian replied that Lord Leslie had asked him to dine with them on specific business relating to the Church, and that, as they had nothing on their consciences that would prevent, he felt that it was his duty to put in an appearance.

The dinner had dragged thru course after course. Only Lord Leslie was in high spirits. He had never been witty, but it seemed to Adrienne that, that night he thought of every barbed, indelicate innuendo. She felt actually sore, as tho her flesh had been pricked by small, multifarious arrows, and the only thing that sustained her, that enabled her to keep her place at the head of the table, was the sight of Andrew's strong, set face. She sort of held on to that. She must not fail him. He was not failing her. But oh, why, *why* had he come! There was something sinister and *impending* about it all. The silently served delicacies seemed to her like funeral-baked meats. Over the glitter of glass and flowers there hung a pall that was all but visible.

Lord Leslie was talking about the commandments. He was making coarse, jocose allusions to the general state of marital infidelities existent in "our generation." He said there were no exceptions to the general rule, and that of all "sinners" the worst of these were the pale panderers of virtue. He also said that the injured parties, the blinded husbands, were not always so blind as they might appear to be. There was, he jovially maintained, but one stand for the husbands to take. They had to hit in the dark, as they were being hit—in the dark.

"I, for instance," he said negligently, "have done what I consider to be my duty. *I have poisoned you both.*"

Adrienne heard these words thru a sound in her ears like the rushing of dark waters. *He had poisoned them both.* So this rushing of waters was Death. In a moment the dark coldness would take all of her body in, perhaps all of her soul, would bear her on its grim tide away . . . away from the lights and the flowers . . . away from Leslie's horrible face . . . away from Andrew Fabian . . . and, ah, it would bear *him* away, too . . . it would destroy his tall, bright beauty, it would make waste paper of the work he was doing . . . it would silence that voice of his in the pulpit . . . that voice that was dispelling the mists for so many soul-sore wanderers.

She rose from her chair. She could see, now, one thing only, Andrew's head, and she saw, too, that his own eyes were blurring, that the lights of their world were being extinguished . . . that they could not even see . . . Ah, God . . . *one another.*

"No . . . no . . . *no!*" she cried out, maddened, desperate. "Andrew . . . my Love . . . my Love . . . !"

"By Heaven, I thought so!" Leslie's great, brutal fist crashed to on the table. Outside there was the confused commotion of terrified servants.

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Andrew Fabian groped his way to the head of the table. She was in his arms . . . ah, well, then Death would not be so bad . . . if she could go first. . . . "Adrienne," he was muttering, "Adrienne, oh, my child . . . my child. . . ."

Adrienne smiled up at him. She could scarcely see him now . . . "The . . . faithful . . . to their . . . vows . . ." she said . . . "Amen. . . ." It was too dark to see him anymore. The rushing of the dark waters had swept her out to sea.

. . . . . .

When she opened her eyes again it was not on another world. It was in her own drawing-room. Andrew Fabian, very pale, his collar and surplice loosened and awry, was bending over her. The family physician stood at the foot of the couch and over by the mantel was the Bishop of Ellsworth and one or two other dignitaries of the Church.

Adrienne's cold hand was close in Andrew's. "Oh, tell me," she said, "what does it all mean?"

"Lord Leslie played us a sorry jest, Adrienne," he said, "he tried to trick us into some shameful admission by putting a strong heart stimulant in our coffees and pretending that he had poisoned us. He sent for the Bishop and the other gentlemen in order that they might hear my 'confession' and so unfrock me. It is all over. Everything is all over."

"You mean . . . ?" Adrienne's eyes sought the Bishop's. He was smiling into hers. His smile was, yet again, a benediction, but the benediction held peace for her now, for Andrew and for her.

"You mean?" she said again.

"I mean that Lord Leslie worked his *own* destruction. The part he played was too powerful for his own already over-stimulated heart. He is dead."

Adrienne closed her eyes.

"Before you go," she said, "kiss me, my Love."

Andrew bent over and took her in his arms. "I shall return," he said, "and you and I, Beloved, will go to Damascus and listen to the Muezzin calling the faithful to their vows . . ."

"Their everlasting vows," Adrienne sighed. "Oh, Andrew . . ."

The Juvenile Critic Considers Baby Peggy

(*Continued from page 72*)

them because she looked so cute and do you know what that little rascal made them do? She made them sit on the ground and bang themselves on the head and she stood and laughed at them.

Then along came a boy who knew she was pretending, and then the rest were all raging and Carmen Jr. ran away and got under a ladies' big skirt and then I forgot what happens but anyway there's a bull fight and Baby Peggy is the Toreador and the bull is a man dressed up.

It doesn't sound funny, very, when you write about it but I laughed till I cried and all because Peggy was so comical every minute.

I do wish, tho, that she would play a real little girl part some time, or a fairy tale or something and not play at being grown-up always.

Your loving sister

JUDY

I GATHER THEM IN ON MY REEL

By Webb M. Oungst

Ah, there's nothing so strange as the thoughts that are dreamed——
There's nothing so weird as the things that are schemed
By the brain half awake while the body lies still
And its fancies untrammeled break loose from the will,
When I gather them in on my reel.

And the pictures I'll take—they will dazzle the eyes
Like nothing on Earth or under the skies——
I'll depict every passion that gasps for a breath,
From the heart-throbs of life to the last throes of death——
The follies and foibles of youth and of age——
The rich man, the beggar—the fool and the sage——
Whether drunken or sober—when sick or when well——
Be they striving for Heaven or diving to Hell——
Be they father or mother or daughter or son,
Or the whole human family rolled into one.
In tempest or sunshine, in snow or in rain,
They'll all form the pictures I've got in my brain,
And I'll gather them in on my reel.

And that's how I'll capture both sinner and saint
With pictures no moral could ever dare paint——
With fancies and visions and sights queer and quaint
Of the things that are and the things that ain't
When I gather them in on my reel.

HIM I HATE

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I hate the chaps with hefty muscles,
Who always pack a deadly punch,
Who beat up hosts (in moving pictures)
Between their breakfast and their lunch,
The Babe Ruths and the scowling Dempseys
And all that bruising, smashing crew;
I hate 'em for this simple reason,
They do the things I'd like to do!

I also hate the handsome fellows,
Who seem so blithe and debonair;
John Barrymore's a good example;
He always gets my goat for fair,
Because the women rave about him
And blurb of him from A to Z;
I hate the lad as I hate poison,
Because the dames won't fall for me!

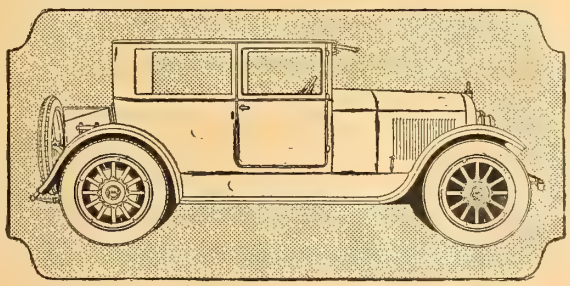
One guy I hate is Valentino,
Who played "The Horsemen" and "The Sheik";
It would give me grim satisfaction
To see him pummeled for a week;
O'Brien, Reid and Thomas Meighan
Forever make me rage and fret,
And all because a host of beauties
Give them the loving I would get!

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"... as Happy as Kings"

(*Continued from page 44*)

world when fame and success gave him the power! But the English music-hall as a medium for the realization of dreams leaves much to be desired and disillusionment must have been the greater part of that experience. Nor could the swaddling years of motion pictures have done less than to increase the ache for creation, the consuming desire to *do* something, to *be* that unique somebody his restless genius told him he was. If only he could do as he pleased, his spirit must have repeated over and over, then with accomplishment untrammeled and unsoiled by strange muddling hands, would come that happiness and power for which he had striven so long, endured so much.

Be careful what you desire, Goethe has said somewhere (or words to the same effect), for in the end you may get it! Even, however, if the movie-actor, Charlie Chaplin, doing his parts in slapstick comedies for Mr. Sennett, had heard of Goethe and had happened on that piece of wisdom, he, like you and me, would have paid no attention to it. It would only have angered him, driven him on with a more impetuous urge. Wealth, fame, success could not be mockeries, they must be the real source of happiness—nothing else was! And so the day finally came when he could tell himself that his ultimate dream had come to realization: star, manager, producer, and the dictator of his own destiny—Everything! Then greater and greater fame, more and more success, and with those two their ugly sister, Wealth. He could do anything he pleased and when he pleased to do it; his name and fame were houshold words in the uttermost countries of this small globe; the greatest critics hailed him as the greatest comedian, as more, as the greatest artist of the screen, as a genius! And what, then, did he find it all amounted to? Did the little boy find, twenty years later, that wealth and success and the affection of a world-public brought happiness, even the happiness of which he had dreamed?

Well, this is what he has found: He has found that fame and riches are the baubles which the wise men of all ages have labelled them. He has found that the love of a world means but greater and greater isolation. Achievement, as it slowly spells itself out in his life, becomes disillusionment. A king with no worlds to conquer, it is now clear to him, is indeed an unhappy mortal. He knows now that the essence of this life is struggle, and that to succeed is but to fail more miserably than man can imagine. Like the rest of the extant kings, he now knows that he shall never be able to know who is his friend. Were he not possessed, as he is, of a sensitive high-strung nature, still would he never again be able to distinguish the true friend from the fawning sycophant; for experience has long ago taught him that adversity alone is the acid test. Is this man beside him laughing at him, sympathizing with him, and enduring his moods because he really likes him, or because he hopes eventually to wheedle some money out of him, or to secure a valuable position in his studios? Is the lovely girl who understands so penetratingly, who meets his every whim with sweet acquiescence, who likes him, she says, for his very faults, doing all this thru sincere affection, or thru cheap pride at being the favorite at court? Does she even perhaps hope . . . Who can tell him? Who can help? Of what avail all the wealth and fame and world-wide affection?

And that is not all. When first I went

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

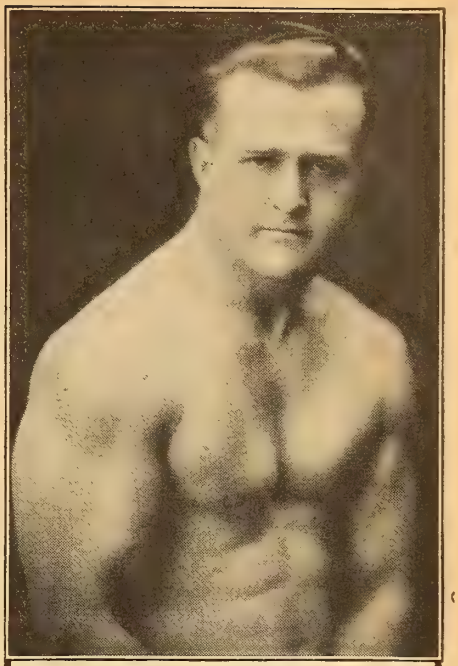
The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

to Hollywood, my two ambitions were to see, and perhaps even meet, Charlie Chaplin and Miss Elsie Ferguson. Miss Ferguson, I found, was in New York, so my two ambitions perforce melted into one and I concentrated on the unfortunate Mr. Chaplin. But I had no idea that I would ever see him, and certainly not in the manner that I did. I was walking along Hollywood Boulevard one blistering hot afternoon, such as only California could and would boast of, when I noticed ahead of me a man sauntering idly along, looking in the shopwindows. He wore a black-and-white-check suit, a grey cap of some woolly, warm material, a pink shirt with a yellow tie against it, and above patent leather shoes with mouse-colored suède tops I caught glimpses of gay socks. His clothes attracted and fascinated me, I envied him the independence which enabled him to be comfortable in such an outfit. I looked again and again at him, and slowly there grew in upon my heart-dulled mind the impression that I was looking at the world's greatest comedian. Another glance or two, from new angles, and I knew I was right. Here was Charlie Chaplin, wandering alone and unknown, and looking very lonesome, along the hot, commonplace boulevard. No Rolls-Royces, no merry laughing companions, no exquisite creature smiling into his face and understanding perfectly. Just a plain everyday human being he was, wasting a boring, sweltering afternoon, wondering what to do with himself, and perhaps even enjoying the sensation of being alone and unknown.

The surmises I made that memorable afternoon turned out to be correct, for when I later came to know intimately a close friend of Mr. Chaplin's, I learned that one of the horrors of his life is publicity; he is as frightened as a young girl of crowds and public attention, and he has stated that his cruelest feelings of isolation usually come at those times. This is the price of Fame! No detail of his life is sacred, his most personal feelings and most intimate affairs are discussed in the vulgar press almost before he himself can be sure of them. The friend with whom he enjoys the discussion of plans for a picture is harassed by annoying "extras" or pestiferous salesmen. His daily mail, requiring a staff of clerks and secretaries, brings only supplications for this and that, money, a position, a hearing for a child wonder, his name to a stock promotion. . . .

Dust and ashes, that is what it all is, dust and ashes in his mouth. The fundamental, real satisfactions of life he has found to have been his almost as fully twenty years ago in the streets and music-halls of London as they are now, and certainly more indubitably. Does it not almost seem that his experience justifies the happy endings of so many pictures where the hero and heroine return to the simple life to live on love and a few vegetables? He has out-Algered Horatio Alger, he has o'erleapt his own ambitions, and the end of it all is to find himself perhaps the unhappiest of kings because the most beloved, the most lonely of human beings because the best known.





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as he is today

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—he would still be a snake. With his present body he would be forced to continue crawling on his belly. So he would be no better off.

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EXAMINE YOURSELF

A healthy body is a strong, robust one. Do you arise in the morning full of pep and ambition to get started on the day's work? Do you have the deep, full chest, the big mighty arms and the broad back of a REAL HE MAN? Do you have the spring to your step and the bright flash to your eye that means you are bubbling over with vitality? If not, you are slipping backward. You are not a real man and you cannot hope for the admiration or respect of others. **Awake!** Get hold of yourself and make yourself THE MAN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE.

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Will you turn your body over to me for just 90 days? That's all it takes—and I guarantee to give you a physique to be really proud of. Understand I don't promise this—I guarantee it. In 30 days I will increase your arm one full inch, and your chest two inches in the same length of time. And then, just watch 'em grow. From then on you will feel the pep in your old backbone. You will start doing things that you never thought possible. You will amaze yourself and friends as well. Do you crave this new life—these new joys—this abounding health and strength? If you do

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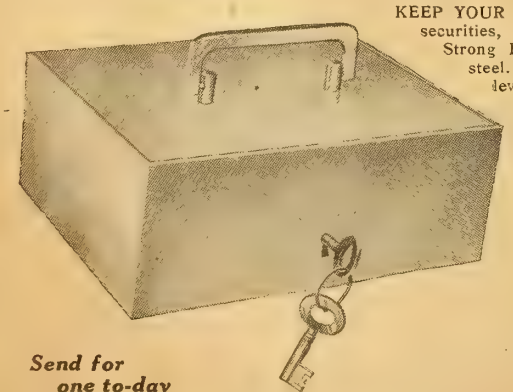
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Feasters in Babylon

(*Continued from page* 51)

meant 'early in the morning'!" already her butterfly mind had flitted to another topic, "I wonder whether Dermott Trent will be there—at the first-showing, I mean. Why, Mary, what makes you look so funny?"

"Do I?" Mary asked. "I dont feel—funny." The sound of the name brought a stabbing flash of memory like a ghastly landscape illumined sharply by a lightning flash. Among the sane commonplace objects of every day it was difficult to believe that the feverish events of that night five weeks ago were more than the distorted imaginings of a dream. And the Dermott Trent, who stopped to speak to her in the studio or laughed at Lissa's nonsense over their luncheon trays in the cafeteria, never referred to it.

On the night of the first showing of "Young Hearts" the theater on the Superba lot was filled to the doors with a crowd of cordial critics, the women's white, polished shoulders cameoed against the black coats of their escorts, the dimness filled with jewelled sparkles as some famous head moved, some celebrated hand gestured. The players' box was banked with flowers; Lissa, vivid as a poppy in a scarlet taffeta was unable to wear all her floral offerings and so had made a fantastic corsage bouquet, taking one flower from each donor. Her eyes were fixed upon the screen with naïve delight, but her sister, sitting behind her found the picture a meaningless blur; just before the lights snapped out she had seen Dermott Trent come in.

"My heart is beating so loudly that it seems as if everyone must hear it," she thought. "It is wrong to feel this way! I understand now how women can do the things they do in the pictures—how they can be *bad*—oh, I mustn't think of such things!—Lissa is beautiful in the picture—I must find out who gave her the bracelet she has on tonight—"

The thread of her reflections snapped. From the darkness had come a woman's sudden shriek, "Fire!" On the screen a cabaret scene was showing, with all the familiar elements of women in backless gowns, drunken embraces, wine. A girl had just stripped off her dress and sprung upon a table, clothed only in tights to dance a wild fandango when, across the wall behind her, like fine handwriting in an unknown tongue, moved a thin black line.

In the moment's profound hush after the scream, the picture wavered, disappeared from the screen, and the thin black line became red—a tongue of flame licking at the flimsy canvas, curling hungrily out over the packed audience.

Then pandemonium broke loose.

(*To be continued*)



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Editorial Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 59)

KICK IN—PARAMOUNT

This isn't the first time George Fitzmaurice has handled this story. He directed another adaptation some years ago—and did an excellent job. And now he is at it again—and has eclipsed his previous effort. "Kick In" carries vital qualities. There is so much spirit—so much plot and incident—so much true picture material that he couldn't fail. The result is a gripping photoplay which moves with quickness and despatch straight to its dramatic climax. The suspense keeps pace with the whirl of events. It is a good adaptation—nothing is added, nothing is taken away. Crook plays seldom fail on the screen when they carry real plots and clearly defined characterization. And "Kick In" contains these qualities. It is well played too. Why not—with John Miltern, Bert Lytell, Charles Ogle, Robert Agnew, Betty Compson, Gareth Hughes, May McAvoy and Walter Long in the cast.

ONE WONDERFUL NIGHT—UNIVERSAL

An attempt is being made these days upon the screen to capitalize the tricky melodramas of the current season in New York. And the motive behind them all is to baffle the spectator. But since the screen is silent the effectiveness of the hokum is lost, because it is dependent upon stage "business" and considerable noise. And this noise must be loud enough to overwhelm one's deductive powers. "One Wonderful Night" is merely another account of the adventures which accumulate in a single evening—to harass a young man in search of—well, in search of adventure. Herbert Rawlinson is the target. And he plays awkwardly as if his nerves had gotten the best of him. As a result the plot is jumpy. It's tricky and fairly suspensive—and easily forgotten.

BROKEN CHAINS—GOLDWYN

When an author is given a tidy check of ten thousand dollars for contributing a prize story which has been selected from thousands of scenarios—one naturally expects something extraordinary. "Broken Chains" is picturey entertainment, nothing else. There is no new flavor, nor any new treatment. It simply records a vital song of love and a vivid song of hate—with the conflict sharply emphasized to stimulate sentiment and horror. What one sees is a persecuted girl—a pitiful subject of fear and suppression, held in subjection like a slave by a cruel and vicious stepfather, who incidentally is her husband. His cruelties inspire the last word in cunning ferocity. And he is so grossly overdrawn as to make the entire story unreal. The girl finds love thru a young man who overcomes his cowardice. And much of the melodrama revolves around his supreme effort to take her away from such an environment.

The climax presents a long-drawn fight between the two men. It easily takes up the best of a reel. Every note is overemphasized. Pathos is stressed and so is sentiment, and hate carries on apace. Oh, yes, it is finely produced, carrying charming exteriors and detail. And there is suspense and action. And exceptional acting as contributed by Colleen Moore, who has caught some of Lillian Gish's expression, and Ernest Torrence, whose brutal characterization is nearly a cameo and as deftly played as his other disciple of hate

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In Central New York lives a young girl, waiting and planning for the day when the "best man in the world" will claim his own. She is poor—too poor to provide herself with the things that you know and I know she should have. To her we have sent the key to our Treasure Chest, and she will soon have her heart's desires fulfilled.

In Western Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland—in fact, in most every state in the Union—keys to our Treasure Chest have gone out to girls and women who have told us of their desire or need of more money. Not one will be denied. To each and every one, we have given the privilege of unlocking the Chest at will and taking such Treasures as she proves herself entitled to.

We do not seek your financial support to carry on this good work. If you need money, however, then we do want you to join us, for, thru our plan, we offer you an unprecedented opportunity to increase your income so you will be prosperous and happy.

Unfortunately, space does not permit us to explain our entire plan here, but, briefly, it is collecting renewals and securing new subscribers for BEAUTY—the magazine for every woman—work that can be done without previous experience and during spare time. Would you like to hear more about it? Then address a letter or post card at once to

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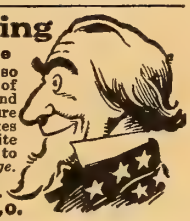
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in "Tol'able David." We expected more from such an expensive script; perhaps that's why we are so disappointed.

THE BLIND BARGAIN—GOLDWYN

It was bound to happen that the subject of monkey glands and their transference to the human of the specie would some day reach the screen. That's what our scenario readers and writers are employed for—to give us ideas—old or new. Unfortunately this idea is not a good one. It belongs more in the laboratory than on the silversheet. We would call it a pathological study, which, while interesting in some of its shivering incident (you instinctively feel that the mad surgeon will get it good and plenty from one of his victims—the human apes are put away in cages like the animals at the zoo) is depressive and unwholesome. And Lon Chaney, doubling as the surgeon and a frightful-looking ape-man, lets himself go with complete abandon. No sweetness and light here. Good for those who perform autopsies. "The Blind Bargain"? An animated clinic.

A DAUGHTER OF LUXURY—PARAMOUNT

You've seen this story before—a story of the girl of fine parentage who is forced to eke out a living in a hall bedroom, waiting for the ghost to walk and who comes into her inheritance and happiness with the Prince Charming ere the word *Finis* is marked up against the concluding scene. You've seen it before, but you haven't seen it treated in such a serio-comic manner as depicted here. There is subtle humor as she plays Cinderella with a family of fortune hunters and is unable to explain things because she never has the opportunity. The gentle bounder is present, too, to lend a touch of spice—and the impressionable swain is there in all his innocence. Just thru different treatment this familiar tale is made entertaining. Its ending may be anticipated. But dont let that keep you away.

PAWNED—SELZNICK

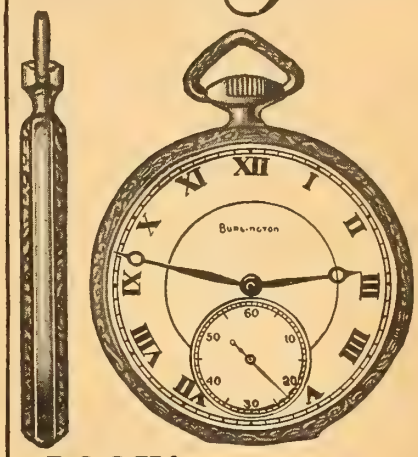
From the South Sea Islands to New York's East Side is some leap—even in a motion picture. But it is negotiated in fairly good style because the story by Frank L. Packard (you know he wrote "The Miracle Man"), is one of melodramatic adventure. The plot is complicated but easy to follow because the characters are sharply defined and there appears to be a reason for everything they do. We are introduced to a young American stranded in the South Seas, a gambler who employs him to conduct a secret investigation in New York, a pawnbroker and his daughter, a drug addict who wants to marry the girl and a few other figures whose importance in the story is to lend background. It's all picturey and make believe. The colorful action—and a thrill or two—will keep you interested.

SOUTH-SEA MYSTERY

By P. O. LEHNERTS

I saw a Movie of a South-Sea Isle,
Where, in environment primitive,
A Queen, arrayed in sketchy style,
With savage followers did live.
White men she had never seen—
Civilization had caused her no alarm—
Yet a close-up revealed upon the screen
That the lady had a vaccinated arm!

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Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page* 61)

while Mary in her next incarnation is one, too, and to grow up with her. I would love to have her love me as she would a childhood friend.

While Mr. Fairbanks and I were talking of the religions of all time, Mary would interrupt by squeezing a flirty-eyed doll lying in her lap, and eliciting a piping "Mamma." Mary took up the cudgels for a woman with a career. She started to say, "Take my case," when Doug broke in with "Oh, you and women like you." —I felt like saying, 'Where are they?'— "are different. *You* must create. You must do what you feel here!" with a quick blow of his fist on his breast.

"I am already in my next picture," Mr. Fairbanks went on. "While I am making a picture, I feel as tho I were piling up a load on my shoulders, under which I am staggering. When it is done, I feel almost guilty. For I step from under. Nothing more to carry until I start the next one. . . . I have always gone after what I felt in my heart I must have, or must do. And it has always been right. But you must feel that about what you do. We were just talking about modern Christianity." "Yes," broke in Mary, "and you said remarkable things." "Well, you all agreed with me. We have gone so far astray from the simplicity of the real Christ life, with all the forms in which our present day devotions are smothered. All the great old philosophers, Buddha and Confucius and Plato had a wonderful simple faith in goodness and beauty. . . . I believe, too, in motion." You might know who would make a religion of that!

Both are eager to get back to the dogs and horses and home. "Home is the only pleasure. Life elsewhere is not living," vouchsafed Mr. Fairbanks. "Home should be a happy place. For I must repeat—I can think of no higher joy than to have Mary love me."

I went up to the Grand Central Station to see Miss Pickford off for California. That shows how I feel about her. She stepped out from her party as soon as she saw me, and clasped my hand in both of hers. That is one of Miss Pickford's most endearing ways. She makes you feel a reality in her liking. I believe her acting is not acting at all, but the real Mary Pickford moving thru the action of the picture she happens to be making. All the higher is her art, if she can visualize herself in such diverse characterizations so convincingly. Anyway, I wont believe she is acting her liking for me.

We had an influx of Californians in New York last month. Just as I was going into the matinée of "The World We Live In," I saw Harold Lloyd and his brother, and then I saw them afterward for a few minutes. Mr. Lloyd has been seeing all the interesting plays that adorn the stages this season, from Mr. Barrymore's "Hamlet" thru the list. "I have not even had a chance to see Miss Daniels or Miss Lee, who are here," bewailed Mr. Lloyd, "however, I did meet the Gish sisters. I liked them, of course. Who would not? Lillian seems to be tremendously clever and well-read, for a girl of her age, unusual in her power for going deep into things. She is unusual in many ways. Her views of life made a decided impression on me." There is none of the mischief that animates the Harold who wears specs, visible in the Harold who does not. This latter is a serious young man who thinks a lot.

At a tea down in the Greenwichest part of Greenwich Village, I met Miss Dorothy Mackail, and I found her a dear. A little

Scotch girl, she is, who made her start by going to Mr. Ziegfeld, asking for a job in the chorus of "The Follies"—and getting it. Mr. Ziegfeld told her she had personality. Which she has. She has been making a picture called "Mighty Like A Rose," and I hope they dont change the name, the people who have created a treasure like that. Mr. Carewe directed it. Miss Mackail told me the story, and I wish I had the gift to convey the charm she put into the telling. She lived it all thru, played every part, as she went on. "I'm blind, you see, and a band of crooks have adopted me, and cured me of my blindness. The youngest crook, Jimmy" (James Rennie, in real life), "has really done this, and gone to prison for stealing the money to pay for it. But I dont know that. I dont know they are crooks. When my sight comes back, the crooks give me up to study with my violin, which I adore. I become a famous violinist. When Jimmy comes out of prison, it is his dog who traces me. Gets on the running board of my car, and Jimmy follows. But I dont know who Jimmy is, for I have never seen him, you see. Then Jimmy says, 'Dont you know me?' I hear his voice, and I stop. For I've heard that before. I say, 'But Jimmy is dead.' (That is what they have told me.) 'Still, that is Jimmy's voice!' And I throw my arms about his neck."

For a person who has acted the scenes in the hit or miss order in which they seem usually to be taken, even granting Miss Mackail has read the continuity, she has an amazing grasp of the logical drift of the story, showing that she has lived and loved it all. She was in "Bits of Life," the Marshall Neilan short story picture, and in "A Woman's Woman."

One of my pals is Miss Helen Carlisle, who writes interestingly in this magazine once in a while. She is a sister of Miss Lucille Carlisle, the dainty, beautiful little leading lady in all of the Larry Semon Comedies. The two girls have been on here from the Coast to do some shopping, and we have had an orgy of seeing each other. One afternoon we were chatting over a cup of tea, and naturally the talk drifted around to the movies in general and comedy in particular. Miss Carlisle (I mean Lucille), made an interesting point. We had spoken of the emotional quality of her face. She could well do stark, cruel tragedy, I believe. "You have little chance to show emotion in comedy," she explained. "Every close-up is to show *motion*, instead of *emotion*. I like to design costumes, especially the gorgeous ones. The queen's robe that I wore in 'A Pair of Kings' was from a design of mine. And then it only showed in a flash. That is the discouraging thing about making comedy. Your love of beautiful sets and gowns has little chance of display." It must be aggravating to a girl who likes luxurious clothes, and can wear them. And Lucille can certainly do that!

The other day I came upon Miss Margaret Leahy, the little English beauty, who has just come to this country with the Talmadges. She was being besieged by a battery of movie and still cameras. But her equanimity was in no wise being disturbed. She had all the poise of a seasoned film favorite, and this her first appearance before a movie camera, outside of the test made before she was awarded first prize in the contest run by the *London Daily Sketch* in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Schenck. She has the pink and white fairness attributed to, and not always seen, in English girls, and a misty smile, that makes you think of sunshine on heather. Her little mother, looking hardly older than her daughter, was close by, and

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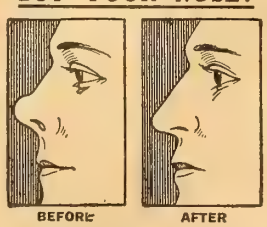
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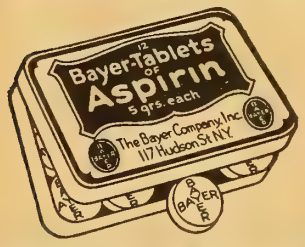
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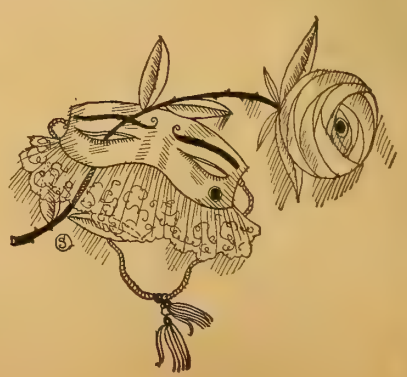
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whispered, "She is kept so busy that she looks a little tired to me." If that is the way she looks when she is tired, our screen stars will have to look to their laurels when she has a chance to rest. "She loved the view from the top of one of these great buildings over the city. You should have seen her eyes sparkle!" She bids fair to become very popular. For she opens up her heart quite spontaneously. And that's what gets across every time—the actor and actress who like their public.

Do you know, I think Glenn Hunter is a great treat on the screen? He conveys a natural boyishness, American boyishness, that is incomparable. But dont think he has no depth. Wait until you see "Second Fiddle." Of course, you've seen the "Cradle Buster," and enjoyed it. "Second Fiddle" has some high tragedy, and plenty of thrills. The "Lap of Luxury" is finished, but not released as yet. Mr. Hunter is making the "Scare-Crow" now, and there is a fifth to follow in this series, as yet unnamed.

But it is as Merton Gill that he steps into a great impersonation. In that part, Glenn Hunter is a haunting youngster. The dream look on his face, as he wanders thru the stark realities of his dream world, has seared me. His acting rises to heights of genius in the climaxes of the first and second acts, the scene in the company's office, and in that inimitable cry-smile finale in the last act of the best play that has been, or ever can be written about motion picture land, "Merton of the Movies." I was going into his dressing-room after the matinée to see some new pictures of him. So I left my comfortable front seat before the last scene, and stood at the back of the house, in order to beat the crowd out. I was mighty glad I had. For I saw lean and fat men both—I specify weight, lest someone hurl out "Sentimental asses! Must be fat men!"—surreptitiously wipe their eyes, when Miss Florence Nash, as the Montague Girl, begins to mother him. I told Mr. Hunter as soon as he came out from the wings. He smiled sort of tremulously. For—do you know?—I believe the part gets him thoroly. He is of course, going to make it in the movies, but when depends somewhat on the run of the play, which bids fair to be a record-breaker. Mr. Hunter laughed when we all began to talk of the movies. "Merton has said everything. There is nothing left to say." Which is very true. I think Merton has spoiled many an interviewer's pleasant way of earning cold cash. I knew one woman who spent two hours and a half to get the story she was after. Poor movie kings and queens! Who dares say they do not work hard for their living?

When I came out, let me whisper what I saw, and please dont tell any of the *débutantes'* mothers. Thirty—at least that number!—stage-door Jennies, waiting for the exit of that hero of the movies with the 'low comedy face,' "Merton Gill," alias Mr. Glenn Hunter.



On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 70*)

A. L. Erlanger, the theatrical magnate, has been in Culver City for some weeks consulting with the Goldwyn people about the filming of "Ben Hur." In spite of all denials they certainly expected to use Rodolph Valentino as Ben Hur in case he won the law suit against Paramount. Inasmuch as he has lost, the expectation is that no such arrangement can be made. Valentino's part in "The Spanish Cavalier" has been given to the newly arrived Frenchman Charles de Roche. No one seems to have any definite plans as to Valentino's future plays. The first picture in which the Frenchman will be used is a Gypsy story, "The Law of the Lawless," by Konrad Bercovici. Others in the cast will be Dorothy Dalton, and Theodore Kosloff.

A funny little passage at arms occurred recently when Jesse L. Lasky issued a statement, dripping with polite tears, to the effect that Mary Miles Minter was severing her connection with the Famous Players-Lasky Company and was intending to leave pictures and go back to the stage. Whereupon the fair Mary promptly issued a statement herself to the effect that she has no intention of quitting pictures. The truth, of course, is that her contract has come to an end with Paramount—to the great relief of the latter. Miss Minter was intended by Paramount to supplant Mary Pickford as a punishment for the latter's setting up the United Artists' Organization in rivalry to Paramount. In their enthusiasm they gave her a progressive contract covering a long period of years. The result was that she got sixty thousand dollars a picture for the last few pictures. Of course, this precluded the possibility of her pictures being commercially profitable to the company. At that, it is not unlikely that she will go back to the stage. She was a child actress: went on at the age of three as an infant prodigy reading Shakespeare. For five years she appeared as "The Littlest Rebel" with Dustin Farnum. Her last picture with Paramount is "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

A notable collection of short plays, acted by picture stars, made the opening of the Private Theatre in the Writers' Club an occasion to be remembered.

The purpose of the venture is to encourage the writing of plays on original themes and to give the native Hollywood dramatists a chance to run with the ball. One of the plays given at the opening was "Saffron" by Carey Wilson; it was acted by Brandon Hurst, Irene Haisman, Tully Marshall and Sidney Bracey. Patsy Ruth Miller, May McAvoy and William Parke, Jr., appeared in Garret Fort's "Tryst." Perhaps the most remarkable play of the evening was "The Cup of Life," by Frances Marion, the action of which was laid in an insane asylum. The actors were Edith Lyle, Lillian Brown Leighton, Russell Simpson, Schnitz Edwards, Walter Long, Guy Oliver. Edward Montagne had a clever sketch called "In The Roaring Forties," acted by Ruth Stonehouse and William Conklin.

Grace Darmond formally said good-bye to her name in court the other day. Her real name is Glionna, but she has played for years under name of Grace Darmond and owns much property under that name. As she is about to be married, it was thought best by her attorneys to make the name of Darmond her legal cognomen. Jean Acker has apparently withdrawn her application to the court to allow her the legal right to call herself Jean Acker



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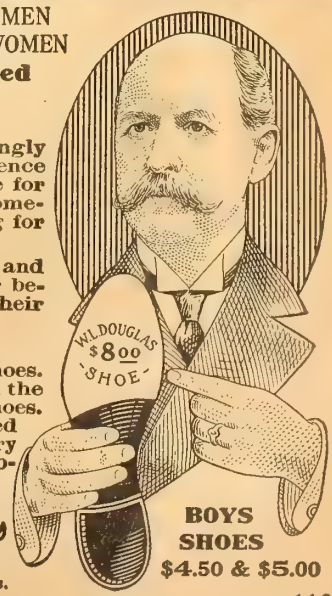
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Beauty Will Tell You How

Annie Hamilton Donnell

Who wrote "Rebecca Mary," a story known and loved everywhere, has written another story that has just as much appeal. The first instalment appears in the

April Beauty

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman

Buy the April "Beauty," on the news-stands March eighth.

Valentino. Rodolph strenuously opposes her application.

Lois Wilson, being an amiable and untemperamental young lady, has been selected to play a part in Pola Negri's "Bella Donna." Hollywood is having a gay time over the reported feud between Pola and Gloria Swanson. Ever since the affair of the studio cats, which Pola wished to have deported and Gloria wished to have mewing around, the reporters have been in red-hot pursuit of both ladies. Both are as one soul in one regard anyhow, as a consequence: they know what it is to be fugitives. Both have joined the "refuse-to-be-interviewed" class.

Passing around rotten scandals relating to Hollywood will not be as popular as heretofore. Edward Roberts, formerly editor of a weekly paper called *It*, has been arrested on the charge of being the author of "The Sins of Hollywood," which was sent thru the mails in violation of the censorship laws. It was a putrid collection of untruthful slander. Mr. Roberts' bond has been fixed at five thousand dollars in the Federal Court.

Harry Carey gave a big Christmas barbecue at his ranch near Saugus; it is an annual affair, always attended by the film celebrities. In connection with his most recent play, "Canyon of Fools," Mr. Carey bought and burned a famous old desert hotel; it was called "The Red Hen."

Sol Lesser is arranging to put on a very elaborate production based upon "David Copperfield," and will bring over an English lad from London to play the part.

Margaret Leahy, the beautiful English girl who won the recent beauty contest in London, has arrived with Constance and Norma Talmadge and will make her début with Norma in "Within the Law."

Mabel Ballin has seventeen changes of costume as Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair"; Eleanor Boardman, who plays Amelia, has fifteen.

Jackie Coogan has a love story for the first time in his screen career in his new circus picture, Peaches Jackson being the recipient of his youthful adoration. Sad to say, Jackie's emotion seems to stop when the camera stops, somewhat to the disgust of the young lady in the case.

George Walsh has returned to the screen after a long absence, in the part of Rawdon Crawley in "Vanity Fair." George also has a divorce which severed him from Seena Owen. George told the judge that he wasn't frisky enough for his gay wife; he never has smoked nor drank in his life.

Max Linder is putting on a burlesque of "Robin Hood."

Leach Cross the prize fighter, was engaged to play a part in H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" series. When it came to the point where he was to be knocked out by George O'Hara, the leading man, Leach raised a yell of protest. "Him knock me out?" he protested to the director Mal St. Clair, "Go on, I could lick him with one hand." He was finally persuaded to be K. Od.

Gloria Swanson's next picture is to be "Bloodbeard's Eighth Wife," a film version of the well-known stage play.

A bathing beauty cannot forget her lines—and neither can the audience.

MAYBE THEY WENT ON THE ROCKS

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FLAM: Oh, t[illegible] deep water.



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The Girl I Love

(*Continued from page 67*)

After the wedding she would be able to devote more time to him, and then he'd be her bright happy-go-lucky boy again.

When June came around, John had himself well in hand. He helped everybody, helped decorate the church, helped tie up Mary's trunk, even helped Mary dress.

"You, sir," she said with happy laughter, "shall button up the bride. Now that is a privilege, isn't it? Anyway, John dear, I cant reach."

With trembling hands, he fumbled at the buttons of her dress, that sweet nearness almost proving his undoing. But she did not sense it, she only scolded him for being clumsy.

At last the trunk was loaded on the surrey. Everything was ready, and they were off to the village church. Until the time in the service where the minister asks: "Who giveth this woman in marriage?" John had stood it wondrously well, but when he said, "I do, her brother," his voice broke strangely. That was all he could bear. He silently slipped out of the little church and stayed in the open until all the gay party had left. Then he went back in alone and sat with his head in his hands. Alone . . . all alone. . . .

Poor, hurt young heart. He could not know, being but a lad, that Time takes care of everything.

A CUTTING REMARK

TOM: Why so blue?

DICK: The director said, "Cut."

TOM: He often says that.

DICK: Yes, but he was talking about my salary this time.



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Marriage always means misery to the unfit. Ask yourself—before you propose to some pure, innocent girl—whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both—or sickly, defective little ones—a constant reproach to you as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the inflexible law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not overlook it. THINK now before it is too late and resolve to

Make Yourself Fit For Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and underdeveloped. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic Laws. She will never fail you if you sit at her feet and learn her ways.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 80)

fourth picture for Whitman-Bennett.

The Baroness von Raven, better known to devotees of the screen as **Dorothy Kingdon,** who has been in India for the last four years, is planning to make pictures once more in this country. For eighteen months she worked with the Oriental Film Company, Suchet Singh commanding, and under the direction of her husband, a famous Indian love story was filmed. Unfortunately it may never be shown in this country, which is a loss, as "Shakuntala" is excellently done. The background is India, the customs are Indian and they are done with veracity because Mr. Singh made his Indian people do what Indian people do here portraying the customs of foreign countries get those customs sadly mixed.

After her work with the Oriental Film Company was finished, Miss Kingdon and her husband traveled all over India filming odd corners, beautiful scenery and quaint customs that are practically unknown in this country. Baron von Raven is now busy cutting and assembling this picture and it will be presented, probably under the name of "The Raven Girl." It really is an educational film, but can hardly be placed in the same category as the educational films that we know, most of which have about as much interest to the public as taking a walk for pleasure has to a mail carrier. Therefore "The Raven Girl," not only has the advantage of presenting a country and customs that are "new and strange," but it also has a thread of plot running thru it and is not a series of unrelated facts that fairly announce from the screen, "You must be educated."

Perhaps the most interesting thing to many people will be that Baron von Raven photographed the Indian rope trick. First the rope, unsupported, going up in the air with the little Indian boy climbing, then a snap, with the camera in the same position, and no boy in sight. And seated cross-legged on the ground the old Indian *fakir* who caused all the mystery.

Moses did his best to emulate Methuselah, but couldn't make the grade, in fact he didn't make it by some eight hundred years. He passed on to deserts where oases are numerous and the date palms grow in great abundance. **Moses** was a hundred years old at the time of his demise and, says Ray Smallwood, a sweeter, better natured camel never lived. I would have run a mile for him any time. But his face, which filmed excellently, will be perpetuated, for every time, "When the Desert Calls," is shown, there is dear old **Moses** swaying across the screen.

Constance Talmadge has added songwriting to her other accomplishments. Not long ago, in discussing jealousy, she said, "If any man can be easily won away from a girl, he is not the man for her," "Ah," said Edward Laska, as usual with his ear tuned for snappy lines, "that's a good title for a song." "If Anyone Can Steal You, Then You're Not the One for Me." Whereupon Miss Talmadge and Mr. Laska retired to a quiet office and in one hour came out with a brand-new song.

MY LOVES

By E. H. R.

I love the cute *ingénue*,
The vamp, I quite adore her,
And should I meet a star-eyed star,
For glances I'd implore her.

The Queen of Sheba type I like,
O'er flappers I've gone crazy;
I love them all, those movie girls,
The peppy and the lazy.

But there's one thing I'd like to know:
Do movie girls e'er marry
Just common guys? For if they do
I'll here no longer tarry.

I'll hie me out to Hollywood
And pick me out a honey,
For, just 'twixt you and me, I've heard
They make a lot of money.

TO A HERO

By MARGARET MAYFIELD

I wore upon my head
A hat of velvet, azure hued,
That made my changeful eyes
As blue—or so I thought—
As summer skies in June.
Earrings of coral,
Carved by a cunning hand,
Swung lazily from my ears.
Brocaded satin, shining lustrously,
Draped me in silken splendor
And silver-buckled shoes adorned my feet.
I was—again it was *my* thought—
A vision in softest rose and blue.
But you—tho your smile
Made my pulses throb—
Knew nothing of my beauty.
Another more fortunate she
Lay quiescent on your breast,
Yielding her lips to your caress.
I sighed in vain regret
For you are a cinema hero
And I—the unknown dust beneath your feet.

A FUTURE STAR

A six-year-old California movie actress, whose father and mother are also professionals, was seated in a restaurant with her mother. As it happened, she had been the only one of the family called for duty that day, and felt her importance accordingly. Also, she had her own little purse, with money in it.

With quite a grown-up air, she said to the waiter: "Give me the check, please." But when her mother took the check, she loftily remarked: "Better give me that check, Mamma; I'm the only one that's working today."





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Take a hot bath every other night before retiring (or a warm bath before going out for the evening). Dry the body as usual. Then pour a little ALCORUB into your hand and rub the entire surface of the body until you feel a gentle glow. After the ALCORUB is all rubbed in, dash a second application of ALCORUB quickly over the skin *and let this evaporate*; it takes only a few seconds. *Do not rub in this last application of* ALCORUB.



New vigor—new beauty

Then you may either go to bed to the most refreshing sleep you have ever known, or you may face the greatest extremes of heat or cold with safety and full vigor. Continue the treatment three times weekly for a few weeks and you will find your skin improved in firmness and satiny texture.

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"Can't you see it, Bob? Don't you see that the reason men get ahead is because they train themselves to do some one thing just a little better than others?

"If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of other men, they can raise yours. If they can help other men to win advancement and more money, they can help you, too. I am sure of it.

"Don't let another year slip by and leave you right where you are to-day. Let's at least find out how the I. C. S. can help you. Let's mark and mail this coupon right now!"

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 84)

ANNA L.—No, I dont mind growing old. Old age makes the head white, but not always wise. I am afraid there is nothing I can help you to do. Better change your mind.

ELVA G. B.—*Je n'oublierai jamais.* So it's Cullen Landis, and you would like a sample of his handwriting. Next you will be wanting his Bertillon. Address him at Goldwyn. Yes, Conway Tearle opposite Pola Negri in "Bella Donna."

THE SHIEKERS.—You want to get into pictures, but you say you wear glasses and think that will be an objection. If that's all that's stopping you, you ought to be thankful. Mae Marsh and Colleen Moore both wear glasses. Agnes Ayres has brown hair and blue eyes. She is not married now. Lon Chaney in "Cold Courage."

M. A. H. S.—Thanks for the fee. So you think I am a changed man; no, no, just a change in photograph, that's all. Lila Lee is five feet three, Mae McAvoy is four feet eleven, and Lois Wilson is five feet five and one-half. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight. Yes, Richard Barthelmess is one of my favorites, too. Do write again.

PEGGY.—That was indeed a compliment. Weakness of character is the only defect which cannot be amended. See you later.

FRIEDA G.—Well, I am glad you are happily married. A good wife and health are a man's best wealth. Mary Carr, William Welch and John Walker in "Over the Hill." Allen Forrest is married to Lottie Pickford. House Peters is married to Mae King. If the Lucy Stone League has its way pretty soon, matrimonial relationship will be as tangled in names as the movies are now.

MARGARET P.—Dont you mind me. The noisiest drum has nothing in it but air. Raymond Bloomer was Giovanni in "The Love Light." Jack Mulhall is with Lasky. William Russell in "The Self-Made Man" for Fox.

ADELAIDE L.—Your own original Greenroom Jotting is so funny, I am using it here—"D. W. Griffith, whose passion for simple themes is notorious, has under consideration for his next mighty epic of the screen the old tale of 'Old Mother Hubbard.' Mary Carr is slated for the very emotional and starring rôle of Ma Hubbard, while Brownie, the wonder dog, will enact the difficult part of the famished canine. In order to provide the drama with some wholesome sentiment, Lillian Gish will play the part of a deaf, dumb and blind orphan, crippled in both legs. I am sure Mr. Griffith would be delighted with your news. Niles Welch weighs 165, stands 6 foot. He has brown hair and blue eyes.

PRECIOUS.—James Rennie is with Helene Chadwick in "The Dust Flower." Herbert Rawlinson in "Dont Shoot" and "Confidence." You certainly do philosophize. Yes, I like F. Scott Fitzgerald's work. What have you read? He seems to be writing a saga of the flapper.

ANNA A.—No, no, Lila Lee isn't part Indian.

ANNA L. J.—No, I have never had an allowance left to me, nor any interest bearing gold edge stocks. I am proud to earn my $10.50 per. Thousands of people have been plunged into real poverty, by winning or inheriting a fortune. Will explain this when I have more time. Glad to hear all about your visit with Herbert Rawlinson; he sure is a friend of mine.



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A wonderful new cream that overcomes every objection to all other methods. Vexing hair vanishes like magic. Easy and pleasant to use; quick and sure; very economical; no smarting; no redness. 50c at drug and department stores.

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The opportunity to buy a beautiful gem set in 18 Karat solid white gold mounting at a *marked down price* on *liberal credit terms*, comes once in a life time. *Your* chance to wear and own it yourself, or give as a present—without a drain on your pocketbook.

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No risk. Sent *FREE* for examination. If satisfied pay only 1-5th (20 per cent) on arrival--balance $1 a week. Return it without paying a cent, if you don't agree it is an *amazing bargain*.

FREE Send for DeLuxe Catalog showing other *wonderful bargains* in Diamonds, watches and jewelry from $10 to $1000. *All on long credit.*

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Send no n... tell us which ring to send—No. 101, 102... will send you one of these genuine spark... ems mounted in solid gold—on 10 days' FREE... n't miss this offer. Send. Put It Be... en it arrives, deposit $3.50 with a Diamor... stmaster. Wear it 10 days. See refund deposit... autifulitis. If anyone can tell it month until $12.5... diamond, send it back and we fitting end to end... pay the balance at $3.00 per ...Write today. Send strip of paper ...nger joint for ring size.

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You must write to me whenever you feel like it—cant hurt my feelings.

HERMIT.—I'm sorry for you, but they who love most, are least valued. Use your judgment about the use to which you put this epigram. Thomas Meighan in "Manslaughter." He is one of my favorites too. Henry B. Walthall, Marjorie Daw and Mahlon Hamilton, Gladys Brockwell and Ralph Graves are all with Universal.

The Answer Man is very proud of the following letter from one of America's leading writers and editors:

Minneapolis, Minn.

Esteemed Partner in Crime: How do you do it? Tell an admiring but hopeless imitator how you produce such a consistently witty flow of persiflage in response to the impertinent and banal questions that descend upon you daily?

And how do you maintain that blandly good-natured calm thru it all? Dont you ever get so fed up with silly girls and all their works that you long fervently for a blessed isle sans girls, sans movies, sans everything? I bet a cookie you do.

I bet you even slam down your roll-top with a bang, resolving to get an easy job, such as digging sewers or taking in floors to scrub, according to your sex and inclination. But, please dont obey that impulse, for there are many who would miss a very keen pleasure in observing saucy flappers get theirs with a neatness and dispatch that obliterates them so painlessly that they do not know that they have been rebuked.

I lack that neat touch myself. My stuff is cruder. But I am learning from a study of your "colyum," and in time even I may acquire a bit of your subtle skill.

I am the motherly person who advises young mothers how to bring up the baby. I am the fashion expert who discourses on the new spring styles. I am the agricultural expert who dilates learnedly on rotation of crops for the benefit of my male readers. I tell housewives how to make everything from a fireless cooker out of an old trunk to piccalilli. (And I will inform the universe that when one's practical culinary achievements have been limited to fudge and fruit salad—why, one learns something.) After two years of this, I can swing a wicked rollingpin and can make any cook-book jump thru a hoop and play dead on command.

All except pie. My pie-crust bends, but will not break.

But that is beside the subject. I also have a movie column, a very young and immature one, and I lean upon your answers for my information. They are a very present help in time of trouble.

I imagine you must get some very funny letters—funny unintentionally, I mean. So do I. The love problems are most pregnant with unconscious humor. One girl, signed Babe, wrote me this week. Having reached the sere age of nineteen, she realized that her future was behind her, a dark and dreary blank, when her best boy friend was annexed by a false chum. "My love for him is my doom," she gloomed. Query: What is her favorite form of literature?

Another bashful swain, a farmer boy? was desperately in love with a schoolteacher. "How am I going to tell her I love her?" he asked me. "What words shall I use? I am afraid of frightening her." The poor, guileless kid. When did a proposal ever frighten a school ma'am? (Meau, meau!)

Some of the things that bring a little joy into my life are the songs that the youngsters ask for. The very darndest songs,

Cultivate Your *Musical Bump*



There is both Pleasure and Profit in it for You

CONN instruments have been recognized as *the world's best* for two score years. *They make it easier to develop your talent.* The world's most celebrated artists use and endorse Conn instruments because, they say:

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Motion Picture Magazine

For APRIL

CHARLIE RAY HAS SAID GOODBYE TO HIMSELF

Charley doesn't know it himself; but he is the stuff that all the great heroes of the world have been made of. Like all the rest of them, he is something midway between a Puritan with a sneaking half-craving to be burned at the stake—and a Crusader riding away to fragrant lands of mystery with a lady's scarf on his sleeve and a song in his heart — a child stealing cookies — and a Methodist deacon playing grab bag at a church social and feeling devilish wicked in the process——

—from Harry Carr's article.

On the News-stands March First

Motion Picture Magazine

For APRIL

On the News-stands March First



Why wait longer when a few cents a day places this fiery brilliant, genuine blue white, perfect cut diamond on your finger. No risk, no delay. Satisfaction guaranteed. Regular $60.00 value, our price, $47.75.

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Why be satisfied with less than absolute protection when

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of about forty-eight years back. I cant imagine where they ever heard of them. "The Letter Edged in Black" is one favorite. "Why Did They Dig Mother's Grave so Deep?" is another cheery little ditty. Today I received a request for "He Done Me Wrong." I think she must be refering to my landlord. The scoundrel boosted my rent five dollars this morning.

Ah me, what a life! But I get more laughs than groans out of it, and I reckon you do, too. Besides, if there were no inquisitive persons in the world, where would our jobs be? Perhaps we'd have to grab off the floor-scrubbing proposition.

After all, dont blame the flappers too much for their admiration for Wally Reid. He certainly is soothing to the eye, and is the personification of the Prince Charming of whom every girl is dreaming. Pity them when you think of the street-car conductors and shipping clerks that most of them are going to get.

Dont think I mean you to answer this in your column. Far be it for me to make more work for a fellow-sufferer. This is merely a "ships-that-pass-in-the-night" hail, so to speak.

Yours fraternally,
E. M. SMITH.

TRYXYE TRYE.—I forgot whether advice be among the lost things which Aristotle says may be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there. So you dont want to see Dorothy Gish on the stage, but you do want to see her in comedies on the screen. Righto! Them's my sentiments. Faire Binney is playing in "The Girl from Porcupine."

TINEY.—Yes, she played in that. But in love, great pleasures come very near great sorrows. Better stay at home for a while. It is reported that Jacqueline Logan is engaged. Marcia Manon, in "The Man Who Smiled." Tom Mix, in "At Your Service," and Alice Lake, in "The Golden Gift."

LULU.—Well, "chaperon" originally meant a hood or cape, and was used in France in its figurative sense of protection to designate an adult woman placed in charge of young girls. So you want an interview with Bert Lytell. Yes, he has wonderful eyes, if you say so.

GA. PEACH.—Well, you struck it right this time. You have been rewarded for your patience. "Rose and Thistle" is the name of the picture Corliss Palmer just finished, and in which she plays a double part—a wild fisher-girl and a society belle. She is now cutting this picture. Elmo Lincoln's next Tarzan serial will be "The Adventures of Tarzan." His address is Serial Sales Corp., 1540 Broadway, New York City, Hazel Dawn, in "Devotion."

ROBE-WASHINGTON.—I am so proud of your letter that I am going to print it in full: "Shake Son, on your answer to 'Chas. B. C.' in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for November. You spoke my sentiments exactly in regard to our President, Mr. Wilson, and much more clearly and beautifully than I myself could have done. I'll say that you—as well as Mr. Wilson,—have "vision". I like your magazines, I do enjoy reading your answers, and I love picture plays; I'm old enough to vote, and shouldn't be surprised if I am old enough to be your mother, —and dont believe I'd be sorry if I were: (your mother). Yours truly, for Democracy and American Ideals cents

ASHINGTON.

Drug

A double exposure isco n and his wife having a quarrel. eles

Advertised Goods Reach You Without Lost Motion

A big part of the cost of living today may be charged to lost motion, to slow, slipshod distribution of goods, and to old-style, wasteful selling methods.

For example, every year tons of fruits and vegetables rot on the ground, because it doesn't pay to pick them. Discouraged growers plant less the next season, and the supply of food is reduced. Meanwhile, consumers in the cities near by grumble over high prices. Demand and supply are not brought together.

Contrast this with the handling of oranges. $1,000,000 a year is spent for advertising by the co-operative association of the California Fruit Growers. A large sum; yet it is only about one-fifth of a cent per dozen—one-sixtieth of a cent for each orange sold.

And this advertising has kept down the cost of oranges. To quote an official of the Exchange:

"The cost of selling oranges and lemons through the California Fruit Growers' Exchange is lower today than it was ten years ago.

"In the twelve years since the first campaign was launched the consumption of Californian oranges has doubled. The American consumer has been taught by co-operative advertising to eat nearly twice as many oranges as before.

"Had the orange industry remained on the old basis, there would have been no profit in growing oranges. New acreage would not have been planted. Old orchards would most surely have been uprooted and other crops planted."

Advertising, properly done, saves money for the consumer and makes money for the producer by driving out wasteful methods, increasing volume and cutting down the costs of selling and distribution.

[Published by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in co-operation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies]



Photo by C. E. Day

Miss Charlotte Stevens, dancer, with Christie Film Company.

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

FEW PEOPLE living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from $10 an hour.

But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms—interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek—at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

A Fascinating Way to Learn

It is so easy and so delightful. Just put the record on the phonograph, slip into the dainty little dancing costume (furnished free with the Course) and you are ready to start. Now comes the voice of Marinoff himself instructing you, telling you what to do, while the spirited rhythm of the music inspires grace and confidence in you. And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff and his students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

Your progress is rapid and soon you develop confidence so that you are eager to dance before an audience.

FREE

Dancing Costume, Phonograph Records, Complete Studio Outfit

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and simply worded text teach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy.

Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for slenderness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise.

As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

And Fortune—and Glory

The popularity of classic dancing grows greater every day. It has won its place in American life.

For the theatre — vaudeville — the movies—civic and college pageants—for private social affairs—everywhere the dancer is in demand. Startling salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites. In addition, one is so much more desirable as a partner in ball room dances when she has developed a sense of rhythm, and cultivated suppleness through classic dancing.

Write to Sergei Marinoff

Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information concerning his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is ***free.*** Send the coupon today.

M. SERGEI MARINOFF
School of Classic Dancing
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Please send me FREE portfolio of art plates and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

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Do you sing?.....*If not, would you like to?*.....

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The fragrant ones, of course! The simplest blossom seems twice as precious for its gift of perfume.

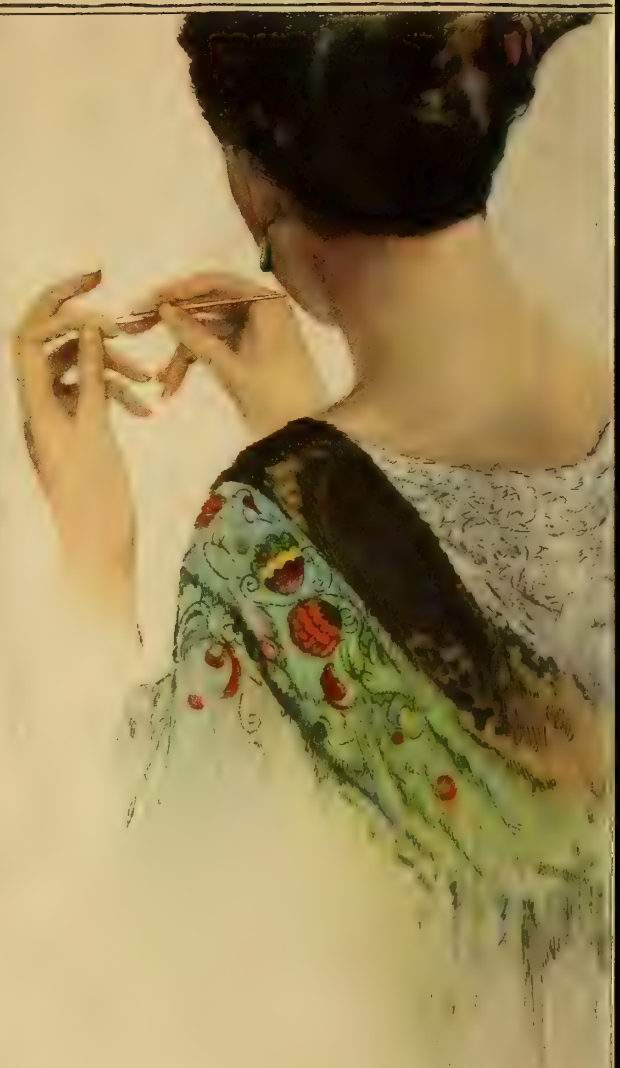
You have a wide choice in Colgate perfumes—frank flower odors, enticing bouquets, warm Oriental scents. Each perfume is blended with exquisite care from the finest essences the world produces.

A 2-cent stamp will bring you the story of the famous Perfume Test, in which FLORIENT won first place; a miniature Test Set and information on the right way to choose perfumes. Colgate & Co., Dept. 14, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

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Perfumes

Little secrets of the manicure



THEY are so few—those little secrets of the successful manicure! Yet, what a charming and comforting difference they make in the appearance and feeling of one's hands and nails.

Finger tips, of which one has been annoyingly conscious, are soothed, and of petal smoothness; the nails, immaculate, glowing, and rosily translucent.

The successful manicure is the Cutex manicure. It does away with dangerous cutting, and that withering, ageing, soaking of the fingers which prevailed in old-time methods.

With the Cutex manicure, you just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them with a towel.

Torn and ragged edges of cuticle have disappeared like magic. Hangnails and ugly stains have vanished. And in their place, you have nails that are spotless, nail rims that are even and beautifully shaped, and a cuticle that is smooth, lovely and unbroken.

Then—for the Polish

"Pale hands, pink-tipped fingers, softly gleaming nails": *that* is the effect which to-day's mode demands. So—next, for the final polish. In the marvelous Cutex Polishes, you have choice of five—the cake, paste, stick, powder, and liquid forms. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. A few strokes of the nails across the palm give the desired pearl-like sheen—one that need not be renewed for several days. The new Cutex Liquid Polish is applied with a brush. It dries instantly, and leaves a brilliant finish that lasts a week.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



Cutex Cuticle Remover Recommended by Beauty Experts

Paris, London, and New York experts noted for their skill in beautifying the hands recommend Cutex Cuticle Remover for manicuring purposes. This preparation does away with the dangerous cutting which not only risks infections, but which also thickens and coarsens the cuticle. It is a cleansing, antiseptic liquid that loosens adhering cuticle from the nails, removes stains and discolorations, and keeps the cuticle smooth, lovely and unbroken. Price 35c.



Send for this Introductory Manicure Set—*only 12 cents*
—Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. M-3, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 12c to-day

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114 West 17th St., New York City

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MOTION PICTURE

FIRST, FINEST AND FOREMOST

APRIL

MAGAZINE

25 CTS



Lillian Gish

READ The Vampire and The Flapper

IN THIS ISSUE



Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.

The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

THE joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness.

This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring schoolgirl complexion is allowed to vanish with schoolgirl days. Yet simple treatment following school days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods combined with world-wide popularity makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo



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A Dollar will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heart aches and even bitterness, because it all seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dreams come true. However much you have admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true, but I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the *fashion* figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.

Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I'll send you this dress, postage prepaid, in your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C. O. D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

Take All Spring and Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Postal Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrassment or red tape. I always allow a full half year to pay.

This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or postal card is enough.

HERE ARE A FEW DEPARTMENTS:

Aprons	Wraps	Hair Goods	Petticoats
Baby Needs	Coats	Hosiery	Shoes
Bathrobes	Corsets	Kimonas	Skirts
Bloomers	Dresses	Lingerie	Suits
Children's and Boys' Wear	Furs	Millinery	Sweaters
	Gloves	Raincoats	Underwear
			Waists



All Wool Poiret Twill Dress

I show directly below an exquisite little fashion that I'd like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fabric is guaranteed to be all wool Poiret Twill exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with an all around Bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow length bell sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self material belt, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut metal buttons. Side panels, pleated to match cuffs, drop loosely from the belt at sides to below the hem of skirt. Yoke underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closes at sides with snap fasteners.

Colors Navy blue only. Sizes: Misses 14, 16, 18, 20 years and Women's 34 to 44 bust measure.

No. E5C10 $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly. Price..... **$13.85**



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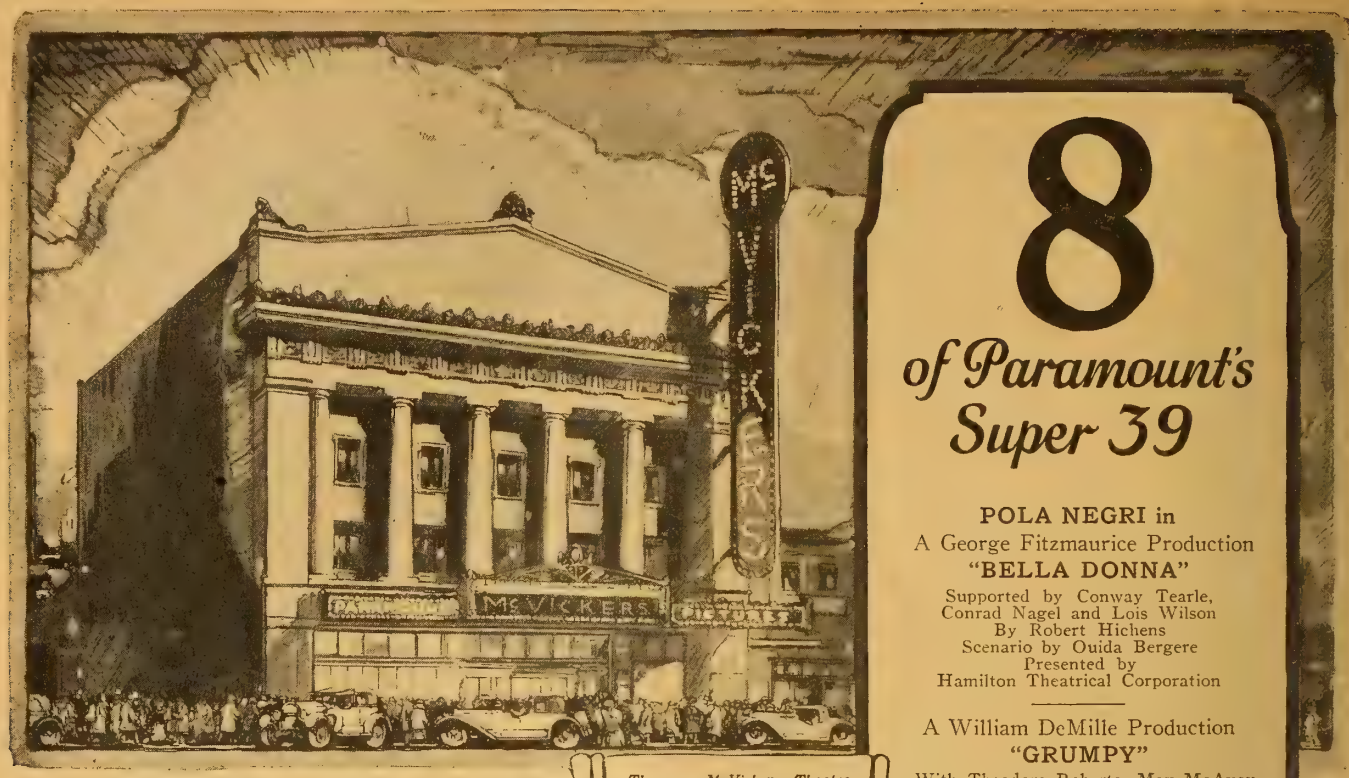
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The new McVickers Theatre, Chicago, where Paramount Pictures predominate. Chicago has many theatres which please patrons the Paramount way.

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The finest pictures deserve the finest setting.

It was no good building better theatres until there were better pictures to show in them, and to support them.

Paramount leads with a dependable nation-wide continuous supply of better pictures.

A great ideal, great resources to carry it out, and a great national endorsement of the wonderful shows that have resulted—there is Paramount's history, there is Paramount's future.

Go by the brand name, *Paramount,* this year, and you'll find everything else follows.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

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POLA NEGRI in
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"BELLA DONNA"
Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson
By Robert Hichens
Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation

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"GRUMPY"
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By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval
Screen play by Clara Beranger

"THE GO-GETTER"
By Peter B. Kyne
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes
Directed by E. H. Griffith
Scenario by John Lynch
A Cosmopolitan Production

GLORIA SWANSON in
"Prodigal Daughters"
Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn
From the story by Joseph Hocking
A Sam Wood Production

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
With Theodore Kosloff and Charles de Roche
From a Pictorial Review Story by Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of The Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno
From the Novel by John Fox, Jr., and the play by Eugene Walter
Directed by Charles Maigne

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone and Pauline Garon
By Waldemar Young
Suggested by Hector Turnbull's story

Paramount Pictures

MAR -2 '23 ©CIB571291

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

APRIL

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Lillian Gish, Cover Design ..... *O. Greiner*
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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atkins
request the pleasure of
your company at dinner
On Wednesday, March the twenty-eighth
at eight o'clock

47 Tompkins Place

Would You Hesitate to Accept This Invitation?

THERE are many people who would, of course. A formal function of this kind requires absolute knowledge of the correct thing to wear, to say, to do. There is always the danger of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, or saying the wrong thing at the wrong time—if one is not entirely *sure* of one's self.



One's manner at the table is either constrained and embarrassed, or poised and well-possessed—depending upon whether one knows or does not know the important etiquette of the table.

When an invitation of this kind is received, it requires an acknowledgment. When should the acknowledgment be sent — at once, or after a few days? How should it be worded? To whom should it be addressed—to Mr. and Mrs. Atkins or just to Mrs. Atkins?

Let us pretend, for a moment, that this is an actual invitation and that you have accepted it. What would you wear to the dinner, formal or informal dress? How would you greet your hostess upon arrival? When you are introduced to other guests, what form of acknowledgment would you use? Would you say "Pleased to meet you"? Would you say "How do you do"? Would you say, "I am delighted"? Are any of these forms correct?

If you are a man and were introduced to a woman, would you offer your hand in acknowledgment? Should one woman offer her hand to another? In making an introduction, whose name should be mentioned first, the man's or the woman's?

Mistakes That Are Made in the Dining Room

Table etiquette betrays breeding as surely as a table of contents tells what a book contains. The cultured, well-bred person conducts himself or herself with a calm, dignified manner that every one recognizes—and admires. The person who is not used to good society, on the other hand, instantly betrays the fact by making impulsive little blunders, by being constrained, uncomfortable and embarrassed in manner.

It is not enough to know that olives are taken with fingers and that lettuce may not be cut with a knife. To have graceful, cultivated table manners one must know how to use the knife and fork correctly, how to eat every food properly, when to use the spoon, when the fork, when the fingers. One must know how to use the finger-bowl and the napkin; one must know what to say in case of an overturned glass of water or any other table accident; one must know when to rise from the table.

Some People Seem Tongue-Tied

Not only at formal dinners and formal dances, but even at informal functions some people feel constrained and tongue-tied. With their own friends they may be delightful conversationalists; but as soon as there are strangers present they feel suddenly unable to speak, unable to express their thoughts.



Too often people feel tongue-tied in the company of strangers. They seem dull and awkward, though really they may be clever conversationalists. Do you know how to make yourself at all times agreeable, engaging, well-liked?

Have *you* ever felt tongue-tied at a party or dance? Have you ever found yourself alone with some man or woman to whom you had been introduced and found that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about? Have you ever been to a dinner where conversation lagged and every one seemed strained, uncomfortable, even a bit stupid?

Didn't you long to say something brilliant, to start conversation flowing smoothly, to make yourself admired as a clever conversationalist—envied as an ideal guest?

Perhaps there is a wedding just around the corner, or a party not so far away. Perhaps there is a dance you expect to attend, or a trip you are planning to make. Why not surprise your friends with your wonderful knowledge of the right thing to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions? Why not make yourself immune to embarrassment—free yourself from the danger of making blunders—give yourself new poise and personal magnetism by learning now the accepted rules of conduct through the pages of the famous Book of Etiquette.

The Book of Etiquette, published in two handsome volumes, is recognized as one of the most complete, exhaustive and authoritative works on this subject available today. It is up to the last minute, complete in every detail.

Five Days' Free Examination

May we send you the Book of Etiquette so that you may examine it free in your own home? Read a chapter or two. Glance at the illustrations. You be the sole judge of whether or not you want to return the books without the least obligation, or keep them and send us only $3.50 in full payment.

You want to examine the Book of Etiquette, of course. Clip and mail this coupon before you forget. It is not an order. It is merely a request to examine the books free. Why not send it off today? Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 784, Garden City, N. Y.

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Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obligated to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather binding** at $5, with 5 days' examination privilege.

Orders from outside the U. S. are payable cash with order.



He laughs at defiance and danger, this fierce young Caid of the desert. Hot-blooded as Egyptian Sands, no wonder he exclaims . . .

FEARED by his own tribe; hated by the Sultan of Morocco; a price set upon his head by the United States Government, yet loved devotedly and defended valiantly by his Mother who proudly exclaims:

"My son does not steal women to gain favor with the Sultan."

This is Chiddar Ben-Ek, a young Chieftain who loves as tenderly as any "civilized" man. Head-strong, passionate, courageous—and as adoring a lover as every woman desires!

You watch his every expression; you are thrilled by his behavior and finally you exclaim, "This is superb acting! Monte Blue *is* the Sheik."

But he is not the only actor who makes "The Tents of Allah" the thrilling picture it is.

Mary Alden is considered the greatest character actress on the screen and as Oulaid, the young Caid's Mother, she does the best work of her career.

Your interest not only is in the young lovers and whether the beautiful American girl will actually marry her captor-defender, you are also enthralled by the older lovers and whether or not all will be well with them.

"The Tents of Allah" has all the allure of the East, all the drama and foreign customs of an ancient land which adds to your enjoyment of plot and acting.



"By Allah! I want her, and I'll keep her."

BESIDES giving entertainment, Moving Pictures have done more to educate and to influence the lives of millions of people than has any other modern achievement.

Since motion pictures are such a force for good or evil, it is highly important to choose the better ones. Doubtless you, too, want them—and we want to give them.

So we have worked out a plan which we believe will give you just what you want. We have made arrangements with the leading motion picture Review Service, which gives *unbiased criticisms* on all new pictures, which will be sent to you and any committee you form who wish to *choose the pictures you want to see.*

For example: a Club Woman, Lawyer, Doctor, School Principal, Society leader, Department store head, Minister, City Official, Banker and Picture Exhibitor may form a "Committee of Ten" to get better pictures.

If *you* have initiative, write today for details of "Getting Better Pictures." Address: Arthur S. Kane, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Encore Pictures

EVERY picture which bears our name—"Encore"—must stand for the highest form of entertainment and interest-value.

"Breaking Home Ties" is an Encore Picture not only for its love story but also for depicting family love and traditions, good to see in these free days of youth.

"The Tents of Allah" is an Encore Picture because it is superlative entertainment.

"A Bill of Divorcement," an Encore Picture just being presented, is worthy our name, because it is a great story based upon great human motives.

If you like these pictures, admire our standard and wish to see advance announcements of Encore Pictures to come, write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

"In this hour of our distress, Lord, forsake us not."



If *you've* ever lost a loved one, you know the ache of parting You rely on the Book of Books to pull you through . . .



INTO the lives of all of us at some time come sorrows and bereavements: But no sorrow is like unto that of loved ones, parting.

"Breaking Home Ties" is a Picture which shows love of family, love of friends, love of fine ideals and old traditions and love of beauty in all its highest forms.

Sooner or later, right triumphs, aching hearts are made glad again and civilization slowly moves on, stronger than before. If only we love enough. . . .

In a moment of anger and suspicion a dearly loved son commits a deed which separates him from his family, robs him of his best friends and forces him to leave his loving parents—forces him even to leave his country.

How he atones, how he makes good in America—the land of wide-open chances!—how he at last finds his beloved old father and mother is graphically told in a story you will not forget.

Romance, there is, too, but one's eyes become wet and one's heart beats with pity for the seeking, loving family, each trying to find the other.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



A Mellin's Food Boy



Robert Frederick Hale,
West Somerville, Mass.

All Mellin's Food babies are conspicuous by their fine, robust appearance and happy dispositions.

Write today and ask us to send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.



MAR -2 '23

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

The Ogre and the Motion Picture

THE exhibitor or theater-owner is the ogre who threatens the motion picture. We have comprehended this now for two or three years. Really it was one of the clear-seeing writers, bringing her brain-children to the screen, who first called this fact to our attention. And it was so very evident that we wondered why we hadn't thought of it before.

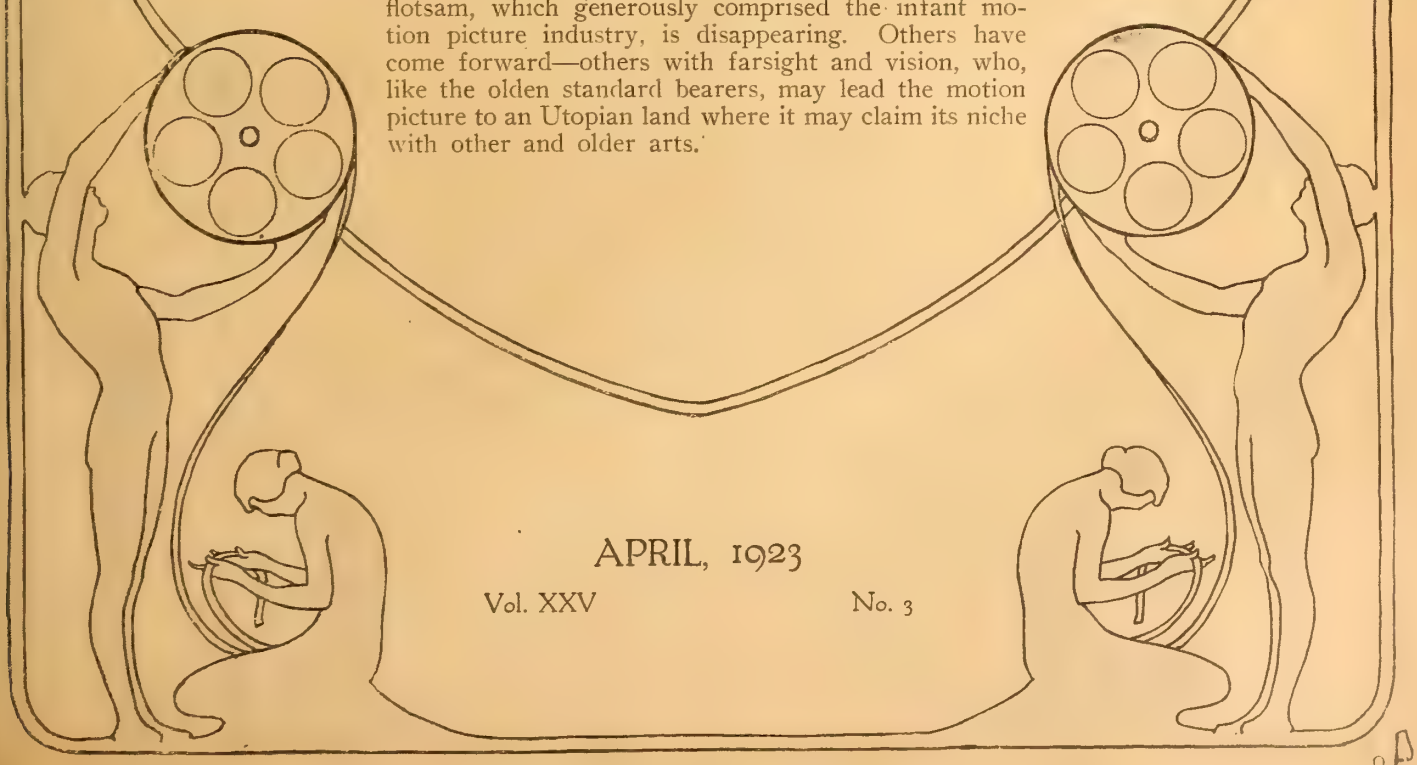
The exhibitor shops for the pictures which he exhibits for his patrons. If he doesn't enjoy a picture, he doesn't book it for his theater. That's that.

Until very recently, Mr. Exhibitor was a frightful person. It was frequent that he could scarcely write and times aplenty he had given up his corner delicatessen or tailor's scissors or blacksmith's forge in order to turn his attentions to some little neighborhood motion picture house. His comprehension of drama went no further than a fight with the villain and an embrace on a hill with a setting sun for a backdrop. The classics were literally closed books to him. The filmization of a fine modern novel concerned him not a whit. He was rarely induced to book the screen version of "Les Misérables" or "The Little Minister," for instance. Stupid titles. No punch to them. "Why Wives Leave Home." Ah, that's the stuff.

But something has happened. This terrifying ogre no longer holds the motion picture in his clutch of ignorance and lack of discrimination. The exhibitor today is generally of another sort. Intelligent men have opened theaters. The uneducated have been crowded out. Some of those exhibitors who came to the motion picture years ago, lacking any requisites, have advanced until they are worthy of the judicial estate they enjoy. Today, according to the reports of prominent film salesmen, the average exhibitor is infinitely superior to those other exhibitors who have gone before.

We cherish no undue optimism and we realize that the ogre in the person of Mr. Exhibitor has not yet been entirely rooted out, but we are encouraged. The trend is in the right direction.

In all phases and fields of the profession the human flotsam, which generously comprised the infant motion picture industry, is disappearing. Others have come forward—others with farsight and vision, who, like the olden standard bearers, may lead the motion picture to an Utopian land where it may claim its niche with other and older arts.



APRIL, 1923

Vol. XXV No. 3



Use the cold cream that is made with a specially light oil—You will love the way it leaves your skin feeling fresh and supple

Cleanse with this specially light cream

Feel the difference in your skin—instantly

HAVE you the fresh smooth skin you would like to have, or is your complexion dull, lifeless? Just the care you give it makes all the difference. Unless you keep it always fresh and pliant, it grows duller and coarser every year.

For real freshness and brilliancy in these days of city soot and dirt, you must give your skin much more than the ordinary washing. Pond's Cold Cream was specially developed to meet this need for a thorough yet soft cleansing. It contains exactly the right amount and kind of oil to penetrate the pores and bring out every dulling dirt particle that has worked itself in.

If your skin is too dry it will absorb just the amount of oil it needs—become soft and smooth as you like to have it. And the superfluous fat of excessively oily skins is removed with the dirt by this fine oil. Your face will be fresh, stimulated. It will have a delightful smoothness.

This thorough cleansing never leaves your skin rough or heavy with cream. It is the special light consistency of Pond's Cold Cream that makes you definitely prefer it to the heavier creams. Smooth on this cream every night. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off on a soft cloth. The difference in the feel of your skin will charm you.

* * *

Of course, to keep your complexion perfectly smooth and brilliant another cream is absolutely necessary for daytime use, a cream without a drop of oil. Even when you are most fatigued Pond's Vanishing Cream will freshen your skin instantly, take away the tired drawnness, leaving it soft and velvety. Your powder, too, will cling for hours to its smooth surface. At the same time this wonderful cream protects you from the ageing effects of repeated exposure to sun, cold, wind.

Both creams are so finely proportioned they cannot clog the pores. Neither will promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

LEATRICE JOY

It seems to us that the trust of bringing the aristocratic Manchu lady of "Java Head" to the screen should serve as an inspiration. And Leatrice Joy told us she felt just that way about it. Perhaps that accounts for the colorful interest of the accompanying character study



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

Elliott Dexter is one of the most dignified shadows upon the screen. But he never permits his dignity to interfere with his portrayals—witness his work in the Garden of Eden episode of "Adam's Rib," pictured a few pages further on



Photograph by Evans, L. A

BABY PEGGY

Every month we decide that we have used the last picture of Baby Peggy for a while. Then a new picture arrives and we realize that no page could be put to better use. We think this picture its own excuse, but, by the way of news, she is playing in a series of faery tales for the Century Comedies



Photograph by Royal Atelier

HAROLD LLOYD

Harold Lloyd did want to do stories with a little more drama in them. And while the critics and the public praised his endeavors along this line lavishly, they cried out for another production which would invoke shrieks of laughter and the goose-flesh occasioned by dare-devil scenes. So Harold has made "Safety Last." Let the name be your guide



MARIE PREVOST

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Someone said the flappers—the younger set—of the screen lacked erudition. So Marie Prevost posed for the above photograph before she began work on "Brass," a screen version of the Norris novel. It would seem to belie the implication. Incidentally, Miss Prevost verifies the rumor of her engagement to Kenneth Harlan. They will be wed in the green Springtime



Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

GEORGE HACKATHORN

George Hackathorn came to New York for the first time a few months ago, and it was said that he would go with Griffith. Then Von Stroheim began his production of "The Merry-Go-Round," and his urgent wire sent young Hackathorn back to California to play the hunchback in this story laid on the Continent.



Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

EVELYN BRENT

It was the beginning of big things for Evelyn Brent when she played the title rôle in "The Spanish Jade," which was filmed in Spain. Mary Pickford saw her and found her both good and interesting to behold. Now she is playing in Doug Fairbank's picture, "The Black Pirate." We have no doubt that we shall be called upon to publish many more pictures of her as the months go by



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

ALMA RUBENS

Almost every actress cherishes a wish to play opposite one of the Barrymores. To Alma Rubens has come this opportunity, for she will be seen as Lionel's leading-lady in "Vendetta"



ALLA NAZIMOVA

Nazimova has a rare artistic courage. She has produced a screen version of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé," in which rôle she is pictured above, in a manner which would be avoided by most producers. Incidentally, she has returned to the speaking-stage this season in "Dagmar." Her husband, Charles Bryant, is also in the cast, and it was under his management the play was produced



And Women Must Weep

Marguerite Courtot as the Quaker maid in Elmer Clifton's film-play, "Down to the Sea in Ships"

Charley's Magnificent Adventure

By
HARRY CARR



Photograph by Nelse Lennes, L. A.



Charley is something midway between a Puritan with a sneaking half craving to be burned at the stake . . . and a Crusader riding away to fragrant lands of romance with a lady's scarf on his sleeve and a song in his heart. . . . Above is Charley with his wife, Cora, about to set forth on a journey; and below, they are seen breakfasting in the California garden



EVERYBODY has been sweet and lovely and he's had a bully good time; but he cant stick around in the same safe old village forever, so he guesses he will be on his way.

Therefore Charley Ray has said good-bye to himself—good-bye to the Charley Ray the movie world has known.

With the beginning of his new picture — the big one based upon the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers —the life of John Alden—Mr. Ray is entering upon a new phase of his career.

John Alden will not be the only one who is landing upon the shores of a strange country, filled with perils and dangers.

There is a school of thought that reads the messages of life in sym-



bols. Everything you do means something mysterious. If you move your grocery store from Main street to Spring street, the mystic meaning of that event is that you have left the beaten tracks of your life; and poetry and youth and everything that goes with spring time is about to be revived in your heart.

If you keep up that line of thought long enough, I am here to warn you that you will find yourself picking green elephants out of the air and talking to yourself in dim corners with the impression that you are an eight-day clock.

But we might take a chance on symbolism long enough to predict that Charley Ray's new venture will mean a long, hard struggle on the rocky shores of art, but something gorgeous, big and important in the end.

When you speak of the risks, Charles does his best to sigh and look like a perplexed and worried business man.

The truth is, he is fascinated by the charm of a dangerous adventure—making a terrifically expensive picture against the advice of all the salesmen and adding-machine boys.

Charley doesn't know it himself, but he is the stuff that all the great heroes of the world have been made of.

Like all the rest of them, he is something mid-way between a Puritan with a sneaking half craving to be burned at the stake . . . and a Crusader riding away to fragrant lands of mystery with a lady's scarf on his sleeve and a song in his heart . . . a child stealing cookies . . . and a Methodist deacon playing grab bag at a church social and feeling devilish wicked in the process. . . .

That's Charley Ray . . . the Charley Ray that Charley Ray doesn't know about.

Also that was Richard the Lion Hearted . . . and Christopher Columbus . . . and Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett . . . and all the Arctic explorers and all the soldiers of fortune and all the pioneers since the world began.

Of course Charley's own conviction is that he is a sober, cold-blooded man of business.

That's what all adventurers have thought. When old Lief Ericson turned his prow out into the plunging waters of an unknown sea and kept on until he found the shores of America four hundred years before Columbus, I haven't a doubt in the world that he kidded himself into believing he was on a very sober and important business mission.

Part of being an adventurer is not knowing it . . . pretending to yourself that you are made out of cold steel and concrete,

(*Continued on page 97*)

Everybody has been sweet and lovely, and he's had a bully time; but he cant stick around in the same safe old village forever, so Charley Ray guesses he will be on his way. . . . With the beginning of his new picture—the big one based upon the life of John Alden—Mr. Ray is entering upon a new phase of his career. At the left, a camera study; and below, as the bashful rural lad in which he won his fame



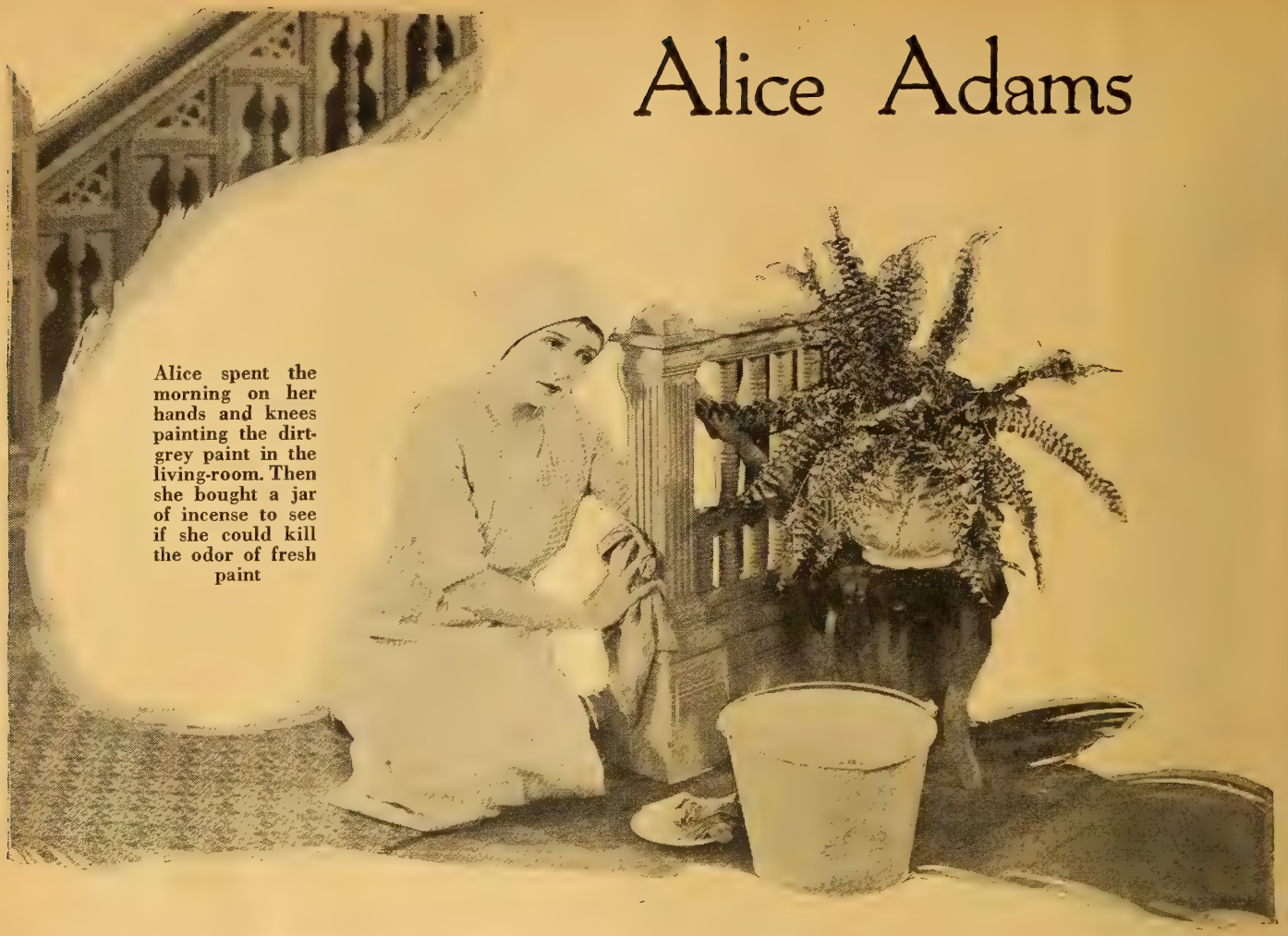


Photograph by Richee

The Muse Forgotten

Ruth is Conrad Nagel's little girl. And we are glad to have this delightful portrait of them together

Alice Adams



Alice spent the morning on her hands and knees painting the dirt-grey paint in the living-room. Then she bought a jar of incense to see if she could kill the odor of fresh paint

ALICE ADAMS pricked her finger and a drop of bright blood stained the daffodil-yellow of the crisp organdie. Petulantly, she flung the ruffly, half-finished frock on to the floor: "Darn the old thing, anyway!" she cried out, in a voice worn thin with petty exasperations.

Her mother, sewing by the light of the other window, raised her head. She, too, looked tired. Tireder than Alice, because she was older and petty exasperations had had their way with her longer. "Why do you say that, dear?" she asked, "I think it will be very pretty. And very becoming. I just know you'll be the belle of the evening." Fondly, "You couldn't help but be! And it shows what Mildred Palmer must think of you to ask you to this big affair!"

Alice pretended herself; she even, sometimes, pretended *to* herself, but she felt an inner furiousness when her mother did the same.

"You know, perfectly well, Mother," she said, "that, no matter what I do to this dress, it wont look right. Not really right. Not like the others. I'll have to wear it over a cotton petticoat. I should have a crêpe de chine slip. I'll have to wear those canvas slippers. I should wear kid—or black satin. I ought to have my hair dressed, it looks so frumpy—all the girls have their hair dressed and I ought to have flowers. All the girls are wearing flowers to the parties they go to. I'm just a back number."

Mrs. Adams sighed, "If only your father were different. . . . "

Alice sighed, too. But she knew that her father couldn't be "different." He was a back number, too. A dyed-in-the-wool back number. They were all back numbers.

Once they hadn't been. No. Once, the Adams's house had been on the best street in town. Main Street, really. Once, their house had been bravely white and green and the furniture had been new and Alice had been sixteen and in the evenings the youthful swains had gathered on the porch or in the "parlor" and they had sung "Seeing Nellie Home" and "Annie Laurie" and made fudge and danced the waltz and the two-step and had real good times.

Then the town had begun to grow. It had grown and grown. It had grown away from the Adams's street and away from the Adams's house.

No one lived on the Adams's street now. Not even in the Adams's section of town. No one that counted, socially, that is.

Society had sprung up, too, as the town grew. There were "sets." There was *the* set. It no longer contained the Adamses.

Other men in town began to make money. They were smart, "Progressive." As they progressed they built fine homes. They sent their daughters away to "finishing schools" and their sons away to colleges. When the sons and the daughters returned, they were above making fudge and singing "back number" songs on the back number porch of a back number girl. Alice found that they no longer spoke her language. They no longer cared for the things she cared for. Their fathers were wealthy and they wore imported models. They danced new-fangled dances. Dances, she had never learned. A younger set sprang up, and by that time Alice Adams was twenty-three and "out" of things.

"If only your father were different," was her mother's daily hue and cry. "If only your father had some ambition . . . the idea, to sit by and see a girl like he's got want for things . . . be unhappy. And his son . . . look at Walter, no advantages or anything. No wonder he stays out at nights and doesn't go around with his equals . . . if only your father. . . . "

And Alice thought, in her heart, "Poor Father . . .

poor, old Father!" She told her mother, "He'd be different if he could." But her mother wouldn't hear to it. Her mother would mutter, "You would think, with children like *he* has . . . "

Alice, looking at her poor, old father, couldn't imagine him being any different. She couldn't conceive that he ever had been any different. He was just plodding and patient and rather short-sighted and stooped. He was just Father, someone to be nagged morning, noon and night. Someone upon whose inadequate shoulders the social eclipse of the Adams could be blamed.

In her heart, Alice loved her father. He appealed to what was best in her—and most hidden. He appealed to her small, secret sincerity, securely hidden as it was under the absurd social pretenses, the pathetic social lies she felt she had to live and tell.

He would have gone ahead, too, if he could have. He would have got into shoe machinery and made his millions, like Mildred Palmer's father had, if he had been able to. Poor Father, he was like that, a little bit short-sighted about everything.

"He never had a chance," she once told her mother. . . . Her mother snorted, "Much you know about it, Miss!" she said, "chance . . . h'm! Why, he has a glue patent, a patent for making glue, in his top desk drawer at this moment. He and another man worked it out years ago when they first went to J. A. Lamb's store. Your father could make a mint of money out of it, if he'd swing it. But would he? No, he says, that it wouldn't be 'honest.' Not honest, I'd like to know why not, I've asked him that five thousand times a year if I've asked it of him once, and he says it wouldn't be honest, because they worked the patent out while they were working for old J. A. and so it's really his. A pretty way his 'honesty' has got him, I tell him. Didn't *he* work it out? Isn't it *his?* But there, that's your father all over again, living in some far-away world while his son and daughter are going without their heritage."



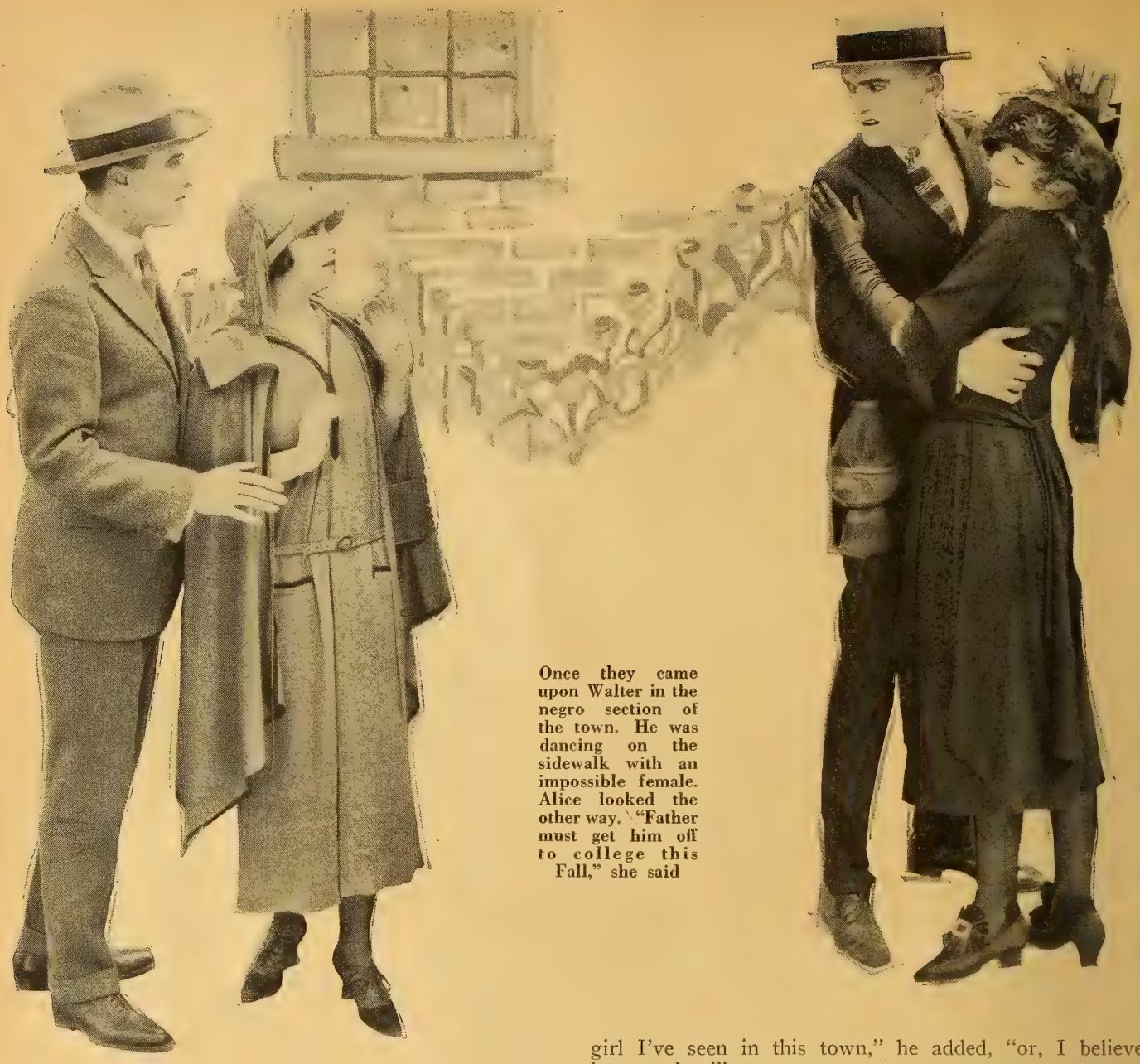
Alice whispered to Walter, "You've got to dance the first dance with me. . . . " Walter hissed back, "Not on your life, I dont!" But he did dance with her

Alice couldn't cope with it. It did seem that if her father had a fortune in his top desk drawer, she, Alice Adams, shouldn't be hanging on to the fringe of things by the hem of her home-made frock. But, somehow, she trusted her father! And he was so ill, and so bent! It hurt her heart to hear his carpet slippers shuffling about, sort of furtively, as tho he were ashamed to be seen. Poor, old Dad!

. . . . . .

Alice walked down to the village the morning of Mildred Palmer's dance. She had to get some yellow sewing silk for her mother, who was devising, at the last moment, as she generally did everything, some "French" rosebuds of pastel violets and blues for the bosom of the organdie frock.

Alice nodded brightly to everyone. She swung a small swagger stick. A second cousin had sent it to her from abroad. The second cousin had remembered Alice as she had been at seventeen, smart and brisk and ever so popular. Alice didn't look so well with the swagger



Once they came upon Walter in the negro section of the town. He was dancing on the sidewalk with an impossible female. Alice looked the other way. "Father must get him off to college this Fall," she said

stick now, but she carried it because she wanted the folks to know she had it. She carried her head very high. Her cheeks flamed when she walked down town. She nodded brightly here and there and once or twice she stopped and spoke to someone and said, yes, she was going to Mildred's dance . . . Mildred had always been her "best friend" and so, of *course,* she couldn't remain away. . . . She delicately conveyed that she would really rather not "drop in on the affair," but one cant cut one's chums, after all, can one . . . ?

One or two people merely grinned at her. One or two said to themselves, "Poor Alice Adams . . . it must be hard for a girl who has been so popular to be a back number."

Alice bought the silk and walked home, humming. A young man passed her as she crossed Oak Street. A tall young man. A nice young man, one could see. His eyes were grey and ever so finely creased with quizzical laugh lines. But his mouth was grave and firm. Alice looked very significant, crossing Oak Street. She had jaunty ankles and a poised head. Her color was suffusion of rose. The young man stopped for a perceptible moment. He was thinking, "That's the most attractive girl I've seen in this town," he added, "or, I believe, in any other!"

Alice was thinking, "Oh, I wish I knew *him.* He doesn't look like the others . . . as tho he'd be afraid to be seen with a . . . back number!"

Then they passed one another by.

. . . . . .

Alice was exhausted before she got to the dance. Her dress didn't look quite right. Her mother had spoiled the simplicity that was its chief recommendation by fussing it up too much, and Alice didn't dare to say so, because her mother was so proud and pleased and so tired out with her efforts.

Then Walter, at the last moment, swore roundly that he wouldn't spend an evening with "those frozen faces," no, not for fifty sisters. Alice could "get a man" when she got there. Alice's pale face flamed with anger. "Get a man!" It was like rubbing salt into her always sensitive pride.

She had picked some violets for herself, in the field back of the house, and when she pinned them on they looked just what they were—field violets from in back of the house. She had tied them up in silver paper and some silver *faille* she had in a box of bygone favors, but, even so, they remained field violets. . . . Her father came and stood in the doorway of her room when she

was finished and his dim eyes shone with a sort of pride. He enraged her mother by saying, "You see, Mama, you worry unnecessarily. Our little girl doesn't need money to make her beautiful!"

Her mother was speechless with exasperation, and her father shuffled wistfully out again.

Walter balefully drest and they could hear him muttering to himself from his room. "I think Walter's the nastiest boy!" Alice exclaimed, and her mother sighed and said, "He hasn't had any advantages, dear. . . . "

When Walter came down, he was grinning demoniacally. "I forgot to tell you, sister dear," he said, "I ordered a chariot to drive you to the ball in."

When the "chariot" appeared, it was a mud-bespattered flivver driven by a negro, odoriferous of whiskey. Alice was half in tears when she fluttered gingerly in. When they reached the Palmer gates, she had a family row with her brother and made him leave the flivver outside. "I'd rather *walk,*" she said, "than be seen in *this*. . . . "

Mildred was gracious when they arrived. She said, "Hullo, Alice, I'm *so* glad to see you." But Alice knew that she really wasn't. Or, rather, that she didn't care, one way or the other. Most of the girls were the younger set. Their cards were all filled. They all wore frocks of taffeta and georgette. They all had charming little corsages.

Alice whispered to Walter, "You've got to dance the first dance with me. . . . " Walter hissed back, "Not on your life, I dont!" Alice pinched his arm till he yowled faintly. "You've *got to!*" she said. Walter glanced at her, then muttered, "Oh, hell, all right, then. . . . " "You *wait,* Walter Adams," promised his sister desperately.

But he did dance with her, and he danced marvelously. Alice was quite taken aback. Walter was light and dexterous. "Where did you learn to dance?" she whispered to him, smiling now, amazed. . . . "Down in the coon section," he said audibly, "no dancers like those coons. . . . "

"Walter Adams!" came Alice's scandalized, faint voice. Walter grinned cheerfully.

After the first dance he obstinately and finally refused to be lured on to the floor one single more time. Alice coaxed him. She flattered him, too, despite the dreadful thing he had said. But he wouldn't be coaxed, nor yet flattered. He simply abandoned her and disappeared.

Alice sought for pretexts. She *had* to pretend that she was having a good time. She had to make it look as tho she were popular and sought after. She thought up little tricks. First, she said that she had turned her ankle. She stood at the foot of the stairs and contemplated spending a half hour in the dressing room. She could easily get away with that. When she came down she managed to limp ever so slightly. Not so badly that she would have to refuse to dance if anyone should ask her, but just enough to make it look plausible if no one did. She found a chair and sat down in the foyer hall. She smiled to herself as tho in some tremulous expectation. "Someone must be coming for her any second," is what an observer would have thought, or, "what a good time that pretty Adams girl is having; she's still popular, I see," they might well think.

In about fifteen minutes, fat Billy Simpson came over to her and asked her to dance. Billy was



They had a tussle with Virgil Adams to force him into his dress clothes. And when they did force him into them, they found he had grown pounds thinner, and the coat hung on him like the coat of somebody else

sort of the town boob. He stepped on the girls' feet when he danced with them. He was thick-witted, too. Still, he was a stop-gap. Alice danced with him and he stepped on her foot. The black imprint of his heel called ugly attention to her canvas shoe. She was sick with rage. She told him she didn't think she'd dance again. He left her in her chair and he, too, disappeared. Walter had absolutely vanished. Now and then Mildred whirled past her, radiantly rose and silver. Once she called, "Having a good time, Alice?" and Alice called back, ringingly, "Splendid, thank you, dear!"

Her head and her heart ached. Her foot really hurt now where Billy had stepped on it. Her dress, under the brilliant lights, looked cottony and Wilcox and Gibbsy. The field violets lay against her breast, little and dead. . . .

Quite suddenly someone sat down by her. "Are you engaged for the next dance?" asked a pleasant voice. Alice turned. It was the young man she had met on Oak Street that morning! Her sick heart gave a little, joyous thud! It was, somehow, on the tip of her tongue to say, "No—and I haven't been since I came," but she remembered her manners and laughed liltingly and said, "I was, but I'll signal him off if you say!" She arched her eyes and was coquettish. The young man looked faintly surprised. Innerly, he was thinking that he hadn't imagined she would be like this. She *looked* so straightforward and unaffected. Still, she attracted him. She certainly attracted him.

He said, politely, "Do you know Mildred very well?"

"Oh, *yes*," laughed Alice, "very well. Well, I should say: She's practically my *best friend!*"

"Oh, indeed! Well. Isn't that jolly? Nice kiddie, Mildred."

"Yes. Aw-fully nice. I'm mad about her."

"My name, by the way," said the young man, smiling with the quizzical look he had, "is Arthur Russell."

"You must be new here, aren't you?" Alice asked, she smiled at him and flirted her long lashes. "I thought I knew every man in town," she said.

Arthur Russell disliked the last part of the speech and ignored it. But he said, "Yes, I'm a newcomer. I plan to spend the winter months here. I'm a cousin of the Palmers."

Alice felt her heart sink. Then he would know, he would find out that she had been fibbing when she said that Mildred was her best friend, Mildred would tell him the truth about her. Mildred would say that she had only invited Alice Adams because she felt sort of sorry for the poor, old girl.

Oh, well. . . . In the meantime, for this one precious hour or so, she could play pretend.

They danced together once, and then again and

(*Continued on page* 100)

ALICE ADAMS

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Associated Exhibitors' production based on the Booth Tarkington novel of the same name. Starring Florence Vidor, and directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast:

Alice Adams	Florence Vidor
Virgil Adams	Claude Gillingwater
Mrs. Adams	Margaret McCade
Walter Adams	Harold Goodwin
Arthur Russell	Vernon Steel
J. A. Lamb	Thomas Ricketts



J. A. had brought him home and he had been ill, very ill. And the great J. A. had stopped in every day to ask how his "old friend" was. Mama made the "old friend" part of it very clear



Until Daddy Comes Home

Helen Ferguson and a little player in a scene from "Brass" which will warm your heart

Phyllis Wears the Purple

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Some girls are too self-conscious to get chatty with a man the first time they meet him. Phyllis isn't. She's as talkative as Trixie Friganza and as witty as Bugs Baer.

No one would really attempt to interview Miss Haver. She gurgles and bubbles and sparkles like champagne. Purely girlish. Extremely naïve.

Sufficiently wise to know that Sherlock Holmes isn't a Hollywood bungalow. Sufficiently un-wise to be self-confident and have confidence in her friends.

"Tickled to death!" she replied in answer to my query as to a diagnosis of her feelings on breaking into drama.

"I cant get used to it. In comedy you have to think on the jump and work like a steam engine. But in drama everything is toned down and you can take your work more easily."

Nervous? *Huh*-uh. Not Phyllis.

Not even abashed at the so-called "temperament" of Maurice Tourneur, her director. We were discussing him at length and Phyl kept showing me how he "toned her down" and all that, when he appeared.

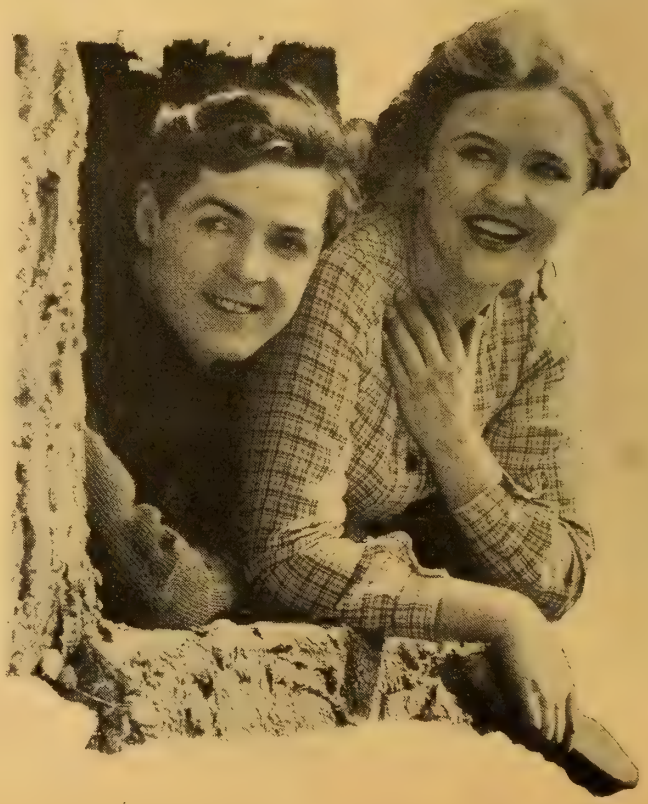
Typically French, Tourneur is more or less serious in aspect. But would any such quality retard Phyllis' enthusiasm?

AT last Phyllis Haver has gone in for drama.

In "The Christian" she is playing *Polly Love,* a pretty, little ingenuish sort of rôle—but one wherein she neither wears a bathing suit nor receives pies *ad lib* in her pretty face.

She is the last of the now-famous Sennett girls to swim into the purple, because, until now, the astute Mr. Sennett has persistently refused to loan her to other companies.

At last Phyllis Haver has gone in for drama. She is the last of the now-famous Sennett girls to swim into the purple. "I cant get used to it," she said. "In comedy you have to think on the jump and work like a steam engine. But in drama everything is toned down and you can take your work more easily." At the right, a scene from "The Christian," with Phyllis Haver and Gareth Hughes



But whether or not Phyllis will remain in drama is a question. She still has her Sennett contract. And, under its terms, she may have to go back to the slapsticks until its expiration.

La belle Haver off the screen is just as pretty as her photographs. Only a comparatively few actresses are, because greasepaint is a terrific aid-to-beauty.

But Phyllis has that same happy smile, that same buoyance in real life that have made her, her host of screen "fans."

And listen, girls—the only street make-up she uses is a mere touch of lip rouge. For she is the picture of health; her skin is like satin and her smile like peaches and cream.

But Phyllis Haver Is Still Under Contract With Mack Sennett and May Have To Leave the Drama

Never!

"Hello, darling!" she screamed at him, girlishly—and then looked suddenly serious.

"My word!" she exclaimed, "I forgot my dignity!"

Tourneur stopped and bowed and said something polite. And Phyllis made him smile, and he passed on up the gravel walk and out of our interview's life as if he hadn't ever entered it.

This interview, by the way, took place in a dusty alleyway that separates Goldwyn's two big property rooms from each other. An out-of-the-way place for a celebrity to talk for publication.

Buzz saws in a nearby carpenter shop ripped and whanged unmercifully, yet unheeded, except for Phyllis' remark that she's used to noise and commotion, having worked in comedies.

"Really, tho," she explained, "comedy isn't the easiest thing in the world to do.

"Often what you yourself think will be the funniest, turns out the saddest.

"And it's easier for a girl to *get* into comedies than to *stay* in them—because she has to do a lot more than merely look well on the screen."

The continual high-power activity of a comedy studio would be stimulating, to say the least, one would suppose.

But—take it from Phyllis—it isn't even exciting.

"Y'know . . ." she said, taking a breath and looking her most fascinating, ". . . the first time I climbed the stairs at Sennett's looking for a job, I thought I was going to pieces. "My head was full of ideas about the girls all

(*Continued on page 87*)



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Said Phyllis: "It's easier for a girl to *get* into comedies than to stay in them—because she has to do a lot more than merely look well on the screen. You have to go to bed early and get up early and work late. And you have to diet so you'll not get fat." At the right, a new camera study, and below, *la belle* Haver in a Sennett character



Photograph by Abbé
© by Mack Sennett Comedies



The Virgin Queen

Elizabeth of the House of Tudor was a mighty queen—one of the greatest queens who ever ruled a land. So J. Stuart Blackton is filming her story on British soil. No fiction could be more filled with color, interest or romance. Lady Diana Manners plays Elizabeth—the Virgin Queen, wedded to her England—first as the Princess, as she is shown above—then as the regal ruler of a great dominion

What Folks Want to See in the Movies

By LAURA KENT MASON

Illustrated by Eldon Kelley

WHENEVER you interview an especially inartistic producer and ask him, "Why in thunder do you put on such *awful* pictures, anyhow?" nine times out of, well, nine, he will smile sadly, tho pleasantly, and, as if addressing someone who cant *quite* understand the inner side of the motion picture business, will answer, "After all, our audiences come first. We must give the people what they want."

There you are! You cant strike an indignant pose and, after slapping the Inartistic Producer ungently in the face, say to him, "You poor dumb-duck. It isn't the audiences that are at fault. It's *you*. Give the people good pictures and they'll flock to see them." Saying things like that doesn't help a bit. The Inartistic Producer will have Proofs, for you, this time. There is nothing as terrible as Proofs, especially when they dont prove anything. The proofs will show that one picture—a really artistic picture, with a lot of tears and village scenes and blurred close-ups—was turned out only last year by a Really Artistic Producer and *fell flat!* And another artistic production, on which thousands was spent to show real scenery and real action, was *way over the heads of the people,* and that *fell flat,* too. The poor potato wont mention a dozen inartistic pictures that fell even flatter. He wont mention twenty atrocities that folks wouldn't look at, at all. Certainly not. He was trying to prove a point. Outside of the fact that he is all wrong and he couldn't prove his point, even if it were worth proving, there ought to be some way to prove to *him* that he and not his audiences are to blame for the horrors that are thrust upon the unsuspecting picture-watchers.

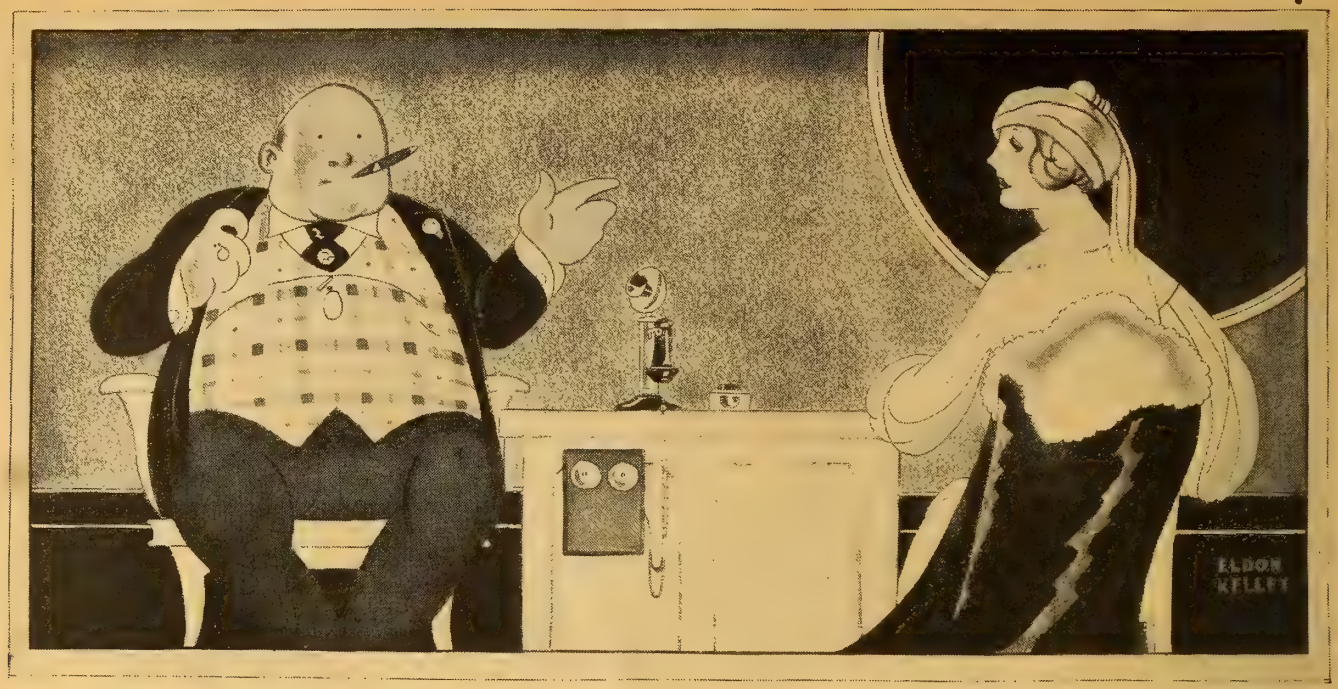
In the first place, in my humble opinion—and, if you must know, I dont think it's such an humble opinion after all—the average motion picture audience is *all right.* The average audience, at the average motion picture theater, is far above almost any group of people you can find, today. It certainly is far above the average group that attends cheap amusement parks. It is above the group that is content with cabarets and unwholesome dance halls. It is far above just the ordinary gathering you find at indiscriminate "meetings." It is the equal, if not the superior, of the average theater audience. It is just a little behind the group that attends the better-class musicales and concerts. In cities, in fact, which feature symphony orchestras as part of their motion picture program, their audiences equal even the select concert group. So—there you are, on that. There is nothing the matter with the motion picture audience.

In the small town and in the city, the motion picture audience is a great deal alike. It consists, first of all, of almost the whole class of the "better families," varying each evening, of course, for few folks go to the movies, anywhere, every night. There are, of course, a few people, who, for some reason or other, "dont like the movies." The pictures may hurt their eyes, as they claim. The pictures may not satisfy them, mentally, as they claim, too. They may, quite sincerely, prefer to stay home and read.

Take out, then, this small class of folks who actually dont like the movies. You'll be surprised how small this class is, if you make a canvass of even your casual acquaintances. What have you left? The motion picture audience, then, consists of: Most fathers



Fathers of families go to pictures. They go with mother and the children. They are "good fellows," and go where the crowd goes. And mothers go, too. They are easily swayed by the young people, tho—they will go to see the picture the youngsters prefer



The average producer has an idea that in order to be artistic an unhappy ending is necessary. He knows he will lose money on an unhappy ending, so he talks against art. The only thing the matter with art is that the average producer knows so little about it

of families. Fathers go to the movies with mother and the boys. They scarcely ever go alone. Only occasionally do they insist on seeing certain pictures. Fathers are "good fellows" and "go where the crowd goes." Mothers of families. Mothers, during the day, have more time to find out about their favorite actors and actresses. They know about pictures and releases. They have more of a definite idea about whom and what they want to see. Mothers, tho, are easily swayed by young people. If the young people are going along, mothers will go to see the picture the youngsters prefer. Boys and girls. They *think* they know what they want. Surely, tho, they would develop into better men and women if the best, instead of quite nearly the worst, was given to them. Young girls and young men. This is the class who *know* what they want in the movies. They are the most dissatisfied if they cant find it. Yet, too, their life is at its most plastic period. The best is what they deserve and need. Transients. In both city and small town, each night, the theater contains a scattering of strangers in town. These strangers will go to *any* picture. All they want to do is to kill time. Should producers say to them, "You poor boobs. You are at our mercy. Take what we give you," and then proceed to give them the worst picture possible. Well, anyhow, there's your audience for you. It certainly will contain some of the richest people in town. It may or may not contain some of the poorest. It is sure to contain thousands of good, old Mr., Mrs., Miss and Master Middle-Class.

What, then, do the people want?

All second-class producers, with their eyes on the box-office and without the slightest appreciation of art or literature in their poor, fat souls, have an idea that audiences want pictures which cost money. A few years ago, this was true enough. Folks did love to cluck, cluck their tongues over the pictures that cost huge sums to produce, that contained thousands upon thousands of extras and miles and miles of scenery. Today, people want to see thousands of people only when the people are doing interesting things and when it is necessary for the action of the story that so many people are shown. It is human nature to like to see crowds, especially crowds in action. If the producers would cut down a little in expense on their mob scenes, folks would be just as well satisfied.

Romance. There you have it. *That's* the food for the people. That's what the people want. Do you blame them? Little enough romance comes into the average life, after all. People go to the theater in order to forget some of the grey happenings of every day life. They go so that they may live, in the hero or the heroine, some of their unfulfilled dreams, may see, if only in a shadow on a flat screen, some of the lovely things of life that have passed them by. The average producer has an idea, that in order to be artistic, an unhappy ending is necessary. He knows he will lose money on an unhappy ending, so he talks against art. The only thing the matter with art is that the average motion picture producer knows so little about it. After all, you cant blame him. He probably started out in the buttonhole or suit business and feels that he has done pretty well for himself and his family as it is. For why should he give art in pictures? Romance, well done, may end happily and may be artistic. Mary and Doug know this. So does Griffith. So do a few—a very few others. The majority of producers with both eyes plus a pair of opera glasses on the box office lose out on a big point here. It's this: A picture may be well and artistically done *and* end happily and not cost a great deal and still be a big commercial success as well. It's going to take that a long time to soak into some producers' heads —if it ever does. It's hard to get facts into solid wood with a golden-oak finish.

Comedy. The average comedy, produced today in America is so far above the average drama that there's no use even comparing the two. Why? Nobody knows. Perhaps, it is because comedy has been lucky enough to have, as stars, men with such power of discrimination and ability that they have raised the entire branch far above that of any other part of the motion picture business. The average drama is an insult to the average movie-goer's intelligence. The average comedy is "good stuff" for high-brow and low-brow alike. Perhaps, Charlie Chaplin started out so far ahead of the average motion picture actor that only good comedians, in comparison, were able

(*Continued on page* 86)

Famous Remarks

JACKIE COOGAN: "I'm glad the film industry is still in its infancy."

The past month saw a slump in the silent drama. Only forty-six "artistic triumphs" were announced by publicity departments.

The subject matter of the silent drama is improving noticeably. During the next few months we are promised such high class presentations as "The Face on the Barroom Floor," "Deserted at the Altar," "Only a Shop Girl," "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model."

What's wrong with the movie business is still the cry. The only trouble we know of is that you can't get a seat in one of the theaters when you want one.

Stars That *Will* Shine

Jaqueline Logan—One of Famous Players-Lasky's best bets—but they dont know it.

Patsy Ruth Miller: A sincere, fresh personality and a good actress.

Marshall Neilan is making a new picture entitled "The Ingrate." He should encounter little difficulty in locating stars, both male and female, who could play the title rôle with wonderful realism. We could name a few ourselves.

These are trying times in the movies, and almost anything is liable to happen to the workers in the silent drama. Lots of them, however, would have little difficulty in getting other jobs. For instance:

Gloria Swanson could become a designer of gowns, or a coiffure expert.

Tom Mix could get work as a mounted policeman.

Cecil B. DeMille could start a plumbing establishment.

Theodore Roberts could get a job in a cigar store.

Buster Keaton says that there are no less than 3,657 mothers in Hollywood who have daughters resembling Mary Pickford and that half of them are brunettes. He is still trying to locate an actor who will admit that he did not play in "The Birth of a Nation."

Once upon a time a star wore the same gown in two pictures and there arose such a howl of indignance from the feminine portion of the country that the thing has never been attempted since.

Samuel Goldwyn is writing his autobiography and Will Rogers wants to know who is going to translate it.

They're in Again

Simon Creel of Albany, N. Y., wants to know why it is that the stalwart hero, after picking up the heroine preparatory to placing her on the lounge directly in front of him, always stops to gaze in all directions except the right one.



Photograph by Leo Ramley

Courtesy of Jackie Coogan

Deity's Memory Is Slipping

First we had "The Woman God Forgot," then "The Island God Forgot." Now Fox is presenting the "Town God Forgot." Something should be done about it.

Our Own News Monthly

Even the wise ones were fooled when Laurette Taylor succeeded in getting over on the screen for a decided hit in "Peg 'o My Heart."

"Alice Adams," starring Florence Vidor, and "The Girl I Loved," starring Charles Ray, are two of the finest pictures of the year.

But probably neither one of them will do as much business as "Who Are My Parents," or "Is a Mother To Blame?"

"The Dangerous Age," having proven our contention that John Stahl is a coming big Director.

We wish to nominate Rowland V. Lee, Director of "Alice Adams," as a producer with a future.

New film rush to California has been started by Selznick. New York is getting quieter and quieter day by day, in every way.

King Vidor, another good producer who went wrong, may redeem himself now that he is under the Goldwyn Banner.

Out From the Pages of Vanity Fair



. . . with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. Rawdon Crawley (George Walsh) and Becky (Mabel Ballin). (Below) Miss Sharp begins to make friends with Captain Dobbin (Earle Foxe)

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull



When a man of artistic and sensitive temperament, and such a man is Hugo Ballin, makes a photoplay from a classic, he not only retains the atmosphere of the classic, but he also adds to its fame. He produces something that gives action and visual memory to the lovers of the story. Heretofore they have only had mental concepts of the characters. In this way a moving picture is greater than a play, because it presents these new ideas to millions, whereas the play only reaches thousands. Hugo Ballin has done all this to William Makepeace Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," that everliving transcription of the faults and virtues of humanity

Hugo Ballin Brings the Thackeray Classic to the Screen





"I think I could be a good woman, if I had five thousand a year." Becky Sharp



In which Miss Sharp and Miss Sedley (Eleanor Boardman) prepare to open the campaign. (Below) "Make way, sir, and let me pass." Rawdon Crawley, Becky Sharp and Lord Steyne (Hobart Bosworth)

Romeo Now Requited

Walter Hiers Declares the Old Adage About a Fat Man Is All Wrong and Refers You to His New Wife



Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Too fat to diet—that's Walter Hiers. It may seem impossible, but it is quite true. For if Walter ever started on the non-eating program, he'd find himself out of a job

TOO fat to diet. . . .

It seems impossible, but if Walter Hiers ever started on the non-eating program, he'd be out of a job.

He says so himself, and it isn't strange, considering that his fat is his fortune. For, stripped of his clothes, his wallet, his diamond ring and his smile he weighs something over 240 pounds.

It was a particularly hot day allotted me to get this palpitating copy morsel. Everybody at Lasky's seemed either dead or half dead—all but the ebullient Hiers.

He has a personality that is as scintillant as theatrical spotlight. Most fat persons are good enough natured until the very subject of their obesity is broached. But Hiers—well, Hiers should worry.

"It's an easy enough way to make a living—if you dont think of doing anything artistic. If I ever took off my avoir—avoir—I cant pronounce it!—*weight* . . ."

I caught my breath.

". . . I might have to go to *work*. That would be terrible—and every time I think of it I just go home, get a good night's sleep and wake up in the morning feeling recovered from the disease."

But, seriously, Walter is one of those personalities who would be happy if he were as thin as a stick of licorice. He has a sense of humor, and a ready wit. He takes himself not too seriously nor too lightly.



By
RICHARD
BISHOP



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

"I'm too fat to get hot," grinned Walter. "I can sit in the bleachers on an August afternoon and never melt a collar. My fat is a regular padding. It keeps out the heat—just like the Irishman's woolen sweater"

One sees Walter, night after night, at the various Los Angeles cafés, at the theaters. And dance! I've often wondered how it is that a person weighing an eighth of a ton can toddle and Chicago, and still keep his figure, but Walter manages somehow.

Los Angeles hasn't much night-life. But in what there is, however, *le bel Hiers* indulges with utter abandon. You see him at the theater—a first-nighter without a peer.

After a performance of Walter Hampden's "Hamlet," I saw Hiers in the foyer. He was all smiles — as usual. Also apologetic.

"I guess," he said, "something's wrong with me. I'm fat—and dont want to play *Falstaff*. That's unique, eh?"

In all his career, Hiers declares, he's never done an eccentric or a slapstick comedy. Slapstick and fatness proverbially go together, but Walter isn't that kind of a comedian.

"Do you know," he said, with emphasis, "until they put me in 'The Ghost Breaker,' with Wallie Reid, I'd never worn anything but a straight make-up. It's much more comfortable wearing my own skin than putting on a lot of bolomania.

"I never get a part where I've got a ghost of a show to get that final clinch with the heroine. They always rely on me to put in the terrible comedy relief—of which may be good enough for the picture, tho it's tough on me.

"My ambition," and he sighed voluminously, "is to play *romantic* leads. Why must my life be devoid of romance because I'm fat? I've got a heart—even as any handsome leading man. But in all my career I've only had two chances even to peck at the leading lady's cheek."

"That's tough!" I sympathized, mopping my face, for the midday California sun made one of Lasky's glass stages seem like a hot box. "How do you keep cool?"

"Keep cool?" echoed Walter. "I'm too fat to get hot. My *fat* is a reg'lar padding. It keeps out the heat—just like the Irishman's woolen sweater.

"I can go out to the baseball game on an August afternoon, sit in the bleachers—and never melt a collar. I'm a hectic fan, and when they cant find me on the 'set,' they always go gunning for me out at the ball park.

"Say, I had an experience. . . ."

"Walter!" A familiar, stentorian tone.

"On the set," blurted Hiers dejectedly. "I was just going to tell you about my experience. . . ."

He waddled off and disappeared behind a "set."

A fat baby, a fat boy, a fat youth and now a fat man. That's Hiers. Ask him where he got it and he'll tell you it just grew. Neither of his parents are particularly obese. His theatrical début was made a few years ago

(*Continued on page* 88)

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

Praise for the character actors! And these men who never share the glory of the fade-out would seem to deserve praise. Their portrayals are frequently the outstanding features of pictures in which they are cast.

DEAR EDITOR: I deposit 25 cents with the news dealer every month for your, "First, Finest and Foremost" magazine, read it from cover to cover without a blemish. I read each month the letters from the many readers, I have decided to let them read one of mine, if you will be so good as to print it. So here goes.

There has been much talk about the heroes such as the fashion-like Rodolph, the ever liked Eugene O'Brien, the faultless Thomas Meighan, and many others whose love-making and good-looks have made them the hero.

But no talk of the villains, who are just as important to a picture as the "hero stuff." As for my opinion, Lon Chaney as a villain is the real touch of a picture. I like the "Miracle Man" for Mr. Chaney's work; nine out of ten people who saw that picture will say that it was his work that made the picture. As for "The Trap," bunk, he was no good as the hero. When I see Lon Chaney, I want to see him as the "mean man."

Now, two other villains, I mean in pictures, are the ever pleasing Wallace Beery and Noah Beery. They, like Chaney, make the picture that they play in. I have seen every race of mankind imitated by Wallace Beery, and they were imitated well.

As far as the "mean men" of the Westerners and the "quick draw" pictures, they are Jack Curtis and Charles LeMoyne. But, of course, Chaney and the Beerys can act the Western men part, but they are more suitable for other parts.

Chaney does well as the deformed crook of New York's underworld, or the fighting head of some gang of blackmailers. Wallace Beery as a Chinaman, half-breed, or any on that order. Noah Beery as the society crook. And as I have said before, Jack Curtis and Charles LeMoyne as the Western crooks.

I have only seen Von Stroheim once as a crook. And I think as a crook he would do well as a hero.

The crooks of society, such as the ones with the short stiff mustache, are the ones that should be discarded, if any at all.

Now that I have unloaded this crook-stuff off of my chest, I will undertake to seal the envelope.

Sincerely,

E. P. B., Pioneer, Texas.



"There has been much talk about the heroes, but no talk of the villains, who are just as important to a picture as the 'hero stuff,'" writes E. P. B. "I am for Lon Chaney and Wallace and Noah Beery"

A letter which considers Sessue Hayakawa and his recent journey to his native land.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just read in your issue of December the news about Sessue Hayakawa's return from Japan and about the resentment shown to him by some of his countrymen. To say that I was surprised at it, is to put it mildly.

Not only has Sessue won a world-wide fame by the sheer power of his wonderful talent, but he has also always remained loyal and true to his country in all of his greatest and best productions. His high ideals as well as his powerful dramatic artistry have endeared him to the hearts of thousands. As a famous critic put it, "He has brought the East nearer to the West than any author or poet ever did." It is only fair to say that his countrymen ought to be as proud of him as we French people are proud of the divine Sarah Bernhardt, and I know personally a great number who, in fact, are! So I believe that the few other ones, who apparently are not, are just unimportant exceptions, whose narrow-minded opinion really does not count much, compared to the international tribute of admiration paid to that star.

I hear that there is a rumor that Nazimova and Hayakawa are going to appear on the stage. Well, if I was a "New-Yorker" I would only be too pleased to see both of them in person, but as I am only a far-away "movie-fan" I sincerely hope that they will not remain a long time absent from the screen and return soon to the countless admirers they have in the wide world.

With best wishes for your most interesting magazine, I am

Sincerely,
M. A. EPSTEIN, 12 Rue L'Amiral Roussin, Paris.

Valentino again! Or it would be better to say "Valentino still!" And also well-deserved criticisms of the hodge-podgy "Young Rajah."

DEAR EDITOR: As a reader of your magazine I would like to say something about the Famous Players Corporation and Rodolph Valentino.

Rodolph Valentino is one of the best actors on the screen today, and, judging from the testimony given in court, he has been treated very unjustly, and the compensation he received did not anywhere near balance his drawing power to put millions of dollars into the coffers of the Lasky Corporation.

The Lasky Corpora-

(*Cont'd on page 92*)

Feasters in Babylon

The Fifth Episode of the Romantic Hollywood Serial

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustrated by August Henkel

A Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters Appears on Page 50

LISSA closed the front door behind the reporter, hand still on the knob stood reflecting, eyes wary on the upper hall, from which came the crisp sound of starched gingham. A door above opened, closed stealthily. Lissa's other hand came from behind her back. She ran into the living room and thrust the pile of photographs into the table drawers.

"I dont care!" the childish red lips set in a hard line, for an instant. The soft, pink flesh drew tight over the bones, giving the pretty face the mirthless grin of a skull. "It's my chance! I'd be a fool not to take it. Mary doesn't need publicity—she can *act*. I cant. Oh, I saw that in the picture last night. I cant *feel* things. I never could. But with *this* I'll be sure of a contract——"

She took up the morning's paper, reading the flamboyant headlines: "Movie Stars in Peril as Flames Sweep the Superba Company's Theatre. Dermott Trent, Well Known Director, Almost Loses His Life by Returning to the Blazing Building to Make Sure that No One Is Left. Thrilling Rescue by Beautiful Film Actress!"

From the page her own face looked up at her beside Dermott Trent's, the two pictures linked together by the sentimental staff artist with a festoon of hearts and placed against a background of writhing flames. "He isn't as handsome as Hollister," Lissa murmured, "but he must be a millionaire——" she smiled softly, looking at the entwining hearts. Well, why not? If Mary would be a good sport—and she could manage Mary. When she was a small girl, she had always hurried thru her tart in order to share her step-sister's.

Lissa was humming a little tune on the way upstairs but the song stopped abruptly as the door of the guest room opened and a woman in nurse's uniform came out on noiseless rubber soles carrying a roll of gauze with a sort of important secrecy as one on intimate terms with Death. The smell of antiseptics emanated from her, her hands looking cold and capable. Involuntarily Lissa drew back from the stiff rattling skirts, something within her stirring uneasily. Why had Mary insisted on having Dermott Trent brought here instead of to a hospital, which was the place for sickness? Lissa did not want to be reminded of things like that, she wanted passionately to be happy.

Mary was standing by her window, which she had opened, letting the chilly Autumn wind sweep thru the room. She turned as her sister entered, looking at her vaguely. "I thought I could still smell smoke——" with one bandaged hand she pushed back the burned ragged locks of hair from her forehead. "—I think I shall always smell it, and hear that awful crackling even above the loudest jazz!"

"You'll have to wear a wig for a while," Lissa observed; "it certainly was lucky it was only your hair got burned, not your face." She moved to the bureau watching Mary in the mirror from the corner of her eye. "It's queer what a difference hair makes! You and I would look exactly alike if our hair was the same color or if people just saw our profiles——"

She broke off. It was evident that Mary was not listening. Lissa whirled about and faced her, laughing rather artificially. "Mary! The queerest thing has happened—you know, last night when they found you trying to drag Dermott Trent out, somehow somebody made a mistake. I suppose in the dark they didn't see your hair, and then, I was there when you got out and everything was so confused—and now look here!" She unfolded the newspaper, "they say it was *I* who saved him!"

Mary seemed to come back from some far place at the last words. "*Saved* him—but suppose he—isn't saved. That pillar was lying across his chest; I thought I could never move it!" She covered her face. "The doctor is afraid of internal injuries. And then he had breathed so much smoke——"

Lissa shook her in a frenzy of exasperation, "Mary! Dont you understand what I'm trying to tell you! They're giving the credit of saving Dermott Trent to *me* instead of you!" She thrust the paper into her sister's hands. "Read that."

Mary glanced at the headlines, tossed the paper down wearily. "As tho that mattered! What difference does it make who gets the credit as long as he's alive instead of dead? Do you suppose I went back last night for *credit?* It—it wasn't exactly a publicity stunt, Lissa!" She smiled palely. "Do you know what I kept thinking when I was groping thru the smoke—this is *real!* Everything else out here in this place is sham and pretense, but this is real. There is no director standing beyond the chalk lines now—this smoke doesn't come from a smudge pot, there's no camera grinding—at last I'm a real person again! Wasn't that funny, Lissa?"

But her sister had picked up the paper and was gazing down at the heart-twined pictures. "Then——" she did not look at Mary, "you wont deny it? You'll let people think it was I who went back—you'll let *Dermott Trent think so?*" The last question came out fiercely. Lissa had watched Gloria Lovely in "The Woman Primitive"—that was the way she spoke between bared teeth, with her hands clenched—like this. She rushed on, panting out the words (Gloria Lovely had panted out her words) "Oh, why wasn't it I? It ought to have been! I'd have gone back if I'd known he was in there fast enough! He's been awfully nice to me lately—and now if he thought I'd save him—oh, dont you *see!*"

It was hardly a moment's space before Mary answered, but in that moment she thought of many things, as they say drowning people live their whole lives in review; the thought of Robert Leonard, standing a gaunt, weary figure in his scant dressing gown, begging her in the last words he was to speak on earth to "look after Lissa;" she thought of the maenad dancers whirling to the drunken bedlam of Dorr's jazz—if Lissa should marry Dermott Trent, she would be safe. "Yes, dear, I see," said Mary gently. It was not a sister who spoke, but a mother—the mother that is in all women who forget self. "You shall be the one who saved him. I'll never tell anyone any differently, so long as I live and breathe!"



Lissa took up the morning paper, reading the flamboyant headlines. From the page her own face looked up at her beside Dermott Trent's—the two pictures linked together with a festoon of hearts

It was their old childish oath with which they had solemnized their compacts long ago in Cloverly. Lissa's eyes were triumphant as she kissed her sister. "When can I see him?" Already she was planning what she would wear—a long blue robe with a gold girdle like Saidi Love in "The Bond Eternal," and she would carry flowers in her hands and kneel down by the bedside——

"Not yet," Mary said, memory clouding her face, "he is unconscious. Mr. Gessler and some of the other men were here this morning and he didn't know them——"

Lissa was turning away. "It's lucky this happened between pictures!" she said gaily. "I guess there wouldn't be many Superba players that could be at the studio today! I never saw so many different kinds of hysterics in my life—Anita kept hugging a big fireman with a red moustache and begging him to save her."

"The Woman Primitive" was gone. Lissa was humming the gay little tune again as she went out into the hall and without a glance at the door of the guest room ran downstairs. The telephone in the library was ringing. She closed the door before she answered it. "Hullo—the *Telegram* calling, you say? Yes, this is Lissa Leonard—Oh, you cant expect me to talk about last night——" she let her voice quiver artistically, "it's too terrible! Mr. Trent is still unconscious. I am nearly crazy with anxiety — my motive? What would be the motive of a girl in risking her life to save the man she — loves?" A smile curved her lips when Dermott Trent read *that*——

She spoke faintly into the transmitter, "—I cant talk any more. But if you want one of my new photographs, you may send a reporter for it." As she hung up the receiver, the triumphant smile slid from her lips at the rattle of bony skirts in the hall outside and her empty child eyes filled with fear like turgid water seeping up into a shallow bowl. Pain, sickness—death! Some day she must leave this beautiful world. Lissa snatched up her hat and crammed it down over her short black curls—this house was dreadful! She would go somewhere else and laugh and dance! But no, that would not look well with Dermott Trent upstairs——

"It's a shame!" Lissa pouted, "it may be weeks before I can have a good time! I do hope he gets well soon——" and now there was the ring of real sincerity in her words.

But the days dragged into a week, into two weeks and still Dermott Trent hovered on the borderland between life and what lies beyond life, and the starched nurse rustled up and down stairs with whispering skirts. Mary slipped into the sick room every afternoon to sit by the bed while the nurse slept, for Lissa had turned quite pale at the suggestion that she should watch the sick man, and faltered that the smell of medicines made her feel queer, and anyway if he didn't know anybody what was the use of *her* being there?

Sitting where she could watch the motionless profile, the hands lying lax on the covers, the slow rise and fall of the sheet across the broad chest, Mary spoke to the deaf ears sometimes, earnestly as tho by the very intensity of her will she might send the message out to where his spirit wandered. "The doctor says that the only reason

for your dying would be because you dont want to live. But please, please dont die! You mustn't die thinking the things you do about people. They're not so! You will be happy if you will only just live——"

Perhaps he did hear. Perhaps it was her pleading that brought him back, reluctantly, thru the interminable difficulties of delirium to lie gazing between half-closed lids at a square of sunlight on the wall. And when a woman-shadow fell across the bright square, with its soft piled hair and the gracious lines of throat and bosom, the old pang of memory stabbed him thru.

Unconscious of watching eyes, Mary stood gazing down at something on the table by the bed. He saw her reach out a hesitant hand and touch it, then she lifted it into his view, a key on a cord—the key to the strong box in the pillar where he kept his records of men's weakness and women's shame.

He saw her face grow determined, then it disappeared from his view. A rustle told him she was putting on her coat. "She is going to open the box and destroy the papers," Dermott Trent thought vaguely.

He had known, of course, that no one was to be trusted. Because one had splendid wreaths of golden hair—when it hung down, she must look like the young saints in a picture by one of the Florentine Masters—because one had eyes that were set wide under level brows made no difference. But he thought that he was glad that now he could be sure she was like all other women, for she had troubled his dreams and he remembered that his last thought, as he struggled thru the smoke before the world crashed out in a red welter of flame, had been of her.

He had tried to hate her. Yes, he was glad that she was a Delilah, but he wished that he had not had to come back to the heavy business of living——

The room looked far away and strange like something seen thru the small end of a telescope. Mary moved into his vision, and he saw that she was still holding the key on a looped cord. Then she laid it back on the table.



Sitting where she could watch the motionless profile, the hands lying lax on the covers, the slow rise and fall of the sheet across the broad chest, Mary spoke to the deaf ears sometimes. She spoke earnestly as tho by the very intensity of her will she might send the message out to where his spirit wandered

"You cant save someone else's soul for him," Mary said, "that's what he told me that night I went to Sans Souci after Lissa—and it's true. Besides, it wouldn't be fair." The sunlight—it seemed to his sick fancy—came from her hair. He closed his eyes, until the click of the door latch told him that she was gone.

"She saw me watching her," he thought stubbornly, "that was meant for me to hear. But what is she doing in this room or what am I doing?"

When the rubber-soled nurse came in, she found her patient gazing up at her under frowning brows. "Tell me," he said bruskly, "everything. No softening it for my enfeebled ears."

The nurse deftly forestalled further questioning by slipping a thermometer into his mouth. "By and by," she smiled with professional cheerfulness. "You've given all your friends a scare, but you're doing beautifully now."

Dermott Trent sent the thermometer splintering into a far corner. "I have no friends! Get me a newspaper and read me about the fire — and mind, no skipping! I'm not certain yet whether I have all my legs and arms, but my brains are intact."

The paper with the heart-twined pictures lay on the table. Shaking her head, the nurse took it to the window and began to read in a monotonous voice, holding the paper with a cold, clean thumb across Lissa's arch smile. The man in the bed listened impassively as the bleak syllables told of the panic and confusion in the smoke-filled theater, the surge toward the exits and his own return to make certain there was no one left behind, but when the droning voice spoke the name of Lissa Leonard, he uttered a sharp sound of amaze. "And I thought she had a powder puff for a soul! Good God—that laughing child risk her life for *me*——" A strange humbleness filled him. All thru the night in uneasy dream and fitful waking he went over and over the puzzle of it and when morning came, he sent the nurse for Lissa.

Before the mirror in her own room, Lissa had rehearsed the scene many times, but glamor faded in the harsh light of the sick chamber, with its bottles and smell of antiseptics, and for the first time in her life she felt abashed, inadequate. Dermott Trent, in the part of hero, dashing thru the flames was quite another matter from Dermott Trent, haggard and unshaven, propped grotesquely among pillows, smiling the ghost of his old cynical smile.

"I never had my life saved by a beautiful lady before," he said to her, whimsically, "and I'm afraid I dont know the etiquette of the occasion! Should I say, 'Thank you,' do you think?"

She laughed rather breathlessly, looking away from him. "Oh, please dont—let's talk of that!" How different and queer and—*meek* men looked in bed! Not like magnificent beings at all——

"Or how would this do?" Dermott Trent went on. "You have saved my life! Now do what you will with it! You must forgive a movie man if he proposes in captions!"

It was what she had schemed for, what she had thought she wanted, but her triumph was savorless as Dead Sea fruit. He was thirty-seven—why that was almost an *old man!* Before her memory flashed a vision of Hollister's burly young bulk bending above the wheel of his racing car with the strong yellow hair close cropped on his great column of neck. "Dont be a fool," whispered Self in her ear. "Hollister has nothing, and never will! This man can give you a sable coat as good as Saidi Love's, diamonds, a car, servants—these are the things you want, aren't they?"

Futilely Lissa put off the moment of decision. "I—I never thought you liked me," she faltered. "I never thought you *approved* of me."

Dermott Trent laid his hand over hers—it was cold and sent a chill thru her. "I never knew you before, little Lissa," he said seriously, "my life seemed such a poor thing to offer to anyone, but if you thought it was worth risking yours for, I want you to take it, and let me try to make you happy."

His voice was very gentle, but his eyes, resting on her averted face, were weary and wise. About this woman at least he would never have any illusions, any ideals to lose. Whatever impulse had sent her into the smoke-filled theater after him, he knew Lissa and Lissa's kind, silken, sleek, little animal creatures——

When Mary Leonard heard of her sister's engagement, she kissed her so solemnly that Lissa wriggled pettishly in her embrace. "For heaven's sake dont act as if the body was in the next room!" she protested. "When you get that kind of a stained glass look on, Mary, you make me feel as if I was in church, and I'd much rather feel as if I were in a cabaret! Lord knows marriage is bad enough —what is it the minister says—'till death do you part and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.'"

Dermott Trent had gone back to the big house on the hill, but altho Lissa had insisted on putting off the formal announcement of their engagement until he was well enough to "give a party," she was already making plans for the wedding, "I'll have you for chief mourner—I mean bridesmaid!" she told Mary, giggling, "and Hollister shall be Second Best Man. I think fire weed would be appropriate for the bridal bouquet, dont you?"

"She's only a child!" Mary thought wincing, "she

(*Continued on page 96*)

A Résumé of What Has Gone Before

Mary Leonard, nineteen, and her fiery sister Lissa, seventeen, leave the dull little town of Cloverly for Hollywood. After countless disappointments they are chosen as extras in a cabaret scene. Two important men in the Superba Company see them. One, Leon Grey, offers the gentle Mary a part if "she will be nice to him." Horrified, she rushes to tell Lissa and finds her gone. With the help of Dermott Trent, she rescues Lissa from Al Gressler, another director, from a roadhouse of unsavory reputation. Dermott Trent is czar of the movie world. Thru his influence both sisters are given small parts. Mary leads a normal, simple life, but Lissa is drawn into a wild crowd. One night there is a party at Jasper Dorr's, whose orgies are infamous. Mary goes to protect Lissa and again sees Dermott Trent. The party becomes so wild that Mary, horror-stricken, leaves after Trent, whom Mary instinctively trusts, has promised to guard Lissa, who is elated at his attentions, resolves to marry him. After Lissa's picture is finished, without a new job, she dissipates more than ever. Mary resolves to ask the advice of Dermott Trent. One evening she goes alone to Dermott Trent's house, and is frightened by his Hindoo servant, who tries to have Trent send her away, for, "she is evil." Trent punishes the servant and then with her usual trust she tells how Lissa worries her. He promises Lissa a part in his next production. Suddenly Mary finds Trent pouring out the bitterness of years, telling her there is no one you can trust and disclosing to her startled eyes the secret of a concealed temple where a shrine is always lighted. He investigates everyone and all bad that he finds about them he keeps in a strong box in the temple; so does he feed his hatred for people, hatred caused by an unfaithful woman. Mary urges him to destroy the papers, but it is useless. However, he keeps his promise and Lissa has a prominent part in his next picture. At its first showing, the theater on the Superba lot was jammed. The lights went out, the picture flashed on the screen, when across the film a thin black line, like fine handwriting in an unknown tongue, writhed a moment and burst into flame. Pandemonium broke loose.



Shaking her head, the nurse took it to the window and began to read in a monotonous voice. The man in the bed listened impassively as the bleak syllables told of the panic and confusion in the smoke-filled theater

Are the Movie Folk Morons?

Gladys Hall Considers Several Prominent Players She Has Met

MORONS in the movies? . . . Well, perhaps . . . It would be a sweeping statement were we to say that morons are not in the movies at all, for that is one of the chief characteristics about morons, they are as apt as not to be just anywhere at all. They have no class distinctions. As a rule they dont even know that they *are* morons. For all of that, *you* may be a moron, and I may be a moron. Unless one has passed the thirteen-year-old Simon-Binet mentality test one cannot speak with positiveness. There are all sorts of degrees. There is the low class idjit, and the high class idjit; there is the low class moron and the high class moron. The precise definition and the requisite sub-definitions, have not yet found their doubtless legitimate places in Mr. Funk and Wagnalls.

But we have noted with a certain degree of chagrin that many people seem to consider the movies a colony largely inhabited by morons, high class morons, low class morons, any class morons at all.

The ministry, the legal profession, the Government and the Average Writer as well as the movieites are frequently referred to as morons.

It has been our humble experience to have talked with writers and lawyers, senators and representatives of foreign missions without having found one thinker among them any more profound than we have discovered in such women as Elsie Ferguson, Madame Nazimova, Madame Petrova, Lillian Gish and Carol Dempster, or such men as Mr. Chaplin, Mr. von Stroheim, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Barthelmess. We would say, without fear or compunction, that each and all of these citations could readily pass the thirteen-year-old test and even make the sixteen-year-old test (which may be had at Columbia College, N. Y. C.), with flying colors.

We have found each and every one of them rather more than well informed and certainly aware of a world beyond the realm of reels.

We will admit that the screen has its June Breezes and its April Showers, its August Anemones and its chorus-men-gone-cinema, but, as Mr. Van Vranken postulated in his recent article anent the passing of pulchritude, the passing of moronism in the movies is also en route.

The pretty little ingénues with the ear-protectors of blonde curls, the languid young men with the superiority-complex and the powder puff have been and may continue to be, but they will *be* in the movie-minority.

We have learned things from the cinemartists.

Of course, if we *are* moron, we would probably learn from June Breezes, but as we haven't learned anything from her and as we have frequently had to manufacture thoughts for her and for her sisters-in-sweet-simplicity, we dare to believe that, pending a Simon-Binet test, we are NOT moron.

But really it isn't fair. So many of them know so many things and know them well. So many of them study and have studied, think and have thought and have so much substance back of their shadows that is generally discredited and seldom publicized.

Elsie Ferguson is one of the most charming, the most well-bred and likewise well-read, woman I have ever met. She taught me more about a new and generous form of socialism, a socialism which has nothing to do with radicalism and soap-boxes, drastic divisions of properties and the usual nonce, than I had ever conceived of.

Madame Petrova is one of, if not, the most brilliant woman I have ever met. Had she lived in another age, a poet once wrote of her, she might have "queened it with Semiramis." She might have done more than that, and she would undoubtedly have been a leader, a power, a force. Ancient religions, modern individualism, psychology, finance, the arts—she is thoroly informed on all of them and her vocabulary is like the scintillating of swords.

Lillian Gish has a gossamer grace, but her mentality is nourished on Tolstoi and the Old Testament. She is a student, a thinker, an analyst. She believes in the Old Orders because she has tested the new and sounded the old. She thinks along self-carved lines and her theories are creative and never rehashed.

Dorothy Gish, sparkling and comedic, is a worshipper of G. B. S. and can deal consummately with the classics.

Eric von Stroheim has a virile, restless, rather volcanic, but tremendous mentality. His ego, his capabilities are

Speaking of Morons - - -

There has been much talk regarding morons lately. And because the precise definition of this word is lacking in the dictionary, it is not always simple to appreciate its exact meaning. That it is uncomplimentary is certain. That it describes something like eighty-some-odd per cent of the population of these United States is an often reiterated fact.

You cant tell whether or not you are a moron, unless you take the Simon-Benet mentality test. This remarkable test proves conclusively whether or not your mentality is commensurate with your years.

And the movies have been said to average a goodly number of morons—movie morons has become a frequent alliteration. So Gladys Hall has written of several prominent movie folk she has met who would seem to be far removed from the densely popularized moron group.

all a part of an intelligence that far transcends the possible implication of moronism.

Mr. Chaplin wears strange shoes and a moron mustache on the screen, but if one has consulted his pictured face and heard his serious talk, one knows that he worships Minerva and that the motley cloaks a poet and philosopher.

Theda Bara can give you more of the science of perfuming than you could glean from text books. Madame Nazimova is as medically informed as many an M.D. Her special interest is psychoanalysis and all sorts of analysis, especially the analytic understanding of children. She has read a vast amount of literature on the subject, almost all that Freud and others have written for the matter of that. And what is more she has an awareness of what she has read.

Valentino is more than the idol of the hour. He is a thinker who has the courage of his own convictions. He has recently written for the *Bookman*, a literary feat heretofore unachieved by a cinema-artist.



Photograph by Freulich

ERIC VON STROHEIM

Who has a virile, restless rather volcanic, but tremendous mentality

The pretty little ingénues and the languid young men have been and may continue to be, but they are in the minority. . . . But many movie people know things and know them well. We have learned many things from the cinemartists



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CAROL DEMPSTER

Who quotes Chinese philosophy like a disciple of Confucius

D. W. GRIFFITH

We have found in no profession a thinker more profound than D. W. Griffith

Photograph by Hoover



LILLIAN GISH

Miss Gish nourishes her mentality on Tolstoi and the Old Testament. She is a student, a thinker, an analyst

Photograph by Hoover





CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Mr. Chaplin wears strange shoes and a moron mustache, but this motley cloaks a poet and philosopher



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

ELSIE FERGUSON

Elsie Ferguson teaches you of a new and generous form of socialism which has nothing to do with radicalism

Let us put a tentative tomb-stone upon the graves of the Unmentioned Blondes, and then give credit to the men and women of the screen who could probably pass Monsieur Simon-Binet without benefit of cramming

Carol Dempster quotes Chinese philosophy like a disciple of Confucius.

And to go on further, when we say that we have learned things, that does not always mean that the star in question has given us some particular line of information and knowledge. Quite frequently we have talked to one of the stars and have come away completely unable to report one paragraph that passed between us and yet, somehow, feeling that we have spent a profitable hour. Sometimes the personality is so authentic to justice that it gives you something unnamable, but none the less cautious. A touch of poetry. A faint light. Suggestiveness. Richard Barthelmess comes under that heading.

There is Barbara Castleton; she is one of the most finely balanced, mentally proportionate women I have ever met. She is frank. She thinks along lines self-hewn.

Glenn Hunter is a poet. He reads poetry. He writes poetry and there is essential poetry in his personality.

Madge Kennedy is a philosopher. She has evolved a philosophy of life based upon love and kindliness and she is a splendid business woman.

Lewis Stone is a man of charm and distinction. He believes that the screen is a job; that life is an apprenticeship and that marriage and home and children are the bulwarks of a home.

George Arliss needs no postulating. There is a kindly sardonic wisdom of the ages in his eyes. He emanates an unchallengeable knowledge.

Pauline Frederick has a splendid sincerity. Her mental life is based on courage. She advances the comparative littleness of all things commonly called important. She

(*Continued on page* 119)

The Judges Confer on The American Beauty

UNTIL the day of going to press we hoped to be able to announce the final results of The American Beauty Contest. We hoped to have selected the winner, not to mention the several who will enjoy the distinction of honorary mention. However, the task proved greater even than we had believed it would. Therefore, we will have to ask you to wait until next month, when we will surely publish the results.

The judges have met for the first time and the thousands of photographs which were submitted have already been sorted down to a selected few. This was a difficult procedure, for no photographs were discarded without the judges agreeing on some sound reason why the subject did not qualify for the title of The American Beauty. Naturally this all took a great deal of time and when the judges adjourned, the final decision still hung in the balance. However, they will meet again and, at this time, the winner and the honorary winners will be definitely chosen. Also, this meeting is being held in ample time for a detailed announcement to be made in the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

In the meantime we present our last Honor Roll.

(*Continued on page* 91)



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

At the right is Dorothy Knapp of New York City, N. Y.—

—Brenda Bond, also of New York City, is pictured at the right—





—And at the left is Florence Lockman of Hamilton, Ohio

Across the Silversheet

Considering the Latest In Photoplays

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Photograph by
Gene Kornman

Doctor Jack is good enough fun, but we expect great things of Harold Lloyd—things so great that he cannot give them to us every time. To consider "The Christian" we must be spendthrift of adjectives. It has a goodly share of everything desirable in its artistic composition. It satisfies you artistically and thrills you emotionally

WE have just seen the modern screen version of "The Christian" and it has relieved our mind. We began to think we were getting old or that we needed a rest. We conscientiously have watched the new films for something which would satisfy us artistically and thrill us emotionally. But none of the releases filled the bill. We have often thought that a number of productions which were heralded as artistic seemed sadly lacking in any emotional appeal, unless it was a mild asthetic one. Not so "The Christian."

Right here we think it only fair play to warn you that we will be spendthrift of adjectives. We have hoarded them for months.

Maurice Tourneur, who is, in reality, an artist, finds that his art serves him well in grouping and directing shadow pictures. Even if he hasn't always obtained the greatest amount of drama, he has never failed pictorially.

Remembering the pictorial value, he took his company abroad, where all the exteriors were filmed on the Isle of Man, the canvas of the Hall Caine novel. It has come to be the thing to take advantage of the actual location and it is certainly conducive to good results. It permits a vastness and a variety of shots never achieved in the studio. Nor could carpenters and stage-hands ever hope to achieve the color and atmosphere with such material things as paint, boards and nails.



Hall Caine wrote as great a motion picture as he wrote a novel when he conceived "The Christian"—John Storm, oppressed by Life's sores and wounds so that he enters the church and Glory Quayle, loving and beloved by John Storm, but finding life on the stage pleasant and satisfying, form the shuttle on which Sir Hall Caine interweaves the gold and the sordid threads of his drama. And while the picture's artistry suffers no let down—no sacrifice to the drama—there are moments when tears burn your eyes. And the climax on Derby Day, when the mob turns

(*Continued on page* 95)

Comment On Other Productions





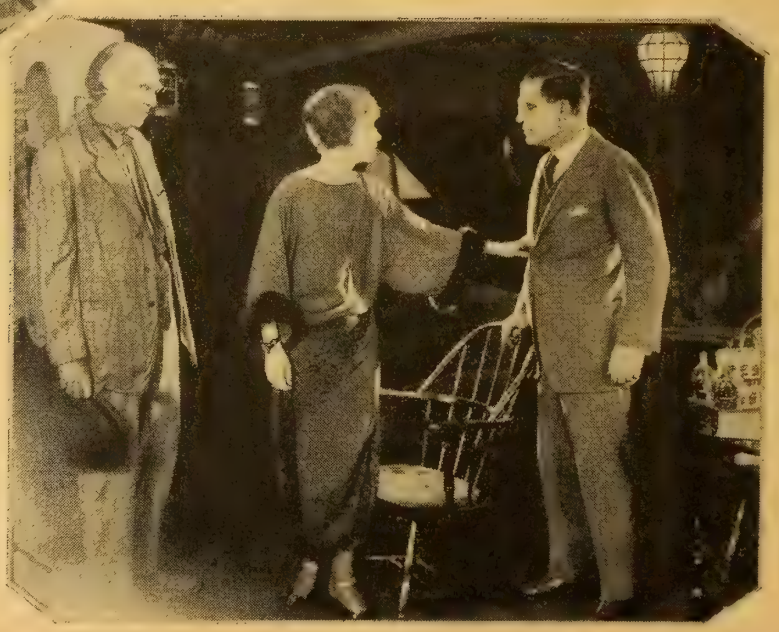
Above is a scene from "Back Home and Broke," with Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee—it is a picture we recommend to everyone. At the left is Priscilla Dean in "The Flame of Life." The story is an adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowries

Back Home and Broke—Paramount

DELIGHTFULLY appealing in every department is this original by George Ade. The famous Hoosier humorist has caught the true psychology of human nature in his characterization. Any youth who has left a small town to make his way in the city will identify himself with the type portrayed by Tom Meighan. The young man finding himself a victim of poverty is scorned by his neighbors. He will go away and make good. He strikes it rich. That is the fictional touch, but permissible here. Then he comes back masquerading as broke to discover the real friends from the false. And he has an emissary act for him in helping his friends and bringing competition to his enemies. The picture fairly tugs at the heart strings and at the same time rouses the risibilities of the audience. It is all so human and true in its subtleties and psychological treatment. The climax is a gem of surprise—showing as it does the rich man greeting the natives from the rear platform of the train. They have assembled to pay homage to the benefactor. The real friends—of which one is the *Girl*—are tickled to death; the false friends are deeply disappointed. It's a picture rich in atmosphere and character portrayal—rich in local color and detail. And we highly recommend it to everyone.

The Flame of Life—Universal

A rugged, well told story is this adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowries"—a story with the picturesque atmosphere of England's mining district during the seventies. It is a drama of a compelling romance which shows its pretty head despite the overpowering song of hate sung by a vicious miner who is vengeful toward his daughter on all occasions, but particularly so when she flaunts her romance with the over-man of the mines — a man who has discharged the brutal parent—before his eyes. There is a fine dramatic sweep which also generates an uplifting spiritual quality. And the back-



Claude Gillingwater, Claire Windsor and Rockcliffe Fellows are entrusted with prominent rôles in the Marshall Neilan production, "The Strangers' Banquet." It has a series of plots and counterplots, and is frequently incoherent

CRITICAL PARAGRAPHS BY THE STAFF

grounds are perfectly blended with the incident, details, plot and characterization. The story commands sympathy for the spirited girl, played realistically by Priscilla Dean. And Wallace Beery rises to the villainous heights in his depiction of parental rage. There is a fight scene which is deftly executed. The contestants disappear down a cellar staircase. You dont see them, but you instinctively feel that something dreadful is happening there. That's one new note; there are several other novel touches. It's a cameo picture in that every note and every characterization are clearly defined. Go see it.



THE STRANGERS' BANQUET—GOLDWYN

Marshall Neilan has spun a spider's web here and judging from the plots and counterplots, the array of characters—oh, forty or fifty of them—it looks as if he had gotten himself entangled. Neilan has a style of his own. And he can compose individual scenes which compel attention. Give him a real dyed-in-the-wool crook melodrama and he can make it hum with vitality. He wants to do so much that he occasionally shoots wide of the mark. "The Strangers' Banquet" engulfs him. There is too much plot and far too many characters—with the result that it doesn't carry any tangible qualities. You cant make a story coherent when it is burdened with a complicated plot and a vast array of characters. And this picture is, moreover, handicapped by carrying the capital-versus-labor formula. A few of the scenes are admirably done and the players struggle bravely to be convincing. But we put it down as long drawn out, tiresome and hopelessly involved. Claude Gillingwater and Hobart Bosworth are nearly lost from sight in insignificant rôles.



Rupert Hughes is at his old trick of exposing another family trait which breeds incompatibility and divorce in "Gimme." Helene Chadwick and David Powell are shown above in one of its scenes. Glenn Hunter is one of our best comedians, but he doesn't have many opportunities in "Second Fiddle," illustrated at the right. However, his naturalness and sincerity give value to the story

GIMME —GOLDWYN

Rupert Hughes is at it again showing up another of the family traits which breed incompatibility and divorce. Here we have the idea that it's up to the husband to come across with half of his weekly stipend on all occasions and not force his wife to humiliate herself



The high point of "Hearts Aflame" is the forest fire, which is magnificent in its sweep of color. It also proves that Frank Keenan isn't thru by a long shot. Anna Q. Nilsson is the leading lady



"The Flirt" is the charming Booth Tarkington story brought to the screen. In it, Helen Jerome Eddy is very real as the older girl. It has home-spun humanities

by continually crying — *Gimme!* The author knows human nature and he is an able juggler. If he will poke fun at the mistress of the home—he will also turn about face and hit hubby a solar plexus blow. Consequently there is room for argument when Mr. and Mrs. leave the theater. "Gimme" is not so whimsical as "Brothers Under the Skin," nor does it reveal the same genuineness of family life. Yet it is entertaining and carries food for thought and Helene Chadwick is quite as good as she was in the above-mentioned essay. Those enjoying or suffering the marital state, or those in search of a justice or parson, should see it.

Second Fiddle—Hodkinson

An obvious little tale this—one which shows the hero-worshipping inferiority complex of a youth who idolizes his collegiate brother. But instead of the story carrying the vein of humor suggested in the introductory scenes, it develops into bald melodrama having to do with a murder and a man hunt. This is occasion to display the cowardice of the campus cut-up with his Kollege Kut Klothes. The youth who stays at home protects the defenseless women with an empty shot-gun, holding the assassin at bay until he succumbs to fatigue. The collegiate accidentally captures the murderer, but before this happens the spectator will be surprised with some suspense when all the important characters are involved in the man hunt —the scene being the murderer's shack. Glenn Hunter, one of our best light comedians, doesn't have many opportunities to flash his talent. But his naturalness and sincerity give value to the rôle and story. Fair entertainment.

Hearts Aflame—Metro

This picture gives Frank Keenan a chance to prove that he isn't all thru by a long shot. His portrayal of a retired lumberman, who is miserable because there isn't any more white pine (lumber, not the cough syrup) and who chafes under his inactivity, is a triumph in characterization. His restraint is wonderfully expressive when alone in the forest—a cameo, this grouchy, but lovable old lumberman. The theme is not propaganda, even tho it takes up the idea of forest conservation. One might sum it up as a typical melodrama of the timber lands—showing conflict between the father, the son and the



"In Drums of Fate," our old friend Enoch Arden is back again as far as plot goes. It is decidedly old stuff and nothing to make a fuss over. Mary Miles Minter, slightly grown up, and George Fawcett are seen in the illustrative picture

girl, who refuses to sell her rich lands. There is a picturesque log drive and the forest fire scenes are magnificent in their sweep of color. The story would present no loose strings were it shortened to five reels. In its present seven reels there are some gaps here and there that need bridging—and padding is suggested at times.

The Flirt—Universal

Booth Tarkington's story of commonplace family life, "The Flirt," looms up as splendid entertainment. Director Hobart Henley has kept faith with the author in most of the details and particulars, and thru embellishing it with correct shadings the story appears convincing and genuine. It's a story which shows a dominant personality in the figure of the vibrant younger daughter, who is sharply contrasted with the sister—a story which shows her precipitating a near tragedy in the home thru her selfish whims and fancies. You will see the young brother, the predecessor of the immortal Penrod; you will see the conflict that the older brother has with his father and with himself to appreciate the value of hard-earned money. But the high-light of the picture is in the admirable portrayal of the old man by George Nichols, whose stooping shoulders, whose kindly indulgence toward his family and especially toward the flirt, whose tolerant attitude, so finely expressed in the poignant expressions which flit across his face, make him, seemingly, step from the pages of the book. He is real and so is Helen Jerome Eddy as the older girl. A simple story of the home, Henley has kept faith by bringing out the homespun humanities.

Drums of Fate—Paramount

Here's our old friend the "Enoch Arden" plot enacted against Hollywood's darkest Congo and interior settings representing a lavish menage, but strongly suggestive of the Grand Central station. It is nothing to make a fuss over. Lefty Flynn marries Mary Miles Minter and beats it back to Central Africa and when she reads a report that he is dead, she is influenced by George Fawcett to marry Casson Ferguson, who plays the rôle of an invalid musician. The marriage saves his life since he is deeply in love with her. Then Lefty comes home, misinterprets the scene and returns to the Congo. And Miss Minter follows him when her pianist husband conveniently dies. Old stuff? Oh, decidedly. Hollywood extras are present nearly *au naturel* — since they portray the sons of the Congo. It's a picture which smacks of an early vintage in most every department. The beating of tom toms, etc., gives the drummer in the orchestra pit a chance to overwork the kettle drums. There's never a moment when it emerges from the realm of fiction and becomes genuine.

My American Wife —Paramount

Vignette Number 7 in Gloria

(*Continued on page* 109)





Gloria Swanson is starred in "My American Wife," a story with an Argentine setting. Tony Moreno is the leading-man and is likable as the spirited Latin. At the left is Helen Ferguson in "The Flaming Hour," a heroic melodrama, but one in which the star, Frank Mayo, somehow, appears genuine. Constance Binney, pictured below, is charming as the girl in "A Bill of Divorcement." This production, which was filmed in England, is a faithful adaptation of the play which was so highly rated on Broadway a season or two ago





"To obtain true historic atmosphere in my latest psychic scenario," chirrupped the famous Miss Reeves; "dont you all agree, that we might arrange a midnight prowl around the house where my murderer hangs his victim with the grape vines in the arbor?" Thus, in a rash moment, she prevailed upon our movie folk to venture into the great unknown; that she somehow missed the road, and led them to a particularly oozy swamp, is unfortunate, since they agreed to follow the director's enthusiastic suggestion of carrying as guides only dim lanterns

These Temperamental Scenarists

By
OLIVE BUTLER

If there is but one weakness in this temperamental character, it is a passionate fondness of old tombstones and the inscriptions thereupon. We may here distinguish her entertaining our shaking and nearly extinct assemblage with a few choice titbits. The dank dew of heaven is all about them, but they must needs reserve a diplomatic silence before the whimsicalities of an actually indispensable scenarist. "I'd rather," pursued Elaine, "save my Greek sandals and my nerves for a dress rehearsal"



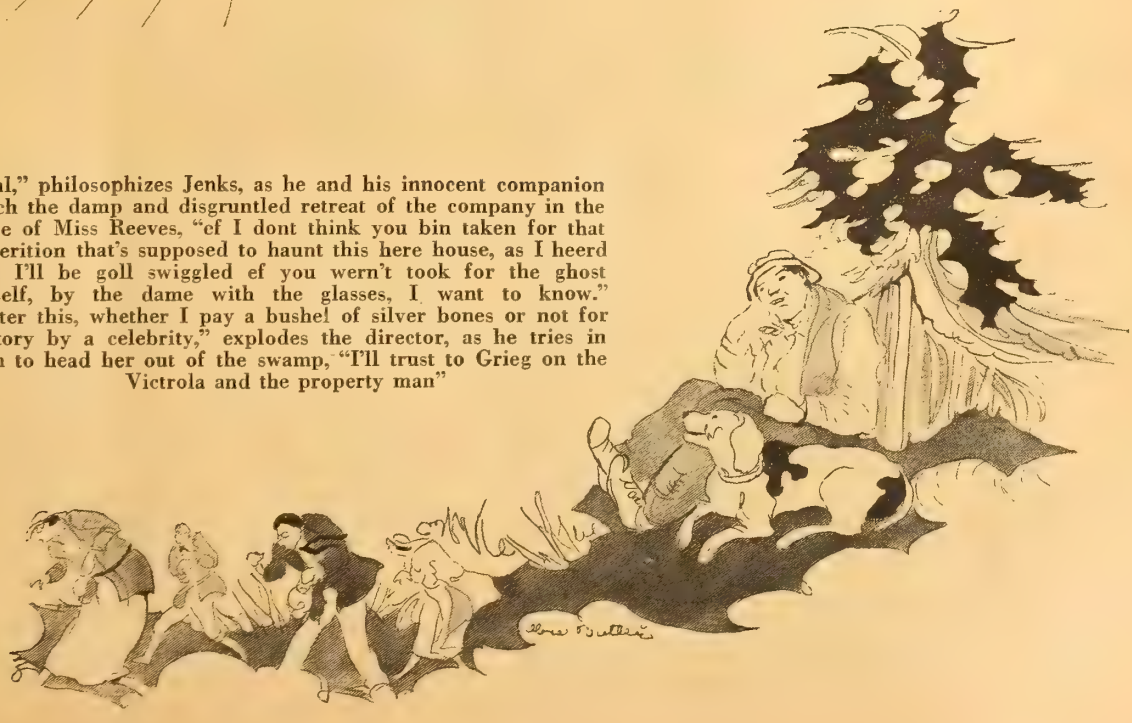


At this moment we are having inside the kitchen a synopsis of the plot in Miss Reeves's most lurid manner. "It doesn't seem enough, does it?" queries Ralph, in fine rhetorical simplicity, as he feels a raindrop nestling in his collar; but alas, there is soon to be more, when Jenks, the hobo, who is at present slumbering warmly with his hound inside the broom closet, awakes at the sound of voices and peers thru the door with a bleary eye primed for any situation



At the sudden sally of Jenks's canine pet, out of the fatal door against the acute angle of her knee, Miss Reeves arrives at a psychical climax not of her own making; and her interpretation of a soul in sudden distress is surely hard on the eardrums. The delicate equilibrium between fancy and fact is topsy-turvy, indeed, when the prosaic outlines of shambling old Tim can take on in her creative mind, the horrific forms we see gamboling around her agitated skirts. "Only a stray dog," bellows the voice of the director in matching crescendoes

"Wal," philosophizes Jenks, as he and his innocent companion watch the damp and disgruntled retreat of the company in the wake of Miss Reeves, "cf I dont think you bin taken for that apperition that's supposed to haunt this here house, as I heerd tell, I'll be goll swiggled ef you wern't took for the ghost hisself, by the dame with the glasses, I want to know." "After this, whether I pay a bushel of silver bones or not for a story by a celebrity," explodes the director, as he tries in vain to head her out of the swamp, "I'll trust to Grieg on the Victrola and the property man"



On the Camera Coast With Harry Carr



Reginald Denny finds a valet totally unnecessary. His daughter, Barbara, takes good care to see he is all fixed up before he goes on the set

Photograph by Paul Grenbeaux



Doris May MacDonald and Wallace MacDonald would seem to disprove the theory that two temperamental natures cannot live happily together. The illustrative picture was snapped during a recent luncheon hour

Photograph by Pach Brothers



Joseph Keaton, Jr.—the adored of Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Buster Keaton, and Norma and Constance Talmadge, strangely enough looks like any other healthy baby boy. His mother is seen with him

HOLLYWOOD has been more exciting than a Hopi snake dance.

There have been scandals, divorces, wild bidding matches between producers, new companies have been launched in flocks. Salaries, almost over night, shot up out of sight. Almost every good director in the business has been tempted to jump over to some other company, and then tempted harder to stay where he was.

It all started, they say, by a queer happen-so in a barber shop in the Ambassador Hotel. The big chiefs of the First National came to Hollywood for an ordinary business conference, because it was a good place to have a conference. One day one of the First National Begums happened to be having a shave. He glanced over in the next chair and there sat Sam Goldwyn. He glanced over to the chair on the other side and there sat Sol Lesser. The place was filled with film magnates. And each one thought in a panic, "Is that guy after the same thing I am?"

And then the excitement began.

The biggest fight took place on a very small battle field: this was the battle for Jackie Coogan. It happened that his contract with Sol Lesser expired just at that time. To renew it, he demanded a salary that sounded like France's bill against Germany. Mr. Lesser said that even that didn't stagger him as much as the other terms. Coogan Père demanded to be the absolute dictator of the future Jackie Coogan pictures, an arrangement which would have turned Lesser into a cash register. The bidding then began at once. Marcus Loew wanted him for Metro; Douglas Fairbanks wanted him for an independent producing company he is launching; several others threw their hats in the ring. Metro finally got him at a staggering salary. Jackie gets $500,000 in cash and sixty per cent. of the receipts of his pictures—which probably means the highest salary ever paid.

All of which brought out the surprising information that Douglas and Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are all definitely looking forward to retirement from the screen: they all want to become producers.

Charlie Chaplin has even gone so far as to say that he will never appear on the screen again. He is now directing a picture for Edna Purviance—a somber, deep-dyed tragedy. The actors tell me that, in him, a new directing genius has been born. They all say that nothing to approach him has ever been in the motion picture industry; that he is the greatest, most adroit, most artistic that the world has thus far seen.

Jackie Coogan Is Signed Under Contract Which Gives Him the Greatest Salary Ever Paid A Motion Picture Star

In the case of Douglas and Mary, it is a plain case of weeping for more worlds to conquer. They cant very well back down from big pictures to little pictures and they dont know where to go on from pictures like "Robin Hood."

Mary says she is going to do "Faust." She intended to screen "Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall," but had so many disagreements with Ernst Lubitsche that they gave it up in despair. She has long wanted to try "Marguerite," and the German director has had an equal appetite for screening "Faust." The only difficulty is that several other film people have a like ambition. The Laval Photo Play Company of Canada, which is coming to Hollywood, has a Faust production under way and threatens to bring suit. Ferdinand Pinney Earle has been working on a Faust scenario for over a year; the Azure Film Co. of Paris has a Faust already released and on the market. Incidentally, D. W. Griffith some time ago announced his intention of doing "Faust." The rivals are already shaking the copyright laws, the Treaty of Berne and other terrible weapons at each other.

Mary Miles Minter, who is making her last Paramount Picture—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—says she never wants to appear on the screen again. She wants to go back to the speaking stage which she adorned as a child actress. Her ambition is to get a play built upon Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gearhart." There are faint sounds of wedding bells in the future of Mary Minter, if the gossip is read rightly. She is more beautiful than ever and is retiring from the screen weighted with riches.

Pola Negri will make "The Cheat" with George Fitzmaurice as director; after which the latter will leave Paramount and become the partner of Sam Goldwyn in a new producing company. When "The Cheat" was filmed before, it made Sessue Hayakawa famous. It made him famous because of one single moment—his glance of scorn at the soiled heroine who wanted a reconciliation with him. It was the ushering in of the new school of acting. When it is remade, Hayakawa's part will be taken by Charles La Roche, the French actor: Jack Holt will take the other principal part.

Neither Fitzmaurice or his wife, Ouida Bergere, like California, and want to do their producing either in New York or in Europe. The first big splash of the new Goldwyn-Fitzmaurice producing company



Charles La Roche will appear with Pola Negri in "The Cheat," playing the rôle Hayakawa originally created in this production. Here he is telling Dorothy Dalton about it



Mabel Ballin and Eleanor Boardman recently had a discussion over a dance step they were to execute in "Vanity Fair." So they called Director Hugo Ballin in to settle the question



Edward Knoblack is helping the eminent Douglas Fairbanks in the research work on his next picture, "The Black Pirate." Of course, Mary Fairbanks helps, too. They are actually partners. The story Doug wrote himself, and it is being filmed in natural colors



June Mathis is one of the powers in the motion picture profession. She is seen here signing a contract as Editorial Director of Goldwyn, under which she will bring Ben Hur into scenario form. Surely this is the day of women

Below is Harold Lloyd with his nephew and namesake, Gaylor Harold Lloyd. And at the right is the plutocratic Jackie Coogan as he will be seen in his circus story picture

Photograph by Gene Kornman





Photograph by Woodbury



Photograph by Geo. F. Adair

Doesn't the building at the right look like Somebody's charming dwelling in the country? We thought so, too, until we read the caption which described it as the dressing-room bungalow of Norma Talmadge. In truth a new aristocracy has been born of the motion picture

will be the Potash and Perlmutter stories which are now being prepared for the screen with Montague Glass, the author, working in collaboration with Frances Marion.

Lois Webber recently became the target for a rumor that she had been divorced from her husband, Phillips Smalley. She not only denied it, but threatened to send a friend to horsewhip the editor who suggested it. So the rumor died. Recently a restless reporter, searching old records, found that the divorce had been granted last June by stealth and secrecy. Miss Webber then explained, "Mr. Smalley and I have not lived together for several years, our different philosophies of life making this impossible. Since our divorce we have been better friends than we ever have been before. We dine together several times a week; go out socially together and are good chums." They were married in 1906 and have no children. Both are working at Universal, he as an actor and she as a director.

Lloyd Hughes is the newest star. Thomas H. Ince, who was responsible for Bill Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Charles Ray and other stars, has launched him; also Madge Bellamy.

Hal Lloyd has annexed a Norwegian eight feet six inches tall to his company. His name is John Aasen. He comes from Dakota. Lloyd found him thru an item in a newspaper which told of a shoe company manufacturing a pair of No. 20 shoes.

On his way to California, John had a fierce time trying to crowd himself into a Pullman berth. He wrapped all the available portions of his anatomy up in a knot like a sleeping bear; he then stuck his feet out into the aisle.

Cecil DeMille, upon completing "Adam's Rib," boarded his yacht with a party of friends and is taking a long voyage down the Mexican coast.

Theodore Kosloff, who ap-

(*Continued on page* 115)

Two marvelous new nail polishes—

They are different from any you have had before

DEVELOPED by the world's foremost authority on the care of the nails, and prepared in a laboratory devoted solely to the making of manicure specialties, these two new Cutex Polishes have attained a perfection of which you have not dreamed, if you are not familiar with Cutex products.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish, for instance, is of just the right consistency to flow evenly and pleasantly over the nails from the tiny camel's-hair brush with which it is applied. It dries instantly, and leaves a charming rose-petal finish that retains its brilliant lustre for at least a week. And, best of all, when you wish to renew it, no special "remover" is required. You simply use another application of the polish, and wipe it off.

The new Cutex Powder Polish (delicately scented, soft, and velvet-smooth) has its own outstanding virtues, too. It does not dry the cuticle—and *it is practically instantaneous*. A few strokes of the nails across the palm suffice to bring out that jewel-like gleam which fashion has decreed the smart finish to a manicure. The tint of this polish is a lovely shell pink, and it imparts a rosy hue to the nails.

Other Cutex Polishes that have long been favored by American women are the Cutex Cake Polish, the Cutex Paste Polish, and the Cutex Stick Polish. The Cake Polish comes in either pink or white, and is especially economical to use because it lasts almost indefinitely. An exclusive feature of Paste Polish is the water-proof rouge base. The Cutex Stick is a convenient form of polish to carry in the purse. All Cutex Polishes are priced at 35c the package. Obtainable at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.





CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Six Cents Brings You These Trial Packages

In order that every woman may test these two marvelous new Cutex Nail Polishes for herself, and so come to know their extraordinary merit, we will send trial-size packages, containing sufficient of each polish for six manicures, on receipt of six cents in coins or stamps. Enclosed with polish packets is instructive booklet on the way to manicure, so as to develop the full beauty of your nails.



Send for Trial Packages of New Polishes To-day—*only 6 cents*

Fill out the coupon below, and mail with six cents in coins or stamps for trial sizes of the two new Cutex Polishes shown here—Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of each for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. M-4, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail This Coupon with 6c to-day

Northam Warren, Dept. M-4
114 West 17th St., New York City

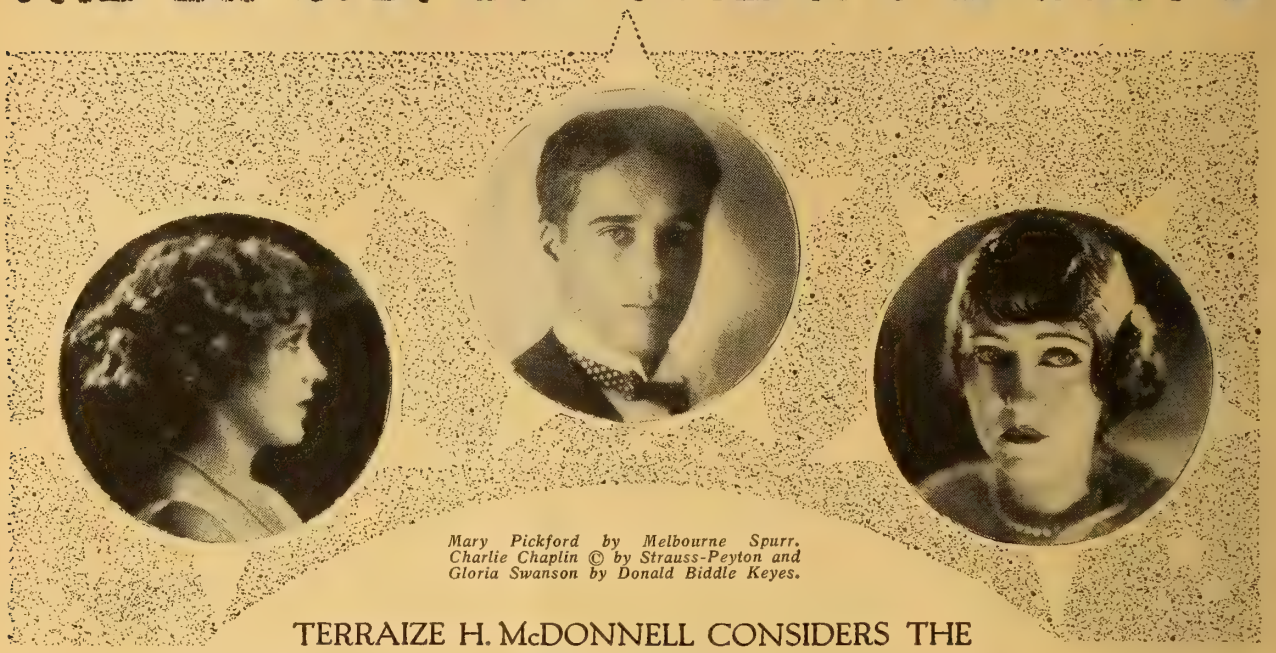
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THE STARS AND THEIR PLANETS



Mary Pickford by Melbourne Spurr. Charlie Chaplin © by Strauss-Peyton and Gloria Swanson by Donald Biddle Keyes.

TERRAIZE H. McDONNELL CONSIDERS THE ARIES PEOPLE



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER



LEO



VIRGO



LIBRA



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



CAPRICORNUS



AQUARIUS



PICES

PREFACE

Astrology has existed, almost unaltered, since a time far beyond any human reckoning, and we find a clear demonstration and knowledge of its practice among the very earliest testimonies of Ancient Egypt. From that age, now dim in antiquity, down to the present day, the verity of its truths has been investigated and believed by intelligent seekers.

Philostratus, the Greek writer, maintains that astrology was mainly the faith of his country, nearly twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ. Diodorus Siculus, the universal historian of Greece, affirms that it was Heracles who introduced it to that nation. In the temple of Thebes, Egypt, there still remains a zodiac, so primeval that it is impossible to define its origin; therefore, it is amply established by evidence that this science has lived for uncounted centuries.

Astrological investigation proves that each person is endowed with human qualities and failings, according to the planet under which they are born and, to a great extent, their future is governed by their birth date.

In following these articles, it will be interesting to note among other things the explanation of the law of attraction or why we are especially fascinated by certain Film Favorites.

"Aries." (The Ram.) March 21st to April 19th.

(Cusp. March 21st to March 27th.)

Mars is the ruling planet of this sign. It bestows upon its subjects a firery nature, possessing aggressiveness, determination and a marked desire to lead. There are two types under Aries. The more brilliant is brunette. The other is decided or medium blonde.

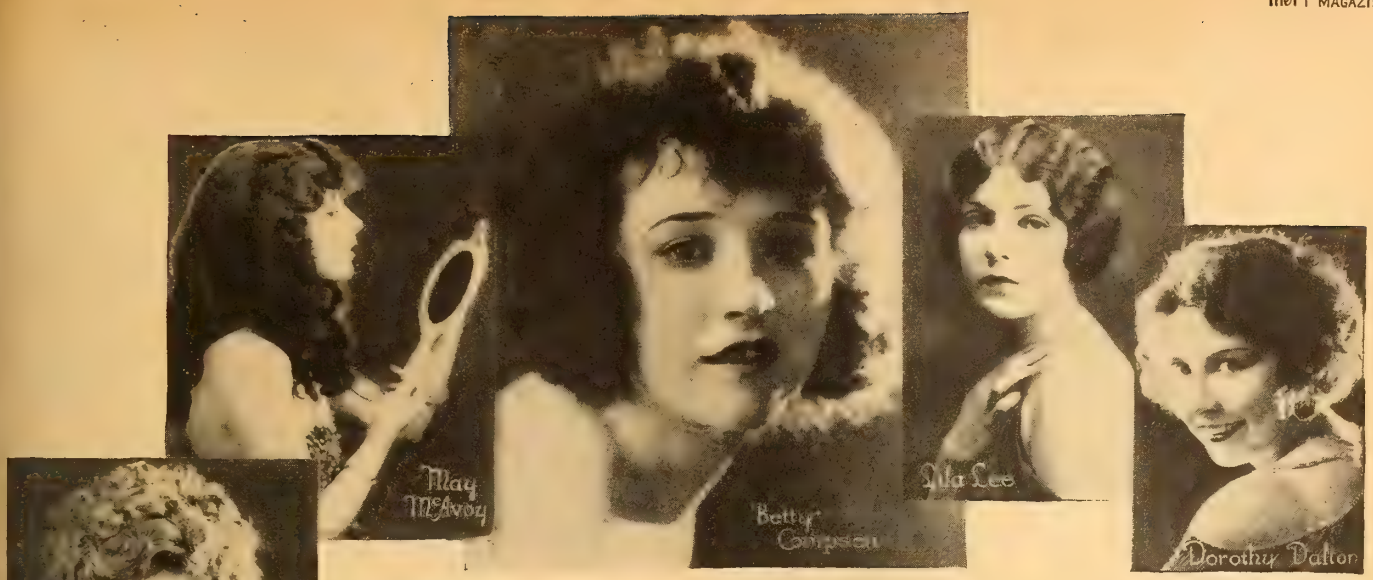
MR. Charles Spencer Chaplin, born April sixteenth, is supreme in his position as the screen's greatest comedian. His mental development and degree of originality are phenomenally great and, when his extreme enthusiasm is aroused, he is fearless of opposition and can override all obstacles.

Frequently, dissatisfied with the results of his undertakings, he secretly desires to abandon them before completion and to embark upon a fresh project. Being unable to do so would make him moody and irritably depressed; nevertheless, at other times, when in congenial company, he can be gay, interesting, fond of jokes and the life of any entertainment.

Thomas Meighan by Donald Biddle Keyes



This man is sincere to his friends, altho utterly heedless of their advice, becoming unreasonably exasperated at (*Con. on page* 112)













The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—
Fine for men



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Stills Between Shots

By
RUTH OVERTON

IBANEZ has drawn many a colorful and dramatic story, which has proved its value on the screen. There have been the stirring "Four Horsemen," bloody "Blood and Sand." Now comes his "Enemies of Women," called in process of production, the "Vendetta." The working title tells you a lot about the type of picture you are going to see. As a matter of fact, working titles usually do. This particular photoplay has a strong cast, headed by Lionel Barrymore, and including Alma Rubens, Pedro de Cordoba, Gladys Hulette, William Collier, Jr., Gareth Hughes, Seena Owen and many others. Many of the scenes were shot in Monte Carlo, Monaco and Paris.

They were making a scene at the gaming tables in Monte Carlo, an elaborately accurate set, the other day at the studio. Alan Crosland was directing, and as busy as a bee. Miss Alma Rubens sat by me in between shots, and gave the history of their trip. Miss Rubens is very lovely to look upon. I wonder we do not see her more often.

(*Continued on page* 106)



The Film Guild is making the Percy Mackaye story "Scarecrow." In it Glenn Hunter looks just like a prince from a faery book. There he is above. Would you know him?





Another Hergesheimer book being made into a photoplay! "The Bright Shawl" has Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in its colorful rôles. At the left is Lionel Barrymore as he will be seen in "Vendetta." Just think—all these pictures are from costume plays. The shadows will be rich in Romance



Beauty at Your Finger Tips

TODAY, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb. This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c *per jar*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c *per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*

Mary Pickford Panel and Samples

Send coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford. With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder and Bloom.

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Also Made in Canada



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Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

What a Little Care of the Skin Will Do

By MME. JEANNETTE

Once I asked a friend why she bought so many hats. I couldn't help it, for each time I saw her she wore a new one.

"Because I am tired of my face," she said, "and since I can't change it, I can at least wear something above it that is pretty, and cheers me up to look at."

No wonder she was tired of her face, it looked so uncared for and unwholesome.

"How much time do you spend in a month, buying hats?" I asked. She could not say exactly, but admitted she was constantly shopping for them.

"And how much time do you give to the care of your skin?"

She shook her head in an annoyed way, and said, "Why bother with a face like mine?"

"If you would spend just a tiny fraction of the time you give to buying hats, on caring for your complexion," I told her, "you would save a lot of money, and be a far happier woman."

I told her to bathe her face with warm water (not hot) and then to cover it with Pompeian Night Cream, patting in gently with the tips of the fingers. Then with absorbent cotton softly remove the cream. All dust particles that may have collected during the day will be taken away and the pores allowed to breathe freely through the night.

Yesterday I saw her again—and what a change! The lines were noticeably fewer and fainter, all the dark patches had disappeared, and best of all I saw a happy smiling light in her lovely eyes!

"Well," I said, "I think I've seen that hat before. Haven't you bought a new one lately?" "I haven't bought a new hat this month," she laughed. "I've done just what you told me to do with Pompeian Night Cream, and I'm so interested in my improved looks now that I've forgotten all about new hats."

--:--

Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, gives a perfect foundation for powder and protects the skin from dust, wind and sun

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

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2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford and the four samples named in the offer.

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Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below.

Greenroom Jottings



Remember Maurice Costello—he is playing a prominent part in "Glimpses of the Moon." So is his daughter, Dolores. This photograph was taken when they were at Miami, Florida, when the exteriors were filmed. Dolores, who is seventeen years old, just finished an engagement in the "George White Scandals." She used to be a child star of the Vitagraph

RODOLPH VALENTINO, having been given permission by the court to go to work, has decided to try his luck in vaudeville. The B. F. Keith Company, realizing what a headliner Rudy is, has signed him and his bride, Winifred Hudnut, to dance, so it has been said, to the tune of six thousand dollars a week.

Rudy's devoted admirers are, of course, glad that he has this opportunity to struggle along on this salary, but they are, nevertheless anxious, for fear that his absence from the screen for so long a time might affect his popularity. However, they comfort themselves with the thought that he will be constantly before the public and will, no doubt, endear himself to his audience on the stage equally as well as he did on the silver sheet. No one who saw him dance at the Equity Ball can deny that both he and his wife know how to dance charmingly.

There is a story that comes to us all the way from California that Valentino wants to play **Romeo** to Norma Talmadge's **Juliet** and that Joseph Schenck is perfectly willing to finance the proposition if Valentino can arrange to get permission from Famous Players-Lasky to make the picture.

Richard Barthelmess departed from his usual custom of not making personal appearances when he spoke last month in the Central Presbyterian Church, at Montclair, New Jersey. "Tol'able David," the picture in which **Mr. Barthelmess** made his début as a star, under the management of Inspiration Pictures, was the first film to be thrown on the screen of the handsome new auditorium of the church. It was in honor of this occasion that **Barthelmess** consented to speak and tell of the circumstances connected with the filming of "Tol'able David," in the Virginian mountains. Not every picture that escapes the hands of the state censors is considered worthy to be presented in churches.

Daniel Carson Goodman is doing his best to reform the horrible age in which we live, where Jazz seems to be America's contribution to civilization. His latest

Photograph by Buckley



Elsie Ferguson, at the right, has entered motion pictures. You will undoubtedly hear more of her. She is the namesake and niece of *the* Elsie Ferguson of both stage and screen fame

picture is "Has the World Gone Mad." Anyway, even if the Doctor is a reformer, he always picks a good box-office title. **Hedda Hopper,** who, altho she has been starred on the legitimate stage, has finally decided to stay with the camera all the time, is the lady-mother in the picture. She feels romantic, but manages to overcome the idea before the last reel ends. **Robert Edeson,** whose name is well known on the speaking stage, is another member of the cast as well as **Charles Richman,** also lifted from the footlights to the Kleigs.

George Hackathorn, who is the hunchback in **Eric von Stroheim's** "Merry Go Round," has changed his mind about coming East. He is now debating whether to play a prominent part in a production at Culver City or take an equally prominent one in Hollywood.

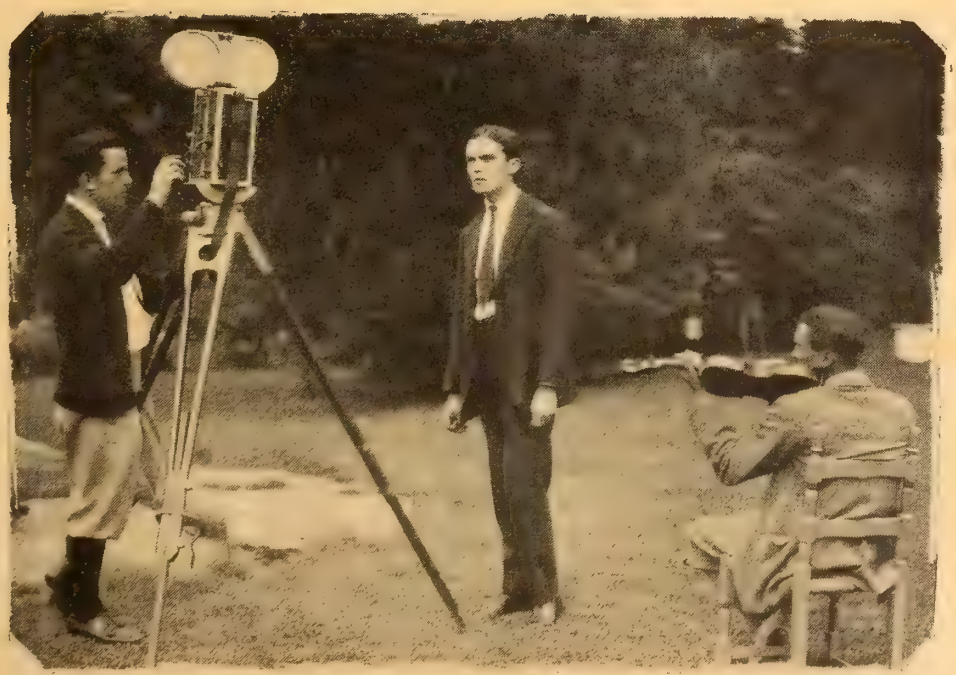
It would save a lot of brain fag for the curious-minded if **Charlie Chaplin** would come out with an engraved statement answering such questions as: Are **Pola Negri** and he married, if they haven't been married secretly, when are they going to be married in the presence of their enemies and friends? Is **Jackie Coogan** going to be the page when the great event comes off, and if he is page, will papa Coogan insist on directing the affair? However, think of all the space he is



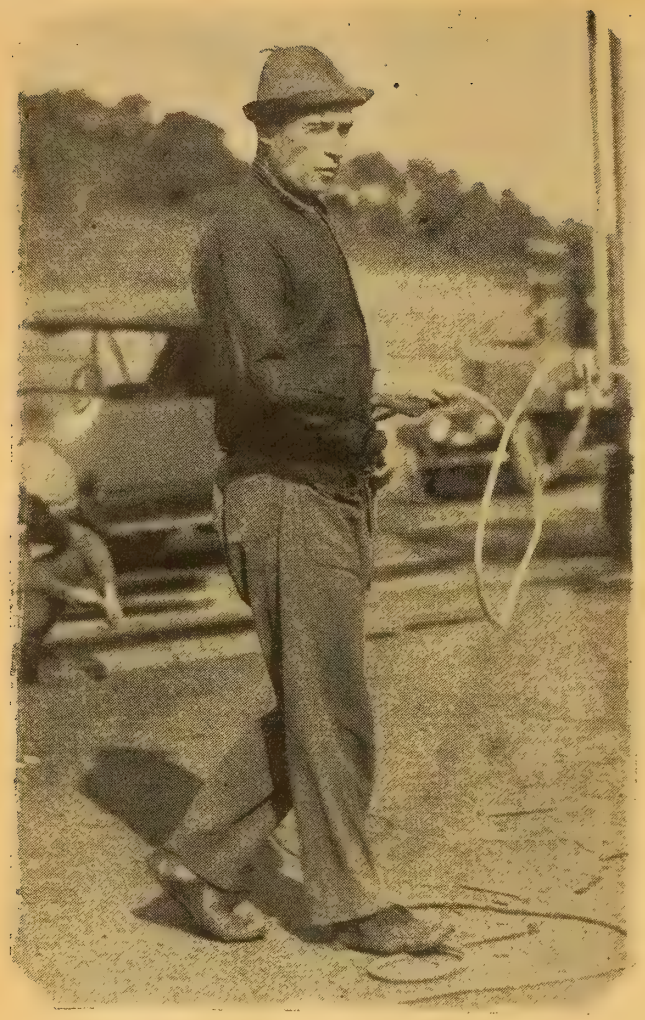
Dorothy Gish has returned from Cuba, where the Dick Barthelmess Company filmed some of the scenes of "The Bright Shawl." Dorothy plays the Spanish dancer in this story—something entirely different from anything she has ever done before, you know. She doesn't seem worried over it



Raymond Hatton is not one of the screen players who has been exploited simply because of his personality. No. No. He submerges himself completely to every rôle he portrays. Of such stuff are artists made. Here he is as he appears in "Java Head," a story of old Salem



The effect of music upon the senses is universally recognized. That's why movie stars keep a violinist always in the offing. Here is Glenn Hunter registering the required emotion during an exterior scene



Who puts the folly in the Follies?—Will Rogers, we'll say. Even the dazzling pulchritude of the famed Ziegfeld beauties takes second place when Will slouches out on the stage, chewing gum and throwing his ropes. He's the only person in the world paid for chewing gum

Madge Kennedy is one of the most industrious actresses in America. She leaps joyfully from stage to screen and screen to stage and vice versa, until she must grow dizzy keeping up with her rehearsals. She really did manage to get a rest after the closing of "Spite Corner," in New York, so she took a boat and went to Japan. It is rumored that her next spoken play is to be a musical comedy in which **Miss Kennedy's** beautiful soprano voice will be heard for the first time by the public. Simply because she will have to keep her voice in practice does not by any means signify that she will give up her screen work; she will simply add her voice culture to her other daily dozen duties.

The Shakespeare craze has hit the movies. **Betty Blythe** and **Tyrone Power,** who have just finished the **Whitman-Bennett** production, "The Garden of Desire," have decided it is about time for them to pull off something like this. Of course, **Tyrone Power** is one of our best Shakespearean actors, and, as for **Miss Blythe,** she has had ambitions along these lines for a long time. Wouldn't it be a relief if someone would step forward and produce "Cæsar and Cleopatra?" It would be almost possible to forgive **George Bernard Shaw** his translation of **Trebitsch's** "Jitta's Atonement."

Every day in every way the films are growing better and better, or they will if **Al Lichtman** has his way, for he has just offered **Dr. Emil Coué,** five thousand dollars a week to play in Preferred pictures. It begins to look as if there were something in this suggestion business, after all.

Capping the story of the Cuban barber who wanted fifty dollars for the use of his backroom as a dressing-room for an hour, during the filming of "The Bright Shawl," comes another one that proves even the

(*Continued on page* 117)

Corinne Griffith has a new pet—it is a small species of the monkey family. We dont know its scientific name and you probably couldn't pronounce it, anyway. It's one of those words. They are the latest things in the line of pets. Natacha Hudnut Valentino has one her idolized Rudy gave her



getting away with in the papers, and in spite of Charlie's sensitive and poetic nature he never undervalues publicity.

Herbert Brenon has signed a contract to become a special director of Paramount pictures. His first production to be made at the Lasky Studio will be Cosmo Hamilton's "The Rustle of Silk." **Betty Compson** will be starred, and after finishing that she will again be starred in, "The Woman With Four Faces," by **Bayard Veiller. Bayard Veiller** wrote the great stage success, "The Thirteenth Chair," in which **Margaret Wycherly** played so long.

Antonio Moreno, who appears as leading man with **Gloria Swanson** in "My American Wife," and also was featured in support of **Mary Miles Minter,** who, by the way, is returning to the spoken stage, is to be co-starred with **Bebe Daniels** in "The Exciters." It has always seemed strange that **Moreno,** who has an excellent screen personality, has never been featured, or at least featured in the right things. Whether it was poor pictures or poor directing, cant be said, but it does seem, if things were handled correctly that he could create quite a vogue.



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Brings Out A Complexion Beauty That Is Deeper Than Skin Deep

BONCILLA is not an experiment, not a gamble! It has revolutionized all popular ideas of complexion treatment, and has given thousands of men and women a new grip on beauty and youth.

BONCILLA cannot fail! Its success has bred numerous imitations, but only BONCILLA, the original clasmic facial pack, can accomplish perfect, *lasting* results. Every principle of its manufacture is based on a definite complexion need.

FEEL the action of BONCILLA Beautifier on your face. Feel it going down into the depth of the pores; feel it revitalizing every nerve, building up the drooping tissues and muscles, smoothing out the lines.

See the amazing results, even after one treatment. See your skin firm and smooth, clear and glowing, with a touch of radiant color. Every blemish disappears; the blackheads and other imperfections have been destroyed because the pores have been so thoroughly cleansed. Enlarged pores are firmly closed because there is no foreign substance left to coarsen them; the facial contour is firm and young, and lines have disappeared.

KNOW what BONCILLA can do for you. If you have tried every possible method to create a perfect complexion, and failed, use BONCILLA. Give yourself just one BONCILLA Facial Pack; you will know that BONCILLA can accomplish results impossible with any ordinary method.

Boncilla Pack O' Beauty Only 50c

BONCILLA Pack O' Beauty contains large tubes of Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and a box of Boncilla Face Powder—enough for three to four complete facial packs. You can get it at any department store or drug store, or we will mail it direct upon receipt of coupon. It costs only 50c, and your money comes back to you promptly if every statement we make is not more than justified.

Boncilla Laboratories, Boncilla Building, Indianapolis, Indiana. M. P. 4-23

I enclose 50 cents. Please send a Pack O' Beauty to

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The Juvenile Critic

By
DOROTHY WHITEHILL

DEAR PUNCH:

I have just been to the doctor's. No, I'm not sick, that is unless laughing very hard can make you sick. Now can you guess where I've been? Doctor Jack, of course!

Oh dear, I do wish he were a really, truly doctor because then if anything were the matter with me he'd make me well straight away. It's just the funniest picture you ever saw and there are parts of it where you laugh until you simply can't stop.

It's all about a little sick well girl. You see, there's nothing in the world the matter with her but her father and the old fussy doctor who takes care of her think there is. The real doctor is just awfully nice and if you were really sick I am sure you would like to have him take care of you. But you see the little girl wasn't sick at all and what she really needed was Doctor Jack. I'm not going to tell you the whole story cause then that will spoil it for you but there are some parts of it that I just love.

First of all you see a cunning little girl at the telephone and she says to come quick because somebody is very sick, I forgot the name, and Doctor Jack comes in a terrible hurry. He eats his breakfast on the way to the gate while the maid holds the tray and, oh dear, all sorts of dreadful things happen to him before he gets to the house, and what do you think? Nobody's sick at all. Just a doll has fallen into the well. But do you think Doctor Jack is cross? Not a bit! He fishes the doll out and pretends to bring her to, just like a real live person. And then a little boy's mother comes and tells him that her little son is sick, and he rushes into him and of course all he has the matter with him is nine o'clock fever which means he doesn't want to go to school. So Doctor Jack tells him the schoolhouse has burnt down and you should see how soon he gets well. But Doctor Jack saves him from getting a spanking and gives him a most scrumptious knife. Then the little boy goes to school and on his way he stops everybody to show them his beautiful present, and that is how Doctor Jack cures everybody—by making them laugh and getting them what he really thinks they want instead of giving them old sicky medicine.

And then, and then comes the well little sick girl with her very dignified doctor who never laughs but who really looks as if he would be quite nice underneath if he wasn't so very doctory. And of course Doctor Jack makes her well, and they fall in love after all kinds of exciting things happening.

But you'll just have to go and see it for yourself because I know you'll laugh until you'll cry. I do think Mr. Lloyd is oh so nice, and so is the girl and oh just everybody in the whole picture. Uncle Roddy says "It's a crackerjack!" and you know that means he likes it a whole heap.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

I have just seen Doctor Jack and I do wish he were a really, truly doctor because then if any thing were the matter with me he'd make me well straight away. The oh, so nice Mr. Lloyd is the doctor

Photograph by Gene Kornman



DEAR PUNCH:

I have just seen a really real picture of dogs and animals. That sounds silly, doesn't it, for of course dogs are animals but somehow I never think of them the same way I do of horses and cats and chickens. That's because I'm a dog maniac. Anyway that's what Uncle Roddy calls me and if it means that I love dogs I guess I am it.

Anyway, these dogs that I saw were just like a regular family. There was the mother and the two children and they lived in a kennel, and one of the baby puppies was just a naughty little rogue. And one day he ran away and he went calling on the Kitten family who lived in a basket nearby but Mrs. Kitten was not very glad to see him, and when he teased her children she gave him a good box on the ear and sent him home. So then his

(*Cont'd on page* 108)

Tropical Tree Brings Hair to Life!

NOTE: Readers are assured the truth of this good news of how quickly beautiful hair is cultivated. William R. Durgin spent weeks on the West Indian island where kakoa grows, verifying its amazing properties, and persuading the owners to make public their secret.

By JUANITA REQUA



IN THE West Indies where is my home, all people have most beautiful hair. Some will think I have conceit so to say, but travelers know this truth. Now I shall tell American ladies and gentlemen the tropical secret to account for this being so.

No one in my country must long wish for that wealth of hair that is seen to glisten with life. It is quick to come from simple thing I will explain. Some have thought our hot climate to be the reason, but not so. Here grows that wonderful kakoa tree, seed of same is cause of all hair to grow abundant, silken and to shine with great life! We have long known this, and in short time do natives—and visitors also—make dullest hair long and luxuriant.

All can have fine hair by same use of kakoa seed when gathered at proper time and prepared in right way. It is so for any human hair; darkest natives of island and fairest blondes from England it is the same. Visitors have come from far to use kakoa and always does the new strength and vitality in their hair cause surprise and delight. Some have taken home with them to use and have given friends who get same beautiful growth by kakoa's natural nourishment. Why should few have this easy way to have hair of health and beauty that is so admired?



JUANITA REQUA, the planter's niece who here reveals the source of natural nourishment which gives all hair strength and beauty

So it is arranged to send prepared kakoa to all who need. On my uncle's plantation are plenty kakoa trees to bear this nourishing seed. I hope all will learn this magic of the tropics for quick hair beauty, and that enough kakoa is found for all who shall desire for their use.

I have seen so many to receive perfect results with our wonderful kakoa, I do not fear to give all assurance of pleasant surprise with quickness of stimulation to follow its use. Neither the men nor women of our island are ever seen to be with scant hair because all know and use kakoa. It is the secret of all having much hair of fineness and natural gloss, and why locks are never stiff and straight but ripple with health and life to look wavy.

Do you seek to enrich your hair, increase its roots and pigments and make wealth of soft glossy hair? Then I send needed amount of kakoa for anyone to use, and direction to apply which is easy. No more care than to your teeth can bring hair to such beauty it is pity not to know and use this simple secret of Nature's. Until too many request it, we shall send you supply of prepared kakoa if you pay but two dollars and the postage from office in the States. This small pay covers very much labor of gathering, preparing and shipping three thousand miles — and leaves but a shilling for those who make same on our property.

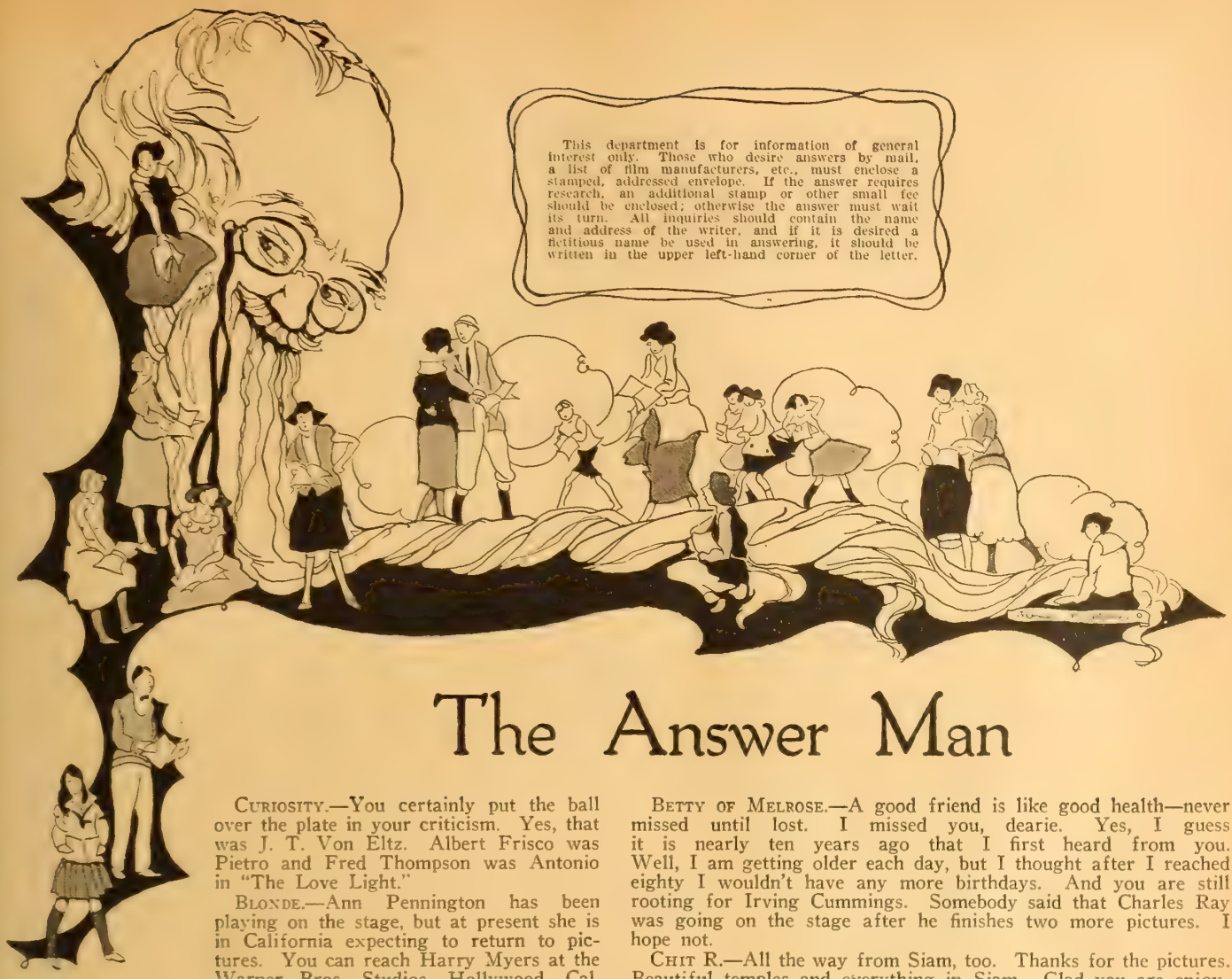
If your hair shall not have amazing benefit and take beauty to bring joy, then every penny you have paid must cheerfully be sent back to you.

Please ask for kakoa in the easy manner below and it will be sent you quite promptly:



Allah

e visited the Garden of Allah,
terested in its verdant locale



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

CURIOSITY.—You certainly put the ball over the plate in your criticism. Yes, that was J. T. Von Eltz. Albert Frisco was Pietro and Fred Thompson was Antonio in "The Love Light."

BLONDE.—Ann Pennington has been playing on the stage, but at present she is in California expecting to return to pictures. You can reach Harry Myers at the Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood, Cal. George B. Seitz is directing now. Close the door behind you, Blonde!

RUTH R. G.—Thanks for the cigars, I admire your good taste. Herbert Rawlinson was born in England, you know. He is not married at this writing. You see I take no chances from one month to another. Earle Metcalf is playing in "Look Your Best." Just send it to Ruth Roland at 605 S. Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks again.

MARIA OF HARLEM.—Yes, I began my career as a very small boy. Thanks for your invitation to have some home-made buttermilk. And you dont favor Valentino. Haven't heard his future plans as yet. Ernest Lubitsch is to direct Mary Pickford in "Faust." Your letter is a model of good judgment, and good English and good penmanship. Thank you, my dear.

EDGELL R. P.—Page Mr. Webster. You want to know the difference between "hokum" and "bunk." Place no stock in either.

LOUIS T.—More than one wife at a time is called polygamy, only one at a time is called monotony. Be like me—no wife at all. Shirley Mason is with Fox, and James Kirkwood is playing in "The Fool" on the stage, while you can reach Harold Lloyd at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Write me again, old man!

VELMA B.—You see I have no good man Friday. I take care of my hall room all by myself. They say that Alexander Selkirk, who lived alone for four years on Juan Fernandez Island, is supposed to have been the original Robinson Crusoe. Sorry to have disappointed you. And you want a picture of Rudolph Valentino every month. Allene Ray is playing in pictures in Los Angeles. Go right ahead.

PHYLLIS.—Get the sponge! So you think Lillian Gish cries beautifully. None better. And you would like to see her married to Monte Blue. Lillian Blue? Not Lillian. Both "Main Street" and "If Winter Comes" are being produced in pictures. Guess you are right on that old picture. Write me again.

CHINQUAPIN.—Yes, there are three sexes, female, males and flappers. That'll do, that'll do! So you like the Gish Sisters better than the Talmadge Sisters. Max Figman played in "The Hoosier School Master." I cant say what he is doing right now. George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose." Read all the good books you can—best thing for you. Yours was great.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—A good friend is like good health—never missed until lost. I missed you, dearie. Yes, I guess it is nearly ten years ago that I first heard from you. Well, I am getting older each day, but I thought after I reached eighty I wouldn't have any more birthdays. And you are still rooting for Irving Cummings. Somebody said that Charles Ray was going on the stage after he finishes two more pictures. I hope not.

CHIT R.—All the way from Siam, too. Thanks for the pictures. Beautiful temples and everything in Siam. Glad you are enjoying the Correspondence Clubs. Write to me again.

GLEN R.—My dear boy, I cannot send you the names of producers who are looking for Western plays, because no one is looking.

CHIPPY.—Out of 10,000,000 people, why pick on me? I cant help you get into pictures. Sam Bernard's correct name is Sam Barnett. Forest Stanley and Marjorie Daw in "The Pride of Palomar."

MONSIE.—Why didn't you know that Samuel Pepys was a charming gossiping diarist and was buried on June 4th, 1703, in the Church of All Hallows, in a vault which he had built in 1664 to receive the remains of his brother. No, Valentino did not play in "Fascination." No player by the name you mention.

FRANCES.—Choose an author as you choose a friend. Laws die, books never. There are several authors on psychoanalysis—Dr. A. A. Brill, Prof. Sigmund Freud, Dr. C. G. Jung, etc., etc. I have all I can do to follow my conscious mind without going into the subsconscious. Famous Players at 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

HILDA B.—Just write Jack Holt care of Lasky. He was born in Winchester, Va.

A DINKUM AUSSIE.—Aye, aye, sir! You say you are an electrical engineer, but you would rather be a film actor. Oh, the shock! Stick to your electricity, my boy. Yes, Wallace Reid married to Dorothy Davenport. Write me again.

BEATRICE JOY FAN.—I may be old, but not that old. I never knew Aristotle. He was a Greek philosopher; a pupil of Plato, instructor of Alexander the Great. He was the first to develop a definite method of reasoning. Someone said the other day that he had the same methods that M. Coué has, only he didn't have as good a press representative. Wanda Hawley opposite William Farnum in "Brass Commandments."

P. T. C.—*Entre nous* means "between ourselves." Dick Barthelmess weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds and he is five feet seven inches high. Yes, I like Harrison Ford very much. May McAvoy is playing opposite Lloyd Hughes in "Her Reputation," made under the working title of "News."

K. B. & R. T.—Is this a duet? So you dont think I am eighty. Stop in some day and I will show you my birth certificate. Claire Windsor is married to a non-professional. Conrad Nagel

s is with Lasky. Lowell Sherman has played in stock. Yes, I am a one hundred per cent. man. What do you think? As a last remark you utter—"dumb waiters carry everything but gossip." Next.

FRANK MAYO ADMIRER.—Yes, he is thirty-six and married to Dagmar Godowsky. Lewis Stone is playing in "You Cant Fool Your Wife." Dont be too sure, Lewis.

A. M.—Most of my readers use me as a victim when they have the blues, but they never write blue letters. Always interesting. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Steve" on the stage. Theodore Roberts with Lasky, Viola Dana with Metro. I cannot prevent thoughts coming any more than I could keep birds from flying over my head, but I try to prevent their building nests in my beard. Write to me any time.

DREAM LASSIE.—How's all the Chinamen in Hong Kong? I will try to answer all your questions this time. Tagore is a poet from India, you know. He visited America about two years ago. Justine Johnson is not playing now. She was in Europe last I heard. Katherine MacDonald playing in "Money, Money, Money." Address her at 914 Gerard Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Yale Boss, the boy of Edison Fame about twelve years ago, has been playing on the stage—so his mother tells me. I, too, am anxious to see "Rubaiyat" screened. Haven't heard much about it lately. Guess we will have to let the others go until next time. Enjoyed yours very much.

HILDA, IDAHO.—Eugene O'Brien is not married. Address Niles Welch care of Selznick.

D. D.—Well, New York City is about evenly divided between Catholics and Protestants, with the Jews an extremely close third. There are 1,941,847 Protestants in the city, or 34.54 per cent. of the entire popoulation; 1,943,730 Catholics, or 34.59 per cent. of the population and 1,643,012 Jews, or 29.23 per cent. The other 1.63 per cent. includes those of the Greek Orthodox faith, of whom there are 91,450 worshippers. Of the 17,000,000 Jews scattered over the face of the earth, New York has one-tenth of them. Yes, Pearl White was born in Missouri and she has been married to Wallace McCutcheon and Victor Southerland.

JACQUELINE K.—You ask me what time I retire. I try to make it ten; but it is more often eleven. I go to bed with reluctance, yet I quit it with regret. I make up my mind every night to leave it early, but I make up my body every morning to keep it late. Everybody should hit the feathers not later than 10:00 every night. Hope Hampton is playing in "Does it Pay," Mary Thurman also in the picture.

MAC A. RONI.—Brilliant! Write to our Circulation Department for back numbers. Thomas Meighan and Lois Wilson in "Our Leading Citizens." Maurice Costello in "Glimpses of the Moon." Francis Bushman is in New York City right now stopping at the Majestic Hotel. Yes, he has been playing in vaudeville, you know, and he is starting a picture now.

MARTHA E.—Here you are in a nutshell. You can subscribe to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for one year for $2.50, to the CLASSIC for $2.50, SHADOWLAND for $3.50, BEAUTY for $2.50 and to all four for $10.50. Do it now.

MABEL 17.—Well, Dr. Johnson married a lady twice his age, and Jennie Lind was ten years older than the man she married. I know lots of other cases, too. You bet I would like to have some Chili Con Carne with you. Now, now, there are twenty-four ribs in the human body. The common belief that a woman has one more rib than a man is erroneous. Why should she?

VOLTARE.—All right, call me Rip, but dont call me R. I. P., which is something placed at the end of announcements of death, meaning "may he or she rest in peace." Corinne Griffith was the lead in "Island Wives." Pearl White and Creighton Hale in "The Iron Claw" Francis Ford is directing and Warner Oland is in "East Is West." No I didn't care for that Universal. All right, start the Billie Burke Correspondence Club. The more the merrier.

JACK V.—I seldom get tired. In which respect I am something like an auto tire, the more I go the less tired I get. You refer to Mary Jane Sanderson.

LAFAYETTE.—That was some joke about the root beer. Do you know any more? Jean Acker played in "A Madonna in Chains." Earle Williams in "The Riddle and the Ring." You will see Helen Holmes in "One Million in Jewels."

L. Y. EUROPE.—Thanks for your card and for your drinking to my good health.



CHARLES L.—I really shouldn't be asked to join the correspondence clubs. You know I haven't time to write personal letters. Sorry.

VERNA K.—I see. You say Anita Loos wrote her first scenario when she was fourteen. You are fourteen. Well? Maybe your mother does write to me—who knows? I hear from a great many mothers. Ethel Dell's "The Top o' the World" is to be filmed by Goldwyn. Monte Blue in "Brass." Wesley Barry is appearing on the stage with ten other youngsters in a song and dance act.

AN ADMIRER.—Come in. You can write to Laddie at the Christie Comedies, but be sure it is in dog Latin.

SMILES.—You know that Schopenhauer says that there are few genuine friendships and that there is usually some secret personal interests at the bottom of them. Do you agree? No record of the Agnes Ayres Correspondence Club. Agnes Ayres in "Racing Hearts." No trouble at all.

JIMMIE & JOE.—Well, right now my hall room is heated with hot air. No facts about Gloria Swanson's nose. What's the matter with it? Powder for girls in their teens—yes, whenever it is necessary. I cant stand a shiny nose.

A. M. R.—So you thought I was a fake! Gadzooks! After completing "Adam's Rib" Cecil DeMille states that he will dramatize the ten commandments, and will make the biggest production of his career. That's going some. Yes, von Stroheim is with Goldwyn.

MODERN FLAPPER.—I get more letters in the month of January—everybody writes me a letter on their Xmas stationery. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Dont flatter yourself that you have a thought that never came to anyone else. The only thing you can do is to find a new way of expressing that thought.

DAMARIS.—Well every person has three characters; that which he exhibits, that which he has and that which he thinks he has. You certainly show yours. So you want to know what they used for the homebrew scene in "My Wife's Relations." Probably ginger ale. Yes, Clara K. Young is doing "The Woman in Bronze." Charlie Chaplin in "The Pilgrim."

ROSEMARY M.; BROWN EYES; MICKEY; LOUIS C.; E. F. S.; ANNA S.; RAOUL F.; DICE; MAZIE; ANXIOUS; GEORGE GASS; CURIOUS; SALSON; JAMIE; ELIZABETH; G. G. H.; N. S.; M. PHEBE GALE; EMILY A.; VIRGINIA T.; MISS M.; KELLEY; MRS. E. G.; VERO VERGINE; HANNIBAL I.; MARTHA; DIAN J. C.; D. M. L. NORMA; RUTH; BEBE MARIE; ENOLA; SHEBA AND MARGIE MAE. Sorry to put you in the alsorans.

JERRY.—Cheer up. To the ant a few drops of rain is a flood. Ramon Navarro is Spanish and he is not married. He played with Mae Murray in vaudeville and Rex Ingram discovered him when he was doing the Royal Fandango. Barbara Tennant is playing in "Toby Tyler."

Co-Mo-CAM.—But success is the foundation stone on which happiness is built. And you think my photographer made my whiskers look too much like spaghetti. And you say the only objection to seeing Harold Lloyd comedies is that they give you a case of sore sides, and cause the tears of laughter to destroy your make-up. Not a bad fault, tho. Alice Lake is playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "Nobody's Bride."

JACK HOXIE FAN.—You surely are welcome. Jack Hoxie is with Arrow Pictures.

LUCY M.—Well, if we cannot be happy, the fault is generally in ourselves. Socrates lived under the Thirty Tyrants. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe to him. Constance Talmadge is divorced from John Pialoglou. No, Richard Talmadge is no relation. Wallace Beery was the villain in "The Last Trail." Glenn Hunter is playing in "Second Fiddle" as well as "Merton of the Movies" on the stage, which promises to have a long run. Let me hear from you any time. I'm always here.

BIG KID.—Well, if you have all the talent you think you have, you ought to make a great success. Let me know when you reach Broadway and I will be glad to come over and see you. Marie Doro is playing in "Sister Against Sister."

M. N. A.—*Comme je fus.* Gloria Swanson has blue eyes and brown hair and she stands five feet three. Madge Bellamy is with Ince. Cullen Landis as "The Kid," in "The Girl from Outside" and he is now with Goldwyn playing in "Forsaking All Others."

J. BIRD.—I dont know who is responsible for the following quotation: "Books whisper to the heart, but pictures speak to the soul. A good picture makes a deeper and more lasting impression than a good book. All great and worthy art purifies, elevates, refines." Pretty much the truth.

(*Continued on page* 105)

No Wonder Rouge Never Gave a Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush

SCIENCE now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skilfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible.*

In creating the wonderful new Princess Pat Natural Tint, *the great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied.* No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of Princess Pat Tint to banteringly criticize the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a feminine acquaintance. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a *scientist* turned his hand to a task which had baffled the *cosmetician* since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available, the effort proved futile.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none perfect.



"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had At Last Been Discovered"

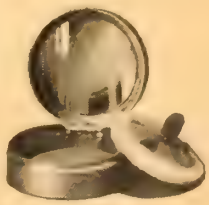
Then accident stepped in, and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English Complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat Tint, had at last been discovered.

Princess Pat Tint Is Waterproof!

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make this new tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. Princess Pat Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

Princess Pat Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light. So it is no wonder that Princess Pat Tint has become a sensation—the demand in New York, Chicago, and other large cities has been simply overwhelming. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible. Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send Princess Pat Tint free to every woman who reads this advertisement.



Princess Pat

—the New, Natural Tint—Always Ask for It By Name

GORDON GORDON, Chicago SOLE AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS

Princess Pat Tint—Princess Pat Creams—Almond Base Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume

Mail This Coupon For Generous Sample FREE

GORDON GORDON
Dept. 24, 2701 South Park Ave., Chicago

ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me, postpaid, a complimentary supply of Princess Pat Tint

Name (Print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....



What about the men?

A YOUNG woman in Cleveland writes us the following:

"Gentlemen: I have been a lot interested in reading about halitosis (unpleasant breath) because it all hits so close to where I live eight hours every day.

"It's the man I work for who is the offender, and I am simply hoping and hoping every day that he will see one of your advertisements and that it will do him some good. Naturally I don't dare mention such a thing to him.

"If you have any suggestion, I'd be glad to have it.

Yours truly, G. S."

* * *

So there you are, Miss G. S. If this advertisement helps you out, we'll all be happy.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Fastidious people everywhere are making Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*



For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

What Folks Want to See in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 40)

to survive at all. No matter the reason, today the comedy is the one branch of the motion picture business that the audience can be sure of. No wonder everyone likes a comedy. Ask folks what they go to the movies for. They may say half a dozen different reasons. But they'll all smile and admit, "Yes, I like a good comedy." With Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd and Ben Turpin on the job, comedy is on solid earth. More power to it. If producers only took a hint from comedy!

Stars. Lots of folks go to see special stars. That's as it should be. After the press department has spent thousands of dollars making stars popular, it would be too bad if folks would ignore them and go to see just any unknown player, instead. But the star system is a serious one. In making a star, the producer is building for the moment, only—for a few years at the very most. And for every star that is made, there is an unspoken promise that, that star will continue to appear in the kind of picture that made him—or her—popular. Young girls, especially, go to see stars. They don't care so much about the play. It's Wally Reid or Norma Talmadge they care about. Very well. Give them their star and give them a good play as well. At least they deserve that. The average star is as artificial as if she—or he, and, after all, I believe the feminine star, today, is the most popular—were made of *papier-mâché*. She is pretty, in a doll-like, bone-headed way. She hasn't a brain anywhere about her person. However, even that is quite all right. She photographs well. She is but the instrument that is played upon. With intelligent directing, she is just as good—for the audience—as if she had a little thinking machine all of her own and really knew how to count above ten and didn't think the color of her hair was the most important thing in the world. *With intelligent directing*—yes, that's the part that counts. The average motion picture director is trying to get away with a lot and not getting away with it. Half of the time he is a cheap actor or stage director who never made good and just happened to fall into the movies. Then he persuaded some reformed pants maker, now a movie magnate, that he was a director, bought a suit of trick clothes—and there you are! Of course, as I have heard on the average of once a day for the past ten years, the motion picture business is in its infancy. By the time it has got to the short-clothes stage—and I hope to Heavens it doesn't grow up to be a moron—perhaps these stupid, inefficient, know-nothing directors will be weeded out and a group of fairly intelligent men will have taken their places.

What do people go to see in the movies, then? A comedy. Yes, but they want that as an extra added attraction, an entrée or a dessert. Romance? Yes, but a picture must have more than that. A star. To be sure, but even that doesn't satisfy. Expensive sets? Not necessarily. What else is there? There's the story, itself, the thing that should be the biggest part of the motion picture.

Years ago, folks didn't care what kind of a story they saw in the movies. My mother tells me that she sat perfectly still and was thrilled at a pillow fight or an engine in motion. Look! Look! It moves! Then came the simple picture. Little plot and less action. It, too, satisfied for a while. The industry grew. Pictures became better. Folks no longer went to the pictures because they moved. They went because there was some reason for the motion. There are thousands of people who go to the pictures, every night, *just to have some place to go.* There are hundreds of thousands more who go to see a good story. These latter are the ones who are going to stop going to the movies if they do not receive an adequate return for their money. They want a beautiful or a handsome star. They want good interiors and exteriors. They want intelligent directing. They want captions written so that they will not be insulted as they read. But, most of all, people go to the movies *because they want a good story.*

It's most amazing, when you consider how much people have put up with, in the past. Of course, tho, as we all know, the motion picture industry *has been* in its infancy. It is growing up, now. Folks aren't satisfied, any more, with what used to thrill them. They have outgrown the pillow fight. Even more, they have outgrown the story that depends on the chase. They have outgrown the story that depends on a misunderstanding that could have been cleared up by half a minute's sensible conversation. They are no longer content to see a famous novel rewritten and with all of the good parts that made it famous left out of it. They are no longer content to see pseudo-serious "problems" presented without logic or meaning. The audience is no longer grateful for imitation society plays, directed by a man who was never in a decently conducted home in his life and acted by a bunch of extras who think that a cheap dance hall is "classy" and who dance with gum in their mouths. No longer can a cub reporter get fired because of inability to write a simple news story and then become chief scenario editor in a motion picture company, as was done not so long ago. People are waking up. They are becoming more sophisticated. They want well-written stories for the screen and they want these stories well-acted and well-directed. They want less yellow stories and less sensational stories. They want romance, but they dont want it sugar-sweet. They want sensible drama, but not sensation. Let the producer give these things to his audience and he needn't worry about the box-office. It will run along quite nicely and take care of him as well as itself. A decent deal is all the audience expects or asks for.



Phyllis Wears the Purple

(*Continued from page 37*)

running around in one-piece swimming suits. And I was primed for all the 'pitfalls' that silly people say lurk in the theater or studio. But . . ."

And she sighed. . . .

"It was so uneventful! You have to go to bed early and get up early and work late. And you have to diet so you'll not get fat, and . . . and it's not interesting at all!"

All her sennettian experience, she declared, wasn't half as thrilling as the three-week stand she played in vaudeville with a troupe made up of Ben Turpin, Kathryn Maguire and other laughmakers.

"I didn't know anything about the stage," she said, "and nobody could think of anything for me to do. Finally Kathryn suggested that I do a soft-shoe dance."

She got up and showed me how she did it. It was one of those one-two-three-kick things vaudevillians usually do, but the Haver personality turned it into a sort of out-of-the-ordinary routine.

Before Phyllis ever thought of going into pictures she helped out the family finances by playing the piano evenings in a neighborhood picture show.

"I didn't want anybody to know I was doing it," she reminisced. "So when one of the boys would want me to go to a dance, I'd always make some excuse and have him call for me at nine-thirty.

"Inasmuch as I didn't get thru playing till nine-thirty, I had to get all dressed before I went to the show. Then I'd make a bee-line for home, sneak in the back door and greet my escort all smiles and blushes—apologizing, of course, for having had to keep an important dinner date."

Then one day someone told her she might be able to get work if she went to the Sennett studio. She took the tip, went there on the street car, got into the wrong office—and chanced to meet exactly the man who was engaging the bathing girls for the studio troupe.

That was about four years ago—four years during which Phyllis has never lost either her petal-like complexion or her ready smile.

"When a lot of girls work together," she philosophized, "every one of them learns something. First, to keep peace in the family, you mustn't retail any gossip.

"Catty girls never get anywhere in the picture business.

"If you do your work and mind your own business, you'll get your raise in salary when it's due you. The pictures are like any other kind of work. They aren't play, and you generally come home from the studio tired to death."

The little fling in vaudeville that she took with Turpin and Miss Maguire whetted her appetite for more of the stage.

"Some day, perhaps," she mused—and smiled in her own particular way, "I might be able to get on. I'd like to."





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The natural tooth luster is clouded by film. At first the film is viscous. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. So dental science saw the need for better cleansing methods.

Research found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on new discoveries. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations now use it, largely by dental advice.

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Pepsodent also corrects mistakes made in tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

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Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25c a package at toilet goods counters or postpaid direct. J. W. Kobi Co., 119 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

Romeo Now Requited

(*Continued from page* 45)

with Frank Sheridan in a vaudeville sketch in which he played the comedy rôle of a *starving* infant.

He was a howling success—in more ways than one—for his howls were the particularly burlesque part of the evening's entertainment.

"My decision to be an actor was made rather suddenly," he reminisced. "My parents had my mind all made up for me that I was cut out to be a civil engineer.

"Ugh!!! Picture *me* doing a Mary-the-mountain-goat stunt and climbing the Rocky Mountains to lay a railroad track! Could you beat it?

"But they educated me with that end in view. After some schooling in Georgia they shipped me to the Peekskill Military Academy—about steen miles from the place where Rip Van Winkle took his famous nap.

"I got so het up acting in the school plays that I nearly lost weight. Then someone told me I oughta go on the stage. Gosh! it gave me a hunch—and I tried it."

One day, after he had been on the boards in and out of New York for perhaps a year and a half, he bumped into Wilfred Lucas, an old friend, then working with the Griffith forces. Almost as soon as Lucas saw him he started to laugh.

So Lucas took him out to interview Griffith. And, after an hour's wait, he was eventually ushered into the presence.

"He got chummy with me and called me 'Fat' and asked me if I thought I could do a country jake. 'Sure!' I said—and got shoved over to the wardrobe. When the wardrobe woman took a look at me, she nearly fainted.

"'You're not human!' she said, 'and we hain't got nothin' to fit you.' Nor did they. All the costumes had to have V-shaped things put in 'em so they'd fit, and I looked like a patchwork quilt by the time I got onto the 'set.'"

However, he was with Griffith for six months. From there he went to Mack Sennett, thence to Lubin. About three years ago he did his first picture, "Seventeen" for Paramount, and afterward was with Goldwyn for a series of eight productions, including "The Fear Woman" with Pauline Frederick. Among some of the pictures he has played in are "Hard Boiled," with Dorothy Dalton; "It Pays to Advertise" and "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" with Bryant Washburn; "What's Your Husband Doing" with Douglas MacLean; "Held By the Enemy"; "Going Some"; "So Long Letty"; "Oh, Lady, Lady" and "The Speed Girl" with Bebe Daniels; "Is Matrimony a Failure?"; "Bought and Paid For" with Agnes Ayres, and, more recently, "Her Gilded Cage" with Gloria Swanson and "The Ghost Breaker" with Wallace Reid.

"Whew!"

It was Hiers coming off the "set," admittedly hot and perspiring this time, and looking like a wilted lily.

"Whatsa matter?" I inquired.

"Oh, nothing'!" panted the Ebullient One. "I almost got an chance to kiss the leading lady an' was chasin' her all over the set.

"Gosh! But anyway that saying 'nobody loves a fat man' is all wrong.

"If you dont believe me ask my new wife, Adah McWilliams Hiers."



Twins Once, Now Only Sisters!

The amazing story of the plain Crawford twins and how one of them made herself beautiful

"ALIKE as two peas," everyone used to say of the Crawford girls who lived in one of the progressive little cities of Michigan's upper peninsula. "I'm never quite positive whether it's Marie or Meta I'm speaking to," their father would often say. "There's no telling them apart," declared the neighbors when the twins were of pinafore age. And when Meta passed triumphantly in Algebra—a study in which her high school chums freely predicted her failure—there were some who wondered if it really had been Meta who had been present at that examination.

Both girls were liked by their associates. They were gracious girls, and each had friends aplenty. But credit for this must be given their dispositions—for they were far from beautiful. Indeed, they were frankly homely. Then—in an incredibly short time—came the greatest changes. Meta remained the same likable, but severely plain girl; with the same familiar faults of face and figure. But Marie seemed suddenly to blossom forth. Her entire countenance and complexion took on new aspect. Soon people identified Marie by referring to her as "the *pretty* Crawford twin." And so great was the transformation that she fully merited the designation "pretty" in any gathering of women.



Here is how this miraculous change was brought about. It is an interesting and significant story for the woman who would look her best. For almost every woman has beauty possibilities of which she never hoped or dreamed. The reader may here jump to a wrong conclusion. What caused these sisters to grow so far apart in personal appearance was not neglect on the part of one, nor even strenuous cultivation of an attractive face and figure by the other twin. In fact, they started together to remedy faults of complexion, eyes, hair, and the many unlovely features that had combined to make them so utterly plain. Their first efforts were identical; both did anything and everything which either heard or read about on the subject of beautifying. They accepted well-meant advice of friends. But their efforts had all been hit or miss. Both had become discouraged, vowing never to try again.

Then, something happened; Marie Crawford learned of a remarkable woman who had made a twenty-year study of beauty. It is doubtful if anyone else ever went about development of beauty methods in so scientific a manner. This woman had gone to the very bottom of the skin structure; her way of clearing complexions and removing blemishes had already made her famous in this field. She had studied facial contour and the tissues of face and neck; she was able to remove the ugly wrinkles, even of years' standing. One hair-health secret which she had uncovered, accomplished all that scalp specialists had been seeking to do for years. Her large offices (devoted exclusively to discovery and development of scientific aids to beauty) had taken the guesswork out of beauty culture.

"I wonder what this remarkable woman's methods could do for *me*?" thought Marie. She decided at any rate to ask. So she wrote her, and this simple act proved a turning point in her whole appearance, and her very outlook on life. She was told things and given things to do that seemed almost to work magic.

What surprised her at the very outset was the utter simplicity of it all. But most surprising was the suddenness with which results were brought about.



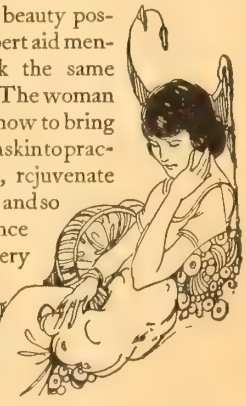
The rapid improvements soon proved the new, scientific treatments to be right, and showed her why the old-fashioned things which she and her sister had been doing could never accomplish their purpose. Before long her facial blemishes were gone—all of them. Her skin and color were amazingly benefited. Pores of ugly size were almost invisible now—and blackheads entirely banished. Two particularly ugly lines from nose to mouth had left. The flesh at the point of her chin had been virtually remodelled. An unsightly hollow of the neck was rounded out so perfectly that she no longer had dread of the affairs where gowns revealed neck and shoulders. In time she had brought eyebrows and eyelashes to the point where they were noticeably silken and shapely. There was no denying that Marie Crawford, whatever had been her appearance so short a time back, had stepped into the ranks of women who were deemed "pretty."

About this time came the country club's dance of the season. That brought full realization of the remarkable change Marie had accomplished in her appearance. It was the first affair to find the twins separated the entire evening. Her card was soon full—and men were asking for "half a dance," and "extras." Back of her laughing denials of being "altogether too popular" was a deep joy, clouded only when she caught sight of sister Meta—alone!



Marie had not wilfully withheld from her sister the secret of her new beauty. But she remembered early experiences with beautifying methods, and feared ridicule should this latest effort fail. Thus had matters progressed until now there remained scarcely a facial resemblance between them. Meta and she could scarcely be taken for sisters—never for twins. Yet it seemed but yesterday that people were mistaking one for the other!

And now for the part that is of such vital import to maid or matron who would make the most of her beauty possibilities. The expert aid mentioned will work the same wonders for *you*. The woman who has learned how to bring any type of human skin to practical perfection, rejuvenate the sagging tissues and so remarkably enhance one's looks in every way is Lucille Young, and her offices are in Chicago. She has prepared a book on beauty in which the problems of over 100,000 women have furnished the facts. It tells just how you may learn these principles and apply them with the same swift results. This book is most appropriately called "Making Beauty Yours." If you knew what a single one of these secrets it reveals could mean to your appearance you would send this very hour for your copy! There is no charge, no obligation; just fill out this coupon.



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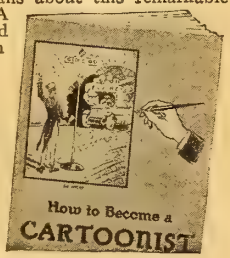
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The Vampire and the Flapper

(*Continued from page* 28)

supposedly a woman of vast experience, and possessed of uncanny knowledge regarding the habits, weaknesses, and workings of man. She conquered thru a masterly technique acquired by years of nefarious experimentation.

She was an intellectual—or, at any rate, a cerebral. She had no emotions of her own. She was ice. Nothing moved her. She could withstand white heat. And cruel! Nero was a rank sentimentalist beside her.

As to manner, she was a *rara-avis*, a Nonesuch, a Never-before—unique, and unearthly, and brain-staggering. She rolled her eyes, and squinted mysteriously. She gazed hypnotically upon her victim from under ultramarine lids, her chin couched on the back of flexed and bejewelled fingers. Her movements were very slow and cat-like; and her Delsartean elegance was too exquisite for words. She smoked almost continually, and kept her cigarets in a lacquered box with a trick stork on it. She burned great quantities of punk, and always kept a small Buddha on a tabouret beside her. She never sat down, but reclined languidly on a chaise-longue; and she lived in a flat that resembled the harem scene in a comic opera.

In appearance she was equally bizarre and fantastic. Her ebony hair was brushed back close to her head. Her pendant jade earrings reached to her collar-bone; and she wore serpentine rings on her thumbs. Her black gown was of one piece, and clung to her long lithe body as if for dear life. Her finger-nails shone like mirrors, and were sharpened into stilettos. Her eye-brows were mere pencilled crescents, and her lashes were like fish-hooks.

The truth is this old-time vamp was utterly unlike anything which an ordinary sober man ever meets in real life. But she had her points, so to speak; and when her arms went snaking about some poor benedick's neck, no mere flesh and blood could resist her. Whatever else she was, she was not a housewife. To picture her doing the dishes, or darning a union-suit, would stagger the hardiest imagination.

The vampire of real life—the actual lady co-respondent of today—is cut on quite a different pattern. She is wide-eyed and frolicsome, and generally wears bobbed hair, a sport-skirt to her knees, and a fancy wool muffler. In three cases out of four it is this sort of little baggage who works the real destruction in the domestic suburban villa. Rarely is it the Sphinx-like, sophisticated woman of thirty.

And blonde is the color of hair which seems to do the business best. Unless, of course, it be Titian. But then, a red-head is really a blonde. The reason that blondes are dangerous is that yellow is the symbol of golden youth, of dawn, of sunshine, of happiness and wealth.

Moreover, a blonde seems somehow less intellectual and serious-minded than a brunette. And the Tired Business Man (whom all vamps seem consistently to mark out for destruction) wants a little playmate he can impress and lord it over. He likes to be able to tell her what a great man he is, and to get away with it. He wants someone who will pull a lock of his thinning hair down upon his brow and tell him he looks like Napoleon, only handsomer—and believe it! In short, he wants a sweet, good-natured, adoring dumb-bell!

One of the chief reasons a wife loses her hold upon a husband is because she gets onto him. She sees thru his strutting and posings, and refuses to be speechlessly impressed by all his opinions. For him to cast her aside for another wise and matured lady—such as the old-time vamp was supposed to be—would be merely to jump from one frying-pan into another.

No! As the average man gets older, he is attracted more and more by the brainless, foolish, fluffy doll-baby—to wit: the typical modern flapper.

As yet, the flapper is not recognized as an authentic vamp. But that doesn't matter. She has taken the old-fashioned vampire's place just the same. And you haven't heard any wailing or gnashing of teeth on the part of the male fans!

But what, one asks, was the cause of this sudden demise of the languorous, slithery, ghoulish lady in black? Why was she once so popular? And why did she so soon became an outcast?

Human psychology was at the bottom of it all. At first the spectacle of a vampire working her deadly wiles, awakened in the young ladies of the audience a new consciousness of their power over men. The vampire was, indeed, a liberal education for unsophisticated damsels; for she showed them how, with the proper manipulation, man could be made to do their bidding.

Later, however, the vampire came in for extensive ridicule. The newspapers caricatured her; and the Keystone Comedies burlesqued her. Her very name—abbreviated into a single syllable—was provocative of mirth. She was belabored with humor.

All this had a deadly effect on the poor old girl. It did not kill her outright, but it left her groggy and gasping for breath. The real death-blow was delivered by the very persons to whom she had first made her strongest appeal and to whom she owed her popularity—namely: the women patrons of the motion pictures! They suddenly turned upon her, denounced her as a hussy, and laid her low.

The women were able to do this, because they constitute the big majority of movie-goers; and unless they are pleased, a picture is a failure. Feminine taste controls the screen, just as it controls the stage, the magazine story, and the popular novel.

But why did the women turn upon the vamp? Merely as a matter of self-protection.

Obviously, therefore, women do not care to risk taking their men-folks to the movies night after night, when, by so doing, they are deliberately inviting competition and disaster. Their normal protective instincts step in.

At first women were captivated by the vamp because they thought she could teach them how to wield a new power over men. But then the women discovered how dangerous it was for the men themselves to see this power operating in such a highly talented, non-union manner; and they immediately turned against the vamp and boycotted all pictures in which she did business.

This same protective instinct in women accounts for the fact that the sexually seductive heroine is rarely popular. Write down the names of the ten leading women stars. Not one is the dazzling, magnetic type. They are all "sweet," and "girlish," and "nice," and "wholesome." Actresses with sensuous, alluring personalities are regarded as dangerous and disturbing, and are therefore looked upon with disfavor.

Yes, it was the women themselves who put an end to the vampire's nefarious tho charming occupation of subduing the weak

but willing males. No mere man ever offered an objection to this ancient, delightful tyranny on the part of alluring ladies, whether they were Titian-haired Lamias, raven-tressed sorceresses, or merely flaxen blondes of the flapper type.

Tho a man may be victimized a dozen times, he returns anon to the fray, throws up his redoubts, brings up his heavy artillery, and dons the gas-mask. And when the vampire, with diabolical ingenuity, storms his trench and takes him prisoner, he does not wail and call for help.

From the days of Lilith to the nights of Nita Naldi, men have been the voluntary victims of vampires. Far from seeking to evade the perfumed clutches of these voluptuous man-eaters, they have actually sought the dangers of feminine rapacity. Ulysses refused to have his ears plugged with wax when passing the reefs whereon the Lorelei sang their lullabies of love.

Moreover, the vampires of all time—Lilith, Calypso, Cleopatra, Helen, Lais, Phryne, Aspasia, Lola Montez, and all that glorious Circean sisterhood—have been immortalized in song and fable. No man really desires protection from feminine machinations.

Just what will be the fate of the flapper, now that she has supplanted the old-time vampire, no one can tell. It is all in the hands of the gods—and the women fans. Perhaps she will be tolerated because she is without the exotic mystery and cryptic wizardries of her older and duskier sister. Time alone will bring the answer.

Personally, however, I think she is more dangerous than the goggle-eyed, punk-burning, chaise-lounging vamp of yore.

The Judges Confer on The American Beauty

(*Continued from page* 54)

Dorothy Knapp, of brown hair and eyes with a fair skin, lives in New York City, and her photograph was submitted by Edwin Bower Hesser, the photographer who took her picture.

Brenda Bond, with brown hair and hazel eyes, is quite as pretty as her individual name.

And Florence Lockman, sweet sixteen, with blue eyes and dark brown hair, of Hamilton, Ohio, is entered in The American Beauty Contest by her mother.



Thousands of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Dream They Can!

By ELINOR GLYN

Famous Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," and many other world-known stories and photoplays

THOUSANDS of people can make money writing stories and photoplays *and don't know it.* This may seem to be a startling assertion, but it is *absolutely true.* Most anyone can *tell* a story. Why can't most anyone *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.



Elinor Glyn

Yesterday I didn't dream I could write successful stories. To-day millions of copies of my stories are read in Europe and America. When I first started to write, I didn't dream that my "brain children" would be snapped up eagerly by famous editors. To-day my stories, novels, and articles appear in the foremost European and American magazines. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world. For the greatest motion picture producers in the world I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that I know what I am talking about.

The time will come when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your Imagination. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "If Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Listen! I have made special arrangements with my publishers, The Authors' Press, of Auburn, N. Y., to send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called *"The Short-Cut To Successful Writing."* This amazing book was written to help all ambitious people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. It shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement, that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of failure. How to win!

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 46)

tion and the judge who handed down the decision did not take into consideration the law of Cause and Effect. They must not forget that "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap." If they are unjust to people, people will be unjust to them. If they treat their best actor in the way they have, they will do the same to others. Why treat some of their stars so extraordinarily well and their best star so extraordinarily mean? Can it be because of the difference in nationality of the stars?

Let us hope that the indignation that is sweeping over the country at the loss of the best film actor in this country will make the Famous Players realize what they are doing to themselves, the country at large and especially Rodolph Valentino.

It would do the men at the head of the Famous Players good to start each day by remembering that one of the fundamental laws of the universe is the law of Cause and Effect, and that every act reacts. It would also do them good to have a large copy of the Golden Rule always in sight.

"The Young Rajah" was very much chopped up. Everyone was given better close-ups than Valentino, which was very unjust when he was supposed to be the principal character. Having read the book "Amos Judd," numerous times, I saw hardly any resemblance between the film and the book. What we did see of Valentino's acting was most excellent.

Sincerely,
A. G. B., Springfield, Mass.

About this and that—with laurel wreaths for some and criticisms for others.

DEAR EDITOR: May I express a few of my views on the film plays and the actors and actresses?

Why do we not see more of Conway Tearle, especially in such pictures as "The Eternal Flame" with Norma Talmadge? He is one of the best actors on the screen. I wish he would be featured in more good pictures, with a fine actress like Norma opposite him. They play remarkably well together. She is the sweetest girl on the screen anyway.

Let's have more of Dot Gish, but not in slapstick comedy where she has to make queer, outlandish faces. She has a lovely, wistful little face and marvelously expressive features. When she can act the way she did in "The Hun Within" and "Orphans of the Storm," it is criminal to give her foolish, rough-and-tumble pictures.

Also, give us more of Valentino in characterizations like his "Julio," but God forbid that he plays in any more trash like "Beyond the Rocks" and "The Sheik." He did his best, but the pictures were so poor that they almost ruined one of the finest actors on the silversheet. Even my enthusiasm was slightly dampened after "Beyond the Rocks." "Julio" was real, living and human. More of these rôles for Rodolph.

Mary Pickford, the dearest and most womanly of all, nearly broke my heart by her slapstick stuff in "The Hoodlum" and "Daddy Long Legs." With that angelic face, she should not do it. She is meant for better things. Leave that to Louise Fazenda, etc.

Pola Negri is a real artist to my mind. Why not cast her as "Manon Lescaut" or "Sappho" or some other parts that call for spontaneity and fire? She is the most natural woman on the screen, for she never saves herself for close-ups, or cares how she looks, just so long as she portrays real, true life and true feelings. I think she is marvelous. She makes a lot of these limp, lady-like so-called "stars" look like jelly-fish. You cant say her acting is vulgar, because it is true to life, and the real facts of life are, by no means, all perfect and beautiful.

Now for a few bricks. What have they done to Nazimova? She was my favorite until I saw her in her latest pictures. They almost broke my heart, especially as I had seen her in "Revelation" and "Eye for Eye," which were superb. Katherine MacDonald is beautiful, but a perfect stick when it comes to acting; Lila Lee is too squirming and conscious; Gloria Swanson was fine in "Male and Female" and "Under the Lash," but that's all. She is unnatural and leaves a bad taste in your mouth. Agnes Ayres looks stupid and moves like an automaton; Clara Kimball Young holds her mouth open and has no more expression on her face, or spirit to her acting, than a bale of hay. Also, if the film producers are going to film a book or a play, for heaven's sake, why dont they film it "As Is" and not alter it so that it makes you sick to see it? The censors changed "The Sheik," of course, but why film it at all if not true to the original? "Ivanhoe," that grand old classic, was changed terribly, "Virtuous Wives" was changed, "Jane Eyre" (the first production with Alice Brady) was mutilated dreadfully, and several others which I wont take up the room to rave about. "Clarence" was let mercifully alone and was good as the result, and so was "The Four Horsemen." I hesitate about going to see "Oliver Twist," "Brass" and "Glimpses of the Moon," for fear they may be changed from the originals. Now, a word in praise after all that storm. The following all deserve fine pictures and I always go to see every one I can that any of them are in.

Ethel Clayton, James Kirkwood, Thomas Meighan, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline Garon, both Gishes, both Talmadges, Dick Barthelmess, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason (exceptionally good), Claire Windsor, Jackie Coogan, Lon Chaney, Mae Murray (for her dancing and figure if nothing else), and Elsie Ferguson.

If this letter is not too long, I would like to have it printed, so that the actors and actresses may know what one much interested in good pictures thinks about them.

KATHLEEN M. BEEBE,
552 Hague Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

The passing of pulchritude in the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE called forth many letters. The one we print below holds a brief for Marguerite Clark and is extremely interesting:—

DEAR EDITOR: Referring to the article in the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by Frederick Van Vranken, entitled "The Passing of Pulchritude."

While I agree with this in the main, I think he does Marguerite Clark a great injustice and I should think the many, many people who considered her their favorite would protest. He speaks as if all she had was looks and I most decidedly do *not* agree with him. Her line was

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photoplay Corporation Searches For Screen Writers Through A Novel Creative Test

THE motion picture industry faces its supreme crisis. With its acting personnel at the artistic peak, its apparatus close to mechanical perfection, the fifth greatest industry in the United States acutely lacks the one thing it *must* have to go on—original stories.

Literature and the drama have virtually been exhausted. The public has demonstrated at the box office that it wants good, original human interest stories, not "warmed over" novels and plays. Professional novelists and fiction writers have definitely failed in the motion picture field. Hundreds tried—a handful succeeded. They are trained for expression on the printed page, not upon the screen—two widely different arts rarely combined in the talents of a single writer.

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But how can *you* know whether you possess creative imagination? Should you acquire the technique and attempt to enter this fascinating and handsomely paid profession?

First, there is no way to *endow* you with natural ability. Either you have it or you have not. But if you possess creative talent, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation can, by its novel psychological home test, discern it. Then, if you so elect, the Corporation can train you to *think in terms of the studio;* to write your story so the director can *see its action* as he reads.

Send for the Free Creative Test

BY this scientific series of psychological test questions and problems, the degree of natural aptitude which you may possess can be accurately determined. It resembles the vocational tests employed by the United States Army, and an evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful.

Through this test many successful photoplaywrights were encouraged to enter their profession. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

Scores of Screen Stories Are Needed by Producers

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The leaders in the motion picture industry who form our advisory council realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story and with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

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Again, the career of a professional photoplaywright may not appeal to you. There are many men and women, enrolled for the Palmer Course and Service who feel that way. They take it, however, because they realize the value of Creative Imagination, properly developed, in any line of endeavor. And they appreciate the opportunities which this Course presents for developing this invaluable talent.

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The test is free and you incur no obligation by requesting it.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
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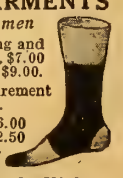
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Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 92)

comedy drama and child's parts and in both she had a place all her own, which no one else has filled, and we all miss her. The only thing that could possibly stand in her way is that she unfortunately cant turn the calendar backwards and is too tiny for character parts.

I think it is a mistaken idea that only those who play tragedy, or at least "weepy" dramas, are real actors or actresses. Many people prefer something cheerful when they go to a show and it takes just as much art to be good in a comedy drama or farce, in my opinion, as it does to make people cry. Both have their place, but if I felt blue I would certainly prefer to see Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington" or the "Bab" stories, or many others in which she played too, than to see Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country."

A lot of people, including myself, are bored stiff with many of the "so called" comedies of the slapstick variety, but enjoy a comedy drama or farce.

Another example he gave, which I dont agree with, is Gloria Swanson. He claims she combines "beauty and brains" and I dont see that she has much of either. None of my friends think she is particularly good looking and a good deal of the time she doesn't act, but is merely a clothes model. I know a good many more people who liked Marguerite Clark than who like Gloria Swanson. Of course, beauty is largely a matter of taste, but you take Gloria Swanson without all her beautiful gowns and exotic head dress and you would not look at her twice. She is positively homely. To me there is very little soul in her acting.

I dont think that because we no longer see actors or actresses on the screen that it follows that people are tired of them or that they have failed. Some of them have been before the public so long that they retire because they have had enough and some with real ability, after they make a lot of money, get lazy and see no reason for working any more. I know there are a number I would like to see oftener and some that we never see any more that I miss.

For the girls, who merely imitated Mary Pickford, I haven't much use, as I never care for imitations, unless they do it for fun, like Elsie Janis and call it an imitation. *But* Miss Clark certainly does not belong to these. I never could see where she even attempted to imitate her and she was in pictures almost as long.

Yours very truly,
MISS G. C. STEPHENS,
545 W. 60th Place,
Chicago, Ill.



Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 61*)

on its faithful leader believing he has prophesied erringly of Judgment Day, causes you to fervently hope for his deliverance.

Mae Busch in her rôle of Glory Quayle must know a deep sympathy and understanding for the Caine heroine, so spontaneously and impressionibly does she bring her to the screen.

Richard Dix is not so successful with the title rôle, but we are not sure that his portrayal is not a greater one, nevertheless. Nobility is difficult to portray. People are less familiar with it as an emotion and, therefore, do not respond so quickly to its expression. At first he failed to convince us at all, but as the story gained way, he seemed possessed of a deeper sincerity and a more vehement fire. Maybe nobility is easier to take along with other things, like castor-oil. Certainly the Christian's nobility meant more to us when it was generously interwoven with drama.

Phyllis Haver, however, fresh from the Mack Sennett comedy lot, creates a genuine little Polly Love. Her scene with her baby is one of the finest things we have seen in months and months. It will be the drama's loss if she is permitted to return to the comedy fold.

The entire cast was splendid, fitting well into the picture of the story. Maurice Tourneur's art again. Never does he permit anything to spoil the composite picture——.

The only other picture we are considering this month is "Doctor Jack." We have no particular praise for it, but that is because it is a Harold Lloyd production. If anybody else had given it to the screen—which they wouldn't and undoubtedly couldn't—we would have had kinder things to say. We expect great things of Harold Lloyd. And we deny any responsibility in the matter—it is his own fault, for he has given them to us.

As a matter of fact, we have often heard seasoned producers argue that it was a mistake to make a picture which set the critics adjective-hunting and the public talking.

"Everything else you ever do is measured by that achievement," they say, "and no one can consistently make great pictures."

We guess that's true enough. Even Griffith, persistently called "the wizard of the cinema," comes along with "in-betweens" which reflect no glory upon his shining name.

"Doctor Jack" is another feature-length comedy. And while it runs its course, punctuated by spasmodic chuckles from the audience, it does not call forth the uproarious laughter previous Lloyd productions have invoked. You'll laugh, but you wont stumble out of the theater with a laugh-pain in your side and knees weak from the nervous strain you've experienced deliciously enough while actors have seemed to risk their lives.

The basic idea of the story centers upon a reported lunatic prowling about a house. This idea has been popular on the stage during the last season, but in this case the audience is in on the mystery, even if the characters in the story are not.

It is good enough fun, but, as we said in the first place, we expect great things of the screen's bespectacled comedian—things so great that he cannot give them to us every time.

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Feasters in Babylon

(*Continued from page* 50)

doesn't realize what she's saying!" She bent lower over the lace she was mending. "You haven't told him about the fire, I mean?"

Lissa's face clouded. "Of course I haven't! If he guessed that *you*—" alarm sprang into her voice, "Mary! You promised not to tell *anyone*."

The borrowed coat of heroism she had been wearing was so becoming that Lissa had almost forgotten that it was not rightfully hers. It was hateful of Mary to remind her. Things were all right as long as you didn't *speak* of them, it was putting them into words that made them wrong!

A tiny drop of red fell onto the lace as the needle stabbed Mary's finger, "You needn't worry, Lissa. I only meant that I should think if I cared for—for anyone—I'd want to tell him everything. I'd want him to know every corner of my heart, every thought I'd ever had, every dream I'd ever dreamed." She caught herself up hurriedly, but Lissa, gazing into the mirror only laughed indulgently.

"Lord, Mary, you're so innocent you wouldn't understand the Elsie Books!" she jeered. "Keep a man guessing, that's the way to hold him! What he doesn't know doesn't win any divorce suits!"

Work had begun at the studio, and Mary, a flaxen wig covering her burned hair, threw herself passionately into her new part, thankful that it called for the company to be "on location" in the nearby hills where she ran no risk of meeting Dermott Trent. For a week she saw little of Lissa, for her sister was working at the studio every evening and was asleep when she left the house in the morning.

But on the night before the party which Dermott Trent was giving to announce his engagement, Mary wakened from troubled dreams to find herself sitting up in bed, her ears still filled with a dull reverberation. Confused with sleep, it was a moment before she realized that the noise had been the slamming of the front door, and understood that someone was stumbling uncertainly up the stairs.

She sprang out of bed, switching on the light and catching up her dressing gown as a hand fumbled with her knob, then as the door swung open she fell back, staring at the figure framed against the background of darkness, a shriek rising in her throat.

For it was her own face that looked back at her, as if from a mirror, under her own wreaths of shining golden hair!

(*To be continued next month*)





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Charley's Magnificent Adventure

(*Continued from page 22*)

and work by a card index and a time clock—all the while your heart is singing songs of golden romance. Secretly you care not a darn for the ore that is in the mountains: all you really want is to chase the rainbow that drenches the tips of the fantastic peaks in glory.

What makes Charley Ray a charming fellow to meet and know is a quaint twist in his character. Just once in a while you meet people like him who are very much in earnest—terrifically, passionately in earnest, yet do not take themselves very seriously.

Charley Ray is an amusing chap to Charley Ray.

Charley Ray thinks it very odd and queer of Charley Ray that he has a beautiful home in which there are all sorts of kid tricks—where you touch buttons concealed in scroll work and beautiful panelled doors fly open.

Charley Ray thinks Charley Ray's struggles to make good and get on in the world are sort of funny, but sort of pathetic too.

He told me the other night all about it.

Ever since he was a very small boy he wanted to be an actor. His family were people of moderate means. They sighed when they heard that their son and heir yearned for a starving profession, but if Charley wanted to . . . well . . .

With that romantic suffering Puritanism that is Charley Ray all over, he used to spend eight and ten hours every day in his tiny little bedroom practising with make-up boxes. At noon time his mother would tap on the door and call him to luncheon. She never knew whether she was to dine with a tramp with ragged, dirty whiskers or a Spanish grandee with a long, flowing white beard. But she never laughed or scolded. She was a regular trump card of a mother.

In his bedroom Charley had a little camera and a flash light. After he got his make-up fixed on, he would light the fuse and make a wild leap across the room and get himself into an impressive pose before the thing went off.

After a long time Charley got a little job with a bush league dramatic company touring the country towns in Southern California and Arizona. He didn't tour far. He got fired. He was always getting fired. Charley says he got enough blue tickets to paper a house.

Whenever he started out on the road in search of fame and fortune, some old actor always turned up who was a friend of the management and Charley got another ticket.

On these occasions, Charley always wired meekly home for money. He says he used to walk around the streets, dramatically debating with himself whether it would not be best to buy a revolver and shoot himself and end it all. And of course he enjoyed that, too. That's also being an adventurer—debating the question of shooting yourself . . . and then not shooting yourself. Dont ever imagine that Hamlet had any real doubts as to the outcome of his argument with himself . . . to be or not to be . . . He was just Charley Ray-ing a little.

So Charley always ended by wiring home to the old folks.

Then, after a good square meal of Ma's cooking, the theatrical agencies again.

Charley says he learned to smoke big cigars after an exciting and baleful struggle so he could walk around to the agencies



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with one in his face. He looked so distressingly young with his round baby face that he found he had to wear a tough-looking hat and a big cigar. Of course it didn't really deceive anybody for a minute . . . but that was being an adventurer, too.

Finally, after one of his homing pigeon flights, Charley's father, with much hemming and clearing of the throat, asked Charley if he didn't think it would be a good idea for him to go to business college. Not that he wanted to interfere with his career—not at all—not for a minute . . . but you know it might come in handy some time just to know how to run a typewriter.

Sadly, Charley enrolled for the battle with the wriggly hooks of shorthand.

"I got so I could run a typewriter pretty well," said Charley earnestly. "I got the touch system down fine all except . . ."

That puzzled pathetic wistful look came into his eyes . . . that look you see in the eyes of a hungry collie.

"I never could learn to make the figures without looking at the typewriter."

Of course, I know what that means: some day Charley Ray will haul out that old typewriter and practise until he gets the figures down. He will just have to . . . something of that old Puritan will make him finish that job before he is thru.

But going to business college didn't stop him. At nights he used to hang around the theaters and carry a spear as a super.

One day a happy chance sent him down to the Ince studio—the old Inceville down in a canyon fronting on the ocean beyond Santa Monica.

That was about ten years ago: Ince was making Westerns then with a lot of Sioux Indians.

As Charley came plodding up the hills, after changing street cars three times, he heard the Indian tom toms pounding in their steady pounding cadence—a cadence that finally gets down into your heart and gives you queer jumping feelings.

Charley says, as he came up, these drums made him think of the "Drums of Oud" and he knew that, in some strange way, they were momentous to him: it was like a summons to something new and strange.

They looked him over and gave him a job as a Western miner. Before he got in front of a camera Ince's eye fell upon him. He asked him what he could do.

"Oh, juveniles—or—or anything," Ray faltered.

"Good: I need a juvenile," said Ince. They told him to take off his make-up and fix himself for a juvenile rôle.

They asked him how much money he wanted.

Before he came down, Ray had heard that motion picture actors got enormous salaries—like fifty dollars a week.

He wanted to say fifty dollars: in fact, he had thoroly made up his mind to say, "Oh, about fifty dollars a week," in a careless tone—anyhow as careless as he could make it. But he couldn't make the necessary sounds. With a quailing heart, he said, "Would—would thirty-five dollars a week be too much?"

"All right," they said.

Charley breathed again.

After they had taken a few scenes, Ince looked at the picture in the projecting room. Charley saw him come out. It was Saturday night. From long experience he knew what happened on Saturday nights. He tried to sidle around in a circuitous evasion; but Ince saw him.

"Oh, Mister—er—whatsyourname?"

Mister Whatsyourname surrendered to the inevitable and approached.

"I remember thinking that it wasn't very nice for him to pick out a time, when there were a lot of people standing around, to



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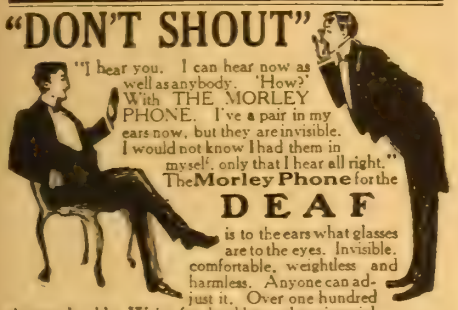
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fire me," said Ray in telling about it. "However I came up and stuck out my hand for the old blue envelope."

Ince looked at his empty hand with a puzzled air and said, "I have just seen your work; it is very good. I hope you will like it well enough here to remain with us."

Charley simply staggered home.

That night he crept into his mother's room and asked her the answer to an agonized misgiving.

"Ma," he said, "when they tell you that they hope you will like it well enough to remain with them . . . that isn't some new way of firing you, is it?"

Of course he knew perfectly well that it wasn't; but they are all like that—these boys who venture out into new lands—into new wild lashing seas.

And Ray has been venturing ever since—with his hard Puritan conscience and his little boy smile——

He has horrified the exhibitors by putting out pictures with bad endings, pictures without any subtitles, pictures where the hero jilts the lady in the end, pictures where the girl marries the wrong fellow as in "A Girl I Loved."

Charley just cant stay in the beaten paths, when just over the fence are sunlit pastures of adventures and achievement.

So now he is making the story of John Alden, a story of Puritans and Puritan love, a story of Indians and early days, a story that will cost an enormous fortune to be made at just the period when the business men say pictures should be made cheaply, a story made with the costumes that the exhibitors say everybody hates . . . and the exhibitors say . . . and the exhibitors say . . . and the exhibitors say . . .

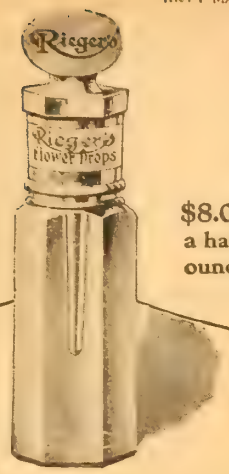
Just as the old bromides wagged their heads when Chris set out to discover America and Richard started for the crusades. . . .

Ah, these adventurers. . . .

They could plow along in such a pokey sure and certain way, but they have to go: the wind calls to them from the far trees . . . the surf roars in their ears . . . they hear the hoofs of the horses . . . the champ of the bits . . . the clatter of the swords . . . the sniff of the morning air in their nostrils. . . .

And they have to go.





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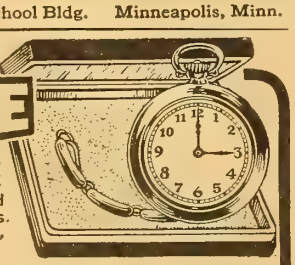
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Alice Adams

(*Continued from page* 34)

again. Mildred and the others did look at her, this time honestly. They said, "Art has taken a fancy to old Alice! Fancy that! He doesn't, as a rule, you know . . . take fancies!"

Alice's heart soared—and her imagination with it. She talked in manner gay and debonair of her "dear Dad" and his "temporarily reduced circumstances." She gave Arthur to understand that the Adamses were *the* aristocracy of the town and that she, Alice, was the town's belle, only she was a bit superior to the average run of things and did not care to be among "those present" at all social functions. Arthur thought her charming. She had the kind of a face he had always thought a girl *should* have. She did run on a bit, of course, but, then, what girl didn't? Pretty, popular girls . . . they always did.

He promised himself that he would see her often. After supper Alice said she thought she would go. She had come, she told Arthur, with her brother. Arthur volunteered to hunt up the missing Walter and when they found him, the youth was engaged in a game of craps with the negro men-servants. He appeared to be in an accustomed company.

Arthur Russell felt sorry for her. He pitied her because she flushed so crimsonly. "Poor little thing," he thought, "she's sensitive . . . I like women who are sensitive. . . ."

He said good-night very friendly.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams were waiting up for them. Fifteen times during the evening Mrs. Adams had sighed, "I hope Alice had a real good time tonight. She's pretty enough . . . poor child!"

And fifty times Mr. Adams had shifted uneasily in his chair and murmured, "Oh, she did, Mother she did . . . clothes are not everything!"

"Virgil Ad-ams!" Mrs. Adams would sputter, and her glare would give Virgil Adams unmistakably to understand that Alice's deprivations were his own cardinal sins.

Alice came in swiftly. "Did you have a good time, dearie?" asked Mrs. Adams, anxiously. Alice was incoherent. . . . "Arthur Russell . . . only man who has been decent to me in two years . . . danced . . . supper . . . coming to see me . . . *here* . . . !" Virgil Adams quite shrunk at his daughter's vehement "here!" That one word seemed to make so glaringly inescapable the faded wall paper, the scrubbed-bare paint, the in-need-of-upholstery-furniture . . . "and then *he* . . ." Alice indicated the spot just then vacated by Walter, "*He* had to be playing craps with the servants when we went to look for him . . . I was so *mortified* . . . there's just no use . . . no matter how hard I *try*. . . .!"

Alice wept herself to sleep in her mother's arms . . . she dozed off to her mother's lullaby. . . . "If only your father . . ."

. . . . . .

Alice didn't really expect to see Arthur Russell again, but she did. He sought her out and they fell into the habit of taking long walks on the outskirts of the town. Alice fascinated and intrigued the man, but he had heard the truth about her and about her parents and their circumstances from Mildred, and he could not reconcile the girl's sham with the lovely sincerity of her face. He tried to reach to her heart. He found it hidden from him. The girl pretended and pretended and pretended. She spoke of shopping for "little frocks in New York." Arthur knew that her "little frocks" were home-made and he didn't see why she didn't say so. He could have loved her if she had.

Once they came upon Walter in the negro section of the town. He was dancing on the sidewalk with an impossible female. Alice looked the other way. "Father has got to get him off to college this Fall," she said, annoyed, "Mother has pampered him so . . . wanted to keep him at home, you know, because he's the baby!" Things like that.

Mrs. Adams was much excited over the attentions of Arthur Russell. She told Virgil Adams that it was "Alice's Big Chance." She asked him did he mean to sit there and tell her that he was going to let his girl miss this opportunity just because he wouldn't exert himself to get after that patent and hire a factory and *be* somebody? Did he suppose Arthur Russell was going to marry a Nobody? Virgil Adams replied, rather feebly, that he did think so if the young man loved the "Nobody." Mrs. Adams snorted and said much he knew about things these days. Virgil Adams loved his pretty girl, with something of the sentiment he had once felt for her mother and he made up his mind that perhaps he had better do the first dishonorable thing he had ever done. Anyway, he was nagged out, played out. He couldn't hold out any longer against Mama's nagging, nagging, nagging, Alice's tears and Walter's crap playing. Better for him to go to the devil than for them all to. Therefore, he bade his own soul be still and went into the manufacture of glue for himself. Things were radiant at home when he said, without triumph but also without malice, that he had resigned from J. A. Lamb's and had picked out his factory site. He would have to go to New York for a few days and when he came back he thought things could get going. Mama and Alice hugged him and were sweet. Even the casual Walter whistled and said that things were looking up. Virgil Adams only remarked wistfully that he had been with J. A. Lamb's a long while . . . he hated to leave them "like this." Mama snorted and said the idea as if they'd ever appreciated him, but Virgil Adams shook his grey head and said, well, he didn't know about that . . . he didn't know. . . .

. . . . . .

Alice gave a dinner-party for Arthur Russell. It was, she and her mother decided, the only thing to do. During the summer months they had got along very well by merely sitting on the front porch. It really hadn't been necessary for Alice to invite him in, and when the shaded amber lamp from the hall fell across the porch, it suggested pleasant things about the interior of the house. But now, with October creeping on apace, one could not ask one's young man to sit upon one's porch and shiver. Alice said that the worst must come to the worst. Besides, something must be done. Arthur had been acting strangely of late. Once or twice she had caught him looking at her, steadfastly, a little sadly, she thought, and he had stayed away oftener than usual. When she asked him to dinner, he looked pleased. "Dont go to any trouble," he said. "Oh, no," Alice sighed, "the service will probably kill you. Mama hasn't had a proper maid for months!" Arthur Rus-

sell didn't appear until the night of the dinner.

That dinner! Mama and Alice toiled and moiled all day. They salted almonds. They stuffed celery. They made ice cream. They made cakes with different colored frostings. "We must let him know." Mrs. Adams said, "that *we* know how things should be done!" Alice spent the morning on her hands and knees painting the dirt-grey paint in the living-room and then bought a jar of incense to see if she could kill the odor of fresh paint. She changed the pictures four or five times to make the spot on the paper show less, and moved the big chair her father generally sat in, away from the light, so that it would cover a hole in the rug. "It'll never look right!" she said, despairingly.

When, at five, she went upstairs to dress, she was fagged and a sight. She felt like going to bed and crying for hours and hours and hours. She looked strained and pale and her eyes were circled. Her finger nails were blunted with her labors. Mrs. Adams could be heard gustily sighing as she struggled into her clothes. They had a tussle with Virgil Adams to force him into his dress clothes, and when they did force him in they found that he had grown pounds thinner and the coat hung on him like the coat of somebody else. He fumed and said he'd never heard of such damned nonsense and in the midst of the confusion Arthur Russell arrived. The borrowed maid served and when Virgil Adams wanted some water or something, he asked his wife what the heck the coon's name was anyway.

Arthur Russell said good-night to Alice that night, but they both knew that it was good-bye. "I might have loved you very dearly," Arthur's eyes said, "if you had been real. But you're not. You're a sham. A petty sham, all the way thru, all the time." And Alice was saying, "Good-bye, I know you see thru me. I might have known. I might just have told you. You despise me. I dont blame you . . . but . . . I love you. Good-bye."

. . . . . .

Virgil Adams failed, of course. They might have known. He might have known. The night he collapsed and was brought home raving feebly his last coherent thought had been that he might have known. He had always been a failure. Here he had had this chance with J. A. Lamb and Company, and they had always been nice to him, too, darned nice, no matter what Mama said and Alice felt, and here he had been able to go no farther than a clerkship. A glue factory! Ha! ha! Well, he was stuck!

It wasn't until his illness was over and he was convalescing that the whole matter of his breakdown came back to him. Something about Walter . . . and J. A. Lamb . . . ah, he remembered. He, Virgil Adams, had been sitting in the office of his glue factory. The smell of the glue made him deathly ill, had from the beginning. Failure was staring him in the face, for across the way a new and better glue factory was going up—that of J. A. Lamb. He might have known. He had been sitting there and the great J. A. had come in . . . with Walter. Walter had been guilty of theft and old Virgil Adams knew as he looked at the great J. A.'s face that the great J. A. was as much disappointed in the father as he had been in the son. "You've been with me twenty years, Virgil," J. A. said, he waved his hand, taking in the new, ill-fated factory, "you might have told me . . . about this. . . ." And then, with his guilty son

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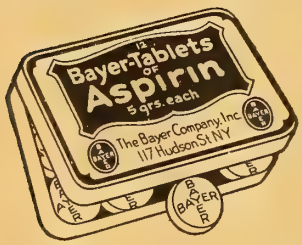
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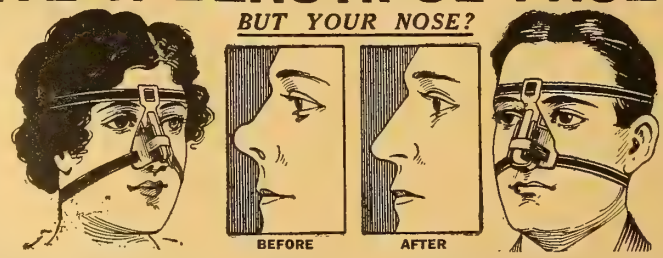
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standing before him, and his kind old boss looking more grieved than angry Virgil Adams had keeled over.

J. A. had brought him home, and he had been ill, very ill. When he was conscious, Mama whispered to him that the great J. A. had stopped in every day to ask how his "old friend" was. Mama made the "old friend" part of it very clear. Everything was going to be "all right," she told him, "all right." One day, when things were a little clearer, Mama told him that J. A. Lamb was going to buy out their glue factory and that would pay the deficit caused by Walter, lift the mortgage on the house and leave enough over to paint it and, maybe, send Walter away for a year so that he could "get in" with better boys. "You are to start in again with J. A.," Mrs. Adams said, with sudden sharp tears in her eyes; "he says you belong there, dearie . . . and I guess you do!"

"But what about Alice . . . what about her?"

"Oh," Mrs. Adams was still cheery, "Alice is going down to Frinck's Business College. She starts tomorrow."

Virgil Adams turned his face to the wall. "She always hated the idea," he said, drearily.

"But she doesn't now! She is enthusiastic about it. She says she realizes now that work is the main thing, after all. She says you've taught her that. Work makes people respect you, makes people your friends . . . well-done work, even if it isn't . . . isn't so *brilliant*. Alice says you've taught her that. She says that's why old J. A. is so fond of you, and why she has always loved you so . . . his wife's hand stole under the bed-clothes to meet his, "and that's why I do, too, dear," she said.

Old Virgil Adams smiled. A failure. But he had an illusion of recaptured youth.

. . . . . .

In the morning Alice walked down to Frinck's Business College. Once she had dreaded the prospect. Once she had thought it would spell the end of youth. Now she knew differently. It would mean the beginning of Alice Adams. The real beginning of the real girl. She was real, now.

On the way down she met Arthur Russell. She hadn't seen him for some weeks. He said, "Where are you bound for?"

"For work," Alice said.

"Oh," said Russell, and paused. He felt like saying, "How fortunate you are!" but he thought Alice wouldn't like that.

"I'll be in my real sphere," Alice said, soberly, "I'll be where I belonged all the while, and didn't know it."

"If you didn't know it, you couldn't help not being there," said Russell eagerly. His heart beat high again. She was being real.

"Well," said Alice, "I'm going to help it now," and she laughed. She laughed without self-pity.

"Wont you take luncheon with me today?" Arthur asked, but Alice shook her head, "I dont want to be diverted just at first," she said, "I've got to make good, you know. This isn't play."

Arthur was grave, now. "May I come again . . . some day?" he asked.

"Some day," Alice said, and entered Frinck's dim door. She mounted the stairs and entered the swinging door thru a blaze of sudden sunshine.



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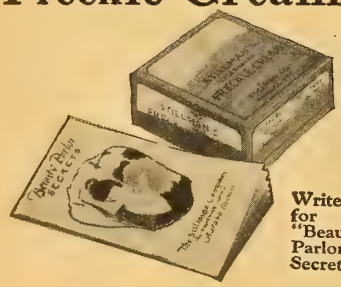
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My American Wife

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Señors," she cried, "this man is an assassin hired by the De Grossas. He is the man who shot Manuel La Tassa from ambush. The De Grossas paid him to do it. I—I can prove it——"

Two men sized the dumfounded Gomez and Manuel sprang to Natalie's side. Pedro stood silent beside his father.

"This is monstrous," that man cried. "It is utterly false."

"Oh, no, it isn't," suddenly bellowed the furious Gomez. "And, what's more, De Grossa, if you dont get me out of this scrape, I'll tell all I know about your damn tribe."

"This is very serious, De Grossa," said the President-elect. "I am afraid charges will have to be preferred."

"As you will," answered the beaten man, bowing low.

Natalie spoke again. Her victory was not yet complete. "Here, Gomez," she said, "I promised you a greater reward and you shall have it. More jewels from Señor Pedro de Grossa." And she tossed a priceless pair of earrings at the bandit's feet.

Pedro and his father slunk from the room—and eventually from the country. The next day Natalie decided to leave the village. She would go away too . . . alone . . . without her Spaniard. She ran down the gravelled walk to give instructions at the garage for her car. But someone came running after her.

"Oh, wait!" he cried. "My Natalie, you cannot leave me now." And Manuel had taken her in his arms and was kissing her hair, her eyes, her lips, murmuring "Forgive . . . I did not understand . . . forgive . . . I love you so. . . ."

But, of course, she forgave him and proved it by marrying him.

And there was a grand reconciliation all around and the haughty mother apologized to Natalie for doubting her; and at a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies a few months later Manuel La Tassa was chosen as Ambassador to the United States. Whereupon he rose from his place and made a becoming speech and ended it with this:

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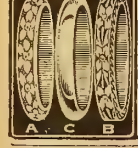
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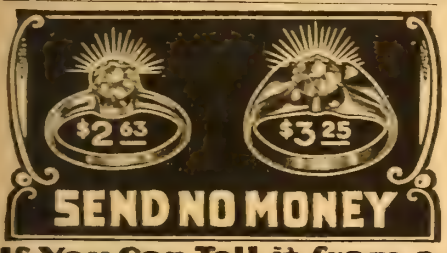
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

Mae Murray and Robert Frazer in "Jazzmania." David Powell is with Lasky.

DOROTY H.—Well, there was a form of telephone invented by P. Reis in 1861. Antonio Moreno opposite Gloria Swanson in "My American Wife." Malcolm McGregor will play opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Greater Glory." Anna Nilsson and Milton Sills in "The Isle of Dead Ships."

D. M.—I never give out home addresses except in rare cases, so you will have to address Mahlon Hamilton at Cosmopolitan Studios, 2478 Second Ave., N. Y. C.

FLUFF.—Yes, I, too, am sorry about the death of Wallace Reid. He was one of life's brave soldiers. He left a son, William Wallace, Jr., and an adopted daughter Betty and his wife Dorothy Davenport.

OLIVE D.—Dorothy Phillips is married to Allen Holubar. You are quite correct, but while it was woman who first tempted man to eat, remember that he took to drink on his own account afterwards. May Allison and her husband, Robert Ellis, are on a trip around the world. Yes, Helen Holmes is married to J. P. McGowan.

MARY C. STONNELL, 1114 Guilford Avenue, Baltimore, Md. has started the Richard Barthelmess Correspondence Club. Hurray!

W. T. H.—Well well, heave ho, my lads, again we hear from our long-lost friend William T. Henderson. No record of Adele De Garde's whereabouts. Suppose she is making some good man happy. Your letters are always mighty interesting. Send me another.

FLORENCE L. P.—So you are boosting for the Motion Picture Club of America. Well, I wish you luck.

DISPUTED.—Anna Townsend was the Grandma in Harold Lloyd's picture. Cannot give you her age.

THE GOAT.—The mouth may be crooked, but the soul is straight. Jane Novak in "Thelma." Pauline Garon and Anna Nilsson in "Adam's Rib." Write to me again.

MARCELLA.—This is all I know about it, but Ancaeus was a son of Neptune, who left a cup of wine to hunt a wild boar, which killed him, and the wine was untasted. This was the origin of the proverb—"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Frank Mayo in "Mary Regan." Wheeler Oakman in "The Virgin of Stamboul." Arthur Housman in "The Flapper." Grace Morse in "The March Hare." Clyde Filmore in "The Outside Woman."

GREY & MART.—Of course Jackie Coogan is an American and Betty Compson has brown hair. Short and sweet—I mean your letter, not Betty's hair.

JUDITH & JEROME.—Yes, Constance Talmadge is the youngest. Bill Hart has written a book, "Injin and Whitely to the Rescue." He has written up his exploits in the South Seas.

FLAVIS.—Dorothy Dalton played in "Moran of the Lady Letty" and Dorothy Phillips in "Hurricane's Gal." Yes, Norman Kerry is with Universal.

DULCY.—You want to know if I am an orator. Not much. You know there is no power like oratory. Cæsar controlled men, by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections, and swaying their passions. The influence of the one, died with the author; that of the other continues to this day. No, Lillian Gish did not play in "Dream Street." Alla Nazimova is married to Charles Bryant. Write to me any time.

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Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page* 74)

"We all enjoyed Monte Carlo, altho it brought me disappointment." she asserted. "I had always imagined every one very excited and of course in gorgeous clothes, and young and beautiful, or queenly, or mysterious. In the first place, everything was so solemn. The queer old men who went around looking like undertakers (we have them in the picture), poor shabby women, who reached down and took from their stockings a few pitiful small coins, which you felt were their last, made it all a very drab picture. I was glad to get back to New York. All my illusions of gayety around the gaming tables were shattered."

"On the set, please, Miss Rubens," called Mr. Crosland, and my pleasant companion was torn away. However, Mr. Pedro de Cordoba lounged down from his dressing-room at this moment, and took pity on my loneliness. He was clad in immaculate flannels, and, with his dark coloring, made a striking bit in the group.

"This is going to be my last picture for a while," he exclaimed. "I am going back on the stage." Why should he not? It is a shame to silence his speaking voice, which has a musical, resonant quality found all too seldom, on the stage, or off. "Those gaming tables make us all think of our play at the real tables when we were there," he resumed. "We had plenty of excitement. Get almost the same thrill here at these tables."

Mr. Barrymore came off the set, and over to speak to me. "All pictures this winter for me," he stated. As if the theater-going public of New York was not well aware of its loss. We can ill afford to spare an actor of Mr. Barrymore's magnitude off the boards, even in a season so rich in diversified splendor as this has been. "I like making pictures," he continued. "I enjoy the short scenes." It is quite wonderful to watch Mr. Barrymore's ready and trained response to the stimulus of the portion of scene in process of making.

Why on earth do these press agents get off so often on a false start with the publicity for their stars? I have been going around thinking that I did not care whether I met Miss Bebe Daniels or not, all because I was so sick of that stuff about speeding, and all the rest of that foolishness. Miss Daniels is charming. She is a tiny bit of a woman, exquisitely feminine. When I met her, she had just been doing some stiff "emoting" for Mr. Allan Dwan, who is directing the picture in which she is appearing, "Glimpses of the Moon," from the much-talked-of novel by Mrs. Edith Wharton. Miss Daniels was trembling from head to foot, and real tears were having their own way with her make-up. "Some directors make it easy for you to carry thru an emotional scene," she smiled thru her tears, "And others make it impossible. Mr. Dwan can draw a great deal from the people he is directing. Some men's voices put me completely out of any chance of expressing the emotion they are desiring me to portray. It is not easy to jump into high tension at any time."

Mr. David Powell is in this photoplay, too. Again he is successfully a well-bred scion of gentility. It recalled to me what he said when he was making "Anna Ascends," in which Miss Brady starred. "I am tired of having someone tell me what character I am to play," he complained. "In the next lull between pictures, I am going to ask to sit out at the door, look every one who comes in gravely up and down, and say, 'You may go in!'—'You can stay out!' It will at least afford a relief from monotony. Still most of my characters are interesting to me." He so acceptably fills a certain sort of part that it must be a temptation to any casting director to call upon him when such a type looms in sight. Lovely Miss Nita Naldi is in this cast, and Miss Pauline Garon, and also Mr. Maurice Costello.

Activity is again rife at the Fox Studio. The sound of hammers fills the air, saws buzz their way thru planks, until there is a dull "thud." And—in the middle of it—a new film play is a-making—the "Net," from the old stage drama, a real thriller, too, from what I saw of it.

It was while watching some scenes from the "Net" that I first saw Mr. J. Gordon Edwards in action. He has tremendous poise, is ruffled by nothing, laughs when a scene goes wrong, and patiently rights it. He shows great evidence of power in his directing. To be sure, he runs mostly to melodrama. But it is mighty good melodrama.

Miss Barbara Castleton is the afflicted heroine. She is enjoying the making exceedingly, at least so she told me. She was last, as you remember, in the "Town That Forgot God." Mr. Albert Roscoe is the hero who gets baffed—I cannot tell the story unless I use the vernacular!—on the head, and goes a bit queer. Mr. Roscoe has just finished a gem of a part as Gerret Ammidon in "Java Head," made by Famous Players from Mr. Hergesheimer's book. His part in the "Net" is full of thrills; he is never sure of his life from one scene to the next. I like his work on the screen. He is always substantial—in the spirit, not in body—and satisfying. Work (aided by cries to the carpenters for "Silence!") was going on so rapidly that neither Miss Castleton, nor Mr. Roscoe could say much more than "How-de-do?" and "Good-bye!"

Well, I've been to Salem again, only this time it was a fanciful Salem, a background to Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Scarecrow," which the Film Guild is making under Mr. Waller's direction. And the "Scarecrow" in turn is only the setting for Mr. Glenn Hunter and another of his haunting impersonations. Merton has set a high standard for Mr. Hunter. But it has nowhere near drained his possibilities. "Boy parts are all very well," despaired Mr. Hunter, "but they almost play themselves. I want to create character. I am glad you like the Spanish scene in 'Second Fiddle.' I enjoyed making that best of all." We went to look at some new stills. They were captivating. The blacksmith's shop has the mystery of witches' spells cast all over it. And be sure to watch for the church steeple, which is much higher than any steeple made in a studio has any right to be. I saw how it was done, but I promised not to give away the secret. The costumes, too, are distinctive, and atmospheric, if such a use of the word is permissible. Glenn Hunter looks like a prince from a fairy book.

Everybody about the studio seems young. There is the greatest air of verve and vitality. Everyone is intensely keen while a scene is being shot. And the sets have a rare, imaginative quality. Young Miss Mary Astor plays the Puritan maiden in the story. She is just like the lady whose profile we see in the moon, that elusive person who shines with such calm beauty. Only Miss Astor is much more approachable and friendly. She makes an admirable complement to Mr. Hunter.

(*Continued on page* 108)

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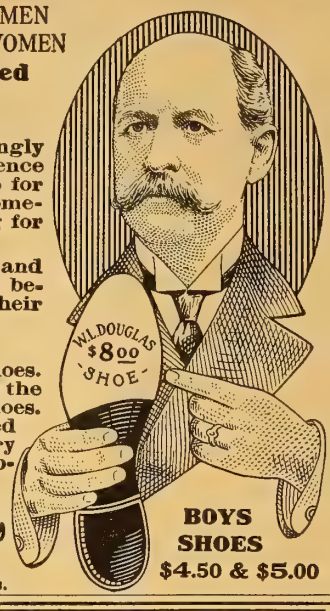
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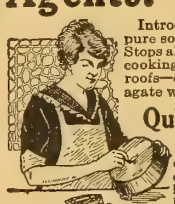
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Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page* 106)

They are both so fine types of American youth. It is in the hands of such a group of people, I believe, that the artistic side of motion pictures will have its only chance to grow.

Another Hergesheimer book being made into a photoplay! It seems as tho Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Ibañez were in competition to supply the screen with some adequate stories at last. The "Bright Shawl," that latest colorful story whose plot takes place mostly in Cuba of about a half century ago, is being made under the direction of Mr. John S. Robertson, by Inspiration Films.

Mr. Richard Barthelmess takes the part of the rich young American who goes down to Cuba for his health, and becomes involved in dire romantic and political intrigues. Mr. Barthelmess' conception of Charles Abbott is charming, and he has plenty of romance about him, altho not yet has he a real love interest to develop. "We have added somewhat to the plot," he explained. "We have kept all of the author's splendid material, and extended the theme a little. We gathered much local color in Cuba." I pray that Mr. Robertson lets Mr. Barthelmess cut loose and give some real love making, altho the story hardly calls for it. However, I am sure that Mr. Barthelmess' host of a public will welcome the change from down-trodden lads to man-of-affairs and romance!

Miss Dorothy Gish has the rôle of La Clavel, and she is both bewitching and alluring in it. She has realized the depth and scope in the part. The only fault of the impersonation lies in the fact that Miss Gish is too exquisitely dainty to represent accurately the Spanish peasant type.

Miss Goodell, who is taking the part of the Eurasian, Pilar de Lima, is in her second picture only. She was first before the screen in "Timothy's Quest," in a highly dramatic scene as a poor young mother with a drunken husband. Her stage career, too, has been short and successful. For she is young. She wanted to be the Spanish dancer, and Miss Gish liked the part of Pilar. But the powers that were decreed otherwise. "So here we are," smiled Miss Goodell. "Both rôles are rich in possibilities." She is an exotic little being.

We are due for rare drama in this picture.

The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page* 80)

mother scolded, too, but when she and baby brother were asleep that naughty puppy went into the farmyard and called on Mrs. Hen and her chicks. And then he took some of the chicks to the water and his mother came to find him, and as she went thru the chicken yard the rope that was hanging from her neck caught on the hencoop and she dragged Mrs. Hen and her brood along to the brook and the coop went in, and oh dear it did look as tho all those perfectly nice chickens were going to die, but after the mother dog had chased her son to shore she went back into the water and saved the chicken coop and all the chicks so that Mrs. Hen was very grateful and went off home to the farmyard, and Mrs. Dog took Bow Wow home and put him to bed and gave him a good scolding.

And Punch, just think of it, there wasn't a real person in the whole picture.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

Comment On Other Productions

(*Continued from page 65*)

Swanson's repertoire. An Argentine setting. Hot Latin temperament. Gloria as a fair Kentuckian owning a noble steed. Gloria bedecked in the bizarre wardrobe which she has capitalized in her previous essays. The Latin Derby with Gloria's horse the winner. The hacienda—ah, the hacienda to which Gloria goes to nurse the hotblooded Latin back to health. The shot from ambush by a jealous rival which has placed him on his cot. Some first-rate atmosphere. Tony Moreno's adaptability for the spirited Latin. No suspense. No novelty. Walter Long comes near stealing the picture. Entertaining? Oh, just fair.

THE FLAMING HOUR—UNIVERSAL

This melodrama features a fire in a fireworks factory for a climax—a fire which, while it consumes the plot, manages to be extinguished in time to present the triumph of good over evil. It's a tale of crookedness abroad in a factory—with the honest foreman coming forward as the much misunderstood product of honesty. He has to use strong arm methods and loses his job for sassing the boss. Then after his discharge he comes back disguised to hunt for the crooks. And so to the explosion and fire. A heroic melodrama carrying sufficient punch to please the hard-working boys. And Frank Mayo somehow appears genuine.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

One cannot expect such a compelling play as this which created something of a sensation upon the New York stage last season, and which was splendidly acted, to repeat its qualities for success upon the screen. The force of the spoken lines is absent. Yet it is a faithful adaptation in every respect and so novel in its theme and dénouement that it will stimulate the imagination of those who see it. And the patrons who see it will belong to the cultured class. Its very title will keep the morons away. When you have a plot which features a wife divorcing her husband because of his insanity and confronted with him after she has married another man and when her first husband is pronounced cured, you have something which carries dramatic meat. Let it be said that it rings with a sincere note and is as convincing as screen pantomimists can make it. The insane man's daughter lends the sympathetic touch by giving up her romance to care for him. English players, with the exception of Constance Binney, act their parts competently—and Miss Binney is charming as the girl.

A FRIENDLY HUSBAND—FOX

This is the season when all good comedians get together and vow to show themselves in five-reel comedies. The latest of these is Lupino Lane, whose talent has been tested in the two-reelers and not found wanting. Lane has an individual style which is ingratiating because he knows the value of repression. He is a gifted pantomimist and an angle acrobat. Therefore there is a co-ordination of arms and legs, fingers and toes. The comedy isn't entirely spontaneous, but it carries for the most part mirth-provoking qualities. The idea? Oh, the familiar triumvirate of husband, wife and mother-in-law. You can guess the rest. Lane gains his laughs while taking his spouse on a vacation in his flivver, which has an ingenious trailer

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Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

The man who marries a good pure girl, knowing that he is physically unfit, commits the worst crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Stop and think NOW—before it is too late and resolve that you will not marry until you are 100 per cent. physically fit and a **real** man in the fullest sense of the word.

Marriage Means Misery to the Unfit!

Ask yourself, before you propose to some pure, innocent girl—whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both—or sickly defective little ones—a burden and reproach to **you** as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be, and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children, who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the Inflexible Law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not neglect it.

Fit Yourself for Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits or Excesses have snapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic Laws. She will never fail you if you will sit at her feet and learn her ways.

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..Obesity	..Short Wind	..Failing Hair
..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Weak Eyes
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Gastritis
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Heart Weakness
..Lumbago	..Biliousness	..Poor Circulation
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Skin Disorders
..Diabetes	..Indigestion	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Lung Troubles
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presents

"The Sunshine Trail"
with Douglas MacLean

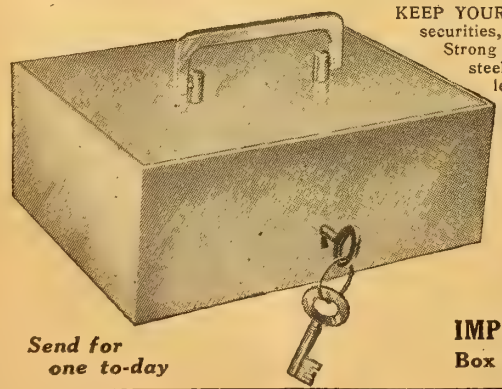
IT'S comin'! You bet it's comin', and comin' soon—a merry ray of sunshine, filled with laughter and joy and romance with some thrills thrown in. You mustn't miss Douglas MacLean in this picture—the hero of "Twenty-four-and-a-half Hours Leave," and "The Hottentot." It is one of his very best and it carries the Thomas H. Ince Punch. It was directed by James W. Horne.

Watch for it on the screen at your theatre. And watch always for the First National trademark. It is the sign of the highest artistry and the best entertainment value in pictures.



"O-oh! Look what's comin' up the Sunshine Trail."

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attached to the machine. The finish introduces a travesty of a "shoot 'em up" Western melodrama. There are subtitles for the intelligentsia and slap-stick for the uneducated bourgeoisie. Which means that everybody will enjoy it.

GARRISON'S FINISH—ALLIED DISTRIBUTORS

Jack Pickford comes back in this racing story, which was linked up in opportune fashion with the Kentucky Derby, thus bringing to it the stamp of reality. The Louisville classic isn't the only course presented. There are some fine "shots" of the Metropolitan track at Belmont Park. Thus the racing atmosphere is as authentic as a wide-awake director can make it. Of course the story revolves around the race-track, depicting shady racing folk, an honest jockey and a Kentucky colonel, suh—not forgetting the old gentleman's daughter. It is said that Jack's sister, Mary, wrote the subtitles. If so, she has made a first rate job of them. The picture is entertaining all the way. You'll like it.

PAWN TICKET NO. 210—FOX

David Belasco and Clay M. Greene wrote the original of this many, many years ago. If the so-called wizard of the stage happens to see it, he need not feel ashamed of its treatment on the screen, altho he will possibly admit to himself that it is wofully antiquated as a spoken drama. Shirley Mason is the goddess of the machine and as the story unfolds, you, who have seen sister Viola in "The Five Dollar Baby," will remark that the plots carry a strong resemblance to one another. It treats of a child left at a charitable pawnbroker's for several years by a desperate mother, who eventually returns to claim the child. Thus the complications enter, bringing with them considerable coincidence and convenience and robbing it of realities. Not to be compared with the Dana opus, but calculated to please the seekers of sentiment.

THE HERO—AL LICHTMAN

They have made some changes in this play which, while they will pass unnoticed by those who did not see the original, destroy the psychology of the characterization and rob the picture of its force. Yet, in spite of catering to the happy note, the opus carries a rugged, life-like quality which entitles it be mentioned with the better documents of the screen. The picture, like the play, shows that courage is not necessarily a product of heroic conduct in the trenches. The young buddy returns home to receive the homage of his relatives and the native gentry. He becomes a rotter. Meanwhile the colorless older brother worships him. The latter is a first-class boob and nearly loses his wife thru her infatuation for the war hero, but the husband shows his courage by offering his skin for grafting purposes when the buddy is injured in a fire. John Sainpolis as this colorless specimen of the neighborhood gives one of the real cameo performances of the season—a performance which stamps him an actor thoroly grounded in his art. In the play the soldier dies and the stolen money is burned. Both are saved here. The human touch is well emphasized and is particularly noticeable in the intimate slices of commonplace family life.

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR—FOX

Remember the old poem? The picture uses the title and the drunken derelict painting the face on the floor of the gin emporium. That is all. Otherwise it is a picture made to order for the mobile countenance of Henry B. Walthall, whose

emotional capabilities are fully realized in the rôle of the artist who becomes embittered with the world and sinks to the gutter. The picture is melodramatic in its action and incident and relies a great deal upon coincidence. But the string of its crudities is largely eliminated because it is told in narrative form. Walthall makes you forget its arbitrary treatment in the expression of his pathos. We would call it a "sob" picture—what with its drunken derelict, its triangle scenes, its suicide and the prison incident. If you see it, keep your eyes on Walthall and before you realize it he will draw you right into the canvas.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN—HODKINSON

A song of hate balanced with a song of love and the whole carrying a strong note of spirituality make this picture a vital document despite its melodramatic crudities. We have a father who harbors years of hatred for his son because the latter is born a cripple. And for compensation the youth inspires love and kindness when the girl, an outcast, comes into his life. It is a picture offering picturesque backgrounds against which the vivid action blends so admirably that the gaps in the story appear insignificant. And when a vengeful lumberman kills his enemy and threatens the girl in whose cabin he has sought food and shelter, if she informs the authorities, the spectator will pay strict attention because of Ernest Torrence's compelling villainy. He keeps his word, but the cripple goes to the rescue. And miracle of miracles! The youth is made well—not thru a subtitle and the efficacy of prayer, but thru being tossed around like a cat tosses a mouse. And the old man smiles and the girl is happy. A melodrama this—with an adequate sweep of action, and not burdened with hokum.

THREE WHO PAID—FOX

Three bad men left a boy to die in the desert. His vengeful brother causes one to kill himself and then there are two. Another is shot by the hero in self-defense—which leaves only one. And the third is punished in a fire from which he is rescued by the disciple of vengeance so that his confession will clear the disciple of vengeance from being charged as the murderer of the second man. A violent sort of Western, this—and as old-fashioned as a story out of Broncho Billy's library. The romance looks out of place here. And it makes the characters appear stupid when the girl tries to masquerade as a man. Imagine Bessie Love getting away with that—Bessie with her dainty personality and coy gestures! Dustin Farnum, you've simply got to find something which rings true. Still some of the boys will like the stereotyped tale.

A FRONT PAGE STORY—VITAGRAPH

As neat a slice of small town politics as the screen has ever revealed is offered in "A Front Page Story," from the Vitagraph factory. Here we have an important mayor carrying on a feud with the editor of the local bladder—rich in its characterization, atmospheric in its detail and background, genuinely humorous in its treatment and thoroly genuine in its plot and types. And it is excellently acted by James Corrigan as the editor, Lloyd Ingraham as the mayor and Edward Horton as the stranger who rides into town looking for a job and gets it in the newspaper plant. Horton is serious—as all good farceurs should be—and his mock seriousness aids considerably in putting over the values of the story. It conquers for its humanness and humor. Go see it.

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The Critics Say:

"Superior to anything of the kind the screen has every known. Through every inch, D. W. Griffith's art is most telling. Moments when one thinks one's heart can't last, then come onslaughts of comedy."
(N. Y. Sun)

"Griffith's picture will live among the immortals of the silver screen, for 'One Exciting Night' is one of the best photoplays ever produced."
(N. Y. Eve. Telegram)

"A magnificent piece of work . . . indeed a hilarious thriller." *(N. Y. Times)*

"A masterpiece — women screamed, everybody gasped . . . and then the audience went into hysterics of laughter." *(Chicago Herald & Examiner)*

"Stupendous is the word. You will rise up on the edge of your seat and scream." *(Boston Traveler)*

"It will be THE popular evening's pleasure this year." *(N. Y. Post)*

"The audience as one man shivers at 'One Exciting Night'. The action is terrific . . . all highly successful." *(N. Y. Herald)*

"Even remembering what the master producer has done before, this surpasses all." *(N. Y. Journal)*

"Everybody had a wonderful time at 'One Exciting Night'." *(Chicago Tribune)*

"Gale after gale of applause . . . Titantic . . . a mighty spectacle." *(N. Y. Evening Mail)*

"Stunning." *(Boston Globe)*

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The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page 72*)

the slightest intimation of their restriction or disapproval. Bitter in his attacks upon opponents, he would never acknowledge defeat or admit that he was wrong in any way; however, he is rarely unjust and seldom retains a grudge against his enemies.

Possessing keen financial ability, his earning capacity is prolific, and his forceful personality holds no sympathy or pity for the weaknesses of others.

Mr. Thomas Meighan, born April ninth, has a perceptive rather than a reflective mind, but, in spite of this, he thinks things out in a methodical way, and everyone can place confidence in his excellent judgment.

In business, he displays cunning and shrewdness coupled with alertness to grasp opportunities, but he might not accumulate wealth until late in life, being easily imposed upon and incapable of discriminating between worthy and unworthy charities.

His nature is fundamentally susceptible to good or evil influences according to surrounding circumstances, as he is both sympathetic and warm-hearted, if properly approached.

Not adverse to argument, when antagonized, he would be stubborn, headstrong and impatient of criticism, but, at his best, we find him innately noble, charming and attractive.

Miss Mary Pickford, born April eighth, is naturally impulsive and good-hearted, and would readily inconvenience herself for a friend, provided that her jealousy was not aroused.

Her business methods are aggressive, and she could fight for her rights.

Clever in money-making, she additionally possesses an inherent talent for nursing or dressmaking, altho lacking in taste for designing or detail.

Democracy and good-fellowship render her more popular as a companion than as a sweetheart, and, thru ambition to lead, she is capable of directing every enterprise; nevertheless, upon any subject, she would never admit to being in the wrong.

Miss Gloria Swanson was born March twenty-seventh, in the Cup of Pisces and Aries; however, she partakes to an extent of the same planetary influence as Mr. Chaplin, and has, to a greater degree, remarkable intuition, more prudence and stronger foresight in pecuniary matters.

She appreciates luxury and personal adornment, also could methodically work out schemes to attain them, but her caution and an innate distrust of associates might retard a naturally fine determination.

Unfortunately, all Aries women are insanely jealous and frequently, without cause, indulge in insulting remarks to and about others. They afterwards expect their cruelty to be overlooked without explanation or apology, and the brunette women are the most merciless in every way.

In writing "Fan Letters" to Stars of this Planet, kindliness is advised; as sincere criticism might only antagonize any Aries people. In love affairs, with few exceptions, their heart rules their head and, with both sexes, intense jealousy renders their experiences unhappy.

Their best companions are the sympathetic personalities of February or the tolerant ones of March (always excepting the women of Aquarius, Pisces Cusp, February nineteenth to February twenty-fifth, who are somewhat similar to Aries Character).

They are also attracted to those born

in May, January, April, June, December, July and October, in order named.

The faults of Aries are cruelty, anger, jealousy, stubbornness, trickiness and egotism.

Others born under this Planet, besides those whom I have especially mentioned, are: Lon Chaney, born April first; George Arliss, born April tenth; Tully Marshall, born April fifteenth; Marshall Neilan (director), born April eleventh; Jack Sherrill, born April fourteenth; Wilfred Buckland (director), born April eighteenth; Claude Gillingwater, born April second; Charles Christy (director), born April thirteenth; Florenz Ziegfeld (producer); born March twenty-fifth; Winchell Smith (writer), born April fifth; De Wolf Hopper, born March thirtieth; Constance Talmadge, born April nineteenth; Agnes Ayres, born April fourth; Claire Windsor, born April fourteenth; Nita Naldi, born April first; Lena Baskett, born April nineteenth; Anna Q. Nilsson, born March thirtieth; and Mary Miles Minter, born April first.

A SILHOUETTE

By Sue Cuzains

A flash of sabres in the night,
A flame of romance burning bright,
A velvet cape, a gay guitar,
A strain of music from afar
That's Valentino.

A cloud of incense in the air,
A hidden footfall on the stair,
A tiny nook where soft lights glow
A little love song whispered low
That's Valentino.

A haunting look, a winning smile
Enchantment for a little while,
A memory of rose clad hours,
A garden filled with passion flowers,
That's Valentino.

An idol built of earthly clay
Aloft on pedestal today,
A king upon a gilded throne
A child that Art may call her own
That's Valentino.

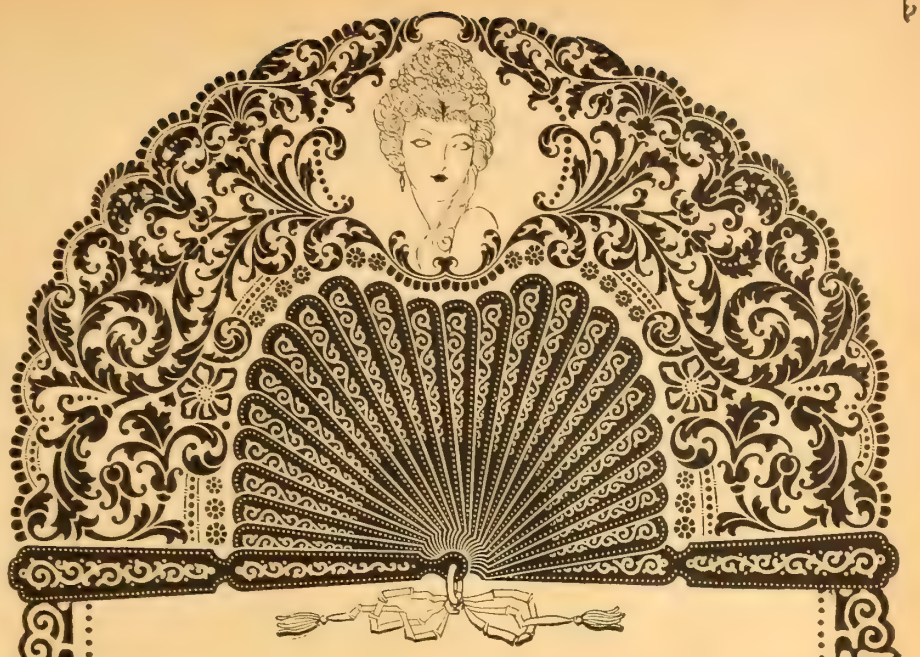
WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

By Alfred I. Tooke

We've heard about the days of old,
When knights were brave, and knights were bold;
But nowadays folks seem to think
Such chivalry is on the blink!

But then those old-time knights wore suits
Of armor-plate from hat to boots,
And if, when asking Pappa for
His daughter's hand, he raved and swore,
They didn't worry!—not a whit,
They weren't dressed like the modern knight,
Their clothing was both hard and thick!
They knew Pop didn't dare to "kick."

So, if you ask—why, I should say
The modern knights we have today
Are quite a bit more brave and bold
Than those who lived in days of old.



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The piquancy of living flowers!—Madame, Mademoiselle, has wished for it in contrast to the artificiality of perfume? It is the tail of the rainbow perfumers to queens have vainly pursued these hundreds of years. But now it comes —this miracle. As different from the od knows as the laughing vintages of Franc wines of Italy.

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$2 TO $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old coins. Keep all Old or odd money. You may have valuable coins. Send 10c for New Ill'st Coin Value Book. 4x6. We pay cash. Get Posted. Clarke Coin Co., Ave. 7, Le Roy, N. Y.

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(Continued on page 120)

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 70*)

peared in "Adam's Rib" and so many other DeMille productions, is seriously expecting to be summoned to return to Southern Russia to rule the Tartar tribes which have never yielded real allegiance to the Caucasians since the days of Ghengis Khan and Tamar Lane. It seems that his great-grandmother was a Tartar princess and, realizing the futility of the world-old feud between her people and the Russian government, made some sort of compromise. Thereupon some of the zealots among the young Tartars murdered her. Her children fled, Kosloff's grandfather becoming a musician in the Imperial Theatre in Moscow. Being a spendthrift, he could save no money; but Kosloff says he can remember how mysterious shipments of food and occasionally a jewel or a gift of money used to come to them from the Tartars when he was a child. At his grandfather's death, Kosloff's father took his place and when he died, Theodore Kosloff succeeded, so that the same chair in the same orchestra was occupied for one hundred and six years by the Kosloffs. The real name was Volsok; but they reversed the letters on coming to America. Lately, the Tartars, restive under Soviet rule, feel the impulse to revolt and set up the ancient kingdom again. So word has come again to Kosloff in the old mysterious way to be ready when they call to return to rule his people.

Sol Lesser has made a contract with George M. Cohan to arrange some of his best known stage hits, like the "Meanest Man," for the screen and possibly to appear in them.

Having finally despaired of getting Griffith to direct "Ben Hur," the Goldwyn Company has given the big job to Marshall Neilan. They hope to have Valentino appear as Ben Hur.

During her European tour, Norma Talmadge hired a camel caravan and rode across the Sahara for four days on the exact route taken by the recent French automobile tractor expedition. Norma must have found the desert very disillusioning for, on her return, she announced that she had changed her mind about screening "The Garden of Allah." She says there aren't any Valentinos among the sheiks and that the real Arabia doesn't look as much like Arabia as Palm Springs.

In spite of all protests to the contrary notwithstanding, Fatty Arbuckle is going ahead with his comedies. An attempt to prohibit his pictures from showing in Los Angeles was made in the city council, but was squelched. After the edict of Will Hays restoring Fatty to favor, however, an invitation to Mr. Hays's assistant, Thomas G. Patton, was cancelled by a Hollywood women's club.

The Selznick company, after insisting for so many years that California was no place to make pictures, must have experienced a change of heart. They are now moving, not only their complete production plant, but also their entire releasing machinery to Hollywood. Their attempt to release pictures from this Coast is regarded as a most interesting if precarious experiment.

Monroe Salisbury, formerly one of the best known of the picture stars, will be the leading man of "The Mission Play," the pageant founded on the life of Father Junipero Serra, which has been given annually at the San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles for ten or twelve years. Mr. Salisbury takes the place of the veteran Frederick Warde as Fra Serra.

Theda Bara is soon to arrive in Holly-

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I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and if he does not phone in a day or so, will write him. Am sending a letter to Miss Helen Slavik today which I think may help to secure her enrollment, and I shall be glad at any time to write a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.
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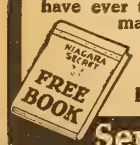


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wood to begin work on "The Easiest Way" for the Selznick company.

Almost the exact story of "The Prince Chap" was told in real life in Hollywood the other day when Yvonne Gardelle married Carlton Gardelle who, since her earliest recollection, she had thought was her father. It seems that while a very young painter in France, Mr. Gardelle had adopted a baby girl foundling who, at that time, was eighteen months old. She grew up acting part of the time as his model, part of the time being a chorus girl with Ziegfeld, the Century Roof, etc. When she was twenty years old, she married in New York. The marriage was unhappy and she returned home to her "father." From him, after all the years, she learned the truth, and the other day they were married.

Jack Dempsey, the heavy weight champion of the world is going to be a fillum actor. Jack invested something over $200,000 in an oil well spouter that didn't spout; hence the return to work. He is training with a squad of boxing partners to get into trim for the picture.

Virginia Valli, who followed her great hit in "The Storm" by a long illness with pneumonia, has recovered and will appear in a picture called "Up the Ladder," in which she will be directed by Hobart Henley.

WALLACE REID—IN MEMORIAM

By Jeanne Lesesne

Tonight he walks with stars——
His smiling eyes turned glorywards, until
His new-found feet strike upward to the hill
Of mellow radiance . . . where all his plans
Grow beautiful in never-ending spans
Of rare endeavor . . . where the winds pipe clear
A canticle to his enraptured ear . . .
His young head lifted proudly in the glow
Of joyous triumph which brave spirits know . . .
Where some seraphic symphony, too great
With finite consciousness to merge or mate,
Pours balm on sorry scars.

No limitation mars
His comprehension of resplendent space:
Perchance he builds in some celestial place
(Possessed of timeless eons, to be spent
In measureless achievement and content)
Serene foundations, mightier than those
Which could on any earthly spot repose.
Aye, love go with him thru uncounted years!——
Nor stormy grief, nor melancholy tears
Shall follow him. . . . Tonight no more he walks
Where any dour-visaged phantom stalks:
Tonight . . . *he walks with stars!*

A WINNER

By Chilton Chase

The film director gazed upon
The handsome candidate,
"What you can do," he said to him,
"I'll have you briefly state."
"I swim and dive and box and shoot,
And fly an aeroplane, to boot,
Run any car, box, ride a horse,
Play football, golf, make love, of course,
Fall off cliffs, die naturally, fight,
Rescue heroines, kiss just right,
And—" "Can you act?" the director snapped.
The young man looked crestfallen, slapped,
"Gosh, I never once thought of that!"
"Son," smiled the director, "hang up your hat!"



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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 78*)

beggars in Cuba know the movies have money. When **John Robertson** was looking for locations in Havana, he discovered a beggar that was the most beggarly beggar he had ever seen; he was also hunchback. Robertson immediately asked him to take a small part in "The Bright Shawl," so the beggar showed up next day, but with the exception of the hump he was a changed man, for he was minus his pathetic make-up. He then proposed that he be paid such a stupendous salary that it staggered the director. Anyway, the director told him: "I wanted you as you were yesterday." "That," said the beggar, "is the simplest thing in the world to accomplish, I will do anything for money." A compromise was effected and the hunchback beggar is in the picture. Look him over carefully, and when you go to Havana, if he should meet you at the wharf with a whining plea for alms, refuse him. He probably has more money than you have. Hasn't he worked in the movies?

Gaston Glass, the young French film actor, would never get an interview into the *American Magazine,* where all interviews start off, "Hard work made me what I am today." He starts blithely out by saying, "Coincidence made me what I am today." He first came to the States with **Madame Bernhardt's** repertoire company. After the completion of the tour Glass decided to go back to France, as the struggle with the idiosyncrasies of the English language was proving a little too much for him. A day or so before sailing he went to the Lambs' Club with a friend, and there **John Emerson** (why wasn't he at the Algonquin?) overheard him speaking French and asked him if he would translate a French word he had encountered in preparing the script for his new picture. It developed that Emerson offered him a small part in the production called, "Oh, You Women." And now look at Monsieur Glass. He has just completed the leading rôle in "The Hero," and played one of the featured parts in "The Girl Who Came Back." However, in spite of his modest statements we bet he worked for his place in the screen.

Carl Laemmle has written a letter to all the editors and critics—well, Carl signed it, anyway. It is a good letter and deserves this space. Says Mr. Laemmle: "Will someone lend me an umbrella? There is a storm coming and I have a hunch I am going to be the center of it, because I am about to commit a crime—*I am going to take liberties with Victor Hugo!*

"Hugo wrote, 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.' And you may have heard the rumor that his story became a classic. The rumor is true.

"'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' was written for an age which licked up red meat. The public still likes dripping red meat in its literature and even on its stage, but not on its screen. Behold the two horns of the dilemma presented to the surgico-screen operator.

"First horn: It's a marvelous story, but contains much that is offen-

(*Continued on page 119*)



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

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THE TRANSFORMATION OF MRS. PRETTYMAN

What better judge of beauty is there than Neysa McMein, the artist who has given us such charming pictures of lovely girls? Miss McMein has selected twelve women in America who are, in her opinion, the most beautiful in the country. She tells in *Beauty Magazine* why and how she made her choice.

What woman is not interested in a man's idea of a beautiful woman? And when that man happens to be W. T. Benda, originator of the famous Benda beauties, everyone, more or less, sits up and takes notice. Mr. Benda will tell you in the May issue what he thinks goes to make up a beautiful woman. He has consented to let us illustrate the article with his own paintings.

Do you know the psychology of clothes? Laura Kent Mason will tell you the secret of buying clothes that accentuate your individuality instead of submerging your personality as is so often done thru ignorance. Be sure to read her article

CHOOSE YOUR TYPE

And, aside from the regular departments, we have established a new one. It is, in spite of the really serious idea back of it, a smiling mistake. Everyone is more beautiful when they smile. That is why we have started the new page called

THE UPWARD CURVE

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman

Buy the May "Beauty," on the news-stands April eighth.

CUT ME OUT

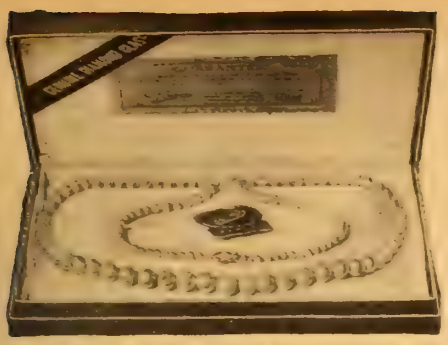
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LaVega Pearls have the soft, delicate color and lustre of the genuine oriental pearls. We absolutely guarantee to refund your money if you are not delighted. We are making this special reduced-price offer only to those who can appreciate real beauty in pearls and will show and recommend them to their friends.

Send us your order and remittance of only $3.88 at once and in a few days you will receive a genuine La Vega Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of. If you desire we will send C. O. D. You to pay postman $3.88 plus 10c C. O. D. charge upon delivery. *Order now.*

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So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life *first.*



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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops an erect, and graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, energy and pep, ability to do things, health and strength. Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

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$2.35 Postpaid



Wonderful Big New Unbeatable Doll Lamp. 19 Inches High. The Very Latest. Splendid Gift. Cut-out design inlaid silk crepe shade, fringe trimmed. Beautiful dress in various colors. Complete with socket, plug and 7 ft. cord.

Send No MONEY Just send name and address. This beautiful electric doll lamp will be sent postpaid to your door. Pay postman on arrival only $2.35 our low advertising price. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back. Write Today.

19 Inches High

EMPIRE DOLL & DRESS CO.
230 E. Lake, Dept. 117, Chicago, Ill.

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 117)

sive. It is a classic and, therefore, must not be tampered with. But it must be tampered with if it is to be produced, and it is going to be produced.

"Second horn: I must take liberties with Hugo and whothehell is Carl Laemmle that he should tamper with Hugo?——

"So let the critical storm, storm its head off. If the picture is as great as I'm hoping it will be, I wont get wet. If the picture doesn't live up to my expectations, I'll be all wet, anyway!

"(Signed) CARL LAEMMLE."

Margaret Leahy, the famous English beauty contest winner, who came to this country holding the guiding hand of **Norma Talmadge,** has been released from the cast of "Within the Law." Henceforth she will be employed in **Buster Keaton's** company. The First National press department explains the change by saying that "Miss Leahy has a special aptitude for comedy." If you remember in the pictures that came out in the Sunday supplements at the time of the triumphal return from London, Miss Leahy strongly resembled Miss Talmadge.

Lionel Barrymore is to be the noble Henry in "Henry of Navarre," the next twelve-reel feature to be released by Cosmopolitan.

Pola Negri is too successful. The ladies of Hollywood are exercising their age old-feline trait and making catty remarks in a kittenish way. Just now the principal bone of contention is, "no good can come out of Germany." Let it be restated Miss Negri is Polish.

The Moscow Art Theater has been devoting some of its time to the screen and four pictures made by the members of the company now playing at Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theater are scheduled for release later in the season. They are to be released thru the International Pictures Agency. The first of the series is "Polikushka," from Tolstoy's novel of the same name.

Are the Movie Folk Morons?

(*Continued from page* 53)

would go down smiling, secure in her belief. To talk to her is like standing in a strong wind that blows away the chaff.

Nita Naldi dispenses with what she would call "hokum." She is intellectually honest, or at least she is honestly intellectual so far as she goes. Her mind is clear, definite, and scornful of hypocrisy. She thinks for herself and by herself. She has a sort of the earth vitality to her opinions. Her prides and her prejudices are her own.

Pedro de Cordoba tells me more in one-half hour about the legendary lore of Spain than I could have read by a day's occupation.

Let us put a tentative tomb-stone upon the graves of the Unmentioned Blondes (male and female) and then give credit to the men and women of the screen who could probably pass Monsieur Simon-Binet without benefit of cramming!



Men's Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring—shown below.

Ladies' Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring—shown above.

No Deposit of any kind

Read this amazing new plan—the fairest diamond offer that the world has ever known. These rings are solid 14K green gold, with 18K white gold tops, each set with a fine large, extra brilliant, perfectly cut, blue white genuine diamond. The tops are exquisitely hand engraved and beaded. In the stores, you may buy these rings for $50 or $55. Our price is only $38.75, payable $3.75 a month without interest.

Genuine Diamonds

We will send your choice of these rings on approval for seven days, without any deposit of any kind. The trial is entirely free — we even prepay the postage. To order your choice on approval, simply send the coupon below. Send no money. When the ring arrives, you will pay no C. O. D. Just accept the ring and wear it for a week. At the end of the seven days trial decide — if you do not wish to buy, send it back and call the deal closed. If you decide that this $38.75 ring can't be equalled for less than $50.00, keep it and send only $3.75. Then pay the balance at $3.75 a month. Accept this offer at once. You cannot lose one single penny, because you do not go to any expense nor do you make any deposit.

Send No Money Pay No C. O. D.

We make this startling offer because we know that we can save you from 20% to 30%. We can save you this sum because we import direct and sell direct. We eliminate all middleman's expenses and profits, which ordinarily must be added to the retailers' price. This offer is an example of the **wonderful** savings you can make by dealing with us direct.

Mail the coupon today. **Enclose your finger size** but send no money—we ask no deposit of any kind, and indeed, no money at all unless you decide to buy after a full week's trial. Be sure to send the coupon today.

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204 South Peoria St. Chicago, Ill.

Mail this Coupon

Harold Lachman Co. 204 So. Peoria Street, Dept. 1524 Chicago

Send me free of all charges the solid gold, genuine diamond ring checked below for a week's free trial. I enclose no money. I will pay nothing on arrival. At the end of one week I shall either return the ring to you by registered mail, or send you first payment of $3.75, and then $3.75 on the first of each month until your cut price of $38.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. I enclose my finger size.

☐ Lady's Ring A4350 ☐ Man's Ring A4450.

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Develop your talent—learn the methods and ideas that make your drawings worth real money. Thousands of business firms pay millions of dollars annually for good advertising drawings and designs. No previous training or experience is needed to learn by the Federal "Master Course" (established 1914), the *original practical* course in commercial art, created by men with more than 25 years' experience in the field. Though widely imitated, it stands supreme after 8 years of unequalled success as *America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing.* It gives you *individual personal criticisms* on all lessons —teaches you the methods that make your drawings worth real money —and has produced more successful students than any other commercial art course. It has developed the crudest of beginners into commercial artists earning good incomes, in a fraction of the time they would otherwise have taken.

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OPPORTUNITY MARKET

(*Continued from page* 114)

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Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

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Short stories, poems, novels, newspaper articles sold, criticised, revised. We have successfully handled thousands of manuscripts since 1911. Advance Publishing Co., P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

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Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

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Cash for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds, Liberty Bonds, War, Thrift, Unused Postage Stamps, False Teeth, Magneto Points, Jobs. Any valuables. Mail in today. Cash sent, return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. Ohio Smelting Co., 313 Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
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Pimples Can Be Removed

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions, I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and healed thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.
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SHADOWLAND

for April

LEO KOBER

Goes behind the scenes at Peer Gynt and gives us a page of sketches.

WYNN

Presents us with some of his characteristic cartoons, this time of the Moscow Art Theater.

N. P. DAWSON

Discusses "Futility," by Will Gerhardi, and "The Gentleman from San Francisco," by Ivan Bounin.

DJUNA BARNES

Puts a startling thought in the confines of a ten-minute play-let.

The work of the Russian artist, Sorine, with two exquisite examples of his painting.

Henry Altimus has just returned from abroad. He has noted down a few comparisons.

SHADOWLAND

for April



After the movies — after walking— after shopping—

Enjoy Thirst—

5¢ gives you the beverage that delights taste and truly quenches thirst pure and wholesome ~sold everywhere~ glass or bottle.

Drink Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Delicious and Refreshing

Prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice



You will enjoy GLENN HUNTER *in the Grocery Store scene in*

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

the big dramatic success now playing at the Cort Theatre, New York

Merton, like all good grocery clerks, keeps prominently displayed the world famous Royal Baking Powder.

In thousands of stores throughout the land Royal is sold and recommended first, last and all the time as the best and most dependable baking powder on the market.

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Contains No Alum Leaves No Bitter Taste

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Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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Christie Film Corp., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Coogan, Jackie, Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dwan, Allan, Prod., 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.
Ford, Francis, Prod., 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

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Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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Lloyd, Harold, Prod., Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MacDonald, Katherine, Prod., 945 Girard St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mayer, Louis B., Studios, 3800 Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
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Pacific Studios, San Mateo, Calif.
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Ray, Charles, Studios, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
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Tourneur, Maurice, Prod., Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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Vidor, King, Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Calif.

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Look at your skin. Is it dry and lifeless? You can rejuvenate it and give it zest and buoyancy with Balm-o-Lem, the new lemon lotion.

Used instead of lemon juice to bleach and keep the skin soft and white.

It cleanses the pores, protects the skin, and is neither sticky nor greasy. Superior to vanishing cream, it does not clog the pores. Quickly disappears. Just a drop and your face powder adheres twice as long.

Ask at your toilet goods counter.

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Science *Proves* Which Method Is Best!

ZIP

IT'S OFF
Because
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Guaranteed ★

Dr. Rudolph Mertin, noted dermatologist, after trying all other methods, writes:

"About two years ago, I discontinued the use of the electric needle because it was not a satisfactory process, and I found that the electric stimulation helped, rather than retarded the growth of superfluous hair.
Since then I have almost despaired of finding a satisfactory process, one on which I would be willing to stake my reputation as a hair specialist, until I had the pleasure of using ZIP.

"My tests proved that ZIP not only lifts the hair roots and shafts gently from the skin, but also devitalizes the follicles, thus destroying the elements which produce the hair. You are no doubt aware that ordinary depilatories simply remove surface hair, leaving the life-producing elements imbedded in the skin, thus strengthening their growth. ZIP, however, not only removes the surface hairs, but removes the cause as well."

ZIP is original a scientifically prepared antiseptic compound; it cannot stick to the skin; it is harmless, painless, and it effectively ***destroys the growth.***

Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective.

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Which type have you? Write for FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret" which explains your type and in which leading stars tell how to be beautiful.

When in New York, don't neglect to call at my Salon to have **FREE** Personal **DEMONSTRATION.**

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(PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME)

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by Grant Reynard

You too, can have the charm of "A Skin you love to touch"



THE beautiful fresh clear skin you long for—with the right care you can possess it!

Any girl *can* have a smooth, flawless complexion.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

In the booklet around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin to-night the right treatment for *your* skin. See how much you can improve your complexion by just a week or ten days of this special care.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, *with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE

THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MAY 1923

MAGAZINE
25 CTS



Nazimova

NEYSA McMEIN *Chooses*
Foremost Screen Beauties
in this issue



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"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

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Emery & Beers Company, Inc. . Wholesale Distributors . New York



Laugh Lines *The Furrows of Care* *Squint Wrinkles* *Crow's Feet* *Frown Marks*

Banish Wrinkles & Worry Lines

with this New and Greater

ENGLISH BEAUTY CLAY

Last year close to a million women bought Terra-derma-lax—the famous English clay massage. They bought it by mail at $2 a jar—often waiting many weeks to get it. Now comes the new Terra-derma-lax—available at any drug or department store—without a minute's wait—at $1 a jar. Half the old mail-order price!

A GREATER Terra-derma-lax! From finer, new-found English clay. With new uses, new chemical potency, new beauty magic! Made MORE EFFICIENT *by science—*MORE ECONOMICAL *by volume sales—*MORE CONVENIENT *to get—by retail store distribution throughout the world.*

W. McGowan

President, Dermatological Laboratories

Here is the most important beauty discovery of the decade! *Terra-derma-lax will iron out and smooth away the most deep-seated face furrows—in an amazingly short time.*

It is pretty generally recognized now that Terra-derma-lax is the world's most efficient Beauty Massage. The semi-weekly Clay Bath is a "fixture" in nearly every enlightened woman's toilette routine.

Dirt-secretions at the base of the pores cause most all facial eruptions and skin-sallowness. Terra-derma-lax goes after this imbedded dirt on the suction-cleaner principle. It draws out all the concealed impurities from the pores as a vacuum cleaner draws soot from a carpet.

This is no news to the users of Terra-derma-lax. It is a story gloriously told to them every day, by the radiant clarity that Terra-derma-lax has brought to their complexions.

Startling News Even to Old Terra-derma-lax Friends

But that Terra-derma-lax removes wrinkles! Here, indeed, IS news even to most enthusiastic clay-users.

We waited until we were sure. And today we *are* sure. Scientifically sure. We have tested this new Terra-derma-lax usage under all conditions, on faces grooved and grained with worry-lines. And we have seen those lines diminish, day by day, and finally vanish entirely, under laboratory observation. So we have no hesitancy in warranting Terra-derma-lax unreservedly to eradicate all premature marks and seams from any skin.

How Treatment Is Applied

The Terra-derma-lax wrinkle treatment is applied daily—not semi-weekly, like the Clay facial. The clay is spread, like tape, in strip formation, over the wrinkled section—just before going to bed. In a few minutes, as it dries, it sets up a tingling sensation—denoting stimulated blood-flow beneath the wrinkled parts.

The tingling shortly subsides—and the clay is left on overnight. Like a sad-iron smoothing out a piece of rumpled silk, it smooths out the seams in the skin—holding the cuticle taut and firm throughout the night.

In the morning wash off the clay—and the improvement is immediately seen. Repeat each night until the wrinkles, growing dimmer and dimmer, disappear entirely.

The Cause of Wrinkles

Wrinkles are caused not only by age, but by repeated bad facial habits—such as the arching of the eyebrows, the squinting of the eyelids, the furrowing of the forehead. These facial grimaces gradually form unnatural lines in the face, which quickly "set" if proper blood circulation does not wash them away.

Terra-derma-lax does two things to remove these unbecoming "expression lines." It first smoothes out the creases in the skin, by its firm but gentle "ironing" action. And second, it restores the skin-health and life in the affected area by stimulating the blood-flow.

Results Are Guaranteed

Try this new and marvelous wrinkle treatment on our guarantee of quick and positive results.

Get a jar of Terra-derma-lax from your druggist (or from any toilette goods counter) and apply the wrinkle treatment three nights.

If you do not notice a decided improvement on the morning after the third treatment, return the balance of the clay in the jar, and your dollar will be refunded promptly.

A Double Delight to New Users

If you are not a user of Terra-derma-lax facials, there's a double treat in store for you. Get acquainted with the "beauty-sorcery" of these twice-a-week "clay baths." Supplement the nightly Wrinkle Treatment with twice-a-week Terra-derma-lax *facials*.

You'll be amazed at the new youth Terra-derma-lax will bring back into your face—the silky softness and schoolgirl full color it will return to your skin.

After the Wrinkle Treatment has conquered the crow's-feet—continue the Terra-derma-lax *facials* twice a week, to keep the skin in flawless condition. That's all the skin-beauty insurance any woman needs.

The Beauty Guarantee

MONEY BACK OFFER ISSUED WITH EVERY JAR OF TERRA DERMA-LAX

Get your jar of Terra-derma-lax at any drug or department store. Use three treatments. If your mirror does not reveal to you a softer, clearer, lovelier complexion, return the jar and get your dollar back.





Terra-derma-lax

THE ENGLISH BEAUTY CLAY

At all drug and department stores **$1.00**

IF YOUR DRUGGIST IS OUT OF TERRA-DERMA-LAX WE WILL SEND YOU A JAR DIRECT FROM THE LABORATORY. *Send No Money. Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

(A)

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Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

If you are apt to be out when postman calls, enclose $1 herewith, and jar will be sent you postpaid.

Adolph Zukor presents

Pola Negri

in

Her First American Production

"Bella Donna"

by Robert Hichens

Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson

AT LAST—what fans in every town in America have been longing for—Pola Negri as a *fashionable modern woman!*

The most fascinating love-actress in the world in a George Fitzmaurice Paramount Picture!

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Her second American-made picture will be
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By Hector Turnbull
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It's a Paramount Picture

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

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Painted from a photograph by Rice

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A sky of brass, the sun a flame,
And the land no place to dwell;
A hunk of earth so doggone hot
That it still belongs to Hell.

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Who were the devils in human form whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible, they brought the redoubtable young officer of the law to a strange dilemma. The law of the land commanded him not to desert his prisoners; the law of the desert ordained that he stand by his companions. Which did the Fates decree he should obey?

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Or—to show that family happiness will be destroyed if a wife is dropped by her girlhood friends because their husbands had spunk and forged ahead of her husband? (ambitious wives will say so)

Was it to show how gauzy are the ruses and pretenses of a social climber? (men will say so)

Or to show that the false standards of society people force girls to tawdry, lying imitations? (reformers say so)

Tarkington, tell us, was it to show girls that romance evaporates—that all prosaic fathers and mothers once wrote ardent love letters, now hidden away in attic trunks? (old grouches will say so)

Or—to show every daughter of poor parents that she should stop dreaming romantic dreams and go to work? (brothers will say so)

Did you want to show that millions of young male scamps are beyond the control of parents; and to make these young men see on the screen what they really are like? (everyone will say so)

Tell us, Tarkington, about Alice Adams!



Alice Adams won the Pulitzer Prize as the greatest American novel of the year, and now King W. Vidor, producer, with artistic fidelity makes every moment of the play true to life.

HAS a Committee of Ten been started in your city? That is the way to bring all the really fine motion pictures to your town.

To bring not Encore Pictures, alone, but all the best pictures. Those plays that great directors and great actors are really proud of will be shown regularly if you start a Committee of Ten.

It is a revolutionary plan which enables anyone who joins the movement to get the leading motion picture Review Service (unbiased descriptions of *all* new pictures) and have shown at your local theatres the photo plays you want to see.

Picture theatres are encouraging this plan because it fills the houses with the best class of people in town. Why not take an interest yourself, be the live spirited citizen to send us names of people who ought to favor the idea? Turn and address an envelope now. Our book, "Getting Better Pictures," will start your organization. When you get *your* copy you'll say, "How I wish I'd had this book months ago." Write me personally. Arthur S. Kane, 7th floor, 35 West 45th St., New York.

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YOU know the average photo play. You like this part—you dislike that part. And your friends disagree with you completely. But other plays—when you've seen them, there is no thought about what was good or bad. You talk, talk, talk over situations and argue about the characters as if you knew them *personally*.

And the reason is that you saw live-minded people living their lives, not actors rushed into one coincidence after another.

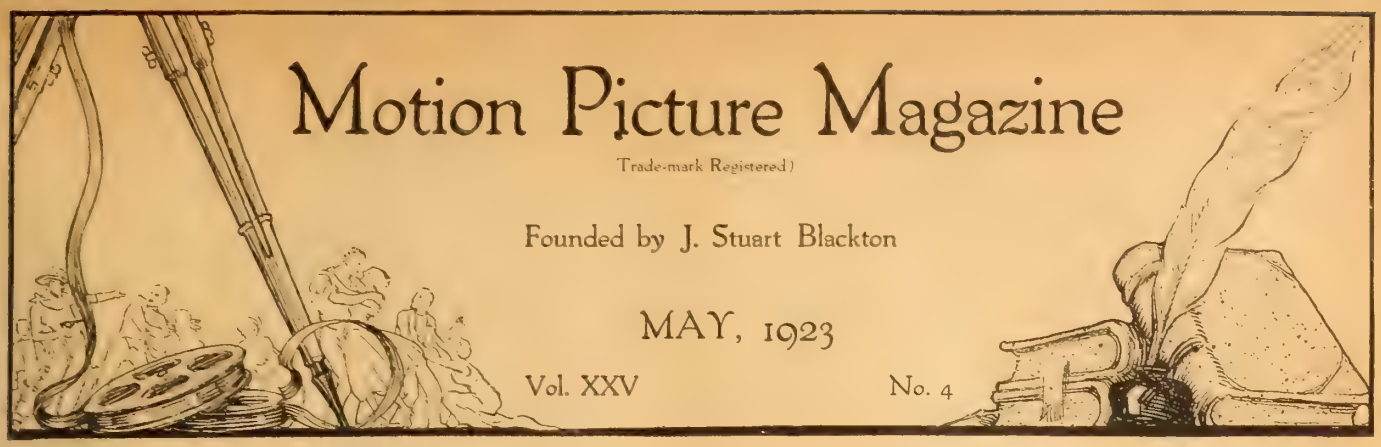
Can Booth Tarkington do it? He leads the world. Everybody admits it.

That young scamp brother! You would like to get your hands on him. You would like to tell him a few bitter truths that nobody has ever told him before.

That mother! And that wonderful daughter! How you would like to help her win out. But she wins out anyhow and you are so glad you could almost cry—or hug her—or do something ridiculous. Florence Vidor, the "unforgetable woman," gets to your heart every time.

Ask your exhibitor when he plans to show Alice Adams. And if you want to see more such pictures—not only Encore Pictures but the best of all photo plays produced—go back and read how a Committee of Ten can be started in your town and really bring this about.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

MAY, 1923

Vol. XXV No. 4

Are the Movie Folk People?

THAT title may seem foolish beyond words, but it really isn't. Stopping to consider it, the players of the screen are generally treated as tho they were anything but warm, living people—painted, wooden puppets perhaps.

The flare of adverse criticism has been focused upon the motion picture profession long enough. It is high time someone championed its people. And just recently it has several times come to our attention how frequently the motion picture folk are sacrificed to one cause or another. The truth about their lives is twisted and distorted beyond recognition by writers who aim, above everything else, to sign an interesting story. And the statements they make are either deleted or exaggerated beyond any semblance of the truth.

It sometimes happens that these tales, apparently harmless, do material harm. We have in mind at this writing one star who faces an unpleasant and even heart-breaking experience, because of a statement which she made and which was deliberately altered in the name of good copy.

The players of the footlights have never been dealt with in anything like this manner, and still they have managed to remain colorful and interesting thru every age known to history.

So the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE pledges itself to remember always that, while the motion picture folk may be a glamorous people, they are, right down at the core, quite as human and sensitive as the Higgins who live next door and the Browns who live around the corner. To remember that they are people—trying to be happy . . . stopping now and then perhaps to make other people happy . . . dreaming dreams . . . planning . . . building towards some distant goal . . . smiling to mask some inflicted wound . . . and intermittingly suffering setbacks and disillusions. . . . To remember, then, that the movie folk are people.



There is constant danger in an oily skin

IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But *too much* oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Photograph by Hoover, L. A

Alice Terry's hu-band, Rex Ingram, next devotes his efforts to a screen version of "Scaramouch." And Alice's fancy for the leading feminine rôle is so great that she will not forego it, however attractive other offers may be. So it looks as tho the producers, who have been angling to get her name on the dotted line of their contracts, would have to wait for her decision



Photograph by Brown, L. A.

There are few shadows upon the screen more familiar than Viola's bobbed head. And the Dana takes her work seriously—yes, indeed. When she learned that an appendicitis operation would make a hospital sojourn necessary, she worked overtime that she might finish "Her Fatal Millions" in order that there be no lapse in her program of releases



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

The trunks Constance Talmadge brought back from Europe on her last trip fairly bulged with the chic things Connie picked up on the Rue de la Paix. And they do say she wears a goodly number of them in "Dulcy," her next picture, which is adapted from the stage play



Douglas MacLean signed a brand new starring contract a few months ago. Associated Producers were the party of the first part. And now Douglas is working on his first production for their release, namely "Going Up." Hallam Cooley and Marjorie Daw are in his cast



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Miriam Cooper has strayed from the home fold. Raoul Walsh is not the director of "The Girl Who Came Back," the next photoplay to bring Miriam to the silversheet. And this is the first time in ages that Miriam hasn't appeared under her husband's direction



Photograph by Hoover Art Studios

Talking of "The Girl Who Came Back," we find Zasu Pitts in the cast. The Pitts-Mallory baby is old enough now for Zasu to venture forth from the nursery to the studios. We're glad to have her back again



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Mabel has always hoped life would give her an opportunity of playing Becky Sharpe in "Vanity Fair." And life has done just that thing—or, we should say, life in the person of her husband has done it. Hugo Ballin is producing this famous classic at the Goldwyn studios with Mabel in the desired rôle



The Spinner

Mary Astor in a scene from "The Scarecrow"

What Will Become of Jackie Coogan?

Surmises As To Whether Jackie Will Become a Fireman, a Fat Senator or the Greatest Actor of All Time

By
HARRY CARR

ONE day, while I was watching him in a circus picture, Jackie Coogan forgot he was a great artist and did something queer with his face.

At just about this age, little boys of nervous disposition acquire funny little habits with their faces. Sometimes they pucker up their noses. More often they draw down their lips; or they acquire the habit of blinking.

Jackie was doing something funny with his upper lip in just that odd nervous way.

I saw the director look suddenly at his father. They both blanched. For the time that you can hold your breath they both stood there — dismayed.

Then Coogan Père hurried to the side of the richest seven-year-old boy in the world and talked to him in low worried tones.



Photograph by Woodbury

If you can forget that Jackie is a sweet little boy who has been touched with the divine fire of genius, and think of him as a piece of commercial property, this child is one of the most valued articles in the whole world



Photograph by Les Rowley



In the upper right-hand corner is a new portrait of the richest seven-year-old boy in the world

Above and at the right are scenes from Toby Tyler, Jackie's new picture



All photographs by Les Rowley

It is doubtful if any great genius has ever thought much about his own work. Genius can very seldom explain itself. It just steps up and hits the ball. Babe Ruth doesn't know why he knocks home runs. Even great boxers dont know how they do it. They just do it. So with Jackie



Meanwhile a fortune of millions of dollars trembled for its life.

If Jackie Coogan should acquire one of those rotten little fidgity habits of involuntarily contorting his face it would be as tho a fatal defect should be discovered in a newly launched Atlantic liner. . . .

. . . as tho a ten million dollar oil well were suddenly flooded with salt water.

. . . as tho the pay ore in a gold mine suddenly pinched out.

A bad facial habit would be to the Coogan family what the Eighteenth Amendment was to the breweries.

Naturally, they take pains to see that he contracts no such habit; it is an index to Jackie's importance to the world.

If you can forget that he is a sweet little boy who has been touched with the divine fire of genius, and think of him as a piece of commercial property, this child is one of the most valued articles in the whole world.

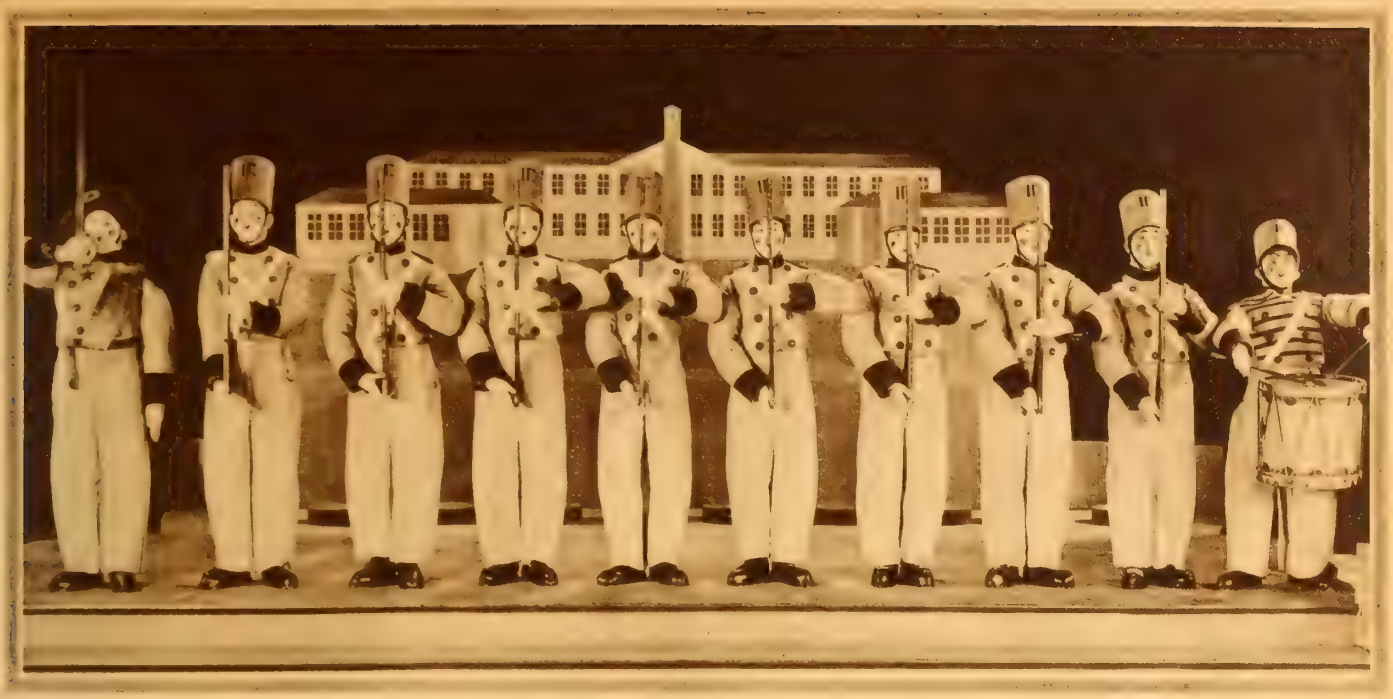


If he were a slave, like the Greek slaves of old that the Romans used to own, he could be sold on the open market for a sum ranging anywhere from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000.

After one of the most sensational bidding contests ever seen in the movies, Jackie was signed by the Metro company. He received $500,000 in cash—presumably to show there were no hard feelings—and an agreement whereby he is to receive sixty per cent. of the profits of his pictures. In all probability this will mean the equivalent to a salary of a million or more for the first year.

But after that?

(*Continued on page* 90)



The Wooden Soldiers Parade on the Screen

Everywhere you go people whistle it—orchestras play it—"The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." And on the Century Roof in New York the Wooden Soldiers do parade to the catchy tune. They are part of the "Chauve-Souris" which has delighted the most sophisticated New Yorkers. . . .



In "The Rustle of Silk," in which Herbert Brenon is directing Anna Q. Nilsson, Betty Compson and Conway Tearle, a cabaret scene was necessary. . . Instead, they duplicated some scenes of the "Chauve-Souris" out in California. So on the screen you will see not only a replica of the famous "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," but also Katinka

Not so very long ago Marion Davies was cast in slim stories which called upon her to do nothing but wear beautiful gowns and sparkling jewels and priceless furs. Bedecked in these riches she was lovely to behold. But the critics time and time again refused to grant that she could do more than seem pleasing to the eye . . .



. . . Then came "When Knighthood Was In Flower," and, as the lovely Mary Tudor, Marion Davies belied those things which had been said of her. The critics spent adjectives in her behalf. Now we find her in the screen version of "Little Old New York," the stage play which pleased the jaded, blasé theatergoers some seasons ago





A charming lad, Marian—wearing the graceful garb of 1820, with her hair, the color of honey, bobbed for the rôle. We detect too, in these photographs, a wistful appeal which we hope the screen will reflect in a good measure

In The Year of Our Lord 1820





"Little Old New York" comes to the screen thru excellent combined efforts. Urban designed the sets; Sidney Olcott directed the production; Marion Davies is the star; and Harrison Ford and Mahlon Hamilton appear prominently in the cast. It should be a charming shadow tale. New York was little more than a village in 1820. And New Yorkers were a simple, God - fearing people



All photographs by Frank Diem

Lillian Gish has left the Griffith studios for a starring contract and all signs point to the fact that Mae Marsh will return to her old place in the D. W. G. productions. She is seen here in her rôle of the flapper cigarette girl in "The White Rose"



Mae Marsh? You feel sure she has invested her star wealth wisely instead of squandering it foolishly; that she runs her household systematically and smoothly; and that she has time for the old customs and traditions. And you wouldn't be in the least surprised to learn that sometimes, thinking wise things, she does foolish things just to prove she is fallibly human after all

Friendly and Comfortable

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

WE were thinking the other day that it isn't until you meet one of those rare souls, a comfortable person, that you realize how infrequent they are. It was Mae Marsh who called this to our mind. She is warm and kind and sensible. You feel sure she has invested her star wealth wisely instead of squandering it foolishly; that she runs her household systematically and smoothly; and that she has time for the old customs and traditions. And you wouldn't be in the least surprised if you learned that sometimes, thinking wise things, she did foolish things just to prove that she is fallibly human after all.

Incidentally, this might be a good place to rejoice in the mention that Mae Marsh has returned to the D. W. Griffith roster of players after being away somewhere in the neighborhood of four years. All too long. And she is almost childishly pleased over her return and her rôle in "The White Rose" which they are now making. Lillian Gish has left the Griffith studios for a starring contract and all signs point to the fact that Mae will return to her old place in the D. W. G. productions.

It was interesting to hear how Miss Marsh felt upon resuming her work under Mr. Griffith's direction.

"It was exciting to be back," she said along this line. "For the first few days my work suffered. I came home at night and worried Lou about it. I didn't seem to be getting into it — I didn't seem to be *feeling* it."

Lou is her husband, more formally known as Mr. Arms. He didn't wish to be mentioned in this story, but we find it very necessary to include him. It is at this point in the three-cornered conversation that he becomes necessary to our story. He looked at us and grinned, saying:

"Then Rosie and Jimmie saw the film which had been shot in the projection room and came out throwing handsprings, figuratively speaking. Now Mae feels better."

"Rosie and Jimmie," if you haven't chanced to hear of them before, are the Last Words in the Mamaroneck studios. They cut the film and tell the High D. W. what's what. And he has listened to them with benefit for years. So no wonder Mae Marsh decided that she wasn't failing in her portrayal of the little flapper-cigar girl after all.

"It's different from anything else I've ever attempted," she said. "That's why I'm so pleased with everything. It's an incentive when you're entrusted with a varied portrayal. Look at Dorothy Gish as the Spanish dancer in 'The Bright Shawl.' Why, you'd never know it was Dorothy in a thousand years. She's wanted an opportunity to do something else than the things they've insisted upon her doing ever since I can remember. Now she is proving that she knew what she was talking about."

We had been warned that it was almost impossible to do an interview with Mae Marsh. And so it would be if we felt it our duty to pass her on to you in all the press-agented glory of a motion picture star. Below is Mae as you will see her in Paddy-the-Next-Best Thing, one of the pictures filmed in England



Talking of doing things, we asked Miss Marsh if she was as vitally interested in her work, as anxious to do really fine things as she had been before — before she had married and had her baby daughter. Motherhood sometimes makes every other thing a lukewarm side-issue.

The little crinkles about her eyes disappeared magically as the eyes flew wider open at our foolish question. We knew now it had been foolish. Ridiculous in fact.

"Oh," she said, "why, of

(Continued on page 87)

Corinne Griffith was unhesitatingly chosen by Neysa McMein to number among the six most beautiful women of the screen. It was the contour of Miss Griffith's face in particular which merited the artistic appreciation



Photograph by De Witt Ward

According to the McMein ratings Mary Pickford is not only the most beautiful woman of the screen, but quite the most beautiful woman known to the discriminating Neysa. And this statement was made after Mary had sat for hours posing for a portrait. Surely she knows the beauty of Mary well

The Six Most Beautiful Women of the Screen



Chosen by Neysa McMein

Photograph by Baron De Meyer



Magazine covers painted by Neysa McMein, pictured at the top of the facing page, decorate numerous publications on the newsstands every month. And, too, Miss McMein quite recently chose the twelve who she believes to be the most beautiful women she has ever known. Newspapers all over the world featured her selections of beauty, and, in view of this fact, we thought it would be interesting to know her choice of the six most beautiful women of the screen. We herewith present them



Pauline Starke—It was the high cheekbones of Pauline Starke which pleased Miss McMein and attracted her interest when she was making her difficult selection. And frequently people have said that Miss Starke's cheekbones were her handicap . . . !



"A lovely face," that was the way Mistress Neysa, acclaimed a wise judge of pulchritude, described Florence Vidor

Photograph (left) by Victor Georg, N. Y.



"And Norma—yes, she belongs with the screen's most beautiful six," announced Miss McMein decidedly. "Norma is beautiful with the beauty of full womanhood, despite slender years. Her beauty has the fragrance of maturity"



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Laurette Taylor, having just given the title rôle in "Peg O' My Heart" to the screen, is entitled to the place which Miss McMein gives her among the screen's six beauties. Altho Miss Taylor has won hosts of admirers as Peg, she is extremely well-known thru her stage portrayals. And this season she is masking her charm under the make-up of the mother characterization she gives in the stage version of "Humoresque"



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Hedda Hopper and Son, Inc.

Motherhood and a career? Certainly! And in charming defense of this much-discussed combination we present Hedda Hopper and her son, Billy

Brass

By
JANET REID

FICTIONIZED FROM THE
CHARLES NORRIS NOVEL



"Annul a marriage? 'Tis impossible. Tho the ring about your neck be brass not gold, needs must it clasp, gangrene you all the same."—ROBERT BROWNING.

PHILIP had never seen anything like her. Nor anyone.

If he had, he might not have lost his heart. He might not have lost both his heart and soul to the little heathen god that was in her eyes.

But Philip was inexperienced. He was wholly inexperienced in the ways of women. Still more inexperienced in the *wiles* of women. He had only his dreams to go by. And his mother. And Rosemary Church.

Dreams are insubstantial things when a man is young and there is lusty blood in his veins. He couldn't fall in love with his mother. His devotion for her left his untamed senses still at large. And Rosemary Church somehow savored of his mother to him. There was, in her large placidity, a mothering note. Philip just then wanted more than that. Or *else* than that.

He thought he wanted Marjorie Jones . . . but we anticipate a trifle.

Philip had been brought up to *expect* to marry Rosemary. When he was quite a tiny boy and she was quite a tiny girl and when she wouldn't obey his lordly will, he would cry out, "Wait until you are my wife, *Miss!*"

And when Rosemary gravely would ask how he knew she was going to be his wife, Philip would say, "My father told me so." That apparently settled the issue for them both. The old judge, Philip's father, was an unquestioned authority in his neighborhood.

Then Philip and Rosemary grew up and the two families awaited with a calm confidence for the fruits of their plan to mature. But somehow nothing matured. "Give the boy time," the old Judge would say to his best friend, Rosemary's father. And Joe Church would nod and say, "You cant hurry young hearts."

Only Philip's small, wise mother suspected that Philip's heart was far too tranquil on the subject of Rosemary. Philip was like his father had been, and Philip's mother remembered with a gusty sigh the tempestuousness of the Judge's wooing. Philip, too, would be like that . . . but not with Rosemary Church.

Once she made a suggestion to Philip's father. "Dont set your heart too hard on Philip and Rosemary, Father," she said. She added, "I think it's Harry that's fond of her."

Harry was the second son.

"Nonsense!" the blustery old Judge replied. "Nonsense, Mama; I dont want it to be Harry. I've always *said* that it must be Philip. I *have* set my heart on it and there's an end to it."

There was an end to it, but the end was Marjorie Jones.

Marjorie had come down with a gang of girls for the Fall picking.

She had come down, as a matter of fact, more for the "fun of the thing" than she had out of a desire to work. Marjorie's life was founded on a credo which would have been called "The fun of the thing" if it had been called anything at all, which it wasn't. Marjorie didn't stop to put things into words. Marjorie was like a little darkling brook running thru a pagan wood. Shallows and eddies over small, brightly tinted stones . . . a little hard . . . very gay . . . Marjorie. . . .

Philip saw her first standing in the wood. She had been washing her clothes on a miniature scrubbing board. She had "played off" for one of her many "moments" and was now lying face down upon the ground after her labors trailing her slim, brown careless hand in the brown careless waters. Her brown curls tumbled and caught in the ferns, and her bared feet kicked in little ecstasies in the filtered sunlight.

She was the daughter of Great Pan.

Philip had come into the wood to think. It was something he seldom did with malice aforethought. But today he had felt troubled, disturbed. He had lunched at the Church home. Rosemary had had for him everything he most liked. She had said, "You haven't been here in a great while, Phil," and Philip had caught her looking at him out of humid, wistful eyes. His heart had hurt him. He was fond of Rosemary. He hated to see her look like that. As if she were sad . . . because of him.



Things grew worse and worse. Quarrels were almost nightly affairs and on one such occasion mama had left the flat. Philip tried to comfort Marjorie this time and they did make up finally . . .

And just the night before his brother Harry had asked him what he meant to do "about Rosemary Church." Harry had said: "You know Dad's dead set on your marrying her, but even Dad cant engineer a chap's marriage for him. If you're not going to marry her, you ought to tell Dad so and . . . and give another fellow a chance."

Harry's implication had been unmistakable, even to Philip. He had said at once: "Why, dear old chap, there wont be any trouble about that. You go ahead. . . ."

Harry had been impatient. "I wish," he had said, "that you would get away from the ranch for a bit and see something of the world and of women. You act worse than any high-school kid. Things aren't so easy as all that. This kind of thing. Rosemary is in love with you. She's been trained to be in love with you. I sometimes hope that that's the most of it, that she's been trained to feel that way, and she's such an angel. . . ." His voice had broken.

"I dont think she's in love with me at all," Philip had said, a little sullenly.

He didn't relish this intimate talk. It embarrassed him. He felt that it wasn't necessary. Why couldn't folks be friends and have done with shakings and quiverings and moist looks and hot hands? He didn't care for it at all.

Then he had lunched with Rosemary and his brother's words had come back to him. She *was* in love with him — or she *thought* she was. Perhaps it was just filial duty — largely. Rosemary had always pleased her widowed father. She would want to please the Judge too and Mrs. Baldwin.

Philip tried to reason about it. If he went away from the ranch— his father didn't really need him now — Harry could do all that was necessary. The place practically ran itself. And his mother had Lucy. If he went away, perhaps Harry could make Rosemary care for him, and Philip didn't see why that wouldn't be quite as satisfactory an arrangement as far as the two families went. It would be a Baldwin marrying a Church and that was the idea.

He walked into the wood to think and he left the wood without the power to think at all.

The girl on the ground rolled over when she saw him or heard him and lay, rather shamelessly, laughing up at him. She locked her hands beneath her head and under a wisp of hair her shallow brown eyes, flecked with gold, made mock of him.

"Who are *you?*" she laughed.

"I am Philip Baldwin," he said, with his naïve gravity under all circumstances. "But who are you?"

"I," said the nymph, "am one of the least of your slaves, kind sir, and you have caught me napping."

"I dont understand. . . . " Philip felt bewildered.

"I knew who you were when you came into the woods," the girl said simply.

"Then why did you ask me who I was?"

"Just wanted to hear you talk. Couldn't think of any other opening remark. You haven't noticed me before?"

"No . . . no, I haven't. Are you one of the pickers?"

"At your service. Are you going to 'can' me?"

"Why, no. No! Why should I?"

"Because I'm playing hooky from the peach-trees. You're the manager, aren't you? And dreadfully strict, aren't you? Well! . . . "

The vixen jumped to her feet and stood, arms akimbo, facing him. A little cool wind stirred in the topmost branches of the trees and Philip shivered.

BRASS

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Warner Brothers' release of the Harry Rapf production based on the scenario of Julien Josephson which was adapted from the novel by Charles G. Norris. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast:

Philip Baldwin	Monte Blue
Marjorie Jones	Marie Prevost
Joe Church	Frank Keenan
Mrs. Grotenberg	Irene Rich
Wilbur Lansing	Harry Meyers
Lucy Baldwin	Miss Dupont
Harry Baldwin	Pat O'Malley
Rosemary Church	Helen Ferguson
Mrs. Jones	Vera Lewis
George Yost	Harvey Clark
Mrs. Baldwin	Margaret Leddon
Judge Baldwin	Edward Jobson

The girl was mocking at him.

"You're awfully pretty," he said suddenly, desperately, because he didn't know what else on earth to say. Because, poor boy, he couldn't account for the odd behavior of his heart, the absurd chattering of his teeth, the warm waves of fire that ran up and down his back.

"I must go back," the girl said abruptly. "You may walk to the edge of the wood with me if you like."

Philip walked beside her. He marveled at the lightness of her step. Her little white feet flicked like constantly falling blossoms on the mossy ground.

He was entranced.

"Let's take a walk tonight," he said. "Would you like to?"

"I'd love to," she said. When she looked at him now, her face was warmer and serious. Her red lips were wistful with surmise. Philip surprised himself with a painful longing.

That night he told his family he thought he'd walk into town.

Instead he walked in the woods with Marjorie Jones, and when he went to bed that night it was with her passionate young kisses on his mouth. He was in love.

He and Marjorie were very ardent and very hasty.

Before the week was over Philip had told his mother and his father and his brother Harry and his small sister Lucy.

On the Saturday night before Marjorie left Mrs. Baldwin told Philip to bring his sweetheart "home for dinner."

Marjorie was excited. Her cheeks were flames. Her eyes were wild and light. She wore a dainty little frock of white swiss and small sandal slippers of dainty black. She was thoroly alluring.

The old Judge was frankly and enthusiastically impressed. He had ever had an eye for an appetizing gal, had the old Judge. He found that night that if he had lost it, which he felt that he hadn't, then his son Philip had certainly inherited it.

Harry approved her, too. He really did think her pretty and attractive, but his happiness was singing within him and would have made him approve of anyone. His way was at least partially clear to Rosemary.

Lucy said she was pretty and admired her gay little ringing laugh, and Mrs. Baldwin was very sweet and tender. She saw how young the girl was.

After she had gone that night and Philip was in his room, humming Marjorie's favorite song to himself, his mother came in to him. She talked with him a long while. She told him that Marjorie was very, very pretty, and that she quite understood that she would capture the heart of any man and make it sing. But didn't Philip think she might make a better "first sweetheart" than a wife for the long drill of married years? She was very pretty, very dear. Philip's wise little mother stressed that because she didn't want Philip to feel hurt and draw away from her. One is so sensitive about one's first love. Poor Philip, he was all sore with sensitiveness. . . .

But of course he didn't see it, didn't think so. His mother had almost known that he wouldn't, but she didn't want him to go unwarned. There had been something in Marjorie's eyes . . . and she sighed for a woman who might have capably and tenderly havened her son's heart.

. . . . . .

Philip and Marjorie were married in November.

Philip had decided to leave the ranch and find a job in the city. He said he thought he needed the experience and there wasn't any use for both Harry and himself to stay on the ranch. Harry cared more about it, anyway. . . .



Mrs. G—— was the baby's real mother. Philip was doing exceedingly well now and he paid Mrs. G—— to stay at home and care for the baby



"I dont even want to marry a little Somebody, sister dear!" Philip said, with a tinge of bitterness. "I think I shall leave well enough alone"

Philip and Marjorie were married in Marjorie's home.

If Philip had not been quite so frantically in love, he might have felt a revulsion of feeling at Marjorie's home and at Marjorie's mother. Both were different from anything he had thus far experienced.

Mrs. Jones was a rancid type of woman, who hovered with an air of animosity over her one ewe lamb—Marjorie. It was obvious even to Philip that Marjorie had been unmercifully spoiled, but then at that time he couldn't find it in his heart to criticize.

Mrs. Jones' home was an apartment with that indefinable odor known as "poor folksy." It was "fussy." There was *bric-à-brac* about and crayoned likenesses of dead and gone Jones and greyish lace curtains effectually debarring the sunlight.

Occasionally Mrs. Jones rented rooms "to help along." When Philip went there first, there was one boarder, referred to as "Mrs. G——." Mrs. G—— was a woman of about twenty-eight, a trained nurse with square, firm, capable hands, a kindly smile and wisely tender eyes. Philip liked her much better than he liked Marjorie's mother, but of course he didn't tell Marjorie so. He had to be quite careful about what he told Marjorie. She was so apt to get upset. She was babyfied.

His own family couldn't come up for the wedding. That is, only Harry. But secretly and rather ashamedly Philip was just as glad. He rather *felt* what his mother would think of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jones's taste and the whole atmosphere. He was rather sorry his mother couldn't meet Mrs. G——. He thought they would like one another.

Philip's old friend, Wilbur Lansing, stood by, too. Harry and Wilbur were Philip's only friends and he had been made to feel a bit odd about having them. "My," Mrs. Jones had said, "I s'pose your swell friend and your brother are coming to poke a bit of fun at me and at my baby-girl!"

"Why, no, of course not, Mother Jones!" Philip had said, genuinely amazed.

Mrs. Jones had somehow conveyed to Marjorie that she was about to be victimized by Philip. Philip had been made to feel like a vandal and a brute because he was marrying Marjorie.

Only Mrs. G—— seemed to understand. "If you love her," she said to him the morning of the wedding, "and are able to understand her, you will both be all right. But Marjorie is very young and horribly spoiled. You will have to be a little bit of a father to her, too, Philip. She's never had one, you know."

But when Marjorie laid her pouting lips on his, Philip's troubles were gone.

Philip didn't enjoy the wedding. The room was unbearably hot and stuffy. The lilies were stifling and crowded and, Philip thought suddenly in the midst of the ceremony, absurd, funereal. Mrs. Jones kept sobbing audibly and Philip had the uneasy sensation that if he should



Philip went home to find Mrs. G—— in the throes of packing. Her room was overflowing with boxes and pictures and all the flotsam and jetsam of Going Away. But she had stopped her work to enjoy the fragrance of the flowers he had sent

suddenly right about and look at her, he would find her glaring at him balefully.

Harry and Wilbur resembled boiled lobsters in their white collars. Only Marjorie, trembling a little softly on his arm, made the affair livable. Marjorie. . . .

After they were married they had two weeks of heaven, provided for them by Philip's father.

Philip served her as a small, imperious Queen. He kissed her wilful feet and danced to her gay caprice. He was the perfect lover; she was the most whimsical love.

Then they returned to town. Marjorie had said that she couldn't leave mama—yet, and that, anyway, it would be cheaper to all live together until Philip should get settled. Philip had agreed because he agreed to anything in those days.

But life with mama was a miserable affair. During the day, while Philip was out hunting a job, Marjorie's ears were filled with tales of how terrible it was that she had married a poor man, a nobody; how little fun she had, how young she was; what did he think he could do with her, imprison her, and suchlike tales.

Philip would come home at night to find Marjorie, a martyr at the wash-board, doing his pocket handkerchiefs or a blouse of her own and simply dissolved in self-pity.

She complained that she didn't have any pocket money, that she couldn't go around with her friends, that she couldn't go to the movies, that she was too young to stay cooped up all the time. Mama thought it was "a shame" and Philip was "a brute."

At first Philip cuddled and consoled her. And sometimes, for a time, the flame that had swept them together would engulf them again and for the nonce mama's influence would be swept away.



Up-stairs he knelt by his little son while the boy said his prayers. "Please, God," the child prayed, "help us to find Mama G——." "God bless Mama G——," echoed Philip bowing his head on the pillow, "and please help us to find her soon." "Amen to that," whispered Philip's mother standing in the doorway. "Amen to that"

But these times grew rarer and rarer.

At first, too, Philip nagged her to be patient, to wait a little while. She had known, he said, that he was poor and only just beginning. She must give him a chance to begin.

Wilbur Lansing and he were planning a real estate business together. She would see! But for some reason mama had taken a violent dislike to young Mr. Lansing. This dislike she acidly and frequently communicated to Marjorie. And Marjorie looked upon Wilbur as the cause of all their trouble, the reason for all of her unhappiness. When Wilbur came in, in the evening, to plan with Philip, the atmosphere of the Jones parlor was oppressive.

The break came when mama insisted that the lights be turned out at ten o'clock. She couldn't, she said, stand the expense of burning lights all night "for nothing." Marjorie sided with mama.

Philip complied, but he had a feeling of an impending end. Marjorie sided with mama more and more of late. As the glamour of their love wore down to commonplace Marjorie became again mama's spoiled baby. Philip thought her rather ridiculous. The glamour wore off for him too. She wore her kinky hair in curlers at night and greased her face and was lazy in the mornings, and cared for nothing in all the world but movies and clothes and her own pleasures. Somehow Philip couldn't reconcile this girl with the pagan picture he had looked on first in his home woods. They just weren't the same person.

Things grew worse and worse. Quarrels were almost nightly affairs, and on one such occasion amid tears and recriminations and sickly sentimentalities mama left the

(*Continued on page 92*)



Witch Days

Old Salemtown, in the 17th century . . . eerie witchcraft . . . These are the things which flavor "The Scarecrow," and find Glenn Hunter as Lord Ravensvane, in the title rôle, curious as it may seem

$ $ $ This Picture Cost $ $ $

By

LAURA KENT MASON

Illustrations by Eldon Kelley

THE motion picture producers seem to be holding a new sort of a contest these days. Used to be, they seemed to spend all of their time finding foolish names for their women stars. We can all remember Rebecca Beautiful and Margaret Marvelous and May Flowers or words to that effect, I'm sure. Today tho, times have changed. Stars are using practically their own names—that is, they are using names they might well have had if they hadn't been named Jennie Cohn or Bridget Flannerty.

The new contest that the producers are all taking part in seems to concern itself with the cost of the productions. Once upon a time, or even after that, we went to motion pictures because we liked their names, because we liked the stars that were playing in them; because the pictures were based on well-known novels and we thought, if we used really good detective work, we might find a resemblance to the novel on which the picture was supposed to have been based; or because we didn't have anything to do that evening, anyhow and might as well go to see a picture as to quarrel with the family. Either times have changed or producers think they have. These days, producers evidently picture their audiences as standing around saying to one another, "now, let's see, which cost most to produce—the 'Three Horrors' or 'A Young Girl's Secret'?"

Yes, that's it. It's the amount of money a picture cost to produce—or is supposed to have cost that producers seem to be worrying about. Wouldn't you think, from just an ordinary, outside, know-nothing-about-Art-but-know-what-I-like attitude that producers would try to see how *little* they could spend on a picture instead of how *much?* From what the producers let us see of pictures and advertising, they must have some queer idea that money and quality go together. They must think that the movie-goers stand around with cost-sheets in their hands and say, "Oh, my yes, let's all hurry up and see 'The Forest Fire,' it cost four thousand and twenty-eight dollars more than 'Burning The Old Mill'."

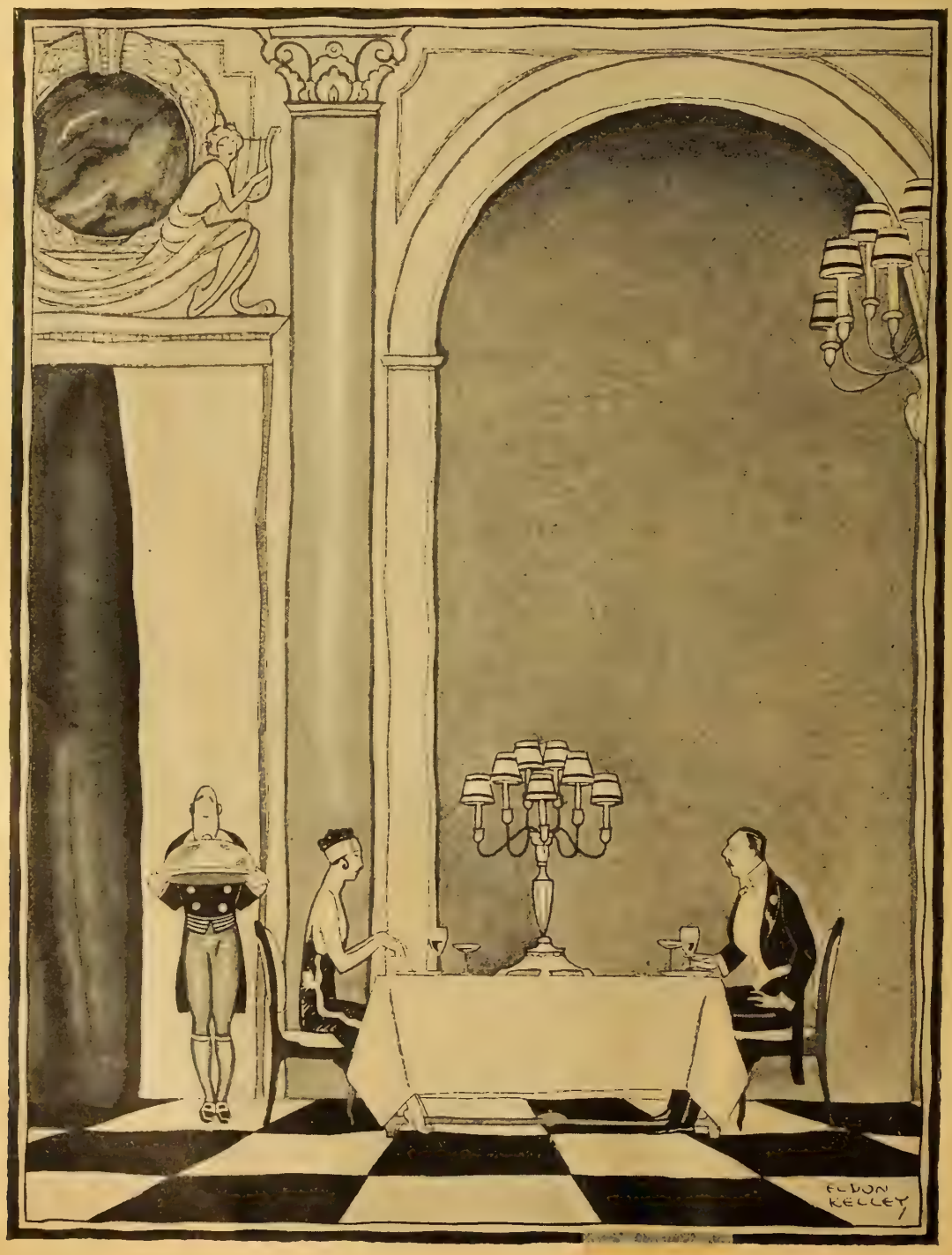
Of course, I may be odd, but somehow, in lots of ways, a picture is just a picture to me, whether it moves or not. A photograph in the National Geographic magazine of two thousand natives of Rutimbah, South Africa, is quite as interesting to me as a photograph of four

The new contest that the producers are all taking part in seems to concern itself with the cost of productions. Yes, that's it. It's the amount of money a picture cost to produce—or is supposed to have cost that concerns the producers. And the climax of these big spend-the-money pictures are—yes, indeed—storms and floods



thousand natives of Rutimbah. In fact, the picture containing two thousand might be even more interesting because I could see more of their faces and their expressions. I would much prefer a picture showing two hundred or even fifty natives of Rutimbah. I certainly would *not* be impressed by numbers of people in the picture. Isn't it just a picture, after all? I feel exactly the same way with photographs in motion. A movie showing a mob has to have enough people in it so that we can get the idea, of course, but honest to everything, it seems to me the picture is just as good if it has five hundred of Hollywood's ambitious ex-street-car conductors running wild than if the picture showed twice that many. Of course it may be philanthropic to show a thousand or even two thousand extras having a full day's extra work, but I certainly cant see how they add anything artistic to the picture. Most extras are looking in the wrong direction, anyhow, and even the most skilful director cant make them act anything like human beings. If there have got to be extras, I guess I'm brave enough to stand them, with the rest of you, even when they do wear silver-paper helmets and cheese-cloth mother-hubbards. I can see extras or not with exactly the same manner. But I do object to seeing a picture advertised as "containing five thousand people and costing— ! ! !", when four thousand and ninety-two members of the cast are extras in incorrect and ill-fitting attire who wont know what the whole picture is about, anyhow, until they attend the opening night in Hollywood, accompanied by fond and admiring relatives. I can still see 'em and hear the conversation, "There I am—coming on the screen now—see— You get what is almost a close-up of me for a second—three, now, the eleventh soldier in that row," or "I'm the third of the society women in the next mob scene. When Griffith sees my expression when we

(*Continued on page* 88)



Now we come to the expensive "sets" for the production. That's supposed to be a great part of the big blah about how much the picture costs

The sets! Yes, yes! How a producer and his press-agents will dwell on the *size* of a set



The Penitent

Betty Blythe in an exclusive portrait study by
Kenneth Alexander

Impressions





A few spots of black . . . a few simple lines . . . presto, John Decker has a cinematic celebrity on his paper. And his impressions are unmistakable. Who could mistake the lady above for anyone but Mary Pickford. Mary with her curls and laughing eyes. And at the right is Charlie Chaplin who, with Mary and Doug, threatens to devote the rest of his days to producing pictures with nary an appearance upon the screen. To lose the shadows of these three artists would be a pity



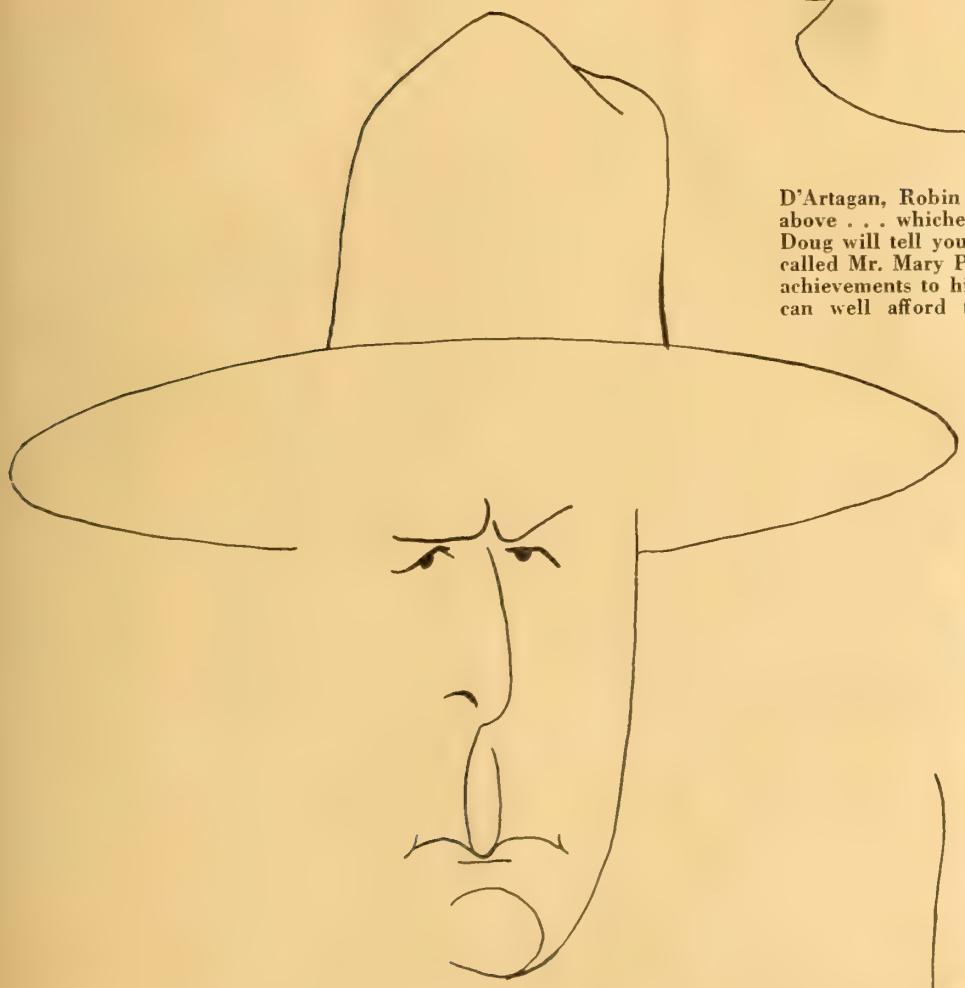
JOHN DECKER

SKETCHES

CINEMATIC CELEBRITIES



D'Artagan, Robin Hood or Douglas Fairbanks above . . . whichever you will. In Europe, so Doug will tell you, he was on several occasions called Mr. Mary Pickford. But with his recent achievements to his credit this famous benedict can well afford to laugh at the appellation





Above is Bill Hart . . . Bill of the inscrutable expression, the sombrero and eyes with the prairie squint. And at the right is Snub Pollard. Snub's countenance lends itself to our artist's impressionism readily. Just the walrus mustache would have been almost enough

Feasters in Babylon

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustrations by August Henkel

The Concluding Chapter



With a sweep of her hand Lissa dragged the bright wig down; the short dark curls underneath clung in damp rings to her head. She looked a terrified child who has been naughty and dreads punishment

FOR a moment Mary gazed at the face under the twisted golden wreath of hair, seeing her own reflection as in a mirror, then the fancy faded. She had never seen such a look on her own face, such fear in her own eyes!

With a sweep of her hand Lissa dragged the bright wig down; the short dark curls underneath clung in damp rings to her head, giving her the look of a terrified child who has been naughty and dreads punishment. "Oh Mary—" she faltered, and burst into convulsive tears thru which the words came incoherently — "it'll be in all the papers — the police took the name—dreadful—but, of course, I never dreamed——"

Mary freed herself from the clutching hands. "That—" she pointed to the mass of blonde hair on the floor, "that is the wig I have been wearing since my hair was burned?"

Her voice was cold, as tho a marble goddess should speak. Lissa stared resentfully thru her tears. Mary was going to be hateful about it when she was so sorry, and anyhow it hadn't been *her* fault——

"Well, what if I did borrow it a few times?" she said sullenly. "Just because Dermott was sick, I was supposed to stick around this jolly old tomb when everybody else was having a good time and Hollister was probably getting into Anita's clutches. She's so crazy about him she cant keep her hands off him, everybody at the studio knows that! Tho what he could see in her!"

The chill voice continued evenly. "You have been going out with your friends, to the kind of orgies I saw that night — letting people think *you were I?*"

Her sister shrugged her shoulders, "Well, the bunch didn't think so! but I suppose other people did—what was the harm? You weren't engaged to Dermott! Nobody could say anything if you went around places while he was sick, could they? Oh, stop putting on tragedy airs! It's cruel of you to act as if I was a criminal just because I wanted a little f-f-fun."

Again the tears. Lissa was beginning to think herself abused, but Mary did not glance at the appealing picture of woe she presented. "There was something else," she said slowly, "something about the police and the papers——"

"Oh God, I'd forgotten!" Lissa cringed from the memory, clutching frenziedly at the motionless figure. "Mary, you wont give me away! I'll kill myself if you do. I'd lose Dermott. He thinks I'm too tired evenings to have him call. I swear I'll kill myself if you tell that it wasn't you there tonight——"

"Where?" Even in the stress of the moment the sound of his name lifted Mary's heart on the strange rushing wave. She could forgive Lissa for sinning against *her,* but against *him*—ah, that was different!

Lissa slid to the floor, clasping her sister's knees. Thru bursts of hysterical sobbing the sordid story came out at

last. They had been in Colin Harris' rooms, yes, of course, they had had drinks. Colin had the best bootlegger in California, and they were dancing and, well, petting. Hollister and I weren't nearly so bad as the rest," Lissa said virtuously, "but some of them—well, Colin offered to do up Althea Brown's hair that had come down. She's an extra in the Sherwood Studio, and they went into the other room. In a minute, Colin staggered out with the blood running down his face—and fell down. Oh, it was awful—with the noise and people pounding on the door and Althea screaming all the time and still holding onto the cut glass bottle she hit him with——"

Mary was marble under the writhing clutch of Lissa's arms. "*Was* he killed?"

"He's in the hospital—they think his skull is fractured," her sister whispered, "and Althea is locked up, and they took the names of everybody who was there——"

Now, at last, Mary understood the full means of sacrifice she was called upon to make. The horrid story of the night would be headlined on the front pages of every newspaper in the country for people to gloat over—and to appear representative of the lives lived by people in the pretty village of Hollywood. Back in Cloverly they would read her name under the caption, "Private lives of pretty movie actresses revealed by the Colin Harris scandal," hereafter, wherever she went she would be tagged, blazoned with the scarlet letter, followed by knowing stares. . . .

She drew back sharply, "No! That is too much to expect! I've given you everything else, Lissa—but you cant have my reputation. I'll deny it—I'll tell the truth. You've had your dance, and now you cant borrow the money to pay the piper with!"

Lissa had risen, stood staring with incredulous eyes. "You'd be selfish *enough to spoil my whole life?*" she shrilled, "just when things were turning out so wonderfully and I was going to be rich and have everything—oh, you couldn't! I'll never have another chance like Dermott Trent." Great tears rolled down her round cheeks, dripped from the dimpled chin, "I said I'd rather die than be poor and I meant it! If you dont promise not to tell, I'll—I'll cut my throat"

She snatched up a grape fruit knife from the supper tray on the table dramatically, but Mary did not even glance toward her, and the keen blade pricked a drop or two of blood from her rosy thumb. With a gasp of horror Lissa flung the knife into a far corner of the room and sank into a chair sobbing convulsedly. One of the shoulder straps of her gown slipped down over a heaving white shoulder. Between wet lashes she noted the effect in the mirror opposite and sobbed the harder at the pathetic picture she made. All she wanted was to be happy—surely that wasn't much to ask!

Mary had moved to the window and stood looking away into the darkness unseeingly. To the woman who loves all questions resolve themselves into one question, "what of *him,*" weighed in the balance against this supreme criterion, the destiny of nations itself is featherweight. It was not of Lissa, not of herself that she thought now, but of Dermott Trent, with the deep graved lines of old suffering on his face when he told her the story of his life, broken like a tinsel bauble in a woman's small, white, cruel hands.

What of him when he should know the truth about Lissa? When he understood that while he lay unconscious she had been dancing and laughing, that the lips he kissed



"You can get away with a lot behind an angel face like hers," sneered a charwoman vindictively. "These movie queens make me tired!" Mary had known it would be like that



White as the unconscious face before her, Mary knelt beside her sister while someone brought the first-aid kit; and someone else, with jeweled hands that shook, held a bowl of water for her to wash the great gash on Lissa's cheek

in the next moment lied to him? He had suffered so much! He must not suffer any more, if she could help it. She would have given him her heart, but he had no need of that; at least, she could give him her good name. That was what love was—*giving*——

She turned to Lissa, sniffling in her chair, and that young woman, peeping thru her lashes, told herself with satisfaction that Mary had "come around again." She had been frightened for a minute, but everything was all right now. And in another week or so she would be married. If matrimoney didn't suit, there was always alimoney, and the last two syllables of both were the same! When she was rich, she'd make it up to Mary—she'd buy her something nice, a fur coat or a new car. Lissa glowed with generosity at the thought and felt righteously aggrieved at the sternness of her sister's voice.

"Lissa, if I do this you've got to promise me it's the last time you'll go out with that crowd! You've got to stop being a child and grow up—you've got to make him happy, dont you understand? To love and cherish—in sickness and in health—for better or for worse."

Lissa was staring wonderingly. "Is all that in the marriage service? All I ever knew of it was 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'! But you dont need to worry—when I'm married I wont even *recognize* Anita and the rest of those cheap extras when I meet them on the street! Watch me cut them dead—except Hollister. Of course, he isn't like the rest, he's a real star."

When Mary entered the studio the next morning, the first thing she heard was her own name, uttered by a stage hand with the insolent satisfaction with which the inhabitants of the gutter watch the mud spattered over the garments of those who ride. *"Her*—ain't it true, tho, like they say? All men is innocent till they're proved guilty, and all women is innocent till they're found out! Heh-heh——"

"You can get away with a lot behind an angel face like hers," sneered a charwoman vindictively. "These movie queens make me tired! What right have they got peacocking round in silks, smirking into a camera when other folks has got to spend their life on their hands and knees mopping! But there's other ways of getting into hot water, and dirty water, too!" and she slopped her pail over in a murky pool by way of illustration.

"Listen to this!" gloated an electrician trailing a black finger along the headlines of his newspaper, "'Pajama party interrupted by police. Pretty guests in scant attire beg the officers not to make their names public as host is taken to the hospital with broken head——'"

A hand, reaching across his shoulder crushed the newspaper into a ball and flung it into a far corner. "Gossipping like a lot of old women!" Al Gessler snarled. "Go to work or go to hell! And not another word of this or you're fired, d'you understand?"

As they slunk away, abashed, a small hand touched his sleeve and the director turned to find himself looking down into Mary Leonard's face, which would be no whiter in her coffin. "It's not their fault," she said painfully, managing a small piteous smile, "I'm — public property now, Al, I suppose. I've got—to get used to it——"

Gessler sought in his vocabulary for suitable expressions of sympathy, and found only a heartfelt, "Damn!"

"I'll resign my contract, of course," Mary went on tiredly. "It would hurt the business to keep a—a person like me. It's like those stage hands just now —everybody is anxious to believe wrong of movie people—they dont know the other side, the three war orphans that Grant White is sending to school, and Elsie Vernon's poor families she helps and the rest."

Al Gessler struck a match on a "No Smoking" sign and lighted a cigar. "Like hell you'll resign!" he rejoined cheerfully. "You give me a pain. Now hustle and get into your make-up, little girl, we're shooting the cabin interior this morning." He patted her cheek as he turned away, and Mary knew that the caress was meant as a token of championship, but—*he would not have dreamed of patting her cheek yesterday*. Then there had been barriers between which were down now.

Under the glare of the mercury tubes the morning dragged by interminably. The other players were ostentatiously friendly, avoiding any reference to the affair of the night before, but their eyes never quite met hers and she knew that they all believed the report of the papers. As she stood apart she felt their glances, heard whispers and thought with a pang of longing of the pine-fragrant nook on the hillside in Cloverly where she used to carry her childish griefs away from prying eyes. If she might only leave this glare and clamor of voices and run away into the woods where everything was dark and still——

"Now, Miss Leonard! We'll try that scene again—Lights! Camera!"

And so the morning went by at last and with the clang of the bell the players rushed away to the cafeteria, while the carpenters and stage hands betook themselves and their lunch pails to the rear of the lot, leaving the studio deserted. Or not quite deserted after all, as the eyes of the man who entered it discovered when they questioned the shadows. It was not the Dermott Trent the studio world knew who came across the floor now with the eager step of a boy, and cast himself down beside the brooding figure, clasping the small hands in his own, speaking her name, "Mary—Mary——" over and over, stammeringly.

Quite naturally — she had done it so often in her dreams —her fingers smoothed back his hair, as mothers smooth the hair of their small sons, soothing them, "there, there, dear. There, there——"

Then she saw the newspaper crushed in his pocket, and memory swept her like a bitter wave. She drew away, trying gallantly to speak in a natural tone. "You—were looking for Lissa, yes, of course! But she is at home. They finished the last stills of the new picture yesterday and she's celebrating by being lazy——"

Behind the words she prayed that he would go, would go quickly, but he did not move. "Mary, when I read that damnable story in the papers, I *knew* it was either a mistake or a lie! I think I went a little mad, because I remember catching up a knife and shouting I would kill the man who dared to write such things about you! And I had prided myself on not believing in a human being!" he laughed, shakily, "it was like being converted, 'getting religion' as my old darkey nurse used to call it! Mary! Listen to my Credo—'I believe in you, world without end, amen!'"

She closed her eyes. "But—Lissa——"

"Lissa?" He spoke vaguely, as tho trying to recollect who Lissa was. "Oh, when I repeated my Credo to her an hour ago she flew into a rage and—quite by mistake—let a hint of the truth slip out. I guessed the rest, and came rushing away to find you without stopping to spank her as she deserves!" His gesture pushed Lissa out of existence with all other unimportant things, leaving them alone in the world. "Mary, you are so sweet!—You are so dear—I love you, Mary——"

What Has Gone Before

Mary Leonard, nineteen, and her fiery sister Lissa, seventeen, leave the dull little town of Cloverly for Hollywood. After countless disappointments they are chosen as extras in a cabaret scene. Two important men in the Superba Company see them. One, Leon Grey, offers the gentle Mary a part if "she will be nice to him." Horrified, she rushes to tell Lissa and finds her gone. With the help of Dermott Trent, she rescues Lissa from Al Gessler, another director, from a roadhouse of unsavory reputation. Dermott Trent is czar of the movie world. Thru his influence both sisters are given small parts. Mary leads a normal, simple life, but Lissa is drawn into a wild crowd. One night there is a party at Jasper Dorr's, whose orgies are infamous. Mary goes to protect Lissa and again sees Dermott Trent. The party becomes so wild that Mary, horror-stricken, leaves after Trent, whom Mary instinctively trusts, has promised to guard Lissa, who elated at his attentions, resolves to marry him. After Lissa's picture is finished, without a new job, she dissipates more than ever. Mary resolves to ask the advice of Dermott Trent. One evening she goes alone to Dermott Trent's house, and is frightened by his Hindoo servant, who tries to have Trent send her away, for, "she is evil." Trent punishes the servant. He promises Mary to give Lissa a part in his new production. Then, suddenly, he tells Mary an unfaithful woman turned him into a bitter, disillusioned man and to prove that all people are bad he investigates his acquaintances and keeps records of all the evil they have done. Mary urges him to destroy these records. He refuses, but he keeps his promise about Lissa and she has a prominent part in his new film. At the first showing of the picture the Superba Theatre is jammed. Fire breaks out. When the panic has subsided a little, Trent goes back into the burning building to make sure everyone is out. He is trapped by a falling pillar. Mary rescues him and he is taken to her home. Aided and abetted by Lissa the report is circulated that Lissa saved Trent; she makes Mary promise not to tell him differently. When Trent learns of the rescue, he asks Lissa to marry him. The night before the party Trent is giving to announce his engagement, Mary wakes, startled by some noise. "She switches on the light, the door swings open and there framed in the darkness, as if reflected in a mirror, is her own face under her own wreaths of shining golden hair."

Many love scenes had been enacted in this spot, but none like this. They looked at each other solemnly, as tho his words had made them different, had changed the world. Suddenly they were afraid of each other and moved apart, the beating of their hearts like the tumult of great wings in their ears.

It was not the man who stood before her, with the greying hair and the chiselled lines of bitterness in his face that Mary Leonard saw, but the Golden Knight she had dreamed of in Cloverly, in the sunset. It was not as a man looks at a woman that Dermott Trent looked at her, but as a wanderer gazes at the lights of home, as a monk regards the remote loveliness of the gilded Virgin on the altar, with desireless, worshipping eyes.

Then, with a word, the spell was broken. "Lissa!" Mary cried sharply, drawing away, "we are forgetting her—we are forgetting Lissa,—poor Lissa!"

No monk now, but a man holding his woman close, kissing her hair, her eyelids, her quivering lips. "No! Do you think I shall ever let you go now? I've waited too long for you—Mary—Mary——"

But the habit of years was strong to draw her from his arms. "I cant—what will become of Lissa?"

As tho in answer to the question Fate took the cue; the sound of an automobile brought to a sudden stop with the screech of brakes came to their ears, then a babel of excited voices, hysterical cries, the tramp of footsteps. Into the studio they came, a motley crew of picture folk, mountaineers, courtiers of Louis XIII, and bare-bosomed society ladies, greasy mechanicians and office boys, and in their midst, carried by a court fool, face ghastly under his painted grin, a small, limp figure with blood matted curls.

White as the unconscious face before her, Mary knelt beside her sister while someone brought the first-aid kit, and someone else with jeweled hands, that shook, held a bowl of water for her to wash the great gash on Lissa's cheek.

"I always knew Hollister would do it sometime," an excited voice was exclaiming on the outskirts of the crowd. "You can break the speed laws and get away with it but you cant tamper with the law of Gravity! It's a wonder they weren't both killed outright, the car's kindling wood——"

"He'll never drive again, poor devil," someone else said grimly, "right arm crushed—they took him to the hospital."

"Oh my God, look at her face!" Saidi Love was screeching over and over. "Isn't it dreadful? I'm going to get mine insured today—that's all we've got—our faces!"

Lissa stirred, moaned and opened her eyes. Mary, bending close, saw the terror that sprang into them and thought it was the fear of hearing that her beauty had been marred. But for the first time in her life it was not of herself that Lissa thought. "Hollister," she whispered clutching her sister's hand, "was he—*killed?*"

And suddenly Mary knew that Lissa had grown up. It was not until she was reassured that Hollister was alive that she asked about herself. Then, with a piteous little smile, "I suppose — I'm — spoiled, Mary? I wont be pretty any more?"

The doctor who had pushed his way thru the crowd answered the question with professional cheerfulness: "Nonsense! After I've taken half a dozen stitches in you, young

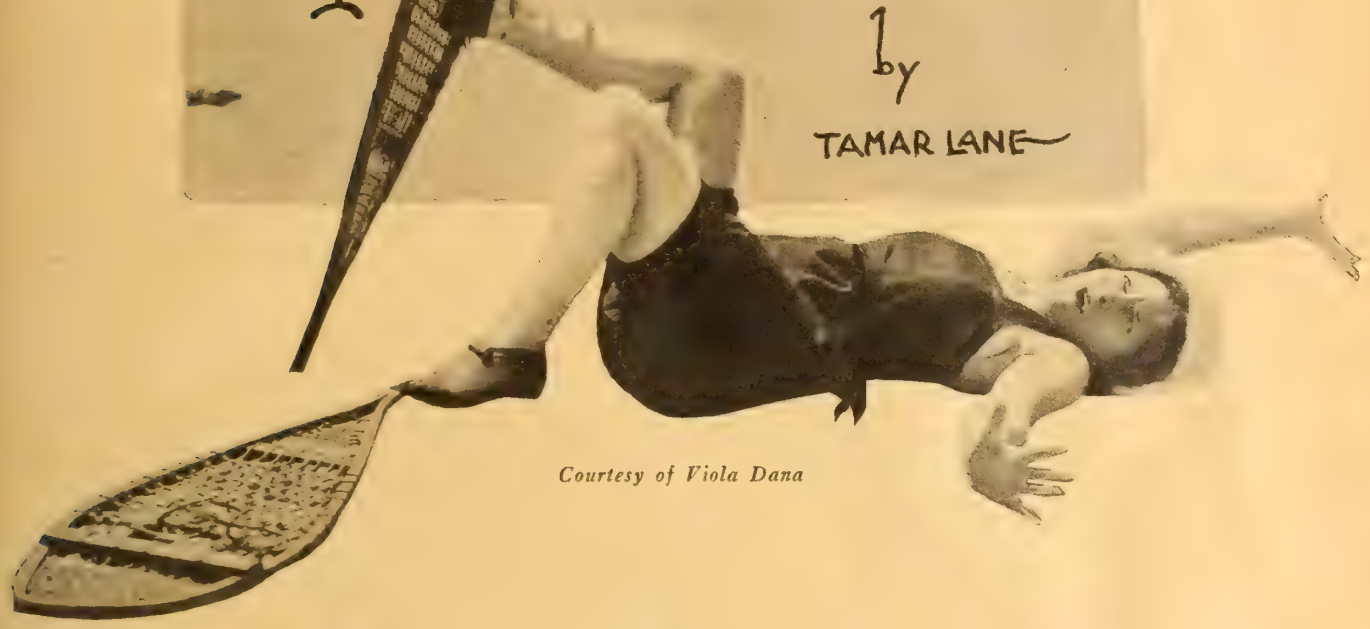
(*Continued on page* 94)

In the sunset two stood on the terrace on the hill and looked down over the town, in which the lights bloomed like pale flowers in the Garden of Dusk. . . . But they two stood alone as, in the Beginning, two stood alone in a Garden which was Paradise



That's Out

by TAMAR LANE



Courtesy of Viola Dana

WONDER if the reformers have discovered what a menace to the world the radio is. Only the other day an arrested youth admitted that he stole to buy a wireless outfit. I think that it is high time the Senate ordered an investigation into this malicious industry.

I also wish to go on record as being the first man to ask that a federal board of censors be established for the radio. When bedtime stories and the like are broadcasted the proper eliminations must be made in such tales as "Tom, the Piper's Son" who was a notorious delinquent and pig thief. These stories if not properly presented will no doubt start a new crime wave in the country.

See "Adam's Rib." DeMille did not, say the billboards. We have looked all thru the Bible, but have failed to find any mention of the famous Cecil B. therein. Must have been no publicity departments in those days.

Speaking of DeMille brings to mind the fact that it is all right for him to announce that he is going to picturize the ten commandments, but the reformers and censors will have something to say about putting this kind of stuff on the screen. Think of the evil effect it will have upon the children of the nation if they should actually discover what the commandments are about.

The sands of the movie deserts are beginning to grow cold for picture audiences. Sheiks are now quoted at 35 cents a peck.

Some actors are apparently under the impression that painting out the eyebrows and squinting the optics is all that is necessary to give a perfect interpretation of a Chinaman.

MOVIE RULE No. 426

Section H. Code 13. The only way in which a man may recover his memory after having received a blow on the head is to be struck another wallop on the cranium.

MOVIE RULE No. 427

Section L. Code 34. If the director has bungled the job and there is no rhyme nor reason to the story, the picture can always be saved by having the whole thing end in a dream.

Owners of racing stables would give a lot to learn from film producers how to make a horse run all the way from the country barn to the track three miles away and still have enough wind left to win the race.

Another valuable piece of information would be the secret of how unknown jockeys can ride up to the starting post at the last minute without going thru such formalities as registering and weighing in.

(Continued on page 89)



Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

Betty Compson Confesses . . .

And Her Confessions Number Several Regrets

By

GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Murav



Betty Compson's confessions were sometimes personal and many were in the nature of regrets. "Altho," said Betty, "I dont believe in regrets. Regrets are so many weaknesses, sapping your vitality and getting you nowhere. I believe that one of the first principles of success is in learning not to harbor regrets. Everyone makes mistakes. They are almost unavoidable, and almost everyone regrets them, but to regret *is* avoidable. It is a matter of common sense plus will-power"

CONFESSIONS are quite the thing nowadays!

They are on sale at every book-dealer's. They run serially in most of the magazines and newspapers. They appear, thinly disguised, on stage and screen. They are written biographically and autobiographically. Mostly auto, as in the case of the eminent Henry Ford. Theda Bara, Lloyd George, Margot Asquith, the poet Kemp, Pearl White, Charlie Chaplin, the Talmadge *mère,* in one form or another they are all "doing it now."

Of course, it is quite a feat extraordinary to prevail upon one woman to confess to another, face to face, with no medium between.

A woman had so much rather confess to a man.

She will confess *more* to a man. She will even exaggerate a trifle. She will embroider her little sins with a dash or two of cardinal-scarlet or of imperial purple that she may call down upon her penitent head either a stronger absolution or a more passionate penance.

There is an element of potent romance in confessing to a man.

There is the delightful aroma of being the fragile,

weaker vessel, pouring the libation of her secret sins upon the sustaining stronghold of the absolving Male.

But to get to the point:

Betty Compson confessed to me, and at ten o'clock in the morning, which goes to show that there was no malice aforethought on either side. It was wholly spontaneous and utterly unforeseen.

She looked young enough, even at ten in the morning, to have nothing whatsoever to confess. And she looked charming enough to be any kind of a sinner. An understandable anomaly, I trust.

Betty is of the genus called sparkling. She is golden-rose and tan. She looked as tho she had slept well, and had awaked to pleasant thoughts.



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Betty Compson regrets: That she was made a star so soon. The death of George Loane Tucker. That she didn't finish school. And she confesses that she is always in love—that she couldn't work if she were not, for Love is the vitality of all art



Photograph by Murray



She probably had. Betty was vacationing in New York, which, for Betty, meant theater-going and shopping *de luxe* and old beaus and new beaus calling up. Three, mixed variety, called while I was there.

Now I fear that I am going to disappoint you: This eruption of confessions recently dished up to the Public has cultivated a strong palette. In the interests of strict veracity I should have said, perhaps, that Betty admitted, or Betty regretted, or something rather less than the strong word "confessed." But "Betty Compson Confesses . . ."

(Continued on page 86)



Mr. and Mrs.

John Decker Sketches Harold Lloyd and his bride,
Mildred Davis Lloyd



The drill-floor of the Twenty-third Regiment Armory was transformed into a scene of Bowling Green in 1820 for "Little Old New York." . . .

The Editor Gossips

The Extras always depress us unutterably. They seem symbolic of the human race . . . so hopeful, so brave in individual ways and so utterly futile. . . .

AFTER dusk it is open house up on West 57th Street in Neysa McMein's studio. (We mean, of course, *the* Neysa McMein who is always being asked to choose the beautiful women of this profession or that because of her girls who look out at you from magazine covers month after month.) Then the light has gone and she wipes her pastel-stained hands on her smock, pours your tea and gossips with an easy conscience. You meet all manner of interesting people there—Bob Benchely of *Life;* F. P. A., the noted coluymnist; Beulah Livingstone, who supervises the publicity of Norma and Constance Talmadge and scores of others. The other day when we were there, Ethel Barrymore had just left. She was sitting for a cover portrait Miss McMein is doing of her. Mary Pickford had been the previous subject. And Neysa, like everyone else who knows Miss Pickford, comes completely under her spell. And she is happy to be there.

"Mary knows herself well," Miss McMein told us. "You know artists are always unsuccessful in getting just that expression which makes Mary Mary—that tender, whimsical shadow almost. Mary watched me as I worked, and I knew she had a suggestion to offer. Finally she said tentatively:

"'Neysa, if you'll curve the corner of my mouth a little, I think it will go better. See, my mouth does curve. Just a very little.'

"She was right," admitted Neysa McMein generously. "I saw she was right immediately and as soon as I put her words into effect the expression was better.

"Oh, I adore Mary, anyhow."

The tea-drinkers on this particular afternoon included several prominent New York newspaper and magazine editors and writers, but everyone sat there eager to hear about Mary. It seems to us that this interest from sophisticated people who not only view her screen work with critical eyes, but know her more or less personally, together with scores of other celebrities, is in the nature of a great tribute. We do not doubt that Mary Pickford will live as one of the legendary figures of the photoplay.

Marion Davies had a party the other day. It was a regular party with catered foods, place cards, candles, flowers—and speeches. Despite the perfect arrangements Miss Davies frequently left her place at the head of the table to help a tardy guest off with his wraps; to run out into the kitchen to the chef; to consult with the musicians in the corridor. She was, as we have always found her, warm and friendly—kindly in consideration and entirely lacking in any temperamental swank. She was wearing the long slim trousers and the white silk skirt she wears in "Little Old New York." And with her jonquil-gold bobbed hair brushed smoothly to her head, she was a frail, attractive figure.

The occasion was the filming of some street scenes supposedly at Bowling Green in the year eighteen hundred and twenty. The place was the Twenty-third Regiment Armory in Brooklyn, where the huge drill floor was transformed into a scene of New York at the desired time and place. There was the stone wall which ra along the waterfront with ships' masts topping its he tal as they rode at anchor. There was the railed-in n she which gave the section its name. And there v rather meeting-house with the pillory on its front law hen she upon rows of old Dutch houses—a fire-house an e scores thing in replica of the old buildings, which ha graves. since given way to the towering skyscrapers of the New York skyline. The winding streets had real stones and sidewalks. There were trees and son roadways. And there were just hundreds and hu of people taking part.

Suzanne Brady, ye CLASSIC editor, sat with us in the balcony of the Armory on this day as we watched some filming of the scenes. She remarked upon what has always depressed us so unutterably—The Extras. They get somewhere between five and seven dollars a day when they work; a good part of which goes to some agent. And they are so hopeful. You know that every extra comprising that huge mob hopes some day to attract the attention of the director and, as in a faery tale, win fame and wealth as a Valentino; or, in the case of the many older men, a Theodore Roberts. So it goes. Once in a while, as in the instance of Valentino himself, one of them does step out from the ranks. And that isolated instance feeds the hopes in the thousands of starved breasts. Extras seem to us symbolic of the human race—so hopeful, so brave in their individual ways, so utterly futile generally, so pregnant with dreams of the Day When Their Opportunity Will Come. Hope eternal. . . .

Whenever we watch a crowd of extras, we are convinced that we are neither very hard nor very worldly old. We think of other foreign things hard so we wont cry.

Talking of motion picture people who merit admiration, we have something to say for Rodolph Valentino. *The*

(*Continued on page* 104)



Photograph by Freulich

Lon Chaney Is At It Again

A sinister creature of dark places . . . Lon Chaney is at it again in the title rôle of The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Across the Silversheet

New Photoplays In Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



"The Voice from the Minaret" finds Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien together again. . . . And to consider "Java Head," adapted from the Hergesheimer novel, it must merit less praise because of Leatrice Joy's failure in the rôle of Taou Yuen. For she is the pivot of the entire dramatic tale

MOTION picture heroines must be noble regardless of what else they are or are not. "Java Head" and its aristocratic Manchu protagonist, Taou Yuen, bears us out in this statement. In the motion picture Taou Yuen makes a great sacrifice that her husband may have the girl he loves and the girl who loves him. We remember in the Hergesheimer novel that Taou Yuen killed herself because she had been touched by the foul opium-smoking Edward Dunsack. Beauty was her religion and, his touch desecrating her beauty, she no longer cared to live.

But before going any further in our consideration of "Java Head" we wish to make it plain that we do not believe Leatrice Joy entirely to blame for her interpretation of Taou Yuen. We do not believe that anyone who has shown the promise which Miss Joy has undoubtedly shown could go this far wrong all at once. Her performance lacks all the elemental qualities of the Oriental — the inscrutable and aloof detachment. When she narrows her eyes, the result is not enigmatic, but rather the effect of a shrewd woman is given. And when she coquettes with her American husband, we feel sure scores of venerable Manchu aristocrats rise in their graves.

(*Continued on page 97*)



Comment on Numerous Productions



Look Your Best—Goldwyn

RUPERT HUGHES gets off on a different tack in this, his latest expression. He makes a plea to be on the look-out for adipose tissue as a destroyer of beauty. And he argues his point thru a weirdly melodramatic story of a chorus girl who develops obesity and is discharged as a result. A slender girl is taken on and proves a sensation. Comes then a bit of Italian jealousy when a disappointed lover files the wires in the ballet number, causing the little "butterfly" to crash to the stage. Mr. Hughes's satiric vein is missing here. In fact you wouldn't recognize his style here at all. It's breath-taking, now and then, but many of the scenes are clumsily executed and the characters are not deftly drawn. Colleen Moore succeeds in being genuine, as usual, in her portrayal of the ballet girl. And Tony Moreno is a satisfactory lover—of the hot Italian school.



In "Look Your Best," Colleen Moore succeeds in being as genuine as usual, and Tony Moreno is a satisfactory lover of the hot Italian school. At the right is Hoot Gibson as a doughboy in "The Gentleman from America"

The Gentleman from America—Universal

Ed (Hoot) Gibson has put his horse out to pasture and hung up his checkered shirt or sent it to the laundry. This time he appears in a private's uniform of the A. E. F. who takes a furlough during the armistice and lands somewhere in the Pyrenees mountains instead of Paris. Add to the romance the by-play with the villain, who is a Spanish don. The best touch is the concluding scene when the M. P. comes after Hoot for extending his furlough, A. W. O. L., as it were. Fairly bright and fairly well played. Gibson makes the doughboy genuine. The boys will like it.



"The Prisoner," starring Herbert Rawlinson and in which Bertram Grassby and Eileen Percy are seen at the left, is a fair picture, based on George Barr McCutcheon's "Castle Craneycrow"

The Prisoner—Universal

Herbert Rawlinson with his arms akimbo—Herbert Rawlinson playing—well, Herbert Rawlinson to the life—that is the noticeable touch in this mythical kingdom plot. It's another of George Barr McCutcheon's—"Castle Craneycrow" this time. And Rawlinson is the dashing American or Rawlinson who refuses to fall into the trap set for him by the blue-blooded philanderer, Bertram Grassby. Instead Rawlinson steals his erstwhile sweetheart from the altar in the typical Rawlinson or American way; and lugs her off to the castle where the hokum begins: trap doors, a spiteful girl who is forced to come to her senses thru fright, cellar passages—these all figure in this made-to-order climax. Not especially worth while altho it is adequately staged. The production is better than the story. Grassby is the only actor who appears at ease in a dress suit.

CRITICAL PARAGRAPHS BY THE STAFF



Poor Men's Wives—Al Lichtman

This one is better than "Rich Men's Wives," in that its story is more plausible and the characters more genuine. At that it is often picturey. But the director deserves commendation in providing a reasonably true slice of life as it is lived in the poor man's home. Here we have two girls, one who marries a poor, but honest chauffeur, while the other vamps a wealthy *roué* into matrimony. Each is jealous of the other, the rich woman for the poor woman's possession, her husband; the poor woman for the luxuries showered upon the rich woman.

Arbitrary is the touch wherein the kitchen slave is compromised into practising deceit. The taxi-driver discovers things and expels her. But where there are children there are usually reunions—on the screen. You can spot the ending from the start, but it manages to hold the attention thru the contrasts and the sincere performances of Betty Francisco as the rich wife and Barbara Le Marr as the poor wife. Betty, however, is more genuine than Barbara. David Butler makes a good roughneck of the chauffeur. There is a colorful costume dance for an interlude.



A reasonably true slice of life as it is lived in the poor man's home is shown in "Poor Men's Wives." Betty Francisco, Barbara Le Marr and David Butler are the featured players. Dorothy Gish plays with Dick Barthelmess again in "Fury," pictured at the left

Fury—Inspiration

Out of the Blue Ridge, but into the blue waves, steps Richard Barthelmess, who has in "Fury" a picture after his own emotional heart—which means that it packs a healthy wallop, gives him an opportunity to run afoul of a mean man and provides him with atmosphere which carries the salt of the sea as well as the paprika of Limehouse. A little long, you will say, but a full grown, he-man picture. And tempered with enough sentiment to please the he-man's wife. The realism is the dominant factor toward its success. The marine scenes are powerfully appealing. Barthelmess and his crew shipped themselves on an old-time sailing schooner. Lending vitality and virility are Dorothy Gish, Emily Fitzroy, Tyrone Power and Pat Hartigan. Oh, yes, Henry King directed.



"Adam's Rib," the latest DeMille contraption, wont appeal to the imagination as much as it does to the eye. Also, it cost a pretty penny. Its players are Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson, Theodore Kosloff and Pauline Garon

Adam's Rib—Paramount

'Tis a pretty penny which Cecil deMille has spent to make this bizarre contraption. The DeMille flair to be exotic and erotic is in evidence again. Babylon is discarded and the director goes back to prehistoric days to stage his ideas of men, maids and manners. The picture wont appeal to the imagination so much as it does to the eye. One might not go far wrong in describing it as an animated



drawing of a natural history museum coupled with a weirdly composite picture of modern smart society. Oh, everything is in its place.

The director hasn't forgotten a single trick in his magic cabinet. From the stone age down thru modern time the parade of episodes and characters takes two hours to pass a given point. Some of it is daring, a lot of it is hokum, but it seldom becomes dull. Pauline Garon is the flapper (it is in defense of the flapper that DeMille takes the rib from Adam's side), who leads the contingent. Others in the front ranks are Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff and Anna Q. Nilsson. Go see it for its color and novelty.

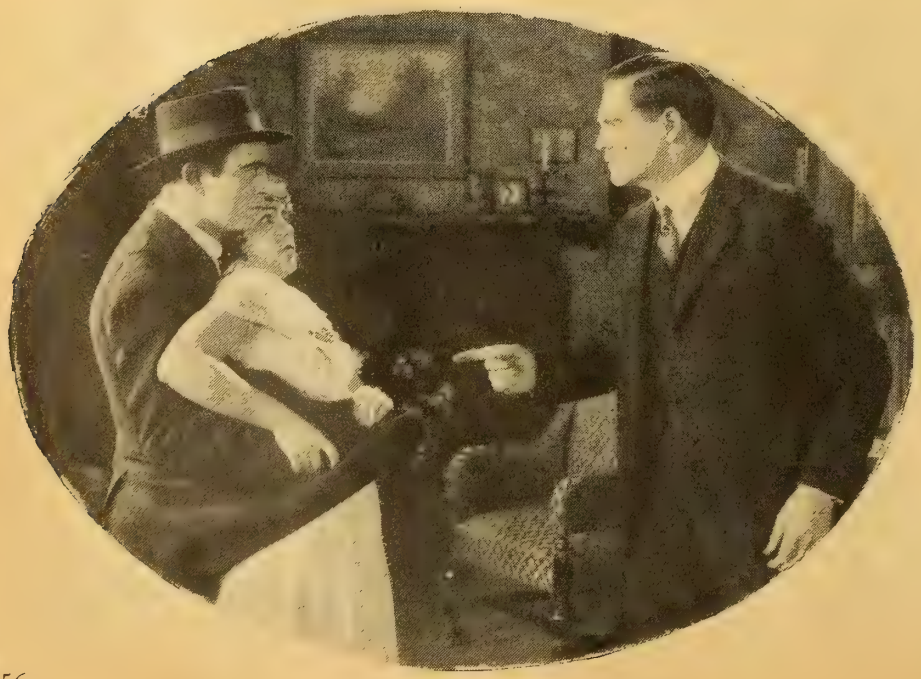
Driven—Universal

One of those mountaineer stories, elemental and rugged—one of those tributes to the school of realism—one of those tales in which the primitive plot blends perfectly with the picturesque backgrounds—all of which have been caught down among "them thar hills." "Driven" is unusually well made, tells its story in a straightforward fashion, emphasizing each point, but without exaggeration—with the result that it palpitates with life. As a play (it was once known as "Thunder") it proved a flivver. On the screen it reveals a substantial story of life in the raw. Moonshiners they may be called—the father and three of his brutal sons, so the mountaineer mother showers all her tender emotion upon the fourth son, a weakling with the imagination of a poet. This boy's love is centered upon a frail orphan who, for the purposes of conflict, inspires one of the brutal brothers with lustful desires.

Here is your situation and it will compel the strictest attention. It calls for tremendous impulses upon the mother's part. It calls for sacrifices no matter which way she turns. Emily Fitzroy (a Griffith discovery) makes this woman vital and real—a broken, weary figure—but with the heart of a pioneer. You catch her magnetism, her fire. And the support is excellent as contributed by Burr McIntosh and George Bancroft.



"Driven," above, is a mountaineer story and a tribute to the school of realism. "The Bohemian Girl" was made in England, and, at the right, Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper are seen in its leading rôles. Below is Gladys Walton in her best character of a factory girl with romantic tendencies. The picture is "The Love Letter"



The Bohemian Girl—American Releasing

A sentimental gesture, this adaptation of Balfe's famous opera and likely to win some attention because of Ivor Novello's presence in the rôle of the gypsy youth. This is the day of the Latin lover and Ivor has been getting his exploitation. As a picture it is slow and obvious, tho

adequately staged. But it doesn't seem to develop anything. All about the kidnapped daughter of a count who is reared as a gypsy and who becomes reconciled to her parent years later. As she grows to womanhood, Gladys Cooper comes forward with a wistful appeal to charm you. But Novello uses the same make-up as when the fair gypsy romped around as a child. His profile is used extensively in close-ups. But his performance lacks the fire that the part calls for. C. Aubrey Smith as the chieftain is much more genuine. The famous songs, "The Heart Bowed Down," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "Then You'll Remember Me," are neatly dovetailed in the story. The best thing about the picture is its adequate mounting.



THE LOVE LETTER—UNIVERSAL

Gladys Walton has been given an opportunity to portray her best character here—that of a factory girl with suppressed romantic tendencies. It's a satisfying story without expressing any ideas which will linger in the memory. The plot builds around a love note tucked away in a pair of overalls by the factory maid — the note and overalls reaching a blacksmith in a hamlet. She follows soon after when rid of the crooks who have employed her as a "blind." And so to the love interest and a bit of despair when the young gangster comes into the climax and threatens her. George Cooper lends a colorful touch to the part of the tough. The hokum of the village is not so good. Should please most anyone who has not absorbed too much culture.



"Money, Money, Money" offers nothing in the shape of entertainment, but the beauty of Katherine MacDonald. "The World's Applause," the new William de Mille picture, is mostly a fashion display where Bebe Daniels is concerned. Just why the simple piece, "Adam and Eva," should demand such peacock adornment is inexplicable. Marion Davies is starred

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY—FIRST NATIONAL

An artificial story of small town snobbery is exposed to the Kliegs here and aside from showing that Woodrow's favorite actress, Katherine MacDonald, is still endowed with a fair share of pulchritude, it offers nothing in the shape of entertainment. It is not so much of a fashion display this time—and Katherine can almost, but not quite, appear as well in the clothes of a girl who, when the story starts, is not one of fortune's darlings. A story without any subtlety, nor any deft strokes of comedy. The star retains her poise so effectively that not even an all-night drive in a torrential rain storm can mar her immaculate attire. Very mediocre.

(Continued on page 106)





In Other Words, Adam's Rib

By

BETTY MORRIS

THE rôle of "Adam's Rib"—otherwise Woman—in Cecil B. DeMille's last production, has a certain realism for Anna Q. Nilsson in that, as she confesses, it mirrors her own personality.

"It is a picture of a modern woman," she told me when I cornered her in her little bungalow for a chat. "A woman whose life and viewpoint are coated with the superficialities of society, but in whose soul runs, like the undercurrent beneath an ice-covered river, a restless stream of elementals. This dual nature is expressed in modern guise, then, in a cut-back, in the days of cavemen and -women, proving that women have not changed."

Her eyes roved, as tho constantly searching, to the



Photograph by Royal Atelier



To most of your questioning Anna Nilsson gives attention and interested answers, but ask her something else with a personal tinge and, like a thunderbolt, comes her reply, "It's nobody's business." At the left you see Anna as "Adam's Rib." Selah!

mountains upon which her window faces, purple ridges like huge plum puddings gutted by eager, childish hands. She belonged, I felt, roving among those mountains, instead of lying there on the dainty lounge, fiddling with needlework.

Eyes of a deep, passionate blue. Mobile lips, quivering in chameleon-like expressiveness. A husky voice, whose musical cadences recall the sonorous chimes of a cathedral. With a certain electric brilliance, lashing herself always to the repression of rubber-stamped, modern life, you feel in her the elemental forces which she portrays in the DeMille film.

Force, vitality, magnetism, are the qualities of her positive character. There is no indecision, no weak acceptance of others' dictates. She is an individual, energetic, wilful.

Brutally frank, she replied to one of my personal questions, "It's nobody's business." And didn't make the fatal error of apology which nine out of ten cinemactresses would have committed.

She will tell you frankly enough that she has been in pictures since 1911 when, with Alice Joyce and Mabel Normand, she essayed the shadow screen to please a photographer for whom she had posed and who had then become a silversheet director. Also she will disclaim a career of hardship; hers has been devitalizingly uneventful, an easy, almost lazy progress from bits to featured rôles.



Photograph by Richel



This modern Viking woman makes no ideals of the petty, intrinsic things that accentuate so many of our little blonde girls. Her inspiration comes from within, that deep motivation of a restless soul seeking expression and feeling its satisfaction always elusive

But beneath the frou-frou of many of her portrayals, haven't you sensed that restlessness, that desire to shake off the shackles of repression and dig deeper into life? I have. It is the first thing that impresses you when meeting her—hidden fires.

She will admit frankly that she loathes insincerity, sham, dumb-bells; that she reads anything and everything with no special highbrow tendencies, actuated only by the search for amusement. She will tell you that she has made four pictures in six months, that she has a mother, father and brother in Sweden whom she visited last year while making "Three Live Ghosts" and "The Man from Home" for Paramount and that she sends her lovely clothes to her mother to make over for her nieces.

But ask her something else with a personal

(*Continued on page* 95)

THE-STARS-AND-THEIR-PLANETS



Richard Barthelmess, Norma Talmadge and Harold Lloyd by Gene Kornman

TERRAIZE H. McDONNELL CONSIDERS THE TAURUS PEOPLE



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER



LEO



VIRGO



LIBRA



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



CAPRICORNUS



AQUARIUS



PICES

PREFACE

Of recent years the advance of astrology has been extraordinary, as the people of this thinking age, realizing its proofs, have investigated its theories and found them based upon inflexible calculation.

Star wisdom was possibly first practised in Chaldea, that great teaching nation whose doctrine was astrology, and Chaldean observations are admitted to have extended within one hundred years of the Deluge, for the great historian Bunsen has fixed the date of the Flood 10,000 B. C., also Sayce, in his "Astronomy and Astrology of the Babylonians," asserts that the story of the Tower of Babel is an allusion to the ziggurats, or observatories, of Chaldean astrologers.

It would be needless and lengthy to set forth here, the innumerable proofs of its ageless origin and absolute verity, but persons, who have formed the habit of denying before investigating, are invited to follow these articles, and they will find that they cannot contradict the truth of the astrological creed, and so, believing, it will be interesting to note the characters of our film-favorites according to the signs of the zodiac.

Taurus (The Bull), April 19th to May 20th. (Cusp, April 19th to April 25th.) Venus rules this sign, conveying to its subjects an affectionate but unyielding disposition coupled with endurance and a strong desire to follow impulse.

THE people of Taurus are probably the most capable in the world, as, no matter what is their individual rising sign, anyone born during this period possesses a God-given capacity for labor, and while inclined to follow their own desires in regard to social relationships, they are most conscientious about business matters, invariably completing any project that they embark upon.

Mr. Rodolph Valentino, born May 6th, is undoubtedly the greatest matinée-idol of the age, as his fascinating personality and winning manner enable him to adapt himself to all classes of society, for this man would be inclined to cater and delight in possessing innumerable acquaintances.

Rodolph Valentino by Shirley Blanc



His strong, passionate nature, of affectionate inclination, is dominated by intense self-control and while fundamentally jealous, he is not cruel nor consciously fickle; rather, he would regard any object of his past affections in a detached way, as something that impeded the absolute

(*Con. on page* 98)

The Famous Mrs. Fair

By PETER ANDREWS

All Photographs by John Ellis

ON the day of Nancy Fair's return home from overseas war service, the entire town turned out to greet her. Main Street was decorated from one end to the other and a triumphal arch had been erected. The band was playing and her son's own regiment was lined up to welcome her.

The first person that met her eyes as the train slowed down and she stood waiting impatiently on the platform, was Jeffrey Fair, a fine figure of a man, typifying substance and responsibility and respect. Her husband! Dear, dearest of men! She held out her arms, but the crowd suddenly milled around her and she was bundled into the official automobile and seated between her major and a famous French general. Jeff, disgusted and disgruntled, found his way home alone.

Sylvia was there waiting for her mother's return. She had spent the day decorating the house and was in such a state of excitement that she had not dared go to the station.

"Why, where is mother?" she cried as her father entered the house alone.

"I dont know where she is," he replied rather shortly.

"But didn't she come? I dont understand——"

A triumphant blare of trumpets and a great hullabaloo coming down the street answered her. She hid behind the door as her mother mounted the steps and turned toward the crowd, still demanding a speech. Her mother was a war hero—no, a heroine, thought little Sylvia proudly and she listened with bated breath and gleaming eyes while her mother begged to be excused that she might join her loved ones.

And then the crowd had dwindled away and Alan had come in boyishly proud of his mother and childishly glad to see her again. And the family circle was complete once more, and it seemed very sweet. Ah, this was living, thought Nancy Fair, this peace, this heavenly quiet, this unbreakable circle of love. Rest, beautiful, serene rest. Ah, it was good, after the hectic two years she had spent abroad, after the blood and thunder of war, after the grim, terrific course she had bravely elected to follow. It had not been enough that she had given her only son. An instinctive and flaming patriotism impelled her to join the hordes of women war workers that went overseas to do their bit beside their men.

Jeff and Sylvia, then only fourteen, had gotten along as well as they could without her. An efficiently run house, plenty of money to grease the wheels of routine, an excellent housekeeper and a willing spirit on the part of both her daughter and her husband had insured this. There was also Angelica Brice, a charming young widow, who lived next door, who had taken quite naturally to mothering Sylvia and entertaining Jeff. But Nancy had not known that.

It was not long before Angelica trailed over in a gorgeous creation, quite evidently intended to dazzle, to pay her respects to "the famous Mrs. Fair." The contrast between her luxurious appearance and Mrs. Fair's trim overseas uniform caused Jeff's heart to swell with pride in his wife. She had been twice decorated for bravery under fire by the French Government. She was the finest woman in the world. Nancy was. She——

It had not been enough that she had given her only son. An instinctive and flaming patriotism impelled her to join the hordes of women war workers





However, it was not very long before Angelica trailed over in a gorgeous creation, quite evidently intended to dazzle, to pay her respects to "the famous Mrs. Fair"

These pleasant reflections were interrupted by Mrs. Brice taking her departure. "Bye, bye, Jeffie," she said familiarly. "Let's not miss our Friday night at the club. I'm sure Mrs. Fair would like to come too."

Nancy looked a trifle surprised. "Why, darling," she said banteringly after the picturesque lady had left the room, "haven't you been carrying on a little bit?"

But he assured her that he had not, which was indeed the truth, and she had not given it another thought. It was so good to be at home again, to have just nothing to do for a while.

Later, trading experiences with Alan, he had told her she'd soon weary of inactivity. "You'll find it awfully flat here, Mother," he said, "I do. Take it from me, I've been thru it, too, and I know what it does to a person. You're going to miss something. You'll find yourself thinking more about your life over there and the friends you made and the excitement you lived on than anybody or anything back here. Just nothing seems important to you over here. You wait."

Jeff resented this speech from his young son and Nancy, herself, merely smiled tolerantly and discounted it then and there. But in the weeks that followed she realized all too keenly that her son had spoken words of wisdom and truth.

A month went by, and in all that time Jeff had not had his wife to himself for a single hour of the day. There were telephone calls, interviews, lectures, luncheon engagements, dinner speeches and what not. He had been, albeit tenderly, relegated to the background like the housekeeping. Nancy was filling up the gap in her life, supplying the thing she missed, keeping eternally busy so as not to be dull. She had lived on excitement for so long, she couldn't stop now.

Then came a day when E. Dudley Gillette, representative of a lecture bureau, came to Nancy and offered



Angelica Brice had moved to town, too, and Jeff Fair, eating his heart out in loneliness, had found it pleasanter to spend the evenings with her than at the office

her thirty thousand dollars for a coast to coast lecture tour. Realizing what thirty thousand dollars would do for reconstruction and for the war orphans of France, she went blithely to her husband with the offer.

"Nancy," he said gravely, "I will not allow you to accept it. You have been away from us long enough. You have done more than your share already. It is not necessary and I — I forbid it."

"Well, of course, Jeff, you cant do that," Nancy replied heatedly. "I am my own mistress. I believe it is my duty to continue in this work and I——"

"Duty nothing," Jeff interrupted angrily. "You've gone crazy over excitement and publicity. You are capitalizing your war work. If you could only see it, you are becoming selfish and vain. You——"

But Nancy had left the room to sign defiantly the contract for another long absence.

That was why it was that poor, little Sylvia got into trouble. She was left entirely alone. They had all moved into town—too lonely in the country — father had stayed in the city and worked and Alan had stayed and played to kill the long evenings. So they had moved to town and Sylvia still had the long evenings to kill. Angelica Brice had moved to town, too, and Jeff Fair, eating his heart out in loneliness, had found it pleasanter to spend the evenings with her than at the office. Far pleasanter, alarmingly pleasant in fact. Still his wife had not seemed to care what he did with his evenings. Alan, too, stayed away from home, which after all was only an apartment in a hotel. He played poker and found it exciting enough to keep him doing it night after night. So it was that Sylvia pined for some human companionship.

But not for long. Dudley Gillette, her mother's agent, called at the hotel one night to report on the missing mother and finding a disconsolate and altogether attractive young girl alone, he invited her out to dinner. Sylvia was quite sure her mother wouldn't like it and that her father would object, but still she accepted eagerly. It was not the only dinner engagement she accepted, either. There were a great many more of them, and Sylvia, because of her youth and innocence, soon became the rage in the particularly smart and rapid set in which Gillette moved.

Meanwhile, Nancy, too, ate her heart out in loneliness, repenting bitterly and often her determination to absent herself from her family for any price, but with no other course before her than to see it thru.



Lying back in a chair in a ravishing négligée, her hair down her back, a long jade cigaret holder in her hand, was Sylvia. Behind her, holding a towel and making some pretense at drying her crisp curling hair, was Gillette

One day she returned unexpectedly to New York. There had been a mistake made in her bookings and it had meant a week's lay off, so naturally she hurried to the city. There was no one at the train to meet her and neither was there anyone at the hotel, where she had gone; her ardor dampened a bit. The suite was empty, but there on the table lay her unopened telegram to Jeff announcing her arrival. So they did not know she was coming!

As she stood there in puzzled disappointment pulling off her gloves, the telephone rang. Eagerly she sprang to answer it. It was a woman's voice asking for Jeff and she hung up the receiver with these all too significant



But Alan, good old Alan—he loved her anyway—had forced his way into their room and had given the craven Gillette such a thrashing as he had never had before

words: "Just tell him I called. He will understand." Instinctively Nancy knew it was the voice of Angelica Brice and she had her first twinge of misgiving. But it was no more than a twinge, for just then Jeff, himself, came in and everything else was forgotten for the moment in the happiness of seeing him again.

"Where is Sylvia?" she asked at length.

"Oh, I dont know. She's all right," answered Jeff carelessly. "Runs around with a nice crowd. You could hardly expect her to stay at home all alone." But if her father could have seen her at the moment he would never have spoken so confidently.

In Madame La Raine's beauty parlor, a very smart, very Parisian rendezvous of the fast, younger set, was Sylvia and some of her "nice crowd." Several young men were mixing cocktails over in one corner of the place. Beyond the swinging doors were the Turkish steam room and swimming pool. Lying back in a chair in a ravishing négligée, her hair down her back, a long jade cigaret holder in her hand thru which she was puffing her cigaret with all the assurance of several months' consistent practice, was Sylvia. Behind her, holding a towel and making some pretense at drying her crisp curling hair, was Gillette. "Glad you got ringside seats for tonight, Gillie. I adore a fight," Sylvia was saying.

Meanwhile, Nancy unpacked her trunk, changed her gown and waited impatiently for Sylvia. Presently she heard voices in the outer room and thinking it was her daughter ran gaily out to meet her. Instead, it was Alan and a strange girl.

"Mother," he cried joyfully and then a little shamefacedly, "Mother, this is my wife. We've just been married about an hour."

Nancy was utterly stunned, but the girl stepped forward, quickly. "Please forgive us," she said, "we didn't know you were coming or we would have waited. . . . We'll go now. . . . I'm sure you'll want to think this thing over by yourselves. . . . But I love Alan very much and I mean to make him a good wife. . . . May we come back later?"

Nancy turned to Jeff as they left the room. "She's a good girl," Jeff said hastily; "she was the switchboard operator downstairs. Alan was going the gait, Nancy—too much poker—she has straightened him out, tho. Good little kid—but I didn't know he had married her."

Before Nancy could reply the telephone rang and Jeff jumped to answer it; but it was only the clerk saying that Miss Sylvia had called in to say that she would not be home till later.

"What is this all about?" Nancy said a little wildly, "first Alan and then Sylvia. What have you done to my children?"

"It isn't what *I* have done," answered Jeff with some bitterness. "It is what *you* have done."

Nancy went to her room and sat alone waiting for Sylvia. Jeff had left the hotel in anger. At twelve o'clock a limousine drew up before the hotel and Sylvia slouched upstairs to change her shoes. They were on their way to a road house to dance the rest of the night away. Nancy was horrified beyond words at the change in Sylvia. She had left her a little girl and found her a sophisticated woman with rouged lips and artificially whitened skin, and in a daringly cut, black velvet gown. She was too clever a woman, however, to show her astonishment or administer a rebuke. Suddenly it had come over her that it was all

her own fault and she took this unnatural Sylvia in her arms and caressed her as she used to do when Sylvia really was a little girl.

A few minutes later Gillette phoned up to find out what was keeping Sylvia. Nancy received him and told that man a few plain truths. She would not go on tour again. She intended to stay at home and look after Sylvia. She forbade Gillette to see her again and also demanded that he give her an accounting of some fifteen thousand dollars he still owed her. On the surface he was once more the suave business man, but inwardly he was seethingly angry.

Sylvia heard him leave and she slipped out and met him in the lobby. He quite succeeded in poisoning the young girl's mind by telling her what had occurred and distorting the facts. He told her that none of her family cared a rap for her, that her brother was already married to a telephone girl and that her mother was going to divorce her father just as soon as she learned about Angelica Brice. Also, thinking of the fifteen thousand dollars he could not produce, he asked Sylvia to elope with him that night. The famous Mrs. Fair could not very well sue her own son-in-law.

Before Nancy missed Sylvia, Jeff came back, himself again. Nancy rested contented in his arms. "I wont ever go away again, Jeff darling," she said her head against his heart. "No more tours. I'll stay home now and look after my girl and my two boys. But are you sure I'll suit you as well as Angelica Brice?"

"Oh, forget her," Jeff replied. "I discharged all my obligations to her tonight."

"Obligation, Jeff," said Nancy suddenly serious, "is a very significant word. Just what do you mean by it?"

"Aren't you big enough to understand, Nancy, without an explanation?"

"No, I am not, Jeff. I demand an explanation of your most damaging confession. I insist upon it. The very fact that you refuse to explain makes me believe that you cannot. Your conduct must have been inexcusable. I will give you your freedom, Jeff. I——"

But Peggy and Alan had come back for the paternal blessing. "Where's Syl?" Alan asked almost immediately.

But Sylvia was gone. Only a little note, reflecting bitterly that as long as her family didn't care anything for her she was going to elope with someone who did—Dudley Gillette.

It was Alan who finally found her in a room in a road house where Gillette had registered as Dudley Gillette and wife. A terrified and humiliated girl, for all her affected worldliness a child at heart, Sylvia was repenting bitterly her rash acceptance of Gillette's hasty and indefinite plans. But Alan, good old Alan—he loved her anyway—had forced his way into their room and had given

(*Continued on page* 112)

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

Novelized, by permission, from the Metro release of the Fred Niblo production, based on the scenario by Frances Marion, adapted from the James Forbes play. Presented by Louis B. Mayer. The cast:

Mrs. Fair	Myrtle Stedman
Jeffrey Fair	Huntly Gordun
Sylvia Fair	Marguerite de la Motte
Alan Fair	Cullen Landis
Dudley Gillette	Ward Crane
Angy Brice	Carmel Myers
Peggy	Helen Ferguson



Sylvia put her arms around her mother's neck. And Jeff put his arms around both of them. Here was truly love's consummation—perfect understanding

From Telephone Operator to Motion Picture Producer

(With Apologies to Horatio Alger)

By
JANET REID

IF one should go upon the premise of the title to draw one's deductions, one would rightfully assume that Miss Grace Haskins is about two instead of, youthfully enough, two and twenty. One would infer that she is, to the producer world, what Jackie Coogan is to the starlet world.

As a matter of fact, stranger in this case than fiction, two-and-twenty-Miss Haskin is a pioneer and a successful one in a field previously trod but once, and that once by the eminent Lois Weber.

Grace Haskins is, however, more than a producer of pictures, signal as that is for a girl so young. She is a spur. She is an incentive. She is a promise—positive to less courageous souls that one can achieve what one wants to achieve if one wants to hard enough.

Grace Haskins wanted to hard enough. She wanted to produce pictures. She wanted to so hard that she went at it without the equipment of previous experience, without any association with the studio life or the movie colony, without any association, atmospheric or actual, with the movie world.

She had two prompting motives, two definite, concise reasons for wishing to produce pictures: One was a desire to save money on the cost of production. The other was that she felt she had stories to tell. Stories of humanity. Stories, simply done and truthfully, stories that will help mankind a little along the tortuous pathway to that Universal Brotherhood of Man which is the golden goal of the Race.

She had one asset — Sticktoitiveness.

Grace Haskins has, she told me, "always worked." She worked in a small town she came from originally. She has been a telephone operator, a stenographer, a helper in a hotel and finally, before entering Screenland, she held an important and very trustworthy "job" in one of the biggest shipbuilding companies on the West Coast.

This job called for rare acumen and a "flair" for knowing and sizing-up men. For she had the task of employing the men in the yards and if, during the War, she had read one man wrong, made one false step, she might have admitted into the yards a spy or some alien whose presence there might have resulted in easily imagined disasters.

While she was with this company the movie people came to her quite frequently for permits to shoot scenes in the yards. In return for these permits they occasionally invited her to the studios, and it was when accepting these invitations that Miss Haskins was first and formidably impressed with the enormous overhead waste going on in production. She believed, she said, that she could make what "Merton" would call "bigger and better pictures" at considerably less expenditure.

Grace Haskins is, first of all, a business woman.

Her success has been founded upon solid things. She had a goal and she went for it straight.

She made up her mind to produce pictures. When she went to Mr. C——, the owner of the Shipyard and also of several newspapers, and told him so, he called her "crazy," "a child" and "what do you know about it anyway?" He refused to advance her the requisite sum of money. "You could trust me," said small Miss Haskins, "with the lives of thousands of men, but you couldn't trust me with a few thousand dollars!"

(*Continued on page* 100)

Grace Haskins has one asset—Sticktoitiveness. She is, first of all, a business woman. She had a goal and went straight for it . . . and achieved it

Photograph by Curtis Bell



Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

Distress over some recent casting and praise for a number of cinemaites.

DEAR EDITOR: I would not consider myself a real fan if I did not see a letter of mine on your page; therefore this mighty epistle.

First of all, I think that some of the present casting directors ought to be gently, but firmly, smothered. The cause for my making such a statement is the announcement that Dorothy Gish is to create the rôle of La Clavel, the Spanish dancer in Joseph Hergesheimer's story, "The Bright Shawl," which is to be presented on the silversheet. Ye Gods! imagine Miss Gish as the fiery, sensuous dancer that La Clavel was in the story. Excuse me while I laugh at the thought. What is the matter? Is Mr. Barthelmess too bashful to have to "break in" another leading lady? It evidently appears so. At any rate, having read the story when it ran as a serial in the *Red Book*, and having enjoyed it to the utmost, I will not see the picture, and have all my dreams and illusions shattered. There are only two or three young women who can play the rôle of La Clavel with any degree of naturalness. Two of them are Bebe Daniels and Nita Naldi.

Another horrifying example of miscasting was the part taken by Mae Murray in "Fascination." Miss Murray danced well, but even her costumes and make-up could not suggest even a half-breed Spaniard to the onlooker. I am waiting, in much amusement, to see what Mae Busch will do with Gloria Hope in "The Christian."

But enough of this pessimistic raving. I think Pauline Garon the most promising of our younger stars. She has the combination of acting ability, personality, and good looks, and, with proper direction and rôles suited to her, she should make a great hit.

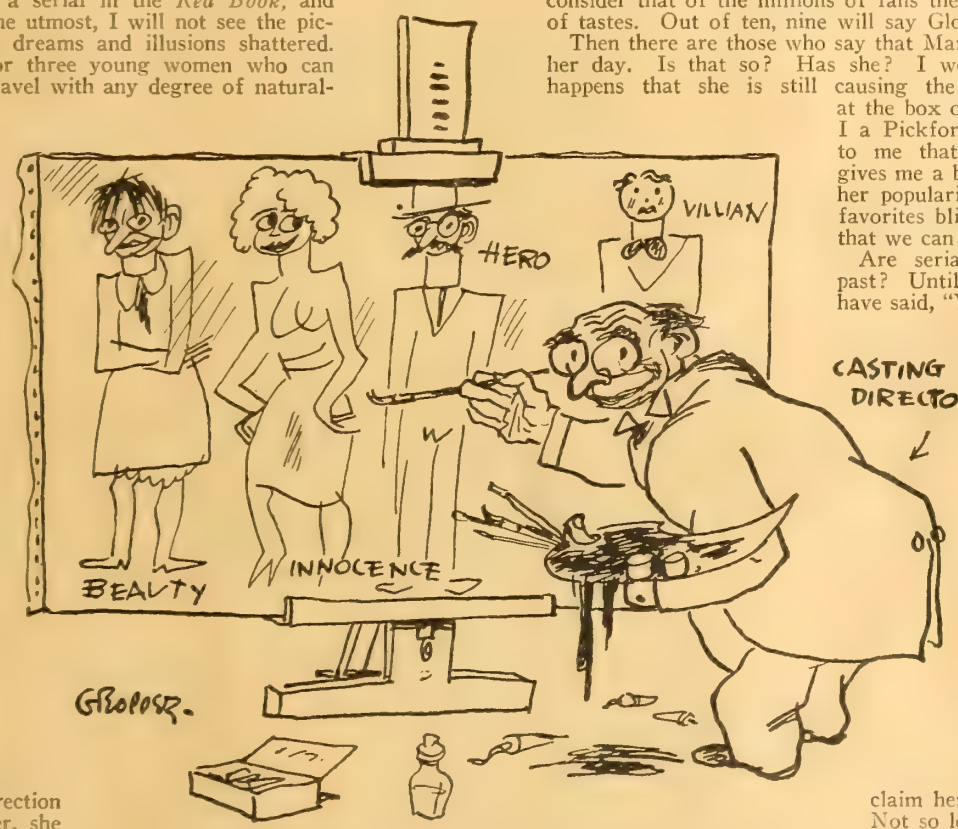
Ramon Navarro, to my way of thinking, is another budding genius.

Of the full-fledged stars Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan are the most natural, and, therefore, the most popular. No bizarre appeal of insipid handsomeness was needed to give these stars the high position they hold in the hearts of the fans.

As to pictures—I think "When Knighthood Was in Flower" had it all over "Orphans of the Storm" as the best picture of 1922.

Wishing you success, I am

Yours very truly,
RUSSELL HUBER.
315 North 6th St., La Crosse, Wisconsin.



One reader writes us: "I think that some of the present casting directors ought to be gently, but firmly, smothered. There are some pictures I will not go to see, because I wont have all my dreams and illusions shattered"

Regarding frequent disagreements on this page. Several popular players and fan clubs in particular.

DEAR EDITOR: It has been nearly two years now since one of my letters made its appearance on your popular "Letters to the Editor" page; in consequence of my opinions I was buried in an avalanche of letters from your readers. In that two years many of my ideas about pictures have changed—I went (to the movie center), I saw and I understand.

One thing about the Editor's page that rather displeases me is that, regardless of what is said, someone is bound to pop up with a disagreement; I wonder why? Isn't that the very thing that is keeping pictures down, rather than building them up—conflict? Genuine and sincere criticism, minus bitter remarks, is constructive. Cold, harsh and unsympathetic criticism is the same to pictures that gasoline is to a fire; it causes a big flame while it lasts, but leaves ruin when it dies down.

So much talk of Valentino—or Wallace Reid. Some like one, some dislike the other. Personally, having met them both, I would say that Rodolph Valentino is the kind of a fellow another fellow would wish as a brother, and Wally Reid is the kind that you would wish as a chum, both jolly good fellows—both sincere and sympathetic humans.

Some call Gloria Swanson a nail to hang pretty "duds" on. I am not a Swanson fan, but it hurts to hear such remarks. Gloria Swanson is just as her fans wish her. One must stop and consider that of the millions of fans there are many groups of tastes. Out of ten, nine will say Gloria is O. K.

Then there are those who say that Mary Pickford has had her day. Is that so? Has she? I wonder, then, how it happens that she is still causing the money to roll in at the box offices? Neither am I a Pickford fan, but it seems to me that this reason alone gives me a better right to judge her popularity—for usually our favorites blind us to the extent that we can not see their faults.

Are serials a thing of the past? Until a year ago I would have said, "Yes, very much so!" However, incidents changed matters greatly. It happens that, thru a serial I saw, Ruth Roland became a close personal friend. It is hard for me to talk of her as a picture star, now that I know her in a more intimate way. At any rate, those who have been fortunate enough to see Miss Roland's recent serials, proclaim her an artist supreme. Not so long ago I was talking to the critic on one of the Chicago papers, who said, "Ruth Roland is to be heartily complimented on her recent choice of pictures. They are more on the order of one grand long special feature, than a serial, and the only difference I can see is that they stop just when you are most interested, and you have to go again. That star has me in the clutches of her realistic portrayals." I told Miss Roland, and she said, "That is exactly why I prefer serials: if I make good ones, the fans I gain thereby are lasting fans. They do not flare up and die down as fans do with the other type of pictures—for, by the time they have seen the full fifteen episodes, they can not forget."

I am for serials now, where I was against them two years ago, and, above all, I am for Ruth Roland, one of the sweetest girls in the world. Her friendship is one of my fondest treasures.

Fan clubs? They are more popular today than ever before, aren't they? It seems to me that the fan club has great prospects, not far off, and that everyone will open their eyes within the next year. Being Editor of the official publication published by the United Motion Picture Club (of which most of the other fan clubs are now divisions), it has been my opportunity to read

(Continued on page 101)



On the Camera Coast

With
HARRY CARR

THE young lady who issues marriage licenses at the Los Angeles court house will probably recover with careful nursing and absolute quiet. She has had a devastating experience.

One day a very bashful young man came in with an extraordinarily pretty girl on his arm.

"We—that is—I—that is to say—we want a marriage license," he breathed. "Dont we?" appealing to the charmer on his arm. The girl nodded.

The *blasé* clerk—callous to blushes and shy bridegrooms—reached for the old woe ledger.

"Name, please."

"Harold Lloyd," answered the shy bridegroom.

At which the marriage license clerk passed out with emotion. It was too much to come unexpectedly. Especially after so many denials. For months, Hal and Mildred Davis have been denying engagements, matrimonial intentions and so on. Then all of a sudden—— Well, anyhow, Mildred is to retire from the screen and they are going to struggle along on the young fortune that Harold earns every year.

In the circumstances, the most enthusiastic congratulations came from Jobyna Howland, the little Tennessee girl who becomes Mr. Lloyd's leading lady, *vice* Davis promoted.

Miss Jobyna is about the cutest little girl who ever stepped into a studio. She lived near Chattanooga, and decided that she wanted to be a movie; so she and her mother simply packed up and made a general assault upon the artistic citadels of Hollywood. The first job she landed was with Max Linder; from there she went to Lloyd's.

She has very singular but very beautiful eyes. . . . Irish eyes of blue grey, with a rim of black around the iris; the effect is of opals set in black onyx. Jobyna says it may be all right for Mildred, but, personally, she never intends to be married; she is going to devote her life to comedy and be a girl Charlie Chaplin; unless, of course . . . well . . .

I met Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford shopping down in Chinatown the other day. Edward Knoblock, the dramatist, who makes plays for Mary, had them under his wing, so to speak, as he is an authority on Oriental things. I dont imagine they were expecting to meet their friends and admirers. What



Constance Talmadge is always "up and doing," as they say. Let anything new come along and immediately Constance has whatever it is installed in the studio. . . . At the right, the latest picture of Harry Carey with his son and heir, "Dobe." Below, Admiral Eberle, who directs the movements of the Pacific fleet, visits the Lasky studios with Mrs. Eberle, and they pose for a picture with Gloria Swanson and Director Sam Wood

Photograph by Richee





makes me think that is that Douglas was paddling around in the funny little alleys in a pair of blue satin Chinese slippers, carrying his regular brogans in his hand. They were indulging in a wild frenzy of kimono buying.

At this writing, Mary is about to begin making two pictures at once. She will appear as the Spanish dancer in "Rosita" and in the title rôle of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Doug seems to have abandoned the idea of making a pirate picture. No doubt the fact that Fred Niblo is about to begin work on "Captain Applejack" has somewhat dimmed Doug's piratical enthusiasm, "Captain Applejack" being also a buccaneer picture. What is really eating at Doug's heart is the realization that he is under the necessity of doing something to top "Robin Hood"; then of piling some greater success on top of whatever beats that success. Doug realizes that every new picture is a terrific test.



If Jack Pickford has any doubt how a scene should be done, he goes over to Pickfair, and Mary is always able to give valuable pointers. The social duties of Baby Peggy are great. Just the other day she had to leave the studios right when she was in the middle of her next picture to sell dolls for charity. Such is the life of a movie star! Dorothy Dalton is a good sort. Ask anybody at the studios. Here we have Miss Dalton lunching with her director while a player entertains them

Mary gave up doing "Faust" because, she says, they couldn't find a suitable "Mephisto," except Douglas, and he refused to consider it. I think, however, that Mary had another reason that she isn't advertising. Lubitsche, in the script of "Faust," had a rape scene of which she, as Marguerite, was to be the victim. Mary is ready and willing to give up the pretty little Pollyanna parts that have made her famous; but she thought this was leaping too far the other way.

The other day an exuberant young reporter for a Los Angeles evening paper interviewed Mary and quoted her as saying that she didn't like fat women or dramatic critics, and naming the particular dramatic critics who had offended her. As a consequence, Mary and Doug are trying to devise some sort of a natural defense against interviewers.

Charlie Chaplin thinks he has found the way. He is going to copy the methods of the Secretary of State and receive all reporters from far and wide and also from hither and yon one day a week. Other days he is to have the "Not at home" sign out. Having had previous experience with Charlie, the reporters know only too well that the only one who would never be there would be the illustrious Charles.

When he and Pola Negri had their famous trip to Del Monte, the newspaper men never would have gotten





Photograph by Lewis F. Nathan Co., N. Y.

What's a honeymoon if you dont pose for a picture together? Walter Hiers and his bride, *née* Adah McWilliams, toured the Southland for several golden days



Conferences are the things which help toward better pictures. And Jack Holt believes in having them frequently. Yes, sir!



"The Merry Go Round" had Eric von Stroheim for a director in the beginning. It should be a better production for that. Above you see Von Stroheim drilling Norman Kerry in his rôle. And at the right is Dale Fuller, who scored such a success as the servant in "Foolish Wives," as she will appear in "The Merry Go Round." This character study intrigues our interest



anywhere except for the co-operation of Pola herself. Starting out with a regular reporter-phobia, Pola finally wound up by helping the newspaper men to corral Charles. It appealed to her sporting blood.

Only a kind heaven knows whether or not the celebrated two are not being married somewhere or other right this minute; but so far even their most intimate friends are not sure whether or not they ever will be wedded. One of the news hounds who pursued them to Monterey by automobile and train and lurked around corners to snatch photographs of them, one of these wise, old cynics who knows everything, informs me positively that if they are married, they are going to fool every one and be very happy. Pola knows just how to manage "Sharley."

Mildred Harris, the ex-Mrs. Chaplin, when approached on the subject, said that Pola Negri was a wonderful artist and she hoped Charlie would be very, very happy.

But then this is what she said when Charlie was reported engaged to all the rest of the long list.

Colleen Moore is very soon to be married to John McCormick, a very charming young newspaper man who is now the Western representative of First National. They have been engaged for a long time. After their marriage, Colleen will undoubtedly continue with her career.

Katharine MacDonald has finished her starring contract with Schulberg and is said to be debating the varied merits of a husband and another contract. She has had a number of flattering offers — of both varieties. Miss MacDonald, who comes of one of the finest families of any of the Hollywood girls, went on the stage during a family financial crisis as a chorus girl and married a famous painter; she was divorced from him last year and has never made any secret of the fact that she was in love with a young broker, marriage with whom would mean the end of her screen career. She has made and saved a large fortune.

Renee Adore, the wife of one of the Moores, is going to the Schulberg studio, presumably as a consolation for the loss of Miss MacDonald.

Mae Murray is soon to leave California again. In the immediate future she will sail for Europe in order to film at Deauville some scenes for "Mlle Midnight," which she is soon to make. Returning, she will make the interiors for the picture in

(*Continued on page* 109)

The right way to manicure

—no cutting of the cuticle
—no probing with sharp instruments



THERE is a right way to manicure—and a wrong way. The right way is so simple and easy that even a novice can master it at the first attempt.

Thousands have adopted it. And more and more women are coming to its use each day. There is no probing around the delicate nail root with sharp instruments of any kind—no dangerous and disfiguring cutting of the cuticle.

You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the proper care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle.

Now, examine your nails closely, and note the results. Torn and ragged edges of cuticle have disappeared. Ugly stains have vanished. And instead, you have nails that are spotless, nail rims that are even and beautifully shaped, and a cuticle that is smooth, lovely and unbroken.



Then—for the Polish

Of Cutex Polishes, there are five—the paste, cake, stick, powder, and liquid forms. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm bring out a rosy, jewel-like lustre. The new Liquid Polish requires no buffing, and gives a dazzling finish that lasts a week.

All Cutex manicure preparations are priced at 35c the package. At drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

CUTEX

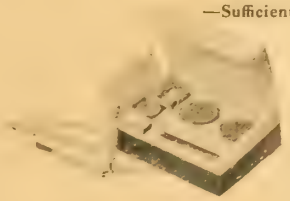
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



Cutex Liquid Polish

A Cutex product that is unique. It flows on evenly over the nail, dries instantly, and leaves a delicately tinted lustre that makes your manicure last twice as long. You need no buffer. No special "remover" required. In the familiar black-and-rose package. Price 35c.

Send for this Introductory Manicure Set —Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—*only 12 cents*



Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12 cents in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. M-5,200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 12 cents in coins or stamps TO-DAY

Northam Warren, Dept. M-5.
114 West 17th St., New York City.

I enclose 12 cents for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

Name.....

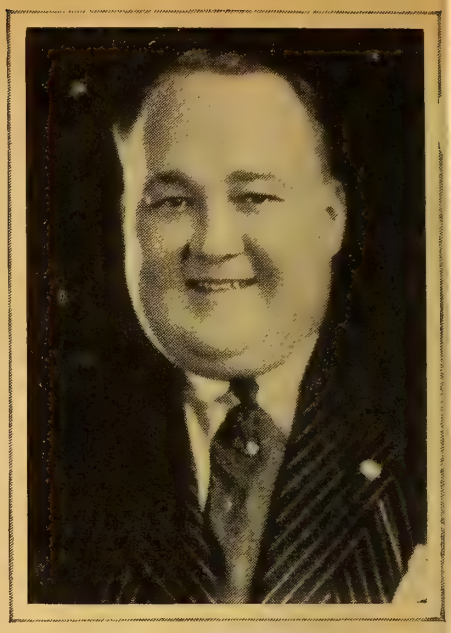
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City.....State.....



Photograph © by G. M. Kerrlere, B. P.

My Favorite Funny Story



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Everyone has a favorite funny story. We have a number on hand which have come to us as the favorite stories of motion picture stars. And before they are published in book form we will print them month by month.*

The Scotch of It

By
BETTY BLYTHE

IN a little town not far from Inverness, Scotland, young Angus MacTavis worked in the grocery store of Donald MacFeckle. Angus was completing his evening chores one evening when his master's voice sounded from the head of the stairway.

"Angus, lad, have ye sanded the sugar?"

"Aye," replied Angus.

"Have ye watered the milk?"

"Aye."

"Vury well, then, Angus. Come ye up tu evening p-r-rayer-ers."

His Diet Might Change

By
WALTER HIERS

"THE Funniest Story that I know"—is about the colored boy who was approached by a certain well-known director in regard to playing the part of an animal trainer—the colored boy asked: "What kind o' animals do I have to play with in the scene, boss?" The director replied: "Why—a lion!" The colored boy hastily replied: "Boss—I hate lions! I dont even like kittens—much less lions."

The director replied: "Why, this lion was raised on *milk*—he wont bother you—he's tame as a lamb. *Just think*—raised on a bottle——"

Colored boy replied: "Boss, I was raised on a bottle, too, but I eats meat *now*.

Your smooth fresh face—what are you doing to keep it young?

Many famous and lovely women depend on this method

IN your mind you picture yourself always the same. But one, two years from now will your face be as fresh and smooth as it is today? Or will it be a little coarsened? With fine lines growing deeper around the eyes, the nose, your mouth? Will you discover one day, while you are still young, that your skin has grown old?

To save women's skin from this early ageing, to keep it young and soft in spite of modern strain and exposure, two famous formulae were developed.

Two creams, each so wonderful in its *results* that now literally millions of women depend on them.

Today in 56 different countries these women have decided that no other method gives quite that transparent freshness and velvet smoothness. And that no other has quite that magic efficacy against the drying and coarsening influence of the out-of-doors, or that extraordinary effect of freshening the complexion.



Photo by Brown Bros.

Marion Davies, whose complexion is extraordinarily fresh and young and who is now playing so charmingly in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," says—"My skin is constantly exposed to trying lights and I have to use a great deal of make-up, yet my complexion has kept young and beautifully smooth with Pond's Two Creams. I have used this method for years and know I can depend on it."

The cleansing cream that has doubled its users every two years

So marvelous is the softening, clarifying effect of Pond's Cold Cream on the skin that the number of women using it has actually doubled every two years.

Its special light consistency agrees with your skin. Its fine light oil gives your skin perfect suppleness and then is wiped off with the loosened dirt, so that your face has the exquisite freshness you want. It is never left heavy with cream.

In the whole world the most used of all vanishing creams

But the miracle of one cream's success is no greater than that of its sister cream. So unfailing is Pond's Vanishing Cream in its protection of the skin, so marvelously does it freshen the complexion and keep it lovely through the day that last year the women of the United States alone wanted several millions of jars!

This cream contains such a wonderful soothing ingredient that the minute it is put on you feel your face soften and relax. In the mirror you see how fresh and smooth it has made your skin—almost in an instant. You go out in the severest cold or hottest sun and your skin does not chap or burn.

TRY THIS METHOD— *the difference will convince you today*

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror! The powder is even, not in patches, because it clings evenly to the delicate film of cream. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

When you are tired in the evening use these two creams together before you go out. They soften out the lines and smooth away the worried tightness of your face. And always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and then finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder.

To see how these two creams will actually improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying a jar or tube of each cream.

You will get them in any drug store or department store. Neither can possibly clog the pores or cause the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

These are the troubles that mar and age your skin

Read how this famous method corrects them

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor, but the process is so gradual you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. Be careful before the harm has taken hold. Keep your skin clean and soft and properly oiled with a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then, always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection against any weather condition and the trying changes in temperature. This method will keep your skin soft and smooth always.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly. Now it cannot scale and peel. It will not develop the little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally. It contains a wonderful daytime softening ingredient and prevents your skin from drying out again.

That Distressing Shine

Shine is often the result of excess oil in the glands. Your careful nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream carries out this excess together with the dirt. This light cream wipes entirely off. Now in the morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it, because it has no oil. This will keep your skin lovely and fresh right to the end of the day.

But sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and to hold the powder.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c. TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co. 115 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State ..





Thrills! Thrills!! Thrills!!!

Audiences all over the world are becoming more and more jaded . . . harder and harder to please. And motion picture producers are constantly going to greater lengths to create thrills for them. Just a few months ago, for example, "Hearts Aflame" came to the screens of neighborhood theaters. It held a thrill in a locomotive rushing thru burning forests. It was dangerous work filming those scenes. Herewith we reproduce a view of the flaming forest and also the engineer of the locomotive in the asbestos costume he found necessary. Reminds you of a Klu-kluxer. Nothing is too much trouble in the name of thrills. . . .

At the end of the dance

FROM the ballroom floated the strains of a waltz, and from out beyond came the sleepy night-sounds—the late call of a bird, the faint whispering of leaves in the summer breeze.

The man watched the woman before him in the mellow glow of the lanterns, drinking in her loveliness with eyes that could not leave her face.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You look as if you were in a dream."

"I think this is a dream, and you a dream woman," he answered; "for I never saw anyone so lovely! There is something that makes you stand entirely alone, in a delicate, glowing radiance. I think the greatest charm of all is your wonderful coloring."

The last notes of the waltz were quivering into silence. "That is the end," she said. "I think it is the beginning," he answered, still watching her.



"I think it is the beginning," he answered—

A Happy Last Touch

When you use the Pompeian Beauty Trio you can feel assured that your skin is always fresh and glowing, and that it will remain so almost indefinitely.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin, protecting it from dust, wind and sun. The delicate film that remains on the surface after the Day Cream has disappeared holds powder and rouge so well that constant re-powdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is of so soft and fine a texture that it goes on smoothly and evenly. A light coating will last a long time; for this powder has, to a remarkable degree, the quality of adhering.

The Bloom is a rouge that is absolutely harmless. It comes in the desired shades—light, medium, dark, and orange tint.

Use the Pompeian Trio together for Instant Beauty; for great care has been taken that all Pompeian Preparations blend perfectly.

Remember, first the Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
Pompeian Lip Stick	25c *each*
Pompeian Fragrance, a talc	30c *a can*
Pompeian Night Cream	50c *per jar*



The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 25 x 7½ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

Pompeian Laboratories, 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

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The Girl Who Was Out of Date

By Mme. Jeannette

Not long ago I had a call from a young friend. She came in wearily and sank into a chair. The brilliant afternoon sunlight fell full on her face, and I was appalled when I saw how pale she looked.

"What is the matter?" I asked, expecting to be told that she was ill.

"Oh, I'm just tired," she said; "so tired I don't care how I look."

I was so indignant that for a moment I could not speak. There is no possible excuse for such an attitude!

To make the best of herself is the conceded duty of every woman, young or old; and a modish gown means very little when her complexion is uncared for.

"Come here," I said to her, "and let me see what I can do for you."

First I used a vanishing cream, gently patting it into the skin. This was Pompeian Day Cream. I always use this, for it leaves only a faint creamy film on the surface and holds powder and rouge so well. Next a coating of the soft, clinging Beauty Powder. Then a bit of rouge blended downward and outward from the cheekbone; dusting over all with a last touch of the powder. And this I had done to only *one side* of her face!

I turned her around to face the mirror. You never saw anyone so surprised! She looked and looked, turning from side to side; and I don't wonder, for she saw two entirely different girls, and one was so much lovelier it seemed incredible.

"That is what you can make of yourself every day, and it will take only a few minutes," I told her.

I couldn't help laughing at her astonishment; she had never had an idea she could be so pretty. She realized now the mistake she had been making, and watched with the keenest interest, while I made the other side of her face just as charming, adding at the last a touch of Pompeian Lip Stick.

She didn't say very much, but all the afternoon I saw her eyes straying toward the mirror. I hoped then that she would profit by my little lesson, and I know now that she did, for I've never seen her looking pale and weary since.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below.



It's just as we like it—a story rich in romance, with men risking life itself to love's glamorous purpose. . . . It's Rupert of Hentzau, the Anthony Hope sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." And the cast, an excellent one, has in the leading rôles Lew Cody and Elaine Hammerstein. . . .



Photograph by
Shirley Vance Martin

As We Like It

DAVID BELASCO

PRESENTS

THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA

By WILLIAM C. DE MILLE.

CAST.

GENERAL WARREN.....Mr. FRANK KEENAN
RUTH WARREN, his wife.....Miss EMMA DUNN
AGATHA..... } Their children. } .....Miss CHARLOTTE WALKER
ARTHUR..... } } .....Mr. CECIL DE MILLE
BOB..... } Their younger children. } .....Master RICHARD STORY
BETTY..... } } .....Miss MARY PICKFORD
MISS MOLLY HATTON, Mrs. Warren's sister.....Miss LOUISE COLEMAN
GEN. GRIFFIN... } } .....Mr. WM. McVAY
GEN. HARDING. } Of Gen. Grant's Staff. } .....Mr. DEWITT JENNINGS
GEN. CARR..... } } .....Mr. E. ALLEN MARTIN
LIEUTENANT BURTON.....Mr. C. D. WALDRON
BLAKE, U. S. Secret Service.....Mr. RAYMOND L. BOND
CORPORAL DEPEYSTER.....Mr. STANHOPE WHEATCROFT
ZACK BIGGS.....Mr. FREDERICK WATSON
BILLY PEAVY.....Mr. WILLARD ROBERTSON
TOM DABNEY.....Mr. RALPH KELLARD
SAPHO.....Mrs. CHAS. G. CRAIG

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—The dawn of April 8th, '65.

ACT II.—The evening of April 8th. The Warren home.

ACT III.—The Warren home. Eight hours later.

ACT IV.—The Warren rose garden. Five years later.

Once Upon A Time

It was fifteen years ago—on August 31st, 1907—that David Belasco presented the Warrens of Virginia on a New York stage.

And because we believe the old program of this play of unusual interest we are reproducing it here.

You will see that William C. DeMille was the author; that Cecil DeMille of silken drama fame was one of the older children; that Mary Pickford was the little girl; and that Frank Keenan and Emma Dunn, also well-known on the screen, held important parts.



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

BETTY.—So you bet five dollars on Mary Pickford's age. Since you have so much at stake I will tell you that she is twenty-nine years old, but she doesn't look it.

ULAULA.—Remembered joys are never past. Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs by sending a stamped, addressed envelope for a list? James Kirkwood and Doris Kenyon in "Are You Guilty?"

LYTELL FAN.—No, child, I wont put you in the alsorans. You want an interview with Bert Lytell and Thomas Meighan. I'll tell Miss Fletcher. Milton Sills and Carmel Myers in "The Last Hour."

S. C. F.—Well, I escaped the "flu" this winter. I never once went out without my arctics. There are three kinds of doctors: those who work and make people well, those who work to prevent people from getting sick, and those who work people whether they are sick or well. Valentino is twenty-eight, five feet, eleven and a half and weighs 154. You'r welcome.

N. J. B.—You want my frank opinion. That's all you will get here. Fire away! Well, Harold Lloyd went and did the trick. He is married to Mildred Davis, his leading lady, and we wish them all the luck in the world. Lloyd Hughes in "Tess of the Storm Country." Owen Moore married to Kathryn Perry. Marguerite Clark married to Palmerson Williams. Alice Terry in "The Four Horsemen." You say your husband told you after being married one month that a man can have twenty-five wives, but only one mother. Oh! Ho! Deliver me from the mother-in-law question.

IZETTA.—Everything in this life is accidental, even our birth that brings us into it. Death is the only thing we can be sure of, and yet we behave ourselves just as if all the rest were certain, and death alone uncertain. Well, let's not talk of death when we have the beautiful spring before us. No, Marion Davies is not married.

OLIVE.—No, I never tell my age. That's one thing I keep to myself. Yes, I went to see "Hamlet" with John Barrymore and "Romeo and Juliet" with Jane Cowl and they were both superb productions. Did you know that Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day—April 23, 1616? Shakespeare was fifty-two and Cervantes was sixty-nine. Blanche Sweet with Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal., and Betty Compson with Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

PATRICIO.—Alice Terry probably knows where she stands, but her husband tells her in what direction she is moving. Save me! Save me! I'm going! Marguerite Clark is in New Orleans with her husband. Violet Heming is playing on the stage right now. We never ran that story. Write me again.

D. J. R.—In other words, you want to call a halt on the Valentino interviews and give you more of Tom Mix. Aye! Aye! Sir.

MISS MINNEAPOLIS.—Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you. Lottie Pickford is married to Alan Forest now. Bert Lytell and Eileen Percy in "The Meanest Man in the World." Can you believe it? Constance Talmadge's next will be "Dulcy." Any time.

PETER PAN.—If you find too many flaws in him before marriage, what will you see afterwards? See Ethel Clayton in "Can a Woman Love Twice?" I'll say she can. That was Dorothy Dalton you saw on Fifth Avenue. Antonio Moreno married while I wrote the answers last month. It beats all, I cant keep up with them.

MRS. JACK.—Sorry, but I have no information on Eugenia Gilbert, the dancer in "The Man from Downing Street."

SIS.—And a very nice verse, too. I wish I had room to print it, sis. Write me again.

MARGERY A. B.—I am not so sure that most men would rather have clinging vines as wives. A course in commercial law or social economy is more in demand. You want to know all about Conway Tearle, but you dont want to know about his wives. That's all I know about him. Bryant Washburn and June Elvidge in "Temptation."

WATTLETREE.—No, I didn't even get a bottle of hair restorer for my birthday. Monte Blue is with Warner Brothers, Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., and Lillian and Dorothy Gish with Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in "Peer Gynt" on the stage in New York. Your sketches were very good. Keep up the good work.

DOTTIE.—The ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are. And dont expect to find your ideal—you wont. As soon as Bebe Daniels fully recovers from her operation, she will play in "Contraband."

DRAGON FLY.—The custom of saying "God Bless You!" to one who sneezes takes its rise from the plague of sneezing in the year 558, when persons, apparently in good health, were suddenly attacked by fits of sneezing which proved fatal. Jackie Coogan is seven. Yes, Buster Keaton has a boy, Joseph Jr. So you are sure that I am not old. Old enough, thank you. Yes, I am very fond of Norma Talmadge, I liked her in "The Voice in the Minaret," but I didn't care so much for Eugene O'Brien. Yes, do send along the picture.

JANE B.—You say jealousy makes a man shoot and a woman coo. It's a bad disease. The Valentinos are dancing in vaudeville right now. Agnes Ayres is going to play in "The Exciters" instead of Bebe Daniels opposite Antonio Moreno. Dorothy Dalton in "Fog Bound."

R. J. D., BAY CITY.—You're right, a new broom sweeps well, but an old one is best for the corners. You may have all the



Now is the time to wash your blankets. A clean blanket is practically moth-proof

To wash your blankets at home without shrinking or matting them~

Laundered this way they last for years

This very month, before putting them away, is the time to wash your blankets. They must be put away clean, of course, to protect them from moths.

It is the soiled places on wool and wool nap that moths attack. A clean blanket is almost moth-proof.

Try washing your blankets at home this year. Lux makes the laundering of even your big, handsome ones safe.

Blankets will last for years if washed according to the directions given below. A single careless washing ruins them, for wool is as sensitive as a baby's skin. Strong soap or rubbing will shrink and felt wool so that it becomes harsh and scratchy.

Lux won't shrink your blankets. It is absolutely pure—there is no free alkali or any other ingredient in it to hurt the delicate wool fibres.

Great blanket manufacturer tells why he recommends Lux

The manufacturer of the finest blankets in America, expert in the care of blankets, says "Extra care must be taken in the choice of soaps used to wash wool. Harsh soaps shrink and mat it, turn it yellow and weaken the fibre.

"The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets. It will cleanse the finest woolens with entire safety."

How to wash blankets

A rich, live suds throughout is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water.

Dissolve Lux in very hot water; whisk to a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Souse blankets up and down and squeeze suds through. If suds die down, add more Lux. Never rub blankets. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters of same temperature as suds. Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process.



The new way to wash dishes *Won't roughen hands*

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't irritate them—won't make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! It sounds incredible—but try it! A single package of Lux does at least 54 dish washings.

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM IN LUX"

North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
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Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Under-garments
Model Brassieres
McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson Ginghams
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
Orinoka guaranteed Sun and Tubfast Draperies
Puritan Mills Draperies

Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 102, Cambridge, Mass.

time you like. It's space that I'm short of. Yes, I am still living in my hall room. I cant afford an apartment. Conrad Nagel has just signed up with Goldwyn.

FRANCIS G.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the film producers.

AUSTRAL SON.—Thanks, Old Top, for the nice write-up. A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox; with an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel 12 to 14 days without water, going 40 miles a day. Camels are fit to work at 5 years old, but their strength begins to decline at 25, altho they live usually till 40. Sorry I cannot give you that information about the number of vegetarians there are, but it would require a little time to look it up. Best wishes.

PETITE GIVER.—Our bad qualities commonly take better in conversation than our good ones. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone, and Cullen Landis is very much married. No, no, I never thought for one minute that New Zealand was a suburb of Australia.

WILLIAM.—Do I think love can last? Yes, if it isn't too fiery. But the woman who charmed you with her bright, vivacious wit may not be able to keep it up three hundred and sixty-five days in every year. You were a stimulant, but now you've become a steady diet. No, Pearl White says she wont do any more pictures. "Plunder" will be her last. Warner Oland in "East Is West."

LEA.—Thanks for the drawing. Harrison Ford did not marry Constance Talmadge. Mae Marsh, Ivor Novello, Carol Dempster and Charles Mack in Griffith's "The White Rose." Violet Mersereau is playing with Johnnie Hines in "Luck."

B. W.—She is about twenty-six, but there is no telling!

ALBERT V.—See Ulaula up above.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.—How charming! A man's worth is not to be esteemed so much according to his good qualities as according to the use he makes of them. Yes, in this country you can marry a woman after you have divorced her. Norma Talmadge after she finishes "Within the Law" will play in "Ashes of Vengeance."

LORNA.—No, I dont say "Every day, in every way, etc." I say "Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things are all right—and I know it." Try it. It has worked wonders for me—$10.50 per week and a cold hall room. Gloria Swanson was married to Wallace Beery once. Ruth Helms is Mrs. Conrad Nagel. Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughter." Gloria Swanson with Lasky. Conway Tearle and Betty Compson in "The Rustle of Silk."

RICARDO.—I failed to find the stamp you say you enclosed, so I serve you—take—Madge Bellamy is with Ince, Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal. Corliss Palmer at this address. Shirley Mason with Fox, 1421 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. You are welcome.

DOROTHY H.—I know, it must be very puzzling to you, but I dont care what your New Zealand Herald says, Richard Talmadge is not a brother to Constance or Norma, or even Natalie.

AMBITIOUS.—Go ahead and use the word "Ambitious" for your scenario, it's as good as any. As you say, God must have loved silly people, he made so many of them. Tom Moore and Ann Forrest are playing together. I wish you luck.

AMRON.—I would be glad to send you "The Life Story of the Three Talmadges," but at this writing it isn't off the press. You might write to the Norma Talmadge Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City, and it will be ready then.

A. W. G.—*De bonne grâce.* Mary Astor is playing opposite Glenn Hunter in "The Scarecrow." She will also appear opposite Richard Barthelmess. The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone. Write me again.

HAZEL C.—I am sorry if you are not happy. As Emerson says, "Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine." Yes, Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. He is playing in "Atonement," opposite Myrtle Steadman. Frank Mayo in "The First Degree." Cullen Landis has two children.

AJAX.—Generosity is the investment from which we clip the coupons of happiness. You know my address. Ann May is playing right along. John Gilbert, Gaston Glass and Virginia Aaire in "The Count of Monte Cristo." You're very welcome.

BEES KNEES.—A queen bee produces 100,000 eggs in a season. A salmon has been known to produce 10,000,000 eggs. Some female spiders produce 2,000 eggs. Robert Frazer in "Jazzmania," with Mae Murray. May Allison in "The Woman Who Fooled Herself."

INQUISITIVE JANE.—Remember that there is nothing that need be said unkindly. Mae Murray is about twenty-five, and Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-seven. Wallace and Noah Beery are playing in "Stormswept." Write to me again.

DOLLY SISTER.—The largest bells are the following, and their weight is given in tons: Moscow, 202; Burma, 117; Pekin, 53; Novgorod, 31; Notre Dame, 18; Rouen, 18; Westminister, 14; Montreal, 12; Cologne, 11; Oxford, 8 and St. Peter's, 8. Yes, Pauline Frederick is married to Dr. Rutherford. Walter Hiers and Jacqueline Logan in "Seventy-five Cents an Hour."

GINGER.—Kinda spicy! Cullen Landis was Pete in "Snowblind." Bebe Daniels has never been married. Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

SAXAPHONE.—Well, late suppers and late hours make men unhealthy, unwealthy and other-wise. Glenn Hunter is playing in "Merton of the Movies" right now and is making a great hit. Edward Phillips was Joe and Lewis Sargent in "Just Around the Corner." Of course, I eat sundaes, banana splits, and everything.

DONICE D.; DICKEY BIRD; VALENTINO FAN; TEXAS STAR; GERTRUDE T.; THOMAS V.; RUTH S.; YATES; FREDA G.; DAISY; LAWRENCE B.; HARRIETTA G.; ANNE F.; BUSY EYES; RICE E.; LUCY; FRANCIS M.; VELETTE H.; MABEL M.; DOROTHY W.; KATHERINE D.; CONSTANCE G.; WALTER A. and OONDOOROO—glad to see you all again, but your questions have been answered elsewhere in this department.

HELENE.—Well, a person who is not affected by tears on the screen is a hard-hearted rascal. As Publius Syrus said, "Tears gratify a savage nature, they do not melt it." Some people do not enjoy a play unless it makes them weep or laugh. Betty Compson and Robert Ellis in "Ladies Must Live." You amuse me, Helene.

DOLLY DIMPLES.—The error of certain women is to imagine that to acquire distinction they must imitate the manners of men. I like a woman to be a woman in every way. That was Valentino in "Once to Every Woman." Winifred Hudnut is an American even tho she doesn't look it.

PUSS & DUTCH.—Well, I wouldn't be called an old man even tho I am eighty. As Victor Hugo says, "Forty is the old age of youth; fifty, is the youth of old age." Gladys Brockwell and Barbara Tennant are starring in "The Drug Traffic." Billie Dove and Jack Gilbert in "Red Darkness" for Fox. Webster Campbell is married to Corinne Griffith and Wallace MacDonald to Doris May.

EVE.—Beauty is lasting only to those who have planted it in their hearts. Most men do admire a beautiful face. No, Constance Talmadge is not married now. Mabel Normand is married to an American whom she met in London while she was there.

EDITH S.—There was no ten cents enclosed. Anyway, we have no more market booklets. Lila Lee is with Lasky. You want a picture of Elsie Ferguson on the cover. Alice Calhoun in "Masters of Men." Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in "April Showers."

CELESTE.—But satisfied love sees no charms. Viola Dana is with Metro, and Louise Lorraine with Universal. In "The March Hare." Lucille Ricksen was the little girl in the Edgar Comedies. You must be patient with him—as Roosevelt said, "Show me a man who makes no mistakes and I will show you a man who doesn't do things. Marjorie Daw and Douglas McLean in "Going Up."

ETHEL.—No, Ethel Clayton is not married. No talk about it so far as I know.

UNEEDA NUT.—*Mauvais goût.* Owen Moore is with Selznick. No, I haven't been thinking of vacations as yet. Yes, Phyllis Haver is with Sennett in "The Extra Girl."

LOUISE C.—Yes, Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick, a film distributor. The kiss in "The Voice in the Minaret" takes up seven feet of film. Conrad Nagel married to Ruth Helms. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Steve" on the stage. Thomas Meighan married to Frances Ring.

M. JAC; MARIE N.; HOT DOG; CLARA W.; MRS. J. M. P.; MAE R.; ROLAND O. C.; VIVIAN G.; THELMA B.; K. G.; MOLLY O.; FRANK C.; EVA; FRENCHIE; LISBETH; H. L. D.; NAT L.; A. P.; RUTH MAY; MILADY; ETHEL S.; DIANA S.; LEE W.; DELLA B.; EMILIE S.; CURIOUS; N. M. T.

(*Continued on page* 103)





Just a few drops
combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.





And in 20 minutes
your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.

Naturally Curly Hair in 20 Minutes with Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Delightful elixir of Spanish herbs makes any hair soft, lustrous and wavy—and keeps it so!

Mr. Ryerson's Personal Story of His New Discovery

NATURALLY curly hair—soft, wavy and lustrous! Is there anything more gloriously beautiful in all the charms of womanhood? Yet how few women—how sadly few—may claim this crowning glory!


Lovely Curls

All my life, as an investigating chemist, I have worked to find a perfect curling and hair-dressing fluid.

Finally my perseverance has brought a reward greater than I had ever dared hope for. I have at last compounded a curling fluid which not only curls the straightest head of hair, but beautifies it, too. A marvelous hair and scalp tonic which increases the growth and "life" of the hair as it curls and waves it—adding new silkiness, new softness, new thickness and beauty

It is a colorless fluid compounded from the purest herbs of Southern Spain—a delicate elixir which makes any head of hair naturally curly and wavy—a delightful hair balsam which, when combed into the hair or used with your favorite curlers or curling iron, creates the prettiest and most natural-looking marcelle you ever saw.

I have never known another liquid of such magic potency. Even after a shampoo, when the hair is often stubbornly straight and unruly, it performs the miracle of making the hair behave—making it obey the commands of comb or curling iron—besides producing immediate and captivating curls, ringlets and water-waves.

No more necessity for resorting to the harsh and harmful baking process of waving the hair. This new product called "Liquid Marcelle"—sounds the doom of dangerous "permanent wave" methods. Simply comb a few drops of Liquid Marcelle into your hair—then twirl the hair a bit with the fingers, or put up on your favorite curlers. When you are ready to dress, you are staring at a wealth of curls and waves.

No matter whether your hair is long, short or bobbed; whether dry or oily; blonde or brunette, Liquid Marcelle will solve your curling and hair-dressing problems.


A Matchless Marcelle

The remarkable introductory offer I have made in the next column means not one cent of profit on our initial distribution of Liquid Marcelle. But once you try Liquid Marcelle, you will use it permanently. Which will make our sacrifice of immediate profit well worth while.

Free Distribution $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

RIGHT now, we are anxious to make friends for Liquid Marcelle as rapidly as possible in all parts of the country. So we have decided to distribute the first 10,000 bottles without one cent of profit. We have figured costs down to $1.87, for preparing and compounding the herbs, bottling, packing and shipping the finished liquid. But this offer is open to only one member of any single family.


Wavy Bob

Send no money. Merely sign and mail the coupon below. When the postman brings your Liquid Marcelle, pay him $1.87 plus a few cents postage. The Century Guarantee insures your satisfaction. If you are not more than delighted with the results, return bottle and unused contents at end of a five-day trial and we will refund your money.

Wm. Ryerson
Chief Chemist

Send No Money—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Dept. 29, Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle. I will pay postman $1.87, plus a few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent to you postpaid.

Greenroom Jottings



Photograph by Atlantic Foto Service

Madame Olga Petrova recently rested at Atlantic City before rehearsing her new play. She is shown here on the boardwalk with her surgeon husband, John D. Stewart. At the right is Allene Ray, winner of one of the Brewster Publications Fame and Fortune Contests. Miss Ray will soon be seen in the Metro picture, "Your Friend and Mine," in which she is featured. Bebe Daniels always has an interesting story or piece of news for her fellow players. We find her here entertaining David Powell. There's no doubt of his interest

ANITA STEWART has signed a contract with the Cosmopolitan Productions. For the last few years **Miss Stewart** has been appearing under the management of Louis B. Mayer. What caused the change? We dont know, unless, perhaps, she was bribed by being told that her first picture would be "The Love Piker," one of **Franklin R. Adam's** short stories; that's an inducement for anyone. And while we are talking about the Cosmopolitan Productions, we might as well go right on and disclose the fact that Colleen Moore and James Morrison are related. Isn't that a divvle of a thing? Neve having seen each other until they met on the set for "The Nth Commandment," in which they are playing opposite each other, they then discovered that they both came from the same county in dear ould Erin and were at least fifteenth cousins, twice removed.

Gustav Brock, the famous Danish miniature artist, who recently held an exhibit at the Ehrich Galleries in New York, was engaged to hand-color the prints of **Marion Davies'** latest picture, "Adam and Eva." Mr. Brock is an *"Officier"* of the French Academy and has shown his things in *"Le Salon des Artistes Français."* His miniatures are famous and he has painted many members of European royal families.



Photograph by Evans, L. A

Sometime last February or March, when everyone was moaning and sobbing about the lack of heat in the steam-heated apartments, **Alice Brady** was having a taste of what really was cold weather, for, in filming "The Snow Bride," she and part of her company were working in the vicinity of Tem-Kip, a fur camp on Lake Temiskaming, three hundred miles northwest of Montreal. The temperature was about forty degrees below zero. Several members of the company had their noses and toes frost-bitten.



If you know **Will Rogers** and are a blushing bridegroom or bride, stay away from the "Follies"; he is prone to offer his felicitations in front of half of New York; not that he isn't fond of you, but he wants everyone else to know just how fond he is. Anyway, **Walter Hiers** and his new bride admitted that had **Will** taken them to some nice, quiet spot back-stage and murmured his congratulations in their ears, they would have had a little more faith in his absolute sincerity, because he made them stand up in front of the audience and listen to him charge them to live happily ever afterward.

Paragraphs Concerning Both Plays and Players

Richard Ordynski, who was formerly stage director at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, makes his *début* as a director in "The Exciters." **Mr. Ordynski** has been studying the technique of motion picture directing for the last several months. **Antonio Moreno** and **Agnes Ayres** have the principal parts in "The Exciters." The feminine lead was intended, originally, for **Bebe Daniels,** but **Miss Daniels** has not sufficiently recovered from her recent operation for appendicitis to start work. Later she will take the lead in a film that had been assigned to **Miss Ayres.**

Everett Shinn, the artist, who was art director for **Richard Barthelmess'** last picture, "The Bright Shawl," discovered some beautifully carved old Spanish doors, when taking exteriors in Cuba. **Mr. Shinn** was so taken with them that he insisted that they be brought back to the studios and used for some of the made sets. They came from the castle of the **Prince de Balboa,** whose ancestors, so legend has it, brought them over from Spain. They are made of Spanish oak, and so well executed is the workmanship and so intricate the design that **Mr. Shinn** thinks that it must have taken at least five years to complete them. They are to be presented to the Spanish museum in New York City.



"Forever After," originally played on the stage by **Alice Brady** and then made into the exquisite screen version for **Elsie Ferguson** and **Wallace Reid,** is now going to be set to music. **Joseph McCarthy** and **Harry Tierney,** who made "Up She Goes" from "Too Many Cooks," have been engaged to write the music.

Altho many people do not know it, **Betty Blythe** has a beautiful voice, but she has made up her mind that she must devote all her time to the movies if she is going to remain successful. You cannot, **Miss Blythe** thinks, work hard enough and thoroly enough to do justice to two major things. Everyone will appreciate **Miss Blythe's** picking the movies. Another thing about **Miss Blythe,** her Persian kitten won the second prize at the Twenty-first Annual Cat Show held at the Waldorf Astoria.

Nazimova has sold, thru her manager, **Charles Bryant,** the rights to "The World's Illusion," which the Russian star intended to make her greatest photoplay. But now she is afraid that she will not be able to take sufficient time to do the picture justice, as her new stage



Doris Kenyon spent most of the cold weather South this winter. She was at Miami, Florida, where the Ralph Ince company filmed the exteriors of "The Coward." Talking of exteriors filmed in the sunny South—Rex Ingram and his company recently returned from Florida also. Alice Terry Ingram was in the company, of course, and that made it pleasant indeed for her fond husband. Gladys Cooper, the famous English beauty, visited the Inspiration studios the other day, and Dick Barthelmess and John Robertson stopped work on "The Bright Shawl" to hear about picture making in England. Miss Cooper is reported engaged to Ivor Novello





Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.

play, "Dagmar," is expected to occupy most of her time. She may take a short "vacation," and make a smaller picture. It is said that "The World's Illusion" transaction involved more than one hundred thousand dollars. It was sold to the Metro Company.

The Holy Land seems to be getting into the movies these days. **Mr. Fox** went there to film "The Shepherd King," and now comes the news that **Cecil B. deMille** is going over to get the proper setting for "The Ten Commandments," which, he says, is going to be the best thing he has ever put on the silversheet.

Jackie Coogan had quite a time of it in New York. After making a double entrance, arriving at the Grand Central about two hours before his throngs of admirers were there to greet him, he dashed over to the Biltmore, washed his hands and face and had a bowl of bread and milk; sneaked back thru the rear entrance; appeared on the observation platform of a convenient train that happened to pull in; waved his hand at the assembled thousands and returned to the Biltmore on the shoulders of his press-agent. Later on he shook hands with all the little boys and girls in New York, and then, before he left, entertained the newspaper writers at the Biltmore for lunch. He made no speeches, but a very good impression. Another thing accomplished by the trip was the purchase of a story for **Jackie's** next picture. It is "Long Live the King," by **Mary Roberts Rinehart.**



Photograph by Bang, N. Y.

Besides being the mother of Ivor Novello, Mme. Clara Novello Davies is one of the well-known singing teachers of New York. Mr. Novello is now in Griffith's company of "The White Rose." Corinne Griffith will soon come forth in productions of her own company. And she is as pleased as a child over it. Corinne should go far. And below is a brand-new picture of Leatrice Joy and her mother, taken the other day when Mrs. Joy went over to the studio to watch some scenes of "You Cant Fool Your Wife" being filmed



Frederick and **Fanny Hatton** have been engaged to make the screen adaptation of "Cain and Mabel" for the Cosmopolitan Productions. The original is a story written by **H. C. Witwer. The Hattons** are well known for their plays—"The Great Lover," "Upstairs and Down," and "Lombardi, Ltd." In fact, they are always writing something or other. They have been engaged to make other adaptations not yet announced.

Wladyslaw T. Benda has gone into the sign painting business. Wearing his usual shy and deprecating expression, he was seen mounting a ladder at Seventh Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, clutching a dripping brush in his hand. He then added the finishing touches to the sketch he made of **Marion Davies** as she appears in her new film, "Adam and Eva." There are twenty-five reproductions of this painting, and they will appear in various parts of New York, but the one that will hold the greatest interest is the one that **Mr. Benda** touched up himself.

(*Continued on page* 117)

Avoid the Hidden Danger that Spoils Your Pretty Skin

How that "Last Touch" to One's Skin Can Undo All the Care that Has Gone Before, and the Way to Avoid It



"Princess Pat is Really Wonderful."—Madge Bellamy

WOMEN will learn with amazement the recent disclosures now being made known in regard to their use of the indispensable face powder. A painstaking, scientific study of the skin and its care has brought forth some facts which are nothing short of revolutionary as to the correct way to powder. Here are the facts.

Most women nowadays give thoughtful attention to their complexions. Why, then, should the skin so painstakingly cared for, frequently tend to coarsen and roughen without *apparent cause?* Why should the tiny pores mysteriously choke up and enlarge? What has been the reason so much beauty effort has had no permanent result—brought no lasting benefit? Science has found out, sifted down the facts, and discovered the cause of most cases of clogged, enlarged pores to be—*powder!* Not the innocent *habit of powdering,* but the *powder itself.*

Every woman knows there are countless brands of face powder—a bewildering array. Prettily packaged and daintily perfumed, they tempt one on every side. They are to be had in various forms, and many fragrances—but science made this important discovery: nearly every powder on the market was basically the same—*made of rice!* Therein lies the trouble.

How Rice Acts in Face Powder

Consider! Rice, as everyone knows, is a *starchy substance* and no matter how fine it may be pulverized, its particles remain "sharp." When magnified, rice powder resembles *sand!* In a tiny pinch of powder there can be seen thousands of jagged, sharp-edged particles. Not a happy choice for application to the delicate skin! But worse even than this irritating sharpness, is the fact that rice *swells with moisture.*

You have seen what rice does when you cook it. The kernels swell and become many *times their original size* when put in hot water. It is but natural, therefore, that the heat and moisture of the skin should have a similar general effect on rice used in powder. Your own reasoning will bear out this conclusion.

Each time you use powder with a *rice base,* some of the minute particles *must* work down into the pores. There they *must* react harmfully because they are both moistened and warmed—"cooked" by the skin. This action taking place day after day, every time you powder, is bound to undo your care to keep the pores free, clean and normal in size. So one more mystery is solved by science—and common sense.

There Is No Rice In Princess Pat Powder

"But I simply cannot forego the use of Powder!" says the woman who desires the velvety, smooth appearance only powder can give. Nor need she!

Use the *"Powder With The Almond Base"*—Princess Pat—and the thousands of delicate pores in your skin will never be enlarged in the least—however plentiful or frequent the powdering. For, *unlike* rice, the Almond Base has *no sharpness* in a dry state, and does not penetrate and *swell* when moist. Instead, it has a soothing, healing quality, making its application *a beauty treatment in itself.* It is as kind to the super-sensitive skin structure as Almond *always is*—and Almond, as you know, is used on the tender skin of babies.

Princess Pat Gives a More Lovely Effect, Too

Knowing these facts, one regards it as a pity that rice powders—for the face at least—still are used. This is particularly true when you realize Princess Pat is so *finely particled* that its gentle adherence makes its effect last much longer than the finest powder that can be made of rice. You will be altogether amazed and delighted with the clinging quality of Princess Pat—"The Powder With The *Almond* Base."

If you actually knew the benefits of Princess Pat to all skins—in all winds and weather — you would hasten its great comfort to you by obtaining a box at once at the nearest store that has it! But a liberal quantity — gratis — awaits you as explained below.

IMPORTANT

Ask for Princess Pat Powder by name and insist upon receiving it. There is no other powder made with the "Almond Base." The name and process are absolutely exclusive. Don't let anyone persuade you otherwise.



FREE!

Send for this big, generous free sample. Sent in a pretty red, gold and black enameled box—just the thing for your purse. Plenty for a thorough test. The of

Princess Pat

The Only Powder With an Almond Base
Always Ask For "Princess Pat"

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Tint—Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base
Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume

Now!—
Living
Flowers

From everywhere comes the edict—the miracle of *living* flowers to contrast the artificiality of perfumes!

VIVANTE

Madam, Mademoiselle, knows it? This sophisticated fragrance of life that speaks so naively the language of charm?

As indefinable as a smile!

As joyous as the Springtime!

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.

LOURNAY

PARIS
7 Rue de L'Isly

NEW YORK
366 Fifth Avenue



Betty Compson Confesses . . .

(*Continued from page* 49)

looks so well along the title line. That you must admit.

First of all, then, she admitted or confessed or what-you-will that she is simply "mad about Glenn Hunter."

To take the punch out of that confession for you, she added that she had never met Mr. Hunter personally, but had seen him in "Merton of the Movies," and simply fell for him. When she discovered that I know him, she piled me with a baker's dozen or more of questions, and instead of "Betty Compson Confesses . . ." I might very justifiably have named this interview "Betty Compson Questions Me on Glenn Hunter."

Her next confession was more personal. It was in the nature of a regret. "Altho," said Betty, "I dont believe in regrets. Regrets are so many weaknesses, sapping your vitality and getting you nowhere. I believe that one of the first principles of success is in learning not to harbor regrets. Everyone makes mistakes. They are almost unavoidable, and almost everyone regrets them, but to regret *is* avoidable. It is a matter of common sense plus willpower.

"I, for instance, regret that I didn't finish going to school. I dont *know* so many things, if you know what I mean. I left unlearned things that I shall never learn now, for lack of time and also for lack of initiative.

"I regret that I began my career so early. One can begin too early as well as too late.

"One can 'arrive' too soon. *I* 'arrived' too soon. I didn't have time to acquire my perspective. I didn't have time to savor the various steps as I went along. That is a mistake.

"I would like to 'Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in thy flight, make me a child again just for tonight.'

"Once one emerges from schooldays one never seems to have time again. One can get almost everything from reading, of course, if one has the proper time to read. I never have the proper time. I always read when I go to bed nights, but even then I feel guilty, for I should be getting my beauty-sleep.

"I regret that I ever gave up my study of the violin.

"Not only because I love it and started to train for it, but because two 'lines' are a valuable asset. If I had the professional backing of my violin, I could be more independent about my picture work. I could refuse to make pictures that I felt would not advance me. I have made many such, and I know it.

"I confess that I am sorry, really sorry, that I was made a star so soon.

"I became a star *too* soon.

"I dont believe in overnight successes. Even when they are deserved, they are, if you are very young and relatively inexperienced, desperately hard to live up to, to equal again, and then you are accused of back-sliding.

"I bitterly regret the death of George Loane Tucker.

"He and I were completely in tune. He understood me. He knew what I could do and how I could do it. He got the very best out of me.

"There must be an element of emotional understanding between a star and a director. No man and woman are in tune unless there is.

"Mr. Taylor's death was another tragic loss to me.

"But now I hope to work under Mr. DeMille, and I think I shall be able to do what dear Merton would call 'bigger and better pictures.'

"I confess that some day I am going to get married!"

(Startling confession for a star!)

"Not right away. Marriage to me is another career. There cant be two successfully in one little person. Also, marriage to me means children. I wouldn't get married if I didn't expect to have children. What would be the use? That's what marriage is *for*.

"I confess that I would be afraid of old age if it were not for marriage.

"You can grow old comfortably and securely if you have the comfortable and secure things of life. A star can never grow old comfortably and securely.

"I confess that I am always in love!

"I have been in love and out of love more times than I can count ever since I was fifteen. I am always 'mad' about some man or other.

"I couldn't work well if I were not in love. Love is the vitality of all art. All the great, really great artists of the world, have also been the great lovers of the world. Deathless passions produce deathless masterpieces. I admit that the masterpieces are frequently more deathless than the loves. But it is what one thinks that counts."

Betty ran out of confessions at this point. Dont be too hard upon her. As I have said, she is very young. Time will do wonders for her, and in the course of the vicious circle I shall see her again and shall then have more to report.

She did add that Bebe Daniels is her "best friend." She said that she had just bought a house in Hollywood and that Bebe had also bought one. They both live with their respective mothers, and their mothers are pal-y, too, which makes it very clubby all around.

I left Betty to the mercies of my successor. Long may she confess!

The beauty about Susie was that she was never twice the same. Sometimes she was sixteen and sometimes she was thirty-six. Sometimes she was the nicest kind of country girl, but occasionally she looked like a woman of the world. Read "Susie Takes A Chance" —beginning in next month's Magazine.

Friendly and Comfortable

(*Continued from page 27*)

course, I am—more anxious than I could have dreamed of being before. I have Snookie to work for now and before I just had myself. You never matter as much yourself. You couldn't!"

We didn't contradict her, even tho we didn't quite agree with her. We know just scores of humans who find nothing or no one in their entire existence even beginning to matter as much as they themselves do.

When she talked to us about Mary—or Snookie as she calls her with smiling mother eyes—it was suggested that perhaps it was not well to bring Mary into public view. The American public has not seemed to relish the idea of their idols being human beings with families and household cares and everyday lives. But all of this didn't seem to matter to Mae Marsh.

"That's stupid," she said in dismissal of the matter. "I *am* Mary's mother. If the public doesn't like Mary's mother, I can leave the screen. But I dont take any stock in all of that talk, anyhow." And there was something in her manner and her tone which leads us to believe that the Irish in the Marsh family isn't buried by too many intervening generations.

Mae's talk about being Mary's mother reminds us of the story we heard about her arrival in England, where she recently made two productions before returning to America and the Griffith fold.

A large crowd of people were at the wharf when her liner docked. They were there to see the American movie star who had come to play in their English pictures. And, of course, they expected to see the sort of thing they have seen so often before. They expected some ravishing creature, befurred, begemmed, attended by a French maid who would argue volubly in her native tongue over several huge trunks. Instead they discovered the slight, quiet figure of Mae Marsh. And when she later descended the gangplank her hand was upon her husband's arm. Behind them was a maid—but she was carrying the three-year-old Mary. Someone who chanced to be there told us it was a scene which would have done your heart good. The English, agreeably surprised, took her into their hearts and into their homes.

On this particular day we saw her at teatime at one of the New York hotels. We had been warned that it was almost impossible to do an interview with her. And so it would be if we felt it our duty to pass her on to you in all the press-agented glory of a motion picture star. But, on the other hand, that would hardly be fair to Mae, because as she is, she is much nicer than we could make her with fictitious addenda.

When the three of us left the hotel together, the city had faded into twilight.

"Taxi?" queried the doorman.

Mae Marsh shook her head at her husband's look of interrogation.

"Let's walk," she suggested." "It's lovely at this time of the evening."

So my last sight of them was as they threaded their way in and out of the other pedestrians. Arm in arm, they faced home, where little Mary waited them at supper in her nursery.

No glorified silken and perfumed creature, Mae Marsh. She's the other blessed sort, belonging to Today, Tomorrow and All the Days to Come—above everything else, friendly and comfortable.



Why Mar Beauty

By a dingy film on teeth?

This offers you a delightful test, to show how beauty is enhanced by pearly teeth. And how teeth can be protected as they never were before.

The method is used by millions. Dentists the world over now advise it. Won't you learn how much it means to you—and yours?

Removes the film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

No old-time tooth paste could effectively combat it. So coated teeth were almost universal. And very few escaped the troubles caused by film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Had to fight it

Tooth troubles became alarming in extent, so dental science saw the need to fight film. After much research, two ways were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on new discoveries. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. It is now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Other discoveries

Modern research also found other things essential. So Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

50 nations use it

Careful people of some 50 nations now employ this method. As one result, cleaner, prettier teeth are seen everywhere today.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The result will be a revelation, and it may lead to priceless benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Pretty Clothes Can't Cover Up Your Freckles

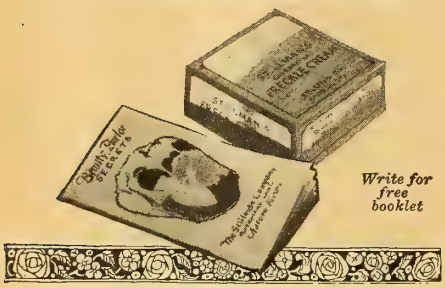
Why tolerate these embarrassing blemishes—you were not born with them!

Apply a touch of Stillman's Freckle Cream tonight and they will gently begin to fade away while you sleep, making the complexion clear and white. Safe and sure—in use since 1890. Cannot grow hair. Look for the purple and gold package. At all druggists in two sizes, 60c and $1.

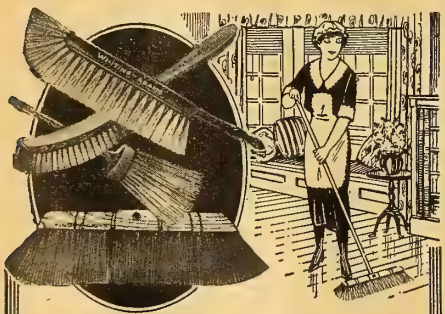
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Just out! "Beauty Parlor Secrets", a booklet giving the details of expensive complexion and hair treatments, enabling you to enjoy them at home at low cost. Illustrates fine points of make-up. Sent free. The Stillman Company. 33 Rosemary Lane. Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream



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For Household and Family requirements. Best quality, long wearing, perfect working. Extensive assortment,—every brush needed for home life.

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JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years and the Largest in the World

$ $ $ This Picture Costs $ $ $

(*Continued from page 37*)

are supposed to look emotional——.". Yes, strange as it may seem, I would rather see a few good principals than a whole lot full of extras, even at the rate of ten dollars a day per extra.

Now we come to the expensive "sets" for the production. That's supposed to be a great part of the big blah about how much the picture costs. The sets! Yes, indeed! Why, they actually make sets these days, with real steel girders in the buildings! The fact that, if you live in a city and go in town *any* time, *any* day you cant help seeing a building being put up and steel girders being used has *nothing* to do with it. I cant for the life of me see why the movies *shouldn't* use steel girders if they want to. Why all the talk? Why all the blah because a picture is being shot on a set where they are using real bricks instead of *papier-mâché*, real streets paved with real cobblestones, real props instead of imitation things? Why shouldn't the things be real? Goodness knows I see real things whenever I go in town, real buildings made of real bricks, 'n, everything. I could even take a kodak picture of these real buildings and real bridges if I wanted to. Why rave so then, producer, if you build something *real* for a movie background?

Size, too! How a producer and his publicity and his advertising department will dwell on the *size* of a set. How large the hall was where the banquet was served! How tall the tower was from which the hero escaped? What of it? I've seen bigger halls and higher towers. I've seen photographs of Rhine Castles and the interior of the Art Museum. "But this is a picture," you explain, patiently. Fat chance I've got of forgetting. All I can say is, you cant make me exclaim with wonder over the size of your towers and turrets. If these sets are necessary for the correct interpretation of the plot, well and good. Put them in. Dont have so much to say about them. Let your public take it for granted, Mr. Producer, that you are spending money because you have to spend it and not because it will look so clever in the advertising matter, later. If the immense sets are *not* needed and are just put in, so as to have a chance to spend money, somebody in the picture business is crazy and it isn't the poor, moron ten-dollar-a-day extra, either.

Next in the look-how-much-we've-spent catalog comes the star. Somehow, a star at a high price seems so much better—or is supposed to seem better than an actor or actress on a small salary. If stars really got what they were supposed to get, Washington would have to send a double staff of employees to Hollywood just to do preliminary work on the income tax. Why it enhances the value—to the public—to learn that little Tessie Frozenface got five thousand dollars while working on "The Land of Going To Be," I shall never know, especially when you consider that almost any pleasant-faced girl, not actually half-witted, could obey the director and do just as well. Lionel Ain't-He-Grand, at a salary of several thousand a week, is not improving a picture any more than would Freddie Gum-Drop. Worn-out emotional actresses from the stage, who cant have close-ups on account of innumerable wrinkles are no better, no matter how much salary they are getting—and are supposed to be getting—than would be far-less-known stars at infinitely smaller salaries.

Then there is the money for well-known books and plays "adapted for the movies." I never knew what "adapted" meant until last year. Then I learned that when you "adapt" a novel or stage success for the movies, that means that you change every single incident excepting the name of the piece, which is retained for advertising purposes. At least that's what I learned, a year ago, that "adapting" meant. But recently I learned one thing more. A well-known novel "adapted" for the screen—that is, a huge sum was paid for the rights of it and then it was changed by some low-class moron screen writers into a scenario suitable for the movies, with the name of the novel retained, of course. But *after* the picture was shot, it was found that the old name wouldn't do, either, so that was changed, too. Nothing remained excepting the author's name, and that was taken away, at the end. Why give a mere novelist credit for something he didn't do? That's "adapting," for you. Oh, well, it's as good a way as any of spending money and I suppose a producer wouldn't be happy unless he did that.

This brings us down to the last spending-money-to-make-a-big-picture idea. We have reached the climax! Seems to me, in my poor way, that a climax of a picture ought to be a big emotional scene, showing human emotion, a clash of wills, character development, something real and important and vital. That shows you how wrong I am. The climax of these big-spend-the-money pictures — are — yes, indeed—storms and floods. Yes, indeed! The fact that nature produces some pretty good storms and floods free of charge has nothing to do with it. Forest fires are good, too. "The Storm" had a grand fire and storm in it. Gave nature a close run for her money. The storm in "The Old Homestead" was a marvel. You couldn't find anything much more thrilling than the storm in "The Sin Flood." The storm in "One Exciting Night" was all there, as far as storms go. And as for "The Town That Forgot God," why, William Fox actually offered to pay $200,000 to anyone who could duplicate that storm.

Ain't nature wonderful? Imagine paying—or offering, for he well knew it was only an offer—$200,000 to duplicate a storm as wonderful as the one in a movie, that was, of course, produced "at great price." I've seen days when I'd have offered all the money I had for the weather to clear up. I've never offered anything for a storm. When you think of all of the $200,000-and-better storms that nature wastes on us every now and then, you just wonder why William Fox and the others bother so much about storms, after all. Why not go ahead and take a good picture and let the storms take care of themselves, I dont have to go to the movies to watch it rain.

It seems to me that old Bill Shakespeare had a pretty good idea of things. (What a marvelous screen writer he would have made!) The play's the thing, on the stage or in the movies. You dont need three thousand extras, immense *papier-mâché* sets, expensive stars from the "legit" and storms to make a successful picture. You do need a good story, whether it be sensibly taken from a published short story or novel, not "adapted" in the usual screen sense, or whether it be written directly for the screen. Then you need a sensible director, not a ham actor out of work or a failure at newspaper writing or a down-at-heels artist, but a man who has made a success on the stage and who is a real

artist, loves the stage and has vision. You need, too, a few good actors. I dont ask that they have brains. The director can supply that, if he's capable, but the actors and actresses should be capable of showing ordinary emotion without doubling into knots or knocking down the scenery. The sets themselves can be simple and in good taste. There are enough good scenic artists, these days, to take care of that. If you want exteriors, with nature assisting, well and good, but dont put the plot up to nature. Let the actors take care of the emotion. Get a story with heart interest—and head interest—with a real psychological "punch," plenty of action and a pretty girl for the sentimental interest, a director with brains to put it on and a writer of inserts who is at least literate, and you'll have a good picture and a picture that will interest the audience and make money. You cant advertise it with dollar signs, but what of it? Too many pictures have been flaunting the dollar sign, when they had nothing else to flaunt. Why not flaunt brains in directing, cleverness of plot, originality of viewpoint and good acting, instead? I've an idea the audience would like just a real good movie, for a change.

That's Out

(*Continued from page 47*)

We are looking forward with great interest to see in what manner the producer will work a flood or trainwreck into "The Village Blacksmith." Surely, they will not dare to film it without one?

Allan Dwan says that if Bebe Daniels' performance in "Glimpses of the Moon" is not hailed by everyone as equal to the best work Norma Talmadge has ever done, he'll eat the film. We'll see.

Heigh ho! The past month has been a dull one. Only 17 successors to Valentino have been announced.

It seems to me that Jack White comedies are worth a little more attention. He is making some very funny rib-ticklers, but it takes a long time to be discovered in the screen world.

Hints to Scenario Writers

Write a story of "the great open spaces, where men are men." Write a story where the woman pays, and pays, and pays.

Our Own News Monthly

The inside dope says that Charlie and Pola are already married but are keeping it a secret for publicity purposes.

"The Covered Wagon" is expected to mark the return to popularity of the cowboy-Indian picture.

Jack London's "The Call of the Wild" should be one of the big film hits of the year. Its dog star will be a popular rival of Strongheart.

It's a shame to waste the talents of a good actor like Jack Pickford upon such frankfurters as "Garrison's Finish."

Screen fans thruout the country are greatly alarmed over the report that Mary Garden may return to the films.



Who was to blame?

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

Who was really to blame?

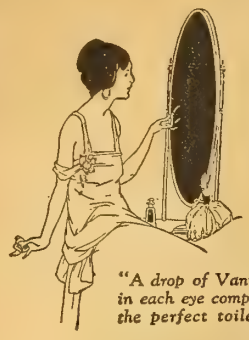
* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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All their fascination may be yours with the aid of Vanitine.

Vanitine, the only beautifier to provide grooming for the eyes, does so by thoroughly cleansing them. It removes inflammation, makes the whites of the eyes appear whiter, deepens the color and restores lustre.

Vanitine is absolutely harmless. It contains no belladonna or opiates of any kind whatsoever. It neither dilates the pupil nor affects the sight in any way. These are matters for the oculist.

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For the enclosed $1.00 send Vanitine to

Name ----------

Address ----------

What Will Become of Jackie Coogan?

(Continued from page 22)

What will Jackie be like two or three years from now?

He may suddenly shoot up to be a long gangling, gawky boy. It was a safe thing for Wesley Barry to grow gawky because he started as a freckled-faced funny boy. But Jackie is different. Jackie is everybody's baby. Long legs and a gangling hobbledehoy body might wreck him as a picture star. Pleading, pitiful eyes and a knowing little glint of a smile dont go with the gawky age.

Metro is making one of the great gambles of motion picture history. It is just a step out into the financial dark.

Jackie's parents are as much in the dark as anyone else. I have talked to both of them very often about Jackie's future. They are frank to say that they dont understand him now and haven't an idea what the future may bring for him.

In other words, nobody—not even his parents—can tell whether he will be a great actor when he grows to maturity because they dont know what makes him a great actor now.

I have seen every famous actor of this generation and most of the great stars of the generation that is slipping away. If genius is something that lies just beyond mortal ken—something that lies just beyond the portals of the reasonable and the accountable, then I can say candidly that the only two actors I have ever seen possessed of genius were Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan.

In the case of each of them you feel that they are calling on powers that are not of common clay. You are forced to the conclusion that their art is something that does not come from them; you have the sense of it flowing thru them.

Of the two I am not sure but that Jackie is the greater genius.

His technique as an actor is absolutely superb.

When they were making Oliver Twist, I heard Frank Lloyd, the director, tell him to walk along the street just as tho he were not noticing anything in particular. If you dont think this is hard, just try it. It is almost a moral and physical impossibility to do so without showing self-consciousness. Jackie went hopping along just as tho he were a care-free little bird out in the sunshine.

I thought he didn't understand what it was all about until he looked up quickly at the director and said, "But, Mr. Lloyd, I went down the street the other time in the other direction."

"Oh these are just publicity shots," said the director.

The puzzled look went out of Jackie's face. "Oh," he said, "then it doesn't matter."

And he resumed the innocent child-like aimless wandering walk as tho he were unconscious of the camera.

In the middle of one of the big scenes in which Jackie registered fear of the most abject kind, the director abruptly stopped the action and called a halt in the work for a technical reason. Jackie went running off the set yelling "Hoo—hoo" to a little girl companion who was waiting to play with him. He stepped out of the emotion of the scene as one might take off a coat. He grabbed his little girl friend by the arm and they went hurrying away on some magnificent adventure of their own. He had apparently forgotten the cameras and the directors. But when they sent for him, he stepped back into the terror and the fear—like taking a drink of water.

"To tell the truth," said his father, "Jackie is just as much of a puzzle to us as to anybody else. I cant figure him at all. I have seen him step out of a big emotional scene and, with tears still wet on his cheeks, begin to make a railroad tunnel out of a newspaper and a book."

"What does he talk about at home?"

"What do other little boys talk about? Engines . . . aeroplanes . . . Santa Claus . . . dogs . . . about having a house up in a tree . . . just chatter."

"Does he talk very much?"

"Much?" Coogan senior turned his eyes imploringly to high heaven. "There is no stopping him. He goes on like an automobile engine with the cut-out turned off."

Coogan said he didn't really believe that Jackie thought much about his scenes; he does not remember distinctly the plays that have gone before. He remembers Oliver Twist on account of a knife that some one gave him: "The Kid" on account of his old pal, Charlie Chaplin. Art with him is as unconscious as breathing. It is something that he just turns on when he needs it and puts away when he is thru.

I asked his father about the scene in "My Boy" in which he told a story to the judge from the witness stand. This was an astonishing exhibition of progressive emotion. Coogan said he didn't believe it meant a great deal to the boy. It was mostly a subconscious process.

In working with Jackie, his father never allows anyone else to tell him how to act. A most humiliating state of affairs, by the way, for a director: he is interrupted and contradicted every other word. Nevertheless it is Pa Coogan who runs the works.

It is very noticeable that the father never acts out a scene for Jackie the way directors often do for actors. He merely tells him the emotions that he is supposed to be feeling. The day I saw them doing the circus scene Jackie was supposed to be dilated with rapture over the performance of a little girl trapeze performer. There was really no little girl there at all. They showed Jackie a spot on the side of the tent at which he was to direct his gaze, and told him what he was supposed to be seeing.

"Gee, ain't she great?" gurgled his father. Jackie hung his head and dug his toe in the dirt as one bashfully exalted. "Gosh ain't she the prettiest thing in the world?" continued the father. "Whee . . . Just look at her going over that bar. . . ."

Jackie's eyes grew wide and his mouth dropped open.

But the instant that the director called, "Cut" Jackie walked unconcernedly away . . . off the scene. The little girl had vanished out of his consciousness.

I asked Coogan if he thought the child really, in his imagination, saw the little girl of the trapeze. Or if he just mechanically went thru the motions of a little boy seeing a little girl on a trapeze.

Coogan replied with candor that he had never been able to decide. Naturally they are right in not asking him. The first instant of self-consciousness that enters his work might be the end of everything.

In conversation, Jackie is just about like any other well-behaved unspoiled child. They have taught him the great importance of being polite to interviewers and so he is always sweet and charming. But he always impresses you, as he talks, that his mind is on something else: that he is thinking about his play. He has a governess on the set at all times. Just now she is reading Greek mythology to him. He is especially

excited about Medusa. But his remarks about her were just about those of any normally bright child of seven years.

What he says always seems more precocious because of his size. He is seven but he looks not more than four.

Jackie's mother is a wise, sensible little Irish woman who used to be a vaudeville singer—as did his father.

She told me with a frankness equal to his father's, that she feels no certainty about his future as an actor. She says she can see no reason why he should not go on acting without a break and eventually become one of the great actors of all time. At the same time she is forced to realize that child actors seldom grow up to continued triumphs. For some reason, most child prodigies blow up when they come to the gawky age.

"But," she says, firmly, "we feel sure that, if he isn't an actor, he will be a success of some kind. By the time he grows up he will, of course, have a great deal of money. We are investing it and saving it for him. It will be all his. But I know that he will not be the kind of man who will be content to sit around and live on his money. He will always be something big and useful and fine. It doesn't matter. He will be able to go into whatever business or profession his heart inclines to. If it is acting, well and good. If something else, it doesn't matter."

Jackie, of course, wants to be a camera man or a fireman. Acting doesn't impress him much.

It is doubtful if any great genius has ever thought much about his own work. Genius can very seldom explain itself. Genius doesn't know how it works. It just steps up and hits the ball. Babe Ruth doesn't know why he knocks home runs. Even great boxers dont know how they do it. They just do it. So with Jackie.

It remains to be seen what will happen when he gets older. Will this divine flow of genius continue, reaching out thru his cosmos to the world? Or will he begin to think how he did it last time and try to do again . . . and begin to be self-conscious . . . and so lose it?

. . . and turn out to be a manufacturer of automobiles . . . or the owner of the town gas works . . . or a fat senator. . . .





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Resinol Soap





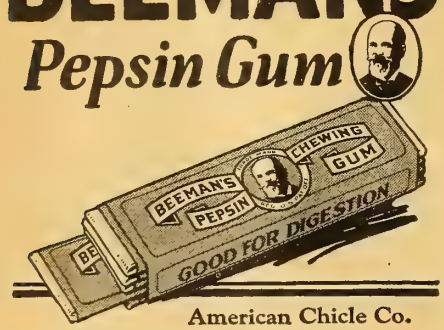
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A trial on one lock of hair is your safeguard, and this I offer free. Accept this offer and prove for yourself that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely.

I perfected my Restorer many years ago to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, and since hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have used it. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as pleasant to use. No greasy sediment, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and natural in all lights. Results just as satisfactory when hair has been bleached or otherwise discolored.

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Brass

(*Continued from page* 35)

flat, bag and baggage. Marjorie cried all night and said that Philip had "put mama out." Philip tried to comfort her this time and they made up. He felt a little ray of hope. With Mama Jones gone the lost Marjorie might return. He and Wilbur had taken a small office and things were beginning to roll in. Everything might turn out well, after all. Of course, it could never be as he had dreamed it might. Marjorie was not as he had dreamed her. He knew that he had left his youth behind him in those Autumn woods, but then, as dear Mrs. G—— said, life went on and on and other dreams were builded on the grave sides of the old.

Philip went home once with Marjorie for Harry and Rosemary's wedding. He thought Rosemary had never looked so sweet as she did in her bridal gown. Like a lily in a chalice. Everything was cool and sweet. Mother and dad were hospitable and gracious. Old Joe Church was glad to see him and slapped him on the back and said that he might have been the groom, but things were as things were . . . Philip ached miserably inside. He wished that he had been. He looked at Marjorie, flushed and over-excited, flirting with one of the ranch boys. Marjorie was always flirting these days. . . .

. . . . . .

Two years after the wedding Marjorie's baby was born and very shortly after Rosemary's came.

Marjorie took the baby's care querulously. When the baby cried Marjorie fretted and was sulky. She didn't know what to do for it and she hated the attendant duties, and whenever she could she turned him over to Mrs. G—— or to Philip and ran off to the movies or to one of the parties with the movie crowd she hung around with. Philip's remonstrances were not even heeded now. Instead of being softened and mellowed by maternity, Marjorie grew harder and more fretful. She kept wishing that mama would come back. But mama was living with her sister and found plenty of opportunity to pick Philip and his way of doing things to pieces from a distance.

Mrs. G—— was the baby's real mother. Philip was doing exceedingly well now, and he paid Mrs. G—— to stay at home and care for the baby. When the boy was a year old, Philip took a larger flat and furnished it according to Marjorie's taste. They had a few happy hours doing that and then Marjorie's interest waned again. She said the baby made her nervous, that she was "too young to have had a baby," that mama said it was "a shame for her to be so tied down."

Once Philip took her to the ranch to see Harry and Rosemary. He thought the contrast might shame her, for Rosemary was a radiant mother, fulfilled and complete.

When the boy was a year and a half old, Marjorie left Philip. He had told her to take her choice between Roy North, her "movie magnate," and himself—and Marjorie chose Roy. Roy could buy her jewels, would take her to New York, would put her in the movies. She went with Roy.

Philip's family rejoiced at this break. Especially Philip's sister Lucy. Lucy had married a man of considerable wealth and position, and she was enormously fond of her handsome and rapidly prospering brother. When Marjorie left, she insisted that he dine with them at least once a week and spend every other week-end at the house. Week-ends she generally contrived to have Leila Vale there too.

"Phil," she said to him on one such occasion, "you're as blind as a bat, darling. Leila's mad about you. She's just the one for you. You ought to have a woman of some presence to grace your home. You could get any distance with Leila for your wife. For heaven's sake, dont go and make the same mistake over again and marry some other little Nobody!"

"I dont even want to marry a little Somebody, sister dear," Philip said, with a tinge of bitterness. "I think I shall leave well enough alone."

"Yes," Lucy said, impulsively. "*I* know what you'll do . . . you'll go to work and marry that Mrs. G—— you've got living there. Everyone's talking about it, Phil. The woman's just laying a trap for you."

Philip felt unaccountably angry. Dear Mrs. G——, Mrs. G—— who had warmed his whole life with her presence since first he had married into the Jones family.

"I dont know what I'd do without her, Luce," he said.

Lucy raged. "Just what she wants you to feel!" she stormed, "the old adventuress!"

Philip could afford to smile at the accusation. Mrs. G—— was so very far from that. And then Lucy was his little sister. She thought the beautiful Leila was the One Woman for him. Well . . .

Two days later Philip went home early to find Mrs. G—— in the throes of packing. Her small room was overflowing with boxes and pictures and all the flotsam and jetsam of Going Away. But she had stopped her work to enjoy the fragrance of the flowers he had sent her.

Philip felt as if an icy hand had touched him. "Where are you going?" he said. His voice was terrible and strange in his own ears. He could see that Mrs. G—— had been crying. Her heavy dark hair was pushed back from the pallor of her face.

"Dont look at me, Phil, I'm a sight!" she wailed. How unlike Mrs. G——! She never wailed. She never cared how he saw her. She only lived to *do* things for him and for the baby. Now she was leaving him, leaving him alone.

"I dont care how you look," he said roughly. "*Where are you going?*"

Mrs. G—— turned around to him. Her eyes were wide and filled with a despair that shamed him. Why, she had done these things for him *because she loved him*. She had done them silently, self-effacingly, without hope of reward. She had sunk her life into one continuous act of service . . . for him.

"Lucy has been here," she said finally. "You must be sensible, Phil. Folks are talking. That doesn't do you any good in business. It doesn't do you any good . . . with Leila."

Philip Baldwin gave a great laugh. It boomed like triumph about the tiny room. He reached over and pulled the beloved woman to her feet. Sensible Mrs. G——. She was being foolish . . . she was being witless, after the fashion of women who love. . . .

"Mrs. G—— . . . Mrs. G—— . . ." Philip hid his shamed face in her neck. . . . "You dear woman, you beloved woman. Why haven't you told me what I always knew way down . . . that I couldn't live without you?"

Mrs. G——'s passion almost frightened him. She had been starved for so long. Hopeless for so long. It was an idolatry that she gave him. She poured it over

his early wounds like a libation of precious oils. She healed him and made him whole, a man. Motherhood was in her close embraces . . . and yearning . . . and comradeship . . . and passion full blown. . . .

"We will be married tomorrow," Philip said. "We have waited too long, you and I. . . ."

Philip went up to the ranch that night. He had not wanted to tell his mother about Marjorie. He wanted to tell her about Mrs. G——. "Son," his mother said when he had finished, "I am content for you now. You look as a man *should* look when he talks of the woman he loves."

. . . . . .

Into the room where Mrs. G—— was packing for her honeymoon came Marjorie—an older Marjorie, a harder Marjorie. The soft bloom had gone from her face and artifice had replaced it. Her mouth was drawn definitely into the querulous lines that had been appealing when she was very young.

There was a ghastly scene. Marjorie stormed about and wept and said that, yes, she *had* gone away with Roy North, had married him, but she had never been happy. Roy had abused her, that Philip was her first love and her husband, the father of her child. . . . She had come to ask him to take her back. . . . "Do you suppose," she stormed at Mrs. G——, "that *you* can satisfy him after *me?* Why, you idiot, he'll never love anyone as he loved me. You dont know how Phil loved me . . . and there's the baby . . . our baby. I tell you, Mrs. G——, you'll be doing a wicked, bad thing if you interfere between Philip and me now that I've come home. I've been determined to be a good wife to him now, a good mother to the baby. You've got to give me my chance."

Mrs. G—— wrote Philip a little note. She said that she had gone away. Please not to try to find her, that it was all for the best, that Marjorie was his wife and the mother of his baby. . . . Good-bye and she loved him, forever and a day. She was always his "old Mrs. G——."

. . . . . .

There was an anniversary party at the Baldwin Ranch. The old Judge and Mrs. Baldwin were celebrating their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary.

All of the children were there. Philip was there with his little son, alone. Rosemary and Harry and their three children, Lucy and her husband and little girl.

Only Philip was apart.

Upstairs, he knelt by his little son while the boy said his prayers. "Please, God," the child prayed, "help us to find Mama G——."

"God bless Mama G——," echoed Philip, bowing his head on the pillow, "and please help us to find her soon."

In the doorway Philip's mother stood and watched them thru her tears.

"Amen," she whispered softly. "Amen to that."





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Feasters of Babylon

(*Continued from page 46*)

lady, you'll be as good as new except for a scratch on your cheek that your make-up will cover, I have no doubt!"

"Oh *that!*" Lissa shook her head. "I wasn't going to act any more anyway! That's why we went off the road—because I told Hollister that and he kissed me and forgot to steer for a moment. As long as *he* still thinks I'm pretty—" she drew Mary's head down whispering in her ear. "You can tell Dermott the truth about the fire—I was going to tell him myself this morning when he was so angry, but he rushed away before I could. So I told Hollister. Somehow, I wanted him to know just how bad I was!" Pride throbbed in her voice. "But it didn't make any difference to him! We—were married—this morning——"

It was Lissa who, two weeks later, curls pulled over the healing scar on one cheek, helped her sister dress in the simple white georgette gown Mary had chosen to be married in.

"It's funny, isn't it, how different things turn out from what you think?" Lissa mused. "Here you're going to be rich and I'm going to be poor and wash dishes and darn stockings"—but there was no regret in the words, and the next moment her thoughts had flown to the only subject that seemed of importance to her now. "Hollister will be out of the hospital soon—maybe next week, the doctor says! He's been such a good sport, Mary! Oh, and I didn't tell you, he's got a job already, selling autos for a firm in Frisco at forty dollars a week. Isn't that simply *fine?*"

And this, Mary marveled, was Lissa, Lissa who would rather die than wear cotton underclothes, Lissa who adored expensive perfumes and model gowns, this girl with the cheeks flushed with pride who spoke as tho living with her Hollister on forty dollars a week were Heaven indeed! Here was one who had left the feasts of Babylon, the music and the mad revelry without a look behind.

As tho reading her thoughts, Lissa answered them. "Oh, I know I used to want to marry a rich man and have things, but that was long ago before I knew I cared for Hollister. It's queer how when you care for a person just *things*—fur coats and autos and diamond necklaces dont seem to matter one single damn, do they?"

Down the street Mary saw a tall figure coming with eager steps. It was the way they had chosen to be married in the little bungalow living-room without curious staring eyes, and grinding news cameras, and afterward no wedding journey with rice and white satin bows and old shoes, only the walk thru the scented dusk up the hill to the great white villa which would never again be a Mystery House, but a home——

"A new Heaven, and a new earth"—that was what it meant, what Lissa was trying to say. Again her heart lifted on the wild strong tide which was to carry her out to strange seas behind the furthest horizons of her dreams, the tide whose name is Life. She kissed Lissa silently—not even to her could she speak of her secret heart, but when her sister had gone from the room, Mary slipped to her knees by the side of the bed.

"I invite You to my wedding, God," she whispered solemnly.

In the sunset two stood on the terrace on the hill and looked down over the town, in which the lights bloomed like pale flowers in the Garden of the Dusk. Be-

low them Hollywood set its phonographs jazzing, honked its auto horns; the lights of the studios spoke of play—love enacted before the watchful lenses of a dozen cameras. But they two stood alone as, in the Beginning, two stood together in a Garden which was Paradise.

"I want you to know," Dermott Trent said presently, "I have turned all those papers in the strong box into clean white ashes that cannot do anyone harm. And I have forgotten that they ever existed. Life begins now—tonight—here——"

"Now," she whispered against his lips—"here."

After a while they turned and moved toward the house where a warm light shone thru the windows of the hall.

"I've had the temple made over into a sun room," his voice came to her thru the dusk, shy as a boy's. "I thought—perhaps, by and by, we might need to use it for a nursery—oh, *Mary*——"

The strong tide, sweeping her on, but she was glad to go with it, to feel herself a part of Life. Her hand went out, seeking his, and so they went up the steps together. The warm light flowed out into the darkness to meet them, then the door closed. And thereafter the garden was very still.

In Other Words, Adam's Rib

(Continued from page 59)

tinge and, like a thunderbolt, her reply hits you, straight in the face: "It's nobody's business."

"I should like to travel," she confessed, as she toyed with a bit of fancy-work. Restless always, her leashed forces must find constant outlet in some doo-daddle; but even here find expression in brilliant reds and greens and not in little flapperish pink French knots. "Live a while here, a bit there, with plenty of money to enjoy the best things in life. I love quaint places, the unusual. I should be deliriously happy could I make pictures always abroad or, better still, live there in idle leisure."

But I could never picture her fritting way her vitality in aimless pleasure; sooner or later that thing which carries her on, which trembles like molten steel just beneath the fine tissue of her rose and ivory skin, would drive her back to work, to expression of those hidden fires.

Her likes and aspersions are, briefly: a mild interest in golf and motoring; a passion for European life and, that failing of possibility, New York's theaters and gay charm as second choice; a liking for vivid colors, broadly applied, and a stirring disgust for little opaque-eyed, gold-digging flappers. She believes in telling the truth, whether you hurt somebody's feelings or not, in doing and saying what you please regardless of established etiquette. For all of which reasons she doesn't quite fit into Hollywood and therefore is the more intriguing.

This modern Viking woman makes no ideals of the petty, intrinsic things that actuate so many of our little blonde girls; her inspiration comes from within, that deep motivation of a restless soul seeking expression and feeling its satisfaction always elusive—just around the corner.

Born in Ystad, Sweden, she came to this country when quite young, living with relatives; after her apprenticeship as an artist's model she entered pictures and her career since has been an even-going, unostentatious progress, absolutely devoid of hardship. In contemplating it, and then turning my study to the vibrant personality of Anna Qverentia Nilsson, I often wonder why she is not today a star of first



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calibre. And I come to the conclusion that, as in the rôle she portrays in "Adam's Rib," the constant struggle of the elemental in her soul has been neutralized by the superficial ease of modern life. She is frankly lazy—yet out of her turbulent blue eyes, in the throaty cadences of her husky voice, stirs always that restless force.

That Anna has no taffy disposition, here where sweetness is cultivated as a main stock in trade, is proven by the fact that she, alone of all the demoiselles who have obeyed the baton of Maestro DeMille, is unafraid of him. I have seen her listen to his call-down for a certain length of time; then, unable longer to restrain her temper, walk off the set. And she doesn't come back until he calms down either.

But she speaks of him in praise: "He has intelligence and demands the same quality in others. I, like Mr. DeMille, detest dumb-bells and try to give him of my best."

Another recent occurrence is proof that Anna has a mind of her own. In filming "Hearts Aflame," Reginald Barker had set out a veritable forest of three hundred and sixty trees, each soaked in gasoline, the whole set afire in blazing tongues that licked hungrily toward the sky—and took their toll of the little engine that laboriously made its way thru the inferno. The engineer had taught her to run the locomotive and she drove it thru the flames, thru heat that was terrific. Another night, believing that the thrill could be intensified, Barker ordered the forest transplanted and again set fire.

"You're going to do that fire-scene again?" she inquired. "Go ahead—but not with me. Anna has had enough of it."

For four evenings she looked the seething forest over and said "Nothing doing" to their pleading. Barker and Louis B. Mayer were distracted and promised her all sorts of things if she would do the scene. But Anna has a canny business instinct and finally said, "I will do it, provided you sign a contract, witnessed and properly executed, that, should I be burned or otherwise injured, you will continue to pay me my present salary thruout my life." The producer was none too keen for the bargain, but finally acquiesced rather than longer hold up production. "And the Lord help you if I'm hurt," Anna cried as she took her place in the cab.

With the engineer crouched at her feet out of sight, Anna opened the throttle wide and the cab toiled thru the flames. But in the center of the burning inferno something went wrong and the locomotive stopped, while the fire took its toll of her fair skin and blonde, bobbed curls. With a jab of her foot she brought the engineer up, crying to him, "Holy Moses, give her gas!" Finally, scorched and blistered, they came out into the open and Anna, unconscious, was taken to the hospital.

When she regained consciousness, she demanded Mr. Mayer; but that gentleman, tho walking circles outside her door, cannily refused to go to her bedside until her hysteria had worn off, then promised her anything she might ask for.

"Fine time to say that," Anna grumbled, "when I'm so excited I can't think."

But he did show appreciation of her courage with a nice gift and, after a few days in the hospital, she had fully recovered from her burns.

After the parade of pink and white blossoms of pulchritude the energetic personality of Anna Q. Nilsson stimulates, gives one the feeling of having met not only an individual different from the usual stripe but of having come in contact with those elemental forces which we, in our superficial lives, seldom see. Hidden fires!

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 53*)

Her failure to achieve any semblance of a Manchu lady reminds us of the poetic manner in which Richard Barthelmess suggested the Yellow Man in "Broken Blossoms." And Taou Yuen was a rôle rich in color and interest.

To consider the rest of the production briefly, it must merit less praise because of Miss Joy's failure in the rôle of Taou Yuen. This gorgeous Oriental creature coming to old Salem in all of her embroidered and painted splendor, the wife of a sailing-master and one of Salem's finest young sons, is the pivot for the entire dramatic tale.

The Salem atmosphere and the Salem characters are in most instances very fine indeed. At all times the big family in the old house, Java Head, seem living people.

Raymond Hatton gives Edward Dunsack, the opium smoker, a sinister fascination, and Jacqueline Logan is real and sympathetic as Nettie Vollar. George Fawcett is another prominent member of the cast, and Rose Tapley, who will be remembered in old Vitagraph pictures, is also well cast. Speaking of Rose Tapley, perhaps you remember Audrey Berry—she was one of Vitagraph's children. In "Java Head" you will see her as a young lady.

To review "The Voice from the Minaret":

Even tho Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien have not played together for years, they are still regarded as among the greatest lovers the screen has ever known. And now that romantically dramatic story of lovers in Damascus, who return to the conventional world and deny their love, finds them together again.

Robert Hichens with an intense appreciation of the dramatic brings Lady Adrienne Carlyle, the wife of the aged and unfaithful Lord Leslie Carlyle and Andrew Fabian, about to enter the Church of England, together in Damascus. Hourly the mussieun from the minaret calls the faithful to prayer, reminding the lovers that their love has come to them only to be denied if they would remain faithful to their individual vows.

Desert love is quite the thing these days, cinematically speaking, and while "The Voice from the Minaret" is alloyed with life in the diplomatic circles at Bombay, India, and later in the aristocratic set of London, the hot breath of the desert hovers over the lovers all of the time.

It would not be difficult to find considerable fault with this production, but because we enjoyed it emotionally despite these faults we avoid mentioning them.

For Norma Talmadge we again have praise even if in a smaller measure than we have offered at other times. And speaking of Miss Talmadge, we firmly believe that she has even greater potentialities.

Eugene O'Brien does not appear the aesthetic clergyman, but there are times when he is convincing.

And while we mention it last, the salient feature of "The Voice from the Minaret" seemed to us to be the manner in which the kiss of the lovers was necessarily handled. Remembering the censors, Lady Carlyle and Andrew Fabian are shown in an embrace. Then the scene shifts to a Dasmacus street scene. Then the lovers are seen again, still in an embrace. A screen embrace is limited to a ridiculously few feet. Therefore, ways have to be found in which to overcome the prudish obstacles erected by these High Judges who have been appointed to guard well public morals.

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The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page* 60)

liberty which his temperament demands.

Lacking in originality, he possesses more imitative ability than he does imagination, but his receptive mind easily grasps the ideas and theories created by others and it is often difficult for him to distinguish between his own conceptions and the thoughts that he has unconsciously absorbed from the minds of his associates.

This naturally enigmatical character at times appears obstinate and self-possessed, seldom seeking counsel and disliking contradiction, for it is almost wholly guided by a deep intuition which directs an inflexible will, the combination carrying its owner over all obstacles to an already secretly decided goal.

Mr. Richard Barthelmess, whose birthday occurs May 9th, is dependable, earnest and well worthy of the trust that others instinctively place in him, for while decidedly secretive and inclined to be sparing of conversation, yet people whom he likes can count upon his loyalty and intuitively know that they will never want while he is able to provide; however, he must always dominate the friendship and is invincible in argument, while his outward treatment of others depends greatly upon his mood.

A certain lack of spontaneity is balanced by a remarkable memory, fondness for study and patient persistency, while perfect poise and self-confidence make his often-proffered, but excellent advice difficult to resist.

Mr. Harold Lloyd was born April 20th, in Aries-Taurus-Cusp, and the first-named planet gifts him with some originality also keen executive ability, but the latter quality is dominated by a certain distrust, or fear of the imposition of others, especially among social relationships.

An inherent appreciation of the beautiful could find outlet in his eventually becoming a collector of art-objects or something of the kind, and for relaxation he should enjoy either witnessing or partaking of athletic sports.

Mr. Jack Holt, whose birthdate is May 1st, is sensibly practical, with such intense faith in his own knowledge that it might impede his comfort in working for any one dictatorial; nevertheless, being extremely persuasive and magnetic also broad-minded, everybody likes him and respects his tenacious perseverance.

All of these men are so positive in character and set in ideas that an attempt to change their views would be useless endeavor, unless, before they arrive at a definite conclusion, they are attacked by subtle flattery; also they are inscrutable in personal matters, any expressed views of self being methodically thought out beforehand.

The much admired Miss Norma Talmadge, born May 2nd, has a decidedly feminine temperament and fascinating manner contributing greatly to her popularity.

She too, is practical without being phlegmatic and would display skill and wisdom in management of either the home or business matters, likewise she is gifted in color choice or designing, besides possessing ability in things literary.

Miss Mae Murray, birthdate May 5th, is, without posing, the "clinging-vine" type, not immune to flattery, and kindly sympathetic, however, upon occasion of difficulty, her inherently dependent nature could become momentarily self-reliant and, even ordinarily, she is cleverly efficient.

While naturally exacting, Taurus women are genuinely humane and willing to

make great sacrifices for those whom they love, but they are inclined to be more worrisome than the men, and frequently subject to fits of depression, so this is one reason why their most favorable association would be found among the Aquarius, for while the February people are also temperamentally depressed, they hide their feelings and live to cheer others, also it is well to couple the brilliancy of lazy Aquarius with the plodding but capable execution of Taurus.

The majority of May personalities are susceptible to compliments, altho, unlike Aquarius, they are unable to detect insincerity of praise, therefore, in writing fan letters to stars of this planet, it is advisable to laud their ability.

In heart affairs, they have possibly the most demonstrative nature of the zodiac as, belonging to an earth-sign, they fling themselves into an attachment with ardorous abandon, and while the equally passionate persons of February are mental epicures in their sensations, yet these characters are alike in love inclinations, both being extremely affectionate but peculiarly changeable.

Taurus people attract and are attracted by those born in January, September, November, March and July, and their faults are lack of self-control, raging temper, gluttony, drunkenness, deceit, brutality and self-gratification.

Others born under this planet, besides whom I have especially mentioned, are Tom Moore, born May 1st, Bryant Washburn, born April 28th, Bobby Vernon, born May 6th, Richard Walton Tully (director), born May 7th, Tyrone Power, born May 2nd, James Matthew Barrie (writer), born May 9th, Baby Richard Headick, born April 29th, Cyril Maude, born April 24th, Louis Mann, born April 20th, Blanche Ring, born April 24th, Ada Rehan, born April 22nd, and Natalie Talmadge, born April 21st.

"Dear Clay," wrote Susie in "Susie Takes A Chance," the Lucian Cary serial, "I think New York is the friendliest town. I've already done my first day's work at a perfect job. I was hired at twenty-five dollars a week, and after the first hour I was raised to thirty."

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Springtime—does it restore the glow of youth to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—*what of your complexion?*

Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallowed skin? Does your complexion grow fair and radiant?

You can *aid* nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up," *revitalize*, the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny imperfections—restores healthy charm to your skin.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the utmost benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin now to gain the fresh, wholesome complexion, the clear, soft skin that should be yours.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, American Blush and Dark—**50** cents.

Ingram's Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—in striking container, 50 cents.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 TENTH STREET DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. British residents address Sangers, **42-A Hampstead** Rd., London, N. W. 1. Australian residents address Law, Binns & Co., Commerce House, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36 1-2, Havana.



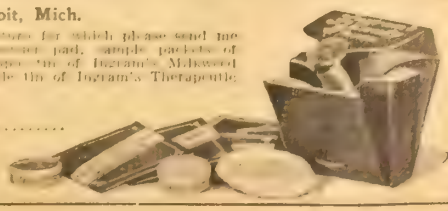
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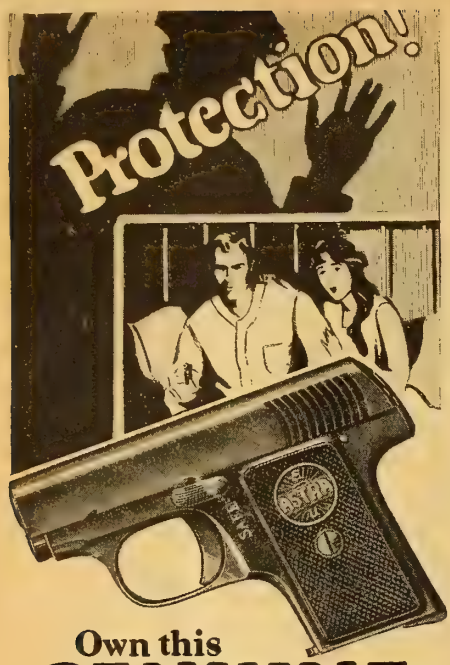
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Gentlemen: [illegible] for which please send me Ingram's [illegible] containing an embossing powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Face Powder and Ingram's Rouge, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and [illegible] for the gentleman [illegible] a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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The ASTRA is the finest European Pistol and the equal of any similar American weapon retailing at $15 and $25 up! It is the standard of the Spanish Army, and after exhaustive tests was adopted by the French Army during the war.

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From Telephone Operator to Motion Picture Producer

(*Continued from page* 66)

Thus Mankind.

But she remained undaunted. She went to one of the well-known Hollywood hotels where most of the directors, producers, "angels," etcetera, foregathered and offered this hotel her services in exchange for her board and keep. She performed all sorts of small duties and in the evenings she attached herself to groups of movie people and began to ask questions and amass such information as she needed. Now and then she got a job as an extra thru some one of the people she had met while with the shipyards.

When she felt that she was ready, she tried again, and again unsuccessfully to interest Mr. C—— and others in her project. "If," finally said Mr. C——, "if you can get a contract from some producing company, well and good. . . ."

Finally, one of the officials of the Famous Players-Lasky Company offered to vouch for her, and upon the strength of this recommendation along with the obvious sincerity and commonsense of Miss Haskins' plans, the W. W. Hodkinson Company wired her from New York that they were mailing her a contract.

"I then," said Miss Haskins, "made my first mistake, altho I still feel that I could have done nothing else. I cast my picture, hired my studio and began to 'shoot' before my contract arrived; which means that I had absolutely no money and a mounting production cost by the day. I think I had about one hundred dollars in the bank and my secretary had about five hundred or more which she loaned me eventually. Miss de la Motte's salary alone was $750 a week. But if I had delayed until the arrival of the contract, which I assumed, of course, *would* arrive during the first week of actual production, I would have pushed my overhead up sky-high. The studio in which I made my picture was already equipped with sets which I could use in my story. If I waited, these sets would have to be scrapped and there would have been the great, additional cost of rebuilding sets for me. I couldn't see that. So I said nothing—and took a chance.

"It proved a chance indeed! The cast was engaged, including, most notably, Mr. George Fawcett, Mr. Ralph Graves and Miss de la Motte.

"The first week all went well. None of the Company knew of the conditions under which I, and they, were working.

"Then came the end of the first week and, of course, my inability to pay their salaries, or any part of the production cost. I explained that my contract was due any day and that then their money would be forthcoming. But the contract did not 'forthcome' and neither, of course did the money.

"It would take a book for me to tell you all of the details of the pressure they brought to bear on me.

"Little things . . . the studio manager refused to allow me to go on. I told him that the studio was mine while I was working in it; that I had hired him and that that was an end to it.

"Miss de la Motte's manager refused to allow her to go on with the story unless her salary was paid.

"They got together and decided that I was absolutely mad.

"My director went off on a drunk and his son had to step in and lend a hand with the production.

"When it came to the third week and still I could not pay Miss de la Motte's salary, her manager put down his foot. I knew that unless I could keep them going until the last scene was shot the game was up. That night I went to a very wealthy woman I knew in Hollywood. I had no concrete idea that she would even listen to me, I thought it likely that she would also brand me as 'crazy,' but my need was desperate and beyond all small considerations. I simply went to her and said, 'Mrs.—— I have *got* to have a thousand dollars within the next twenty minutes. She said, 'Why, of course, my dear; get me my check book.' I could have asked her for ten thousand, perhaps, and had it, but I dont know! I told her the truth. The thousand for Miss de la Motte was what I did actually and immediately *have* to have, and I believe in telling the precise truth in such cases especially. In that truth my extremity was revealed.

"The upshot of the matter was that I got a permit to carry a revolver and literally at the point of a gun I forced the entire production thru to a conclusion.

"At the twelfth hour the contract arrived and the money was paid. They told me, once, that I would never be out of debt. They told me that I would be in jail, or they'd know why. Mr. Graves coaxed and cajoled me into giving the whole thing up, 'while there's time,' he urged. He really feared for my life, I think. They banded together and decided to take the production away from me. They would 'take it over' they said, and I could go. I told them they would get that picture away from me over my dead body, and that if they did not go ahead to a finish neither money nor credit would be forthcoming.

"Toward the end I was so direfully unpopular that I stayed away from the studio for three days at a stretch. My secretary reported to me, and I saw that they had what they needed.

"Well, it is finished.

"I am here in New York. The picture cost me $30,000 and it was valued at $80,000 by Mr. Hodkinson.

"I wouldn't go thru it all again for many times the valuation.

"I am going to keep on making pictures. Far from being daunted or defeated, I have been made sure of myself, and strong in my own beliefs. It was, simmered down, just Sticktoitiveness. . . ."

This is an outline of what the "baby producer" has been thru. One can read between the outlines, so to speak. One can see the "baby producer" battling with bare hands. A film Jeanne d'Arc.



Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 67*)

thousands and thousands of letters in the past year from fan club enthusiasts; the general idea seems to be that fan clubs will have much to do with the change of pictures. First and foremost, we believe in doing things "For the Fans and by the Fans." We also believe in "Friendly Praise—Friendly Criticism." It seems to me that this would be an idea well worth adopting on the fan pages in our favorite publications, including MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—that classic of the screen.

All in all, my message is to beg fans to come to some Peace Treaty. Let our pens glide across the page: "Friendly Praise—Friendly and Constructive Criticism." Oh, how much it would mean!

I would like very much to hear from the fans interested in motion pictures from my viewpoint, and promise all to answer their letters and tell them of my experiences in Movieland.

Sincerely yours,
WALTER I. MOSES,
Grand Junction, Colorado.

A letter which holds a brief for Valentino as a man's man!

DEAR EDITOR: I should like to give Edmond Anderson, Lynchburg, Virginia a good dressing down, with your permission. In reading February MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I ran across his letter and I almost boiled over, if you will excuse the expression.

I agree with him on one thing. His admiration for Lillian Gish. I do think she is the greatest actress on the stage or screen — but — his remarks concerning Rodolph Valentino are the most absurd I have ever heard coming from a supposedly young man.

I have heard several prominent business men say they believe if Valentino were given half a chance he would make a splendid actor. Silly women and girls who have raved over Rodolph and behaved like love-sick girls of seventeen have spoiled Valentino for many people—but why should he be blamed for that?

A personal friend of mine traveled on the same train with Valentino from Atlantic City to Philadelphia. When the train arrived in Philadelphia it was raining, the train was an hour late—still a mob of people were waiting to catch a glimpse of Valentino. A handful of women were there, the rest were men. By the way, the "friend" I spoke of is a man.

Edmond Anderson also said he saw "Tol'able David" six times—I would be ashamed to admit it. Of all the ghastly pictures!! I admit Barthelmess is a wonderful actor, but "Tol'able David" was fearful.

I wish to say a few words in regard to Wallace Reid. A fine actor, typically American. Everyone loved Wallie. The screen has lost a promising artist. The fans have lost one of their favorites.

Sincerely,
JUANITA EAPLE YARBRO,
Box 222, Chatham, Virginia.

Versus "The Vogue of Valentino" which has called forth more comment than any article we have ever published.

DEAR EDITOR: In reference to the article "The Vogue of Valentino" in your February number, we, thirteen boarding school girls between the ages of eighteen

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.



FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B——, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile——." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B——, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B——'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my success was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short, in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, as his guaranty.

M. TRILETY,
1891 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

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Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....



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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid

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Clear Tone FOR PIMPLES

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FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Only $1.00 Down

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only $1.00 down. Send today for information.

Free Book Send for the most complete watch book ever produced. 100 designs and engravings beautifully illustrated in colors. Write for it today, it is free. A letter or a postcard will do.

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and twenty-one, wish to state that we do not agree with the article that Valentino represents to the American girls their ideal of a perfect lover.

We are of the age and type that is considered to be most impressionable in regard to this matter. We think his plays inspire the wrong ideal, that his philosophy concerning what American women desire in a lover is mediæval and all tommyrot. We would certainly hate to see our American men take him for an example.

We feel that we are echoing the sentiments of thousands of girls all over the United States and we challenge the editor to put this in print.

Sincerely yours,

V. S.; M. W.; V. R.; C. J. M.; E. McK.; K. N.; F. C.; H. E.; E. S.; M. S.; A. K.; D. F.; M. M.

Wanted by playwright and scenario writer, young woman who can spell, has read a book, and can take slow dictation direct on the typewriter. Must be willing to work all hours in emergency. $25 a week to start; no flapper; no would-be writer; and no girl who rings my bell before 10 A. M. will be considered. Philip Garner, 56 West 50th Street.

That was the advertisement which changed Susie's fortune in "Susie Takes A Chance," beginning in the June magazine.



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FACE POWDER

As soft to the skin as the brush of a butterfly's wing.

Chosen for years by women of refinement for its purity, softness and delicate fragrance. So clinging, only a touch needed.



Refuse Substitutes They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. **50 cents** a box of druggists or by mail. Send **10 cents** for a sample box.

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YOU admirers of the clever screen stars, just glance through this selected list of the BIG ONES. Wouldn't you like to receive by return mail, genuine photos of your Movie Favorites, size 8x10, in original poses by the Stars? They are beautiful and life-like. Wonderful value for the money. **50c each, 12 for $5.00.** Make your selection NOW from this list.



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Pola Negri	Clara K. Young
Mary Miles Minter	Frank Mayo
Mabel Normand	Katherine MacDonald
Milton Sills	Mae Murray
Mary Pickford	Charles Ray
Betty Compson	Nazimova
Anita Stewart	Charles Chaplin
Norma Talmadge	Marion Davies
Pearl White	Richard Barthelmess
Earle Williams	
Rodolph Valentino	

or any of the other popular stars.

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Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Send money order, U. S. bills or U. S. stamps with name and address plainly written to
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FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

IT CANT BE HELPED

There was every reason to believe the winner of the American Beauty Contest would be announced in this number. At the last moment, however, the judges are unwilling to make a final decision before considering, in some instances, additional photographs.

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY—

will, therefore, not be announced until next month, when the Honorary Mentions also will be granted.

TO DECIDE IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE

would be foolish and inasmuch as it only means a month's delay, we hope you will bear with the eminent judges in their difficult task.

Shampooing

A task half done

Noted actresses all recognize the fact that hair to be beautiful needs more than just shampooing. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Golden Glint Shampoo was made particularly for medium brown hair—to make it look brighter and more beautiful. When your hair appears lifeless, all you need do is have a Golden Glint Shampoo. It *does* more and IS more than an ordinary shampoo. With it you can correct—correct, mind you—any little shortcomings your hair may have. It places your hair in your own hands, so to speak.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25c a package at toilet goods counters or postpaid direct. J. W. Kobi Co., 119 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

FRECKLES

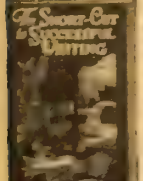
Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them: Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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Dept. 2354711 N. Clark St., Chicago

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 80)

and J. A.—Sorry to put you in the alsorans. Better luck next time.

CHINQUAPIN.—Thanks for your very learned letter. You are indeed a scholar. The only objection I had to your letter was that you have no desire to meet me face to face. Is that kind? Write to me any time.

IRIS F.—You say getting money is like digging with a needle; spending it like water soaking into sand. Norman Kerry has signed up for five years with Universal. Justine Johnson is not playing now. Miss Dupont, Corinne Griffith, Elliott Dexter, Bryant Washburn in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." King Vidor is producing for Goldwyn.

A. C. P.—So you're a blonde. Hair which is lightest in color is also lightest in weight. Light or blonde hair is generally the most luxuriant, and it has been calculated that the average number of hairs of this color on an average person's head is 140,000; while the number of brown hairs is 110,000 and black only 103,000. Mae McAvoy has grey eyes. Jack Mulhall in the Talmadge pictures.

INKPOT.—Well, if you are looking for a wife who will be as pliable and responsive as clay, you will have to dig her up from foreign soil. Glenn Hunter's next picture will be a crook story, written especially by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

KUTE KEWPIE KID.—Well, you just about made it before Easter. No, I wont even get a new Easter bonnet. I hope you do. Buck Jones is twenty-seven and you want to see a picture of him. Thanks for the suggestion, but I dont care to use a raw onion on my bald head. No, the national anthem is not played in the theaters here upon leaving. During war times, it was played at the opening of the performance.

FERNE.—Maybe you are ready to take another step. You had better keep right on with your school teaching until the right time comes. You write a very interesting letter. C. Guff is with Selznick, and Constance Talmadge at the Metro Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Lila Lee is with Lasky and also Mae McAvoy. Dont try to solve life—you're not the first who has tried it.

ROSE M. REVERE.—You wrote a beautiful letter about Wallace Reid, and I wish I could print it. Dorothy Davenport Reid is to make a picture for Thomas Ince on the drug habit, the proceeds of which will probably go to the Wallace Reid Memorial Hospital for Drug Addicts. Katherine MacDonald is five feet nine, and you can reach her at 914 Girard St., Los Angeles, California.

RICHARD P. W.—There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her. Watch out, my boy. You sure do write a clever letter. So you would like to write interviews. You would make them too frank, I'm afraid. Write to me any time.

SALLY & LAURIE PT.—'Tis those who trust their all to chance, who think fate rules all circumstance. You can write to Joseph Schildkraut at the Theater Guild, New York City. John Barrymore is in Europe at this writing. Glad to meet all your family. You must be a happy crew. Write me again, and remember me to your twin.

PERT.—Well, you can rely on what your heart says more than on what your head says. What your heart says is great, is great. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Barbara La Mar, Ramon Navarro in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

(*Continued on page* 114)



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

WHAT IS A BOOT-LEGGER?

He is nothing but a common law-breaker who exacts unreasonable prices from the public because of the chances he takes. But how many of us are almost as bad? We daily break the laws of Nature and think nothing of the terrible chances or consequences.

DO YOU KNOW THE LAW?

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FREEDOM

Cut it out fellows. Get wise to yourself. If Adam had looked like some of you, Eve would have fed him poison ivy instead of apples. This foolishness will never get you anywhere but the graveyard. Get back to Nature's laws and be a real He-man. Pull in your belt and throw out your chest. Give your lungs a treat with that good pure oxygen that is all about you and you will get a better kick than you could get out of a whole case of whiskey.

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Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 51)

Bookman, that magazine subscribed to by the literarti, featured in its February number an article by Mr. Valentino. People have been propounding theories as to what is the matter with the motion picture until the subject is shabby and threadbare. And while others may have said something of what Valentino writes of before, they have failed to say it as convincingly or as well.

The other evening found us in the Cort Theatre again watching Glenn Hunter play the title rôle in "Merton of the Movies." His is undoubtedly one of the finest portrayals which has come to Broadway this interesting season. Of all the human qualities Harry Leon Wilson gave his movie-struck hero between the covers of his novel, Glenn Hunter in his characterization does not omit a single one.

As a matter of fact, it would have been ridiculous to have had anyone else play Merton. We saw Glenn Hunter in the character clearly when we read the book, and if anyone else had played the rôle on the stage we doubt if we should have ventured to see it. We think it everyone's duty to spare their own illusions all they possibly can.

But, in the interest of art, believing Glenn Hunter has even greater potentialities, we are tempted to form a league similar to the deadly Kuklux or of an equally efficacious nature to keep people from causing Mr. Hunter to suffer from an inflation of the cranium. It would seem that the Barrymores offering him histrionic praise would, itself, destroy Youth's values.

However, the fact that there is as yet not the slightest hint of this sort of thing is our encouragement. And it is likely that the very driving ambition of the Hunter will rob him of time in which to sit back and bask in the glory of his present achievement.

Nazimova is behind the footlights again this season. As a matter of fact, there has been a right about face. A year or two ago everyone was leaving the stage for a try-out in the motion picture studios. This year countless screen people are either combining screen and stage work or leaving the Klieg lights temporarily.

"Dagmar" is the name of Nazimova's play which we witnessed the other night with great disappointment. We expected interesting things from Madame Nazimova, if not great things. Despite the adverse criticism which many of the critics offered we went hopefully. The New York critics have been known to go astray *en masse* lately. However, we didn't wait for the last scene. And long before we made our difficult egress over several pairs of feet and into the aisle, we had had enough.

"Dagmar" is the story of a Continental courtezan and it might possibly be entertainment if it was played in a Parisian tempo. When we admit this, we are being lenient. Nazimova, as would be expected, gives it an atmosphere of Russian tragedy.

Knowing Madame Nazimova well enough to be aware of her intelligence, we simply cannot understand her selection of "Dagmar" as a vehicle for her return to the stage. And to view both sides of the selection "Dagmar" is not only lacking in an artistic and dramatic sense but it does not promise to be a commercial *coup d'état*.

Charles Bryant, who has pleased us intermittingly on the screen, is hopeless as the emotional French lover. He might possibly do as an emotional English lover, paradoxical as that is, but as a French lover his rantings are theatric and boring and leave everything to be desired.

Of course, New York has been anxious to see Nazimova on the stage again and prominent people may frequently be glimpsed in her audiences. Fanny Hurst the novelist was there the evening we were there. And, incidentally, her story "Humoresque," which is among the best motion pictures we have had in recent years is now a stage play with Laurette Taylor playing the mother rôle. Another about face. Motion pictures are now being adapted into stage plays. A fair exchange.

A typically keen and humorous remark of Jackie Coogan's brings us to the end of our gossip for this month.

Last autumn Jackie was taken to Coney Island as a particular treat. Boy-like, Jackie wanted to ride on every scenic railway on the island. Finally his mother said to him:

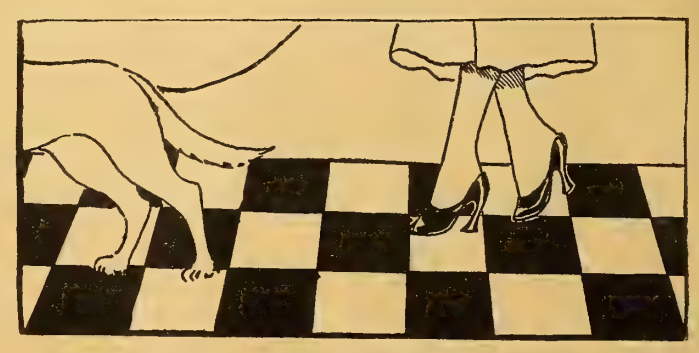
"Jackie, if you coax about another ride, we'll go straight home without even stopping for dinner."

Jackie looked up at her in earnest consideration and a gleam of humor livened his big brown eyes.

"Mother dear," he said sweetly, "if you take me home now, I'll ruin your career."

It was Mrs. Coogan herself who appreciatively told us this story. We think it is beyond price.

A.W.F.





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DEPARTMENT P

VAN'S LABORATORIES

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Comment on Numerous Productions

(*Continued from page* 57)

THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE—PARAMOUNT

With indictments falling upon the screen from every direction, but especially from the reformers, William de Mille shows that he is something of an opportunist by pointing a bit of propaganda for his profession. The picture revolves around the widespread passion for publicity which animates certain folk in public life and the evil consequences that develop when scandal shows its ugly head. The story sermonizes its way along, tho scattered here and there are some illuminating dramatic scenes. Mostly a fashion display where Bebe Daniels is concerned, yet she shows a frontful flair occasionally. Kathlyn Williams, whose dramatic technique is but half appreciated, contributes the outstanding performance. Lavishly produced. But why the expenditure?

ADAM AND EVA—COSMOPOLITAN-PARAMOUNT

As a play, Guy Bolton's gay little comedy of mishandled money and manners was highly enjoyable. As a picture, it succeeds in maintaining its farcical note, in spite of its lavish investiture. Just why a simple piece as this should demand a "peacock" adornment is inexplicable. Unless the answer may be found in Marion Davies' desire to outshine her sisters of the profession in regard to a "tiffany" setting. But here it is—gowns, sets by Urban, and what not. And watching the backgrounds and drinking in the atmosphere one may lose contact with the story which is deftly transferred to the screen. Father (played by the unctuous Tom Lewis) is sick and tired of the bills run up by daughter. He dashes off to South America and puts an employe in charge of everything. The upshot of it all is, the new *chargé d'affaires* tells daughter and her parasitical friends that dad is broke. So the gang goes to work on a farm. The Adam is the employe, and a live wire as played by T. Roy Barnes. It's a good cast. William Norris and Percy Ames are in it.

TRUXTON KING—FOX

The mythical kingdom formula is never put away so long on the shelf that it is allowed to collect any dust. Here it is lugged out to provide a background for the earnest, but rather self-conscious John Gilbert. And it is hardly necessary to tell you that old George Barr McCutcheon himself wrote the story. He almost has a copyright on this theme. It's the same, familiar Graustark—with the adventurous American cutting up didos and what not before he rescues the distressed daughter of royalty from the revolutionists. As perfectly obvious as a bedtime story. At that it is the best pictorial plum which has fallen in Gilbert's lap since he signed on the dotted line for Fox.

JAZZMANIA—METRO

You wont have to consider this story at all. It is nothing more than a syncopated Graustark theme, and it needn't worry you. But Mae Murray furnishes the real interest. Her husband, Director Leonard, has caught the spirit of these jazzy times—not only in the zippy incident, but in the bizarre staging of the scenes. Of course, it is a fashion picture, too. Miss Murray can wear as many striking gowns as Gloria Swanson. But the fashions dont intrude in spoiling the plot or cutting in on the comedy. Author Goulding out-Graustarks Graustark itself. The very modern queen becomes a jazz enthusiast, and before the land is turned into a republic, flivvers and other inventions of our breezy age are introduced. It is a highly seasoned dish and Mae Murray and her dances and the gorgeous background make it thoroly palatable.

MIGHTY LAK A ROSE—FIRST NATIONAL

It's seldom that the screen offers a crook melodrama treated so intelligently as "Mighty Lak a Rose," sponsored by Edwin Carewe. The shopworn development of the redemption note isn't lugged in by the heels. Instead it is brought out logically and with a humanity which seldom over-stresses the sentiment. The result is an absorbing story which lifts it into the category of better things. There is nothing forced about it—not even the happy ending. The pathos is well balanced with the melodramatic elements.

We are shown the regeneration of a gang of crooks who come under the influence of a girl violinist afflicted with blindness. She is employed by them as a "blind," but their redemption is in sight the moment she tucks her fiddle under her chin and plays Nevin's melody. There must be one of the crooks who is more susceptible to regeneration. Hence we have the love affair. There is just one sop thrown to the conventions. This shows the crooks "pulling" one more job in order to get enough money for an operation to restore her sight. This touch is movieish. The picture is finely acted by Dorothy Mackaill, who comes as close to Lillian Gish's methods of expression without giving an imitation of them as anyone we can mention. She is always sincere, unaffected and convincing. D. W. will get this girl yet. A fine family picture.

THE HOTTENTOT—INCE-FIRST NATIONAL

Willie Collier's stage play adapted to the screen with fine appreciation of its comedy values. And we must record that it is the best thing which has come Douglas MacLean's way since "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave." Race-track stories follow a more or less familiar groove. There must be a race, you know. But its familiarity never intrudes due to the speed with which it moves and the entertaining incident which carries it under the wire a winner. All about a youth who is afraid of horses and who is mistaken for a famous jockey. You may well imagine the predicament of MacLean in the part. There is an exciting steeplechase which more than justifies its transference to the screen. The stage, naturally, could not reproduce the scene. Madge Bellamy and Raymond Hatton, both highly competent players, give the star able assistance. Put the picture away in your mind as something worth seeing when it comes along. It carries the laughs.

BELLBOY 13—INCE-FIRST NATIONAL

Straight farce has to carry spontaneity of action to succeed on the screen; furthermore it should carry rollicking situations which border close upon burlesque. But "Bellboy 13" fails where "The Hottentot" succeeds, because the points mentioned above are adhered to in the race-track story while in the bellhop opus they are absent. Douglas MacLean needs situations which

are not so broadly executed. He doesn't score his points with a bludgeon, but with a fairly sharp rapier. The piece would have fitted Larry Semon better. Or Jimmy Aubrey. It's a tale of a disinherited youth who becomes a bellboy. The rich uncle, embarrassed by the uniform, determines to have him fired. And the young man calls a strike. There is some by-play with trick hats. It is slight but fairly amusing.

SUCCESS—METRO

Old-fashioned treatment of an old-fashioned story may spell success for it among the easily pleased sentimentalists, but we doubt if the steady-going patron who has had pictures and tales of life behind the footlights thrust upon him thru the screen and magazines will call it other than "just ordinary." In the first place it employs the most conventional brand of characters and situations so that the minute the picture is flashed one can identify every move and know far in advance just how it will end. The figures are the great interpreter of Lear and his wife who plays Cordelia, the theatrical managers, one of whom must supply the comic relief, the "angel" and a host of others.

The gist of the story is that the thespian, unable to stand prosperity, passes into oblivion. But stay! He stages a comeback by assuming his rôle of Lear again when the new idol becomes intoxicated. Result? Reconciliation with his wife who has not aged a day in twenty years and recognition by his daughter who has been reared in the belief that her daddy is dead. A stilted story contained in a more or less shoddy production, aside from the final stage scene. It carries several platitudes in its titles. Brandon Tynan, who loves to act, plays the broken-down tragedian with a fair amount of feeling. The cast is large with most its members supplying atmosphere.

RACING HEARTS—PARAMOUNT

One of Byron Morgan's automobile stories which brought the late lamented Wally Reid to the peak of his popularity serves in giving Agnes Ayres a chance to show what she can do at the wheel. These tales are cut and dried and simply variations of the Kentucky race-horse series which never seem to grow stale no matter how often they are used. If Morgan doesn't repeat too often, he can use his pet idea for years. "Racing Hearts" presents the customary conflict of two rival auto manufacturers—one the father of Agnes (Theodore Roberts, if you care to know), the other the dad of Richard Dix. Roberts is immense in his rôle. You haven't forgotten him in Wally's auto pictures, have you? So there's the plot. The interest is centered upon the fast driving of Miss Ayres and the road race. It looks as if they caught the genuine thing here. A snappy picture and because it is breezy in action and peppy in incident and played with spirit, it is certain to arouse anyone's curiosity. Dix hasn't the careless abandon of Reid, still he plays his rôle colorfully enough.

CRINOLINE AND ROMANCE—METRO

A slight little, trite little, fairly bright little number this—with Viola Dana dressed up in crinolines and ignorant of the outside world until she rebels and leaves her stern grandpa and emerges as a disciple of jazz. We dont see how the producers could waste so much valuable celluloid in extending the frail story to feature length. It is mostly atmosphere. But Director Beaumont has brightened it up with a bathing scene when the catty



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guests at a house party, would frame Viola's figure in a beach suit which went out of style twenty years ago. The humor is not of the infectious brand. It will scarcely cause a ripple of mirth. A sketch written for Miss Dana and therefore as ingenue-ish as she can make it.

ROMANCE LAND—FOX

Here we have Tom Mix in another of his western burlesques—a picture not so compact with thrills, et al., as some of his other canvases, and devoid of any new touches. Starting off as if it might be a satire upon "The Connecticut Yankee," it only continues in this manner for a few scenes after which it becomes a typically orthodox western, featured by a rodeo, which gives Mix his opportunity to uncover his stunts. The plot has to do with outwitting a crooked foreman. If he wins the rodeo, the father of the girl will grant his consent. There it is—take it or leave it. Ralph Spence's titles are mostly wise cracks and there is an overdose of them.

STORMSWEPT—FILM BOOKING OFFICES

About the poorest thing we've encountered this season, wholly without rhyme or reason. The two Beerys, Wallace and Noah, struggle vainly to give it character. The present popularity of pictures of the briny deep inspired the production. It features a despondent husband whose wife has left him. So he is picked up by a skipper of a lightship and taken aboard. There are enough gaps in the picture to swamp the entire Cunard fleet. A storm is shown, but instead of waves crashing over the decks one sees a stream that is shot from an invisible hose. And the absurdity of it all is expressed in the heavy moralizing of the captions which include a pair of gems. Skipper in lifeboat going to rescue of lone woman in rowboat says upon approaching her: "What are you doing out here?" She replies: "I'm just taking a row before breakfast." Avoid this one, unless you want to enjoy a good laugh.



On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 70*)

New York. Miss Murray has never found much appeal in Hollywood. Like D. W. Griffith, Tom Meighan and several others, she needs Fifth Avenue to give her inspiration.

Will Rogers will soon arrive in Culver City to begin work at the Hal Roach studio. His leading lady will be Marie Mosquini. Marie, in her backyard, has been raising a turkey for the table for a long time, having taken him to her young affections when there was still an egg around him. Every time any person of great moment comes to her house to dinner, Marie takes the family ax and goes out to the slaughter, but never can get up courage for the dreadful deed. Will Rogers has already been invited to a family dinner at the Mosquini manor-house and Marie is sharpening the old ax.

Wanda Hawley who recently trekked off for Europe in a most mysterious manner, denying her identity at the passport office, is plaintiff at a divorce against Allen Burton Hawley who, she says, is the scion of a family of ancient and high degree, but who will not work. She says all he did was to sit around and ask her for money and criticise her personal appearance. Mr. Hawley says, why it positively isn't so and if he cared to tell all he knew . . . Oh well.

Jos. Schenk, the husband of Norma Talmadge, is either going into a grand financial smash or he is going to be about the biggest figure in the film business: the gambling is on the latter contingency. Schenk has recently bought a big interest in a syndicate controlling something over one hundred of the biggest movie theaters on the Coast; also he has purchased the monster United Studios. At the present time, this enormous plant is rented out by the unit plan to whoever wants to make pictures and many companies are housed there. Whether Schenk will continue this policy, or whether he intends to utilize the space for some ambitious photoplay plans of his own, is not yet clear. Among the announced ideas upon which he is working is a production of "Romeo and Juliet," with Norma as Juliet and Valentino as Romeo.

Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar are the only couple I ever heard of who were so happy they had to separate their business activities. Their friends say that they have decided to break up their business arrangement owing to the fact that they deferred to each other so much neither was hitting on all six cylinders. If you talked to either one, they handed the whole credit of everything to the other; which was loving but not practical. Wherefore Holubar is going to start an independent producing company and Miss Phillips will star when she decides which of several offers she wishes to accept. Together they have worked in such pictures as: "Man, Woman and Marriage," "The Heart of Humanity," "Hurricane's Gal," "The Right to Happiness," "Once to Every Woman," "A Soul for Sale," "Paid in Advance."

Blanche Sweet has been living at a big dairy farm out in the country for several weeks on a cream diet. She has just returned home to get ready for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which she is to star under the direction of her husband, Marshal Neilan. The exteriors for the picture were taken some time ago in England.

Charles Brabin, the husband of Theda Bara, has arrived at the Goldwyn studio to direct Corinne Griffith in Elinor Glyn's

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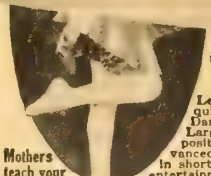
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I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and if he does not phone in a day or so, will write him. Am sending a letter to Miss Helen Frank today which I think may help to secure her enrollment, and I shall be glad at any time to write a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.
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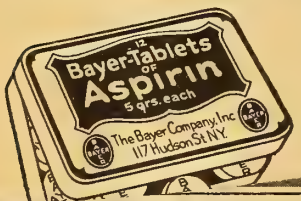
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"Six Days." Mr. Brabin is an Englishman who has been making pictures in this country since 1908.

Jesse Hampton paid $130,000 for the right to film Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" for the second time. It is now being made at Goldwyn's. Milton Sills is to appear as Glenister; Noah Beery as the villainous MacNamara; Barbara Bedford as Helen Chester, Anna Q. Nilsson as Cherry Melotte, a part taken in the previous production by Kathlyn Williams; Robert Edeson as Dextry, Wallace MacDonald as the flippant Broncho Kid; Mitchell Lewis, Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda, Kate Price, Alec B. Francis and other well-known players will be in the cast.

When he finishes "McTague," upon which he is now working, Erich von Stroheim will direct a monster production of "The Merry Widow" for Goldwyn. Goldwyn has also signed a number of well-known stars including: Conrad Nagel, Hobart Bosworth, Luncien Littlefield, Mae Busch, Raymond Griffith who, Marshal Neilan says, is the best actor now on the screen, Jean Haskell, Aileen Pringle and William Orlamond.

THE OLD MAID

By PENELOPE RUSS

A silver key
To fit a lock
That never yielded
To her knock,

She pays her coin
For a wistful glance
At the far, locked land
Men call Romance.

With hungry eyes
She drinks her fill
Of the shining dreams
The cameras spill.

Upon the screen
She sees them flow . . .
The lovely things
She may never know,

And a swift, shy flame
Sweeps over her face
As she sees the lovers'
Blurred embrace.

Never this,
But she feels, unknown,
The lips of the hero
Upon her own.



All May Now Wear Pearls

Fortune Smiles on Readers Who Have Longed for Pearl Necklace of Kind That Has Always Been So Costly



"Pearls of Becoming Beauty at a Price I Can Pay!" Photo by International

HOW WOULD you like to clasp about your neck an exquisite string of deep-water pearls—*genuine Indian Ocean Pearls*—a necklace such as only the wealthy wear, indeed *could* wear? What woman has not day-dreamed of how such pearls would become her? But this is *reality*, you *can* and *should* have such a necklace—and I will tell you all about it:

When the steamship *Metapan* docked last week it brought Donald Cairns, a canny Scot who is probably the best known silk expert in this country. A buyer of silks, and a lover of pearls, Mr. Cairns has given the women of modest means a chance to gratify her fondest wish for what many of us regard, the finest of gems—the pearl of pure *mère* fiery *mien*, and soft, satiny lights.

It seems that a tiny spot in the Indian Ocean which the pearl fishers had ignored on the way to the old pearl beds, has yielded a fresh deposit of true pearl mére. So rich was this small area that one diver in a single day brought up more than a year's toil would net at the great depths where pearls have always been sought. This has brought into existence several hundred pearl necklaces that the riches of King Tut's tomb would not have bought a month ago.

And now, any woman fortunate enough to read this account and act on the information in time may own a gorgeous necklace of perfectly matched ocean pearls for the comparatively insignificant sum of twenty dollars! Imagine!

* * *

It was in Sumatra the marvelous, new pearl was first seen by Donald Cairns. His last night there, after several weeks gathering together rare silks, his native servant displayed a magnificent string of pearls and begged that he accept them for his "lady." The beautifully soft texture of these pearls and their depth of light impressed even a pearl lover who knew and had studied pearls from every water.



Pearl Diving in the Indian Ocean Where the Finest Gems Are Had

"Naturally," says Mr. Cairns, "I thought the fellow had stolen them. But I could only thank him, put the necklace in the safest hiding place I was able to devise in the little house which was without doors or windows. I was certain the morning would disclose someone seeking to recover a very beautiful and very valuable pearl necklace." But the gift proved in good faith, and the doner had come rightfully by it. His was a family of pearl divers, and one of his brothers had made great hauls in the newly found beds which Nature had endowed with such magnificent pearl mére.

The necklace was taken to France, then to England, where experts valued the one necklace at figures which left no room for doubt. Mr. Cairns invested every dollar of his private funds which were available; in all, he bought sufficient of the pearls to make several hundred necklaces.

They are in this country, now. Great judgment has been used in the matching and graduating of these pearls—known as *La Orienta*. That is the first thing that strikes one as the pearls are run through the hands—and the next thing to strike you is their leaping lights and uncommon iridescence. They are, in fact, finer pearls to my unpractised eye than most I have seen worn by women whose very names proclaim the costliness of their pearls. But it is not my judgment you must accept. Nor even that of a collector and connoisseur like Mr. Cairns. Remember, jewelers in Paris, and in Liverpool, have passed judgment on these pearls. And their owner could tell you an amusing story of a certain inspector at the port of entry whom it required hours to convince that his appraisal for duty was just one-hundred times too high!

And now for the best part of all.

* * *

It is not known that further supply of such pearls is possible. But those already here are to be sold regardless. At prices scarcely in advance of what store strings of palpable imitations bring!

An import company has been formed to distribute these necklaces independent of brokers and dealers. Thus you may have full benefit of the lucky stroke which brought them to America.

The beauty of these pearls is truly striking; they are further enhanced by diamond-set clasp; each necklace is in a rich case, too.

"How can anyone realize that these are indeed the real gems of the ocean—genuine mére?" thought Mr. Cairns, and he has answered his own question with a unique arrangement; any true pearl lover who applies early enough to La Orienta Pearl Import Company of Chicago, will receive *one of the actual pearls* from the necklace itself! See the offer below:

This Pearl SENT FREE!

To those genuinely interested in pearls we will send *one actual pearl* from a registered necklace, free and without obligation. The necklace will be set aside until you can *see* and *feel* the exquisite quality of the free pearl. (The 18-in. length is $19.25; the 24-in. is $22.50—including diamond-set clasp, and stunning gift case!) Applications for this free pearl should be made *at once*. Sent prepaid, freely and gladly, to true lovers of pearls.

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..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Poor Circulation
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Skin Disorders
..Lumbago	..Biliousness	..Despondency
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Round Shoulders
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
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The Famous Mrs. Fair

(*Continued from page 65*)

the craven Gillette such a thrashing as he had never had before, tho doubtless had often deserved.

It was dawn when Alan arrived home with his trembling little sister. Nancy, almost speechless from anxiety, could only take her in her arms and cry with her. Jeff, too, haggard from worry, waited, while Sylvia explained between her sobs that since the family was all going to pieces anyway, and that neither her father or her mother loved her, she hadn't much cared what happened to her. "Gillie said," she murmured tearfully, "that Mother was going to divorce you, Daddy. Are you, Mother?"

Nancy hesitated for the fraction of a second. Jeff held his breath and looked at her with all his loving heart in his two eyes.

"No," she said finally, "of course not." Sylvia put her arms around her mother's neck, and Jeff put his arms around both of them. Here was truly love's consummation—perfect understanding.

In another room Peggy was tenderly bathing Alan's swollen eye and bruised forehead. "What," she asked, "became of Gillette?"

"Oh," replied Alan with a grin, "he's in the hospital."

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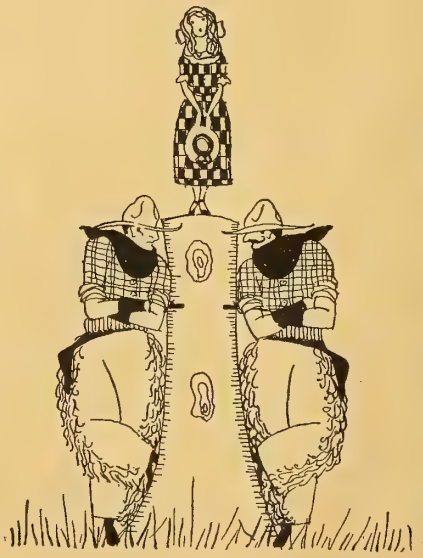
"Dont you believe it! She's a misleading lady!"

MISSED NOTHING!

"I got a good laugh as I entered the movies the other day. I got there at the right time."

"What! Were they just starting a comedy?"

"No—they were just finishing it."



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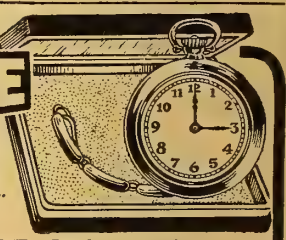
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Flower Drops

known everywhere as the most precious perfume in the world. Send $1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

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Meet Mademoiselle Fifi!



They gave him that nickname during the war. You would have thought him a dandy, with his slim waist and his budding blonde moustache. But the soldiers know him for what he was—a proud, brutal, Prussian beast whose greatest pleasure was torturing helpless women. There was that night in the Chateau . . .

It was a rainy night, dull, dragging. The five officers were restless. A whole night stretched before them—and who knew what to-morrow might bring?

They sent some soldiers to the village to bring back five of the prettiest girls they could find. To Mademoiselle Fifi they gave Rachel, a small, timid, black-haired little thing. He saw that she was frightened . . . and he was glad. He took her on his knees. He covered her face and neck with coarse kisses. He laughed when she winced. He was glad she was small and helpless.

Rachel submitted until, mad with drink and excitement, Mademoiselle Fifi jumped to his feet and shouted:

"All the Women in France Belong to Us!"

Rachel tore herself free from his embrace and shouted: "You lie!" Enraged, he slapped her full in the face, almost before the words had left her lips. She dared defy him! Well, he would show her his boast was true.

But even a timid little girl sometimes has courage. There was a crash, a shout of warning, and . . . But we don't want to spoil the thrill. Read "Mademoiselle Fifi" yourself—it is one of the most daring and most fascinating tales in literature.

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Guy de Maupassant

Into 10 large, library volumes have been gathered all of the Maupassant's short stories—359 of them, including 14 recently discovered and translated into English for the first time. There is probably no other author in literature who has dared to write as truthfully of human life as has Guy de Maupassant. He conceals nothing from you—tells you facts as they really are.

Sometimes, Maupassant takes you into a convent and lets you glimpse the startling things that take place behind the gloomy walls. Sometimes he takes you to the slums of some Eastern city and reveals to you the miserable life of a woman shackled in sin. Sometimes he takes you into the boudoir of some famous actress and boldly betrays her secrets. Fearlessly he writes of life as he found it. Had he been less of a genius, his writings might have been suppressed.

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There was a time when only the wealthy were able to include in their libraries a set of Maupassant's stories. Expensive bindings and book plates made the price of Maupassant's works practically prohibitive. Most of these sets were sold on the ordinary subscription, part-payment plan; and the bookkeeping entailed made the price of the books even higher.

Through a fortunate purchase of the book-plates and copyrights of a former high-priced edition, and through a new selling plan that eliminates bookkeeping and losses from bad accounts, we are now able to offer you a complete set of Maupassant's stories attractively bound in 10 library volumes, for only $4.90. Only $4.90 for a 10 volume set of books—for 359 fascinating Maupassant tales! The books are regular library size, attractively but not expensively bound in cloth, printed on an excellent grade of paper in clear, readable type. Under ordinary methods of selling this set would command at least $18.00.

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Relics of the Past
The Love of Long Ago
A Warning Note
A Queer Night in Paris
The Farmer's Wife
An Exotic Prince
Virtue in the Ballet
A Night In Whitechapel
Violated
Profitable Business
Madame Baptiste
A Country Excursion
The Sequel to a Divorce
The Story of a Farm Girl Wife and Mistress

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This extraordinary low-priced edition will go quickly. You are urged to act at once. Just clip and mail the coupon below, and the complete 10 volume set will be sent to you at once. We will pay all postage.

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14 Original Maupassant Stories

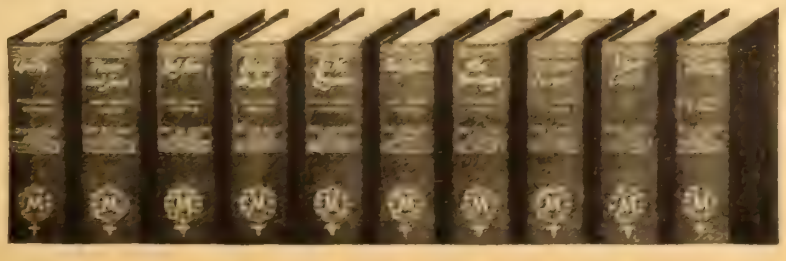
Never Before Translated

For some time it has been known that there existed certain very startling stories, written by de Maupassant for a select circle of friends, but never translated into English. These stories have at last been traced and translated *word for word* from the original French. They are undoubtedly among the most startling revelations of love and adventure ever recorded in print.

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She Waited for Him to Order

BUT he was too absorbed by her lovely eyes and lashes so alluringly darkened and lengthened with WINX, the Liquid Lashlux. Use WINX to bead your lashes and make them seductively dark and long. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, it dries instantly and it lasts. Unaffected by perspiration, swimming or tears. Harmless, waterproof.

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Send a dime for a sample of WINX. For another dime we will send you a sample of PERT, the waterproof rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
79 Grand Street New York

WINX
The LIQUID LASHLUX



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To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring. (Cat. price $6.26) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63**, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for **$3.25**. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free catalog. Agents Wanted.**

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gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (*beautifier*) . 95c
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YOU CAN earn $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

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211 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 103)

DEAR GRANDPA:—Perhaps, after many hierogliphyc scrawls, a few pages of clear typewriting will be restful to your dear old eyes. If I be correct in my supposition, thank me. If I err, I have only myself to thank, for having thus neatly escaped a hideous ordeal with a weepy pen and cramped fingers.

You know, I just love your department—not so much actually for the movie information it volunteers, but for its cleverness. How do you do it? Do you catalog and file every apt line you see in your literary brouses? And, pray tell me, sir, when you say, *"You say,* so and so" (awfully witty), does that "you" really say it, or is it truly the product of your own facile pen? I have me doots, and they're all in your favor. I suppose your correspondence is immense, and when the alsorans get too well filled, perhaps you start some alsotriedtoruns. Deliver from this snare your faithful servant, prithee! I try not to be sugary, but honestly your pages are delightfully laughable—anyone, with ordinary intelligence at least, should find them droll, for, after all, he who laughs last—is an Englishman.

Venerable Sir, I wonder how many of your numerous correspondents are really fans? You know, there are stages and stages in the fan career, usually beginning with the photo collecting bug and the see-everything-in-town ambition, and ending sensibly in an intelligent interest in the actual progress of the Twentieth Century Art. The pitfalls of dark pessimism and cynicism must be avoided, or climbed out of, for at some time or other all pictures seem idiotic and cheap. I'm afraid that I'm there now. It seems to be a bi-monthly malady. I am so disgusted with all movies that I wish they had never been invented. I would rather save my money and go to a good legitimate play once a year than see a movie once a week. Apparently, the American producer knows nothing of art, but everything of hokum and money making. Motion pictures which are on the market today, if they accomplish nothing else, cultivate childish tastes in the public. This year I have enjoyed only two pictures—"Passion" and "Deception"—both foreign films. I wish more imported pictures might be shown. They are wonderful.

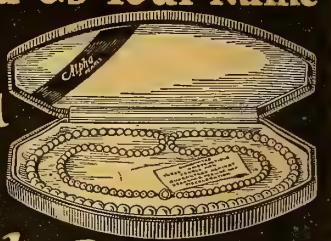
There, now, it was mean to abuse your own lovely protégé, wasn't it? Quite cruel to address a writer on the payroll of a moving picture magazine and knock the movies so. Well, I admit I like your magazine, and find it interesting reading at all times, so just forget my crool words and *faites* attention *aux bons sentiments que je vais écrire. En êtes-vous content, hein? Eh, bien!*

If you are sophisticated, you can read the primer French above. Also, you have read Sinclair Lewis, "Main Street," and you dont sift talcum in your letters or laugh at jokes which go, "She, He, She, ha! ha!" And, of course, you like caviare and can discuss the relative merits of Cubist and What's-Its-Name art. But if you are not sophisticated—alas, alack! why you are free to enjoy yourself.

Have you ever realized how great a part the environment plays in your enjoyment of a moving picture? The comfort of the seats, the quality of ventilation, the music, and lighting? I'm not a stickler about the atomized rose-scent in the air, and velvet-carpeted aisles, and uniformed ushers with flashlights, but I do like refinement. It is really such a dreadful feeling to clump

(*Continued on page* 119)

Send Us Your Name and We'll Send You an Alpha Pearl Necklace



THE MOST SENSATIONAL PEARL OFFER EVER MADE!

Our Paris representative bought ten thousand strands of genuine **Alpha** pearls, taking advantage of the European money market enabling us to make this sensational offer.

Genuine **Alpha** pearls are known all over the world for that beautiful opalescent shade found only in pearls of highest grade. **Alpha** pearls are matched and graduated by experts, strung on highest grade silk floss and fitted with solid gold spring ring safety catches; length 24 inches.

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Just send your name and address—**no money**—and we'll send this genuine **Alpha** pearl necklace on 10 days' trial. Pay your postman $1.00 on delivery. Test the pearls—show them to your friends, then if you are not convinced of their quality and low price, send them back and we will refund your deposit. If you keep them, pay only $1.00 a month until you have paid $11.00.

Genuine **Alpha** pearls of this grade cannot be purchased in any jewelry store for less than $25.00.

NO PAPERS TO SIGN

There are no strings attached to this offer—no embarrassing questions to answer. *WE TRUST YOU.* Simply send us your name and address today and the pearls come to you for 10 days' trial.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee genuine **Alpha** pearls to be indestructible, that they will not peel, crack or change their color. We guarantee that they will give a lifetime of satisfactory service.

ROSGREN EXPORT COMPANY
28 Lorsch Building, New York, N. Y.

Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this, so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, 1371 Candler Bldg., New York City, for descriptive literature and request blank.—Adv.

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"CHARLOT"

(An Appreciation)

By Ruth Overton

A pleasing man,
Glad to be liked,
In an honest sort of way;
Yet, sensitive enough
To recognize the false
From true enthusiasm.

A charming mouth, and chin, and teeth;
Straight-forward, well-set eyes,
Which find no need to flinch
From anything in life.
Spontaneous in answer to a compliment,
And modest to receive one.

An artist to his finger-tips;
Who, while he in no wise
Is immured in unseemly vanity,
Or self-esteem,
Is absorbed in his own powers
Of creation.

Of whom a woman
Might be well content to say:
"He caught that whimsy
From a thought of mine."
Or,
"That tenderness fell fore-shadowed
In his love for me."
Whose animality is but slag
From the furnace
Of his creative passion.

A man who stands
As Justice, eyes unbound,
And weighs life as it is,
Not as it seems to be.

DESERT STUFF

By Thomas J. Murray

The classics bring to us no joy,
  In dusty tomes we cannot dig,
But mention burning sands, O boy,
  The desert stuff goes over big.
  A semi-savage and no prig,
An English girl on lonely trails,
  And for conventions, not a fig,
Our fiction passion comes in bales.

Our former tales held much alloy,
  With heroes saccharine and trig,
Now do the Arab chiefs deploy,
  The desert stuff goes over big.
  They boldly play with no renege,
Their charms, they shame all other males,
  And ardor, causing us to rig,
Our fiction passion comes in bales.

L'ENVOI

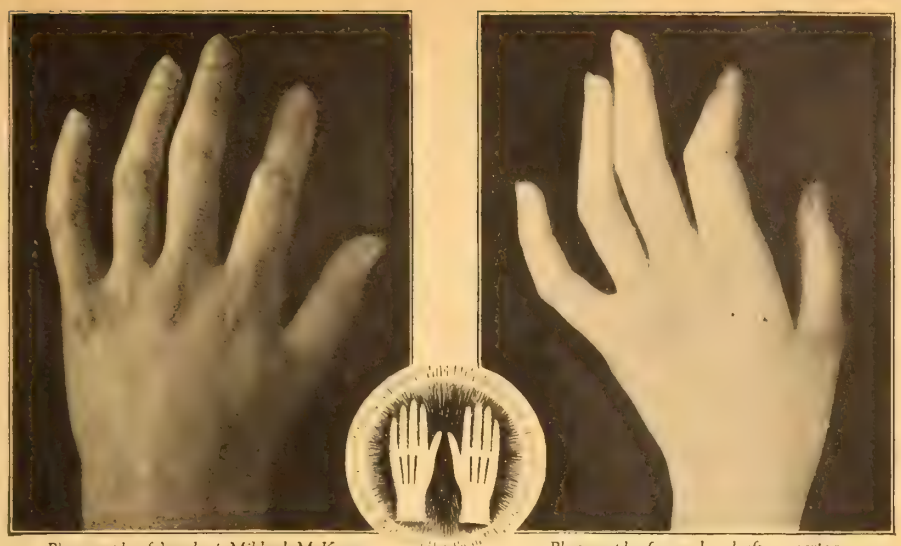
In competition we are snails,
Our fiction passion comes in bales;
To this sad fact we place our sig.,
The desert stuff goes over big.

NAMES

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

Wilhelmina—Will we called her——
  Simply can not get enough,
When it comes to plays and movies,
  Of the deeply sobful stuff.

She will go to each performance,
  Set and primed to weep her fill;
She's no longer Wilhelmina——
  We have dubbed her Weep-poor-will.



Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy, LaGrange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves.

Photograph of same hand after wearing gloves just four nights.

Magic New Gloves that Whiten Hands

A pair of gloves of amazing powers! Nothing like them ever known or dreamed of. Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth!

Your hands may be "a sight"; they may be a raw red or an "old-age" yellow; they may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be sadly seared by housework, deeply lined, rough and coarse — yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under the magic of these gloves.



Beautify hands while you sleep

The marvelous gloves are the invention of that great physician, the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. Their magic lies in a remarkable substance with which they are treated or impregnated. This substance or preparation, perfected by Dr. Egan, is worked into the very fabric of the gloves. And when activated by the natural warmth of the hands, it has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly worn and old, take on the beauty of lovely whiteness and softness and become fresh and young-looking under the action of these wonderful gloves.

Results in One Night!

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen, if her hands are uncouth! By your hands, more than anything else, does the world estimate you. What about *your* hands? Do they attract or repel? Are they hands to show confidently or hands to hide?

The poignant attraction that lies in pretty hands is now yours to command. The magic of Dr. Egan's impregnated gloves makes it possible. Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to show you.

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for free trial. Note that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attractive container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores for the purpose of quickening the action of the impregnated gloves. Use gloves with or without the Pore-Lax Cream, but preferably with it.

Special Free Trial Offer

See how clean and pleasant the gloves are to wear—how comfortably they fit—no binding. But above all, note the effects in your *hands!* Your first night's experience with the gloves will prove a revelation. In a week you'll have hands of a beautiful whiteness and softness to marvel at.

For the purpose of introducing the wonders of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves to the readers of this publication, one thousand orders for the gloves will be filled at the special introductory price of $2.90 (plus postage) which is paid on delivery. To be sure of securing the benefit of the reduced price, apply promptly. Every pair of gloves sent out on open free trial basis. Your money back if you are not more than surprised and delighted with the results from these remarkable gloves. Use the coupon at once and share in the special reduced price offer.



Send No Money

DR. S. J. EGAN, 220 South State St., Chicago.

I wish to try out a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands. I will pay postman $2.90 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves, with the understanding, that if I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name .....

Address .....

My glove size is .....

The Ways That Add To Woman's Charms

IT is the daily right and privilege and duty of every woman to make the most of all her inborn charms—and to know and use the ways that will enhance and accentuate those charms and the ways that will give new charm.

It is the monthly province and privilege of BEAUTY to set forth the simple and sensible "Hows" that will help women look-their-prettiest.

BEAUTY'S scope is wide—runs the whole range from a woman's complexion to her clothes, from her head to her heels. The editors of BEAUTY are constantly on the alert for every hint that will aid in the retainment or acquirement of prettiness and attractiveness.

The June Number Is Chock Full of Real Help

Are You Afraid of Getting Old?

If she knows how, every woman can easily keep herself young both mentally and physically. Are you doing this? If not, what excuse have you to offer? See the June number of BEAUTY.

The Eternal Problem

How to attain beauty and how to retain it are problems which can be solved only by learning the rules and by applying them correctly. The June issue of BEAUTY lays down certain rules that greatly simplify matters.

Are You Putting Yourself in the Best Light?

There are articles by well-known and beautiful women on how to bring out one's good points to the best advantage and on how to hide and overcome the bad ones.

The Psychology of Clothes

There are specialists who tell you how to dress; how to buy clothes that suit your individuality. Do not let your ignorance of these things hold you back any longer. Do not submerge your personality—accentuate it. BEAUTY will help you do this. Read and learn.

Buy the June "Beauty"
on the news-stands
May Eighth

Beauty
Beauty Secrets for Everywoman

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 84*)

Pola Negri's next picture is "Don Cæsar de Bazan," another story by Adolphe d'Ennery, author of "The Two Orphans." It was written the middle of the last century. It has been adapted for the screen by **June Mathis.** The picture was originally intended for **Rodolph Valentino,** but **Rodolph** had left the haunts of the Famous Players-Lasky before it was ready to be produced, so now, as a special reward for having made such a success of "Bella Donna," **Pola** draws the plum. **Antonio Moreno** will play opposite her, which lends credence to the rumor that **Antonio** is going to be slipped into the niche left vacant by **Rodolph.**

It is possible that the costuming may be under the direction of **Helen Dryden** and **Georges Barbier.** Miss Dryden did the costuming for the Barrymore play last year, the unique "Claire de Lune," written by Michael Strange, John Barrymore's wife, and acted by Ethel, John and Lionel.

Bela Lugosi, who created such an impression in the Apache dance with **Estelle Winwood,** in "The Red Poppy," the stage play, is said to have a great film personality. **Edward Small** is responsible for that statement, anyway, he has been engaged to play one of the principal rôles in the new Fox production, another super special, to be directed by **J. Gordon Edwards. Mr. Lugosi** is now in Panama, on location, and his salary check is said to be quite satisfactory.

Shirley Kellog is in America looking over the film industry. She is planning to become a producer in England. **Miss Kellog** is very well known on the English stage. Probably every doughboy who was fortunate enough to get (or take) a Paris leave remembers seeing her in "Zig-Zag," practically the only play running in Paris where French was not spoken.

How these rumors do fly about. It is now hinted that **Jack Holt** is to be run in a series of light comedies to fill the place of the late **Wallace Reid.** It doesn't seem as if that would work out. **Jack Holt** is one of the best in pictures, but is he suited to the type of parts played by **Mr. Reid?** Why not let **Mr. Holt** be featured in the parts that he plays best? He would be famous in his way, but can you replace a laughing, *insouciant* boy with a man who is every flapper's idea of how the younger sons of the British aristocracy look just after they have decided to leave for Simla and the Indian Service?

NO ONE COULD GET AT HER LONG GREEN!

There was a rich actress named Miss Jingle
Who, regarding marriage, was not so keen;
Said she, "I think I'll just stay—away from a parson,
And support male actors on the screen!"

TO BE CONTINUED

FRIEND: So you had a quarrel with the star while on location yesterday! I s'pose you're glad it's over!

DIRECTOR: It's not over at all! I shrink at the thought of seeing her today.

Amazing New Way to Banish Wrinkles!

Marvelous Discovery Smooths Away Every Line—Almost Like Magic



A WONDERFUL new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary!

No longer need women fear the little tell-tale marks of time which rob them of their attractiveness. No longer need they dread the tragic lines that foretell the end of youth. For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

With this new treatment it is almost as if some magic wand were waved across your face, banishing every line and wrinkle and restoring the firm youthful freshness of the skin.

Why allow your wrinkles to add age to your face, when they can be erased so easily? Why allow deep frown lines to mar your appearance, when they can be harmlessly removed with scarcely any effort at all on your part?

Removes the CAUSE of Wrinkles

This new discovery is based on a simple natural principle. There is no tedious massaging, no painful electrical treatment, no harmful lotions. And unlike many so-called wrinkle "eradicators" it does not attempt to cover up or conceal the lines or wrinkles.

This new treatment acts in an entirely different way. Instead of merely treating the symptoms, it gets right at the *cause* of wrinkles. By removing the real *cause* in a perfectly natural and harmless way, the wrinkles and lines vanish almost before you realize it.



Lines formed by arching the forehead or frowning can now easily and quickly be removed forever.



Tiny lines around the eyes often mar your natural beauty. This new treatment will soon banish them.



Laugh lines and those wrinkles are often mistaken for marks of age. These too can now be speedily and effectively smoothed away.

Watch the Amazing Results

You will scarcely believe your eyes when you see what really wonderful results this new discovery — called Domino Wrinkle Cream —can bring. Even after the first few days you will find that your face has grown years younger looking. Not only your friends, but you, yourself, will be astonished at the wonderful new youthfulness your face and skin quickly acquire.

Domino Wrinkle Cream, besides banishing wrinkles, contains certain marvelous ingredients which soften and whiten the skin, removing every trace of beauty-spoiling blemishes and molding the skin into a new smooth firm surface.

Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

No matter how many other treatments you have tried without results Domino Wrinkle Cream will quickly and positively remove every trace of the lines that are spoiling your whole appearance. It is GUARANTEED to banish each and every wrinkle, no matter how deep seated it may be, and a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee. If within ten days you are not more than satisfied with the improvement it brings in your appearance, your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

Send No Money

So that every woman may try this great new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a single penny. Simply mail the coupon and we will send you in a plain unmarked container a regular $5.00 jar of Domino Wrinkle Cream. When the postman hands it to you simply pay him the greatly reduced price of $1.95 (plus a few cents postage), in full payment. Surely, you cannot afford to overlook this splendid offer, especially since you have the guaranteed privilege of having your money refunded if you are not delighted with results.

Bear in mind that the regular price of Domino Wrinkle Cream, which contains some of the costliest ingredients known, is $5.00. It is only on this special introductory offer, which may never be made again, that we have reduced the price to $1.95.

Thus you should act immediately. Domino Wrinkle Cream will soon rid you of every line and wrinkle, for it is a natural preparation—and works ALWAYS. You won't have to wait long for results either.

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SHADOWLAND'S fundamental aim is to be the most artistic, the most readable and the most sumptuous of all magazines — all its pictures a joy, all its reading matter a delight.

Herewith is a brief hint of the interesting contents of SHADOWLAND for May — now on the news-stands. Buy, beg or borrow a copy — set your expectations high—both in pictures and in text you will find it better than your highest hopes —and wholly unique.

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The Deceived Husband. Exquisite Episodes from Boccaccio's Decameron. Russia's greatest motion picture, by Viskovsky. To be shown in New York and also produced by Viskovsky as a musical play.

Double Barrelled Eraser. Psychological playlet by Franz Molnar. The work of a dramatic genius.

The Corniche Road. Charming verbal sketches and camera pictures of scenes on the French Riviera, by Pierre Duhamel.

Naming the Rose. Delicately satirical and well-bred humor, by one of America's rising women writers, Lydia Steptoe.

Ringing Out Realism. Few men write so interestingly and well about the Drama and Stage as the author of this article, Walter Prichard Eaton.

Also:—

Article by Walter Pach on Charles F. Prendergast, illustrated in color—Mrs. N. P. Dawson's brilliant monthly review of the latest and best books—Kenneth Macgowan's scintillant summary of the month's plays—Jerome Hart's notes on opera, symphony and the latest musical developments—Art news and notes by Helen Appleton Read—Cartoons and sketches by Wynn, Kober, Henkel and others—Camera contest—And hundreds of interesting illustrations.

SHADOWLAND

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 114)

awkwardly into a pitch-black tunnel, to grope and stumble down a steep aisle, pitch blindly into the lap of a fat man while trying to navigate across a row of occupied seats, demolishing coiffures before you with reckless coat buttons, and incurring the wrath of the crane-necked spectators behind! Then, when you have snatched off your offending hat and fluffed up your marcel, and determined your position on the program ('tis so easy: if a flood or parade flickers before you, it's the news weekly; if a petulent hubby and pouting wifies are chasing each other up the side of a sky scraper, it's the comedy, and if it's a lonely mountain in sepia and a babbling brook, it's the scenic, and if a—but enough; you get my point). Why, my word, where was I? That sentence is so long I have wandered mildly away from my subject. The Lost Chord.

Well, anyway, I, personally, myself (to quote Nina W. Putman), like good music with the picture. I think that's what I was going to say, anyway. I got up and went out in the middle of "Pollyanna" because the well-meaning but mistaken organist insisted on grinding out "Broadway Blues" with the *vox humania plus*, every time it showed a close-up of Mary springing the Be-Glad slogan. *That was* criminal, wasn't it?

I suppose you've seen Wanda Hawley in "A Kiss in Time." An inane, dull picture with an ornamental but silly star, a Willy's Dream plot and a matinée-girl title—but oh, the hero! T. Roy Barnes, I believe his name was. Why on the bumpy earth hasn't he appeared before? Why, he's great! His spontaneity and impulsiveness are simply *refreshing* after seeing so many carefully posed, beautiful, icy-stare Apollos! I like him. He's not handsome, and he would probably make a mess-s-s-s of serious drama, but as a comedian, he's all right. Tell me all about him, please. Did he rise from the ranks of the extras? Where did Wanda get him? Has he played prominently in any other picture? Do you like him? Has his picture ever been in any of the Brewster magazines? Oh, do hurry, and relieve this suspense!

Oh, yes, there's Frank Jonasson, too. Is that the way you spell it? It's something like that. He is really a fine villain, I think. It is much more comfortable to have a hatable villain than one who you think better looking than the hero. So tell me something about him, too. What has he played in? Is he a happily married man with nine children, and, in reality, not of the slightest villainistic tendencies, or is he all that his appearance implied (that is, doth he say "kale" and wear grey jersey sweaters?) But perhaps that is too intimate . . .

Then, if you will serve dessert to your I-Tell-All oracular feast in the form of a short soliloquy on how it feels to be ninety years old and still going some, your prestige in my esteem will be assured. You know, you remind me of "Matthew," he of the purple coat and flippant remarks in "Maytime," and—and—I liked Matthew a lot. So preserve your remarkable reputation by serving *à la carte* a small portion of your wondrous taupe material, and place me ever in your debt. I know there are really very few genuinely clever persons on this unappreciative globe, but you're one of them, and

That's true—

Cross My Heart.

Denver, Colo.



How the French Shampoo

The Secret of the Wonderful Hair of the Parisian Beauties

By Elizabeth Hardy

In America a really beautiful head of hair is a rare sight. Most of us American women have hair that is long enough and thick enough, but it is mostly dull, drab, hard-looking hair—and it is in the softness and sparkle and depth of color that the real charm of hair lies.

In Paris, however, it is the poor head of hair that is the rarity. Every woman there, it seems, has stunning beauty of hair. You've often heard of the hair of the French beauties, but you've no idea how common gorgeous heads are over there. You would think to see the glory of hair on all sides of you, that the atmosphere of that spot was particularly good for the hair. Yet no more magical a thing than a shampoo which the French use on their hair explains it all.

This French shampoo is a peculiar looking thing. It is unlike anything we use for the purpose. It is a compound of vegetable elements in the form of loose particles, pink in color and resembling nothing else so much as crumbled coral. But it is no more extraordinary in appearance than it is in effect.

A teaspoonful or two in a little warm water makes a rich creamy lather that cleanses scalp and hair as you've never known soap or any ordinary prepared shampoo to do. I remember my first experience with this shampoo in this connection. My hair on drying was of a beauty unrecognizable to me. It shone and glistened with a life and color I had never before seen in it. I realized then that this was the first time my hair was ever really cleaned.

Equally astonishing is the way this French shampoo softens and fluffs the hair. After the shampoo, the hair is such a mass of waves it looks as if the hair has had a sudden and decided growth.

It is to be especially noted, say the Parisian hairdressers speaking of this shampoo, that it contains no free alkali as do ordinary hair soaps and shampoos. They make special point of this fact, because, they say, it is the alkali in ordinary shampoos that does so much to harm the hair, to make it brittle and colorless.

Certainly this shampoo must be beneficial to the scalp and hair, for after using it my scalp is sweet and clean as a baby's, free from dandruff and scales, and my hair is of a rich softness and brilliancy I never before knew. I do not wonder, knowing this shampoo as I do now, that the ladies of Paris have hair of such remarkable beauty.

It should be a welcome bit of news to American women to know that a company has been organized in this country, with a central office in Chicago for the distribution of French Shampoo. Those applying will be supplied with a sufficient quantity for twenty-five shampoos at the small cost of $1.50 (plus postage) which is to be paid on delivery. Any woman who is not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the very first shampoo has but to send her money back for the asking. Application should be filled in in the form below.

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DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE:—You know, I very nearly addressed you as "Dear Old Gal of Mine," but I realized that, if I did that, and you *did* prove to be one of the fair sex, I'd probably have a breach of promise suit on my hands. Not that you are that kind—I'm not assuming you are a vamp—but I dont believe in taking too many chances. By the way, if you have a soup-strainer, you could not enter the gearby rates—I mean the pearly gates—because of the aforementioned alfalfa. Now, who ever saw a bearded he-angel? Nobody. The "noes" have it! Dost thou know why angels have no beards? It's because men usually get into heaven with a close shave. There, now, will you be good? That joke about beards ought to razor rumpus! *N'est-ce pas?*

In accordance with the intellectual craze that has struck New York, I, too, have become quite philosophical. I regularly read F. P. A., Roy K. Moulton and Grantland Rice. Nothing like being literary. How are some of these original (patent applied for) sayings? I call them S. S. S. (Stealing Shakespeare's Stuff). Here goes:

"Soup, like children, should be seen and not heard."

"Funny as it may seem, I could never live in Pittsburgh, even tho it did soot me."

"How many well-*bread* young men *loaf*, altho they *knead dough*."

"A smile is the key to happiness, a laugh is the key to Heaven. All you've got to do is turn the key."

Speaking, or rather writing, of life makes one realize how funny life is, after all.

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel, in his boyhood he is a devil, in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. In his duties he is a damn fool. If he raises a family, he is a chump; if he raises a check, he is a thief, and then the law raises hell with him. If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics, you cant place him—he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away, he is a sinner; if he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy and a tightwad. When he first comes into this world, everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out, everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young, there was a great future in front of him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way—only living to save funeral expenses. Life is a funny proposition and a mighty tough one.

There are a few questions I would like to ask:

(1) How tall is Corinne Griffith?
(2) How tall is Dick Barthelmess?

C'est tout! By the way, I want to add my unimportant praise, congratulations and thanks to Harold Lloyd. I really believe he is the greatest comedian on the screen today. He certainly deserves his success. His latest, "Now or Never," is ice-cream —I mean, a scream. Will Rogers' latest, "Boys Will Be Boys," is also deliciously humorous and true to life. One would think Mark Twain had written it. Rogers and Irvin Cobb are an invincible combination.

I have for some time denied myself the pleasure of writing to you, as I have been

(*Continued on page* 123)

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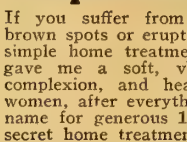

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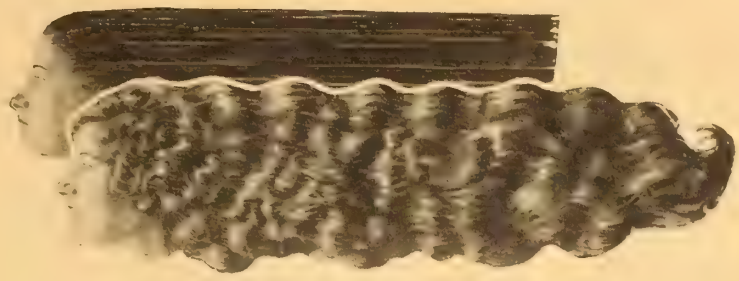
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Watch the Results

A so-called "permanent wave" costs about $25 and sometimes lasts four months, often less. But now you can have what we consider a far more beautiful wave—full of life and fluff—and you can have it now for only $1.45! Moreover, a single $1.45 bottle contains enough Curling Fluid to last you for a long time.

Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hairdressers. No more sitting for hours and hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy. Domino Curling Fluid is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

Natural—Not Artificial—Curls

If you have experimented with new-fangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural lustre and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves too artificial looking to be beautiful.

Permanent Wave Effect Now Quick, Cheap and Easy



Watch the Amazing Transformation

No matter how straight or dull your hair may be you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully soft, wavy and charming. Just think—one application of this wonderful new liquid keeps your hair wavy and curly for a whole week or more.

But how different is Domino Curling Fluid! This remarkable preparation contains the very elements needed to make your hair *naturally* wavy and *naturally* curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to one's appearance.

Don't let your beauty be spoiled by straight dull hair. No matter how you wear your hair, Domino Curling Fluid will beautify it immeasurably. No more straight, wispy strands—no more straggly ends. For with Domino Curling Fluid your hair will *always* be neat, well dressed, dainty and charming. Try it once—and you will be amazed and delighted with the results.

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Place your fingers once more and again make your face attractive. How different you look. Make the change *permanent!*

YOU CAN!

You can mould your face back to youthfulness, prettiness and normal contour as easily as the Greek Sculptors moulded their beautiful statues—taking a little off this face and putting a little on here and there wherever it gave a beautiful effect.

Dr. Lawton's FACE AND NECK BEAUTIFIER will do this for your face. Used only a few minutes each day; this unusual device will bring a new flow of healthful life blood to the sluggish parts.

After each treatment you will notice firmer tissues, loss of flabby cheeks, filled in hollows and wrinkles, and a smoother, clearer and more colorful complexion.

NATURAL TREATMENT

Dr. Lawton's FACE AND NECK BEAUTIFIER is absolutely natural in its treatment. As exercise develops the muscles of the arms and legs, so does the BEAUTIFIER develop the muscles of the face and neck, surely, harmlessly, permanently.

The outfit is simple. The wonderful little BEAUTIFIER is a small, light, soft, flesh colored vacuum cup, constructed on highly scientific lines. A full sized Vanity Bottle of Dr. Lawton's daintily perfumed FACE TISSUE TONIC and Dr. Lawton's attractive, illustrated BEAUTY BOOK.

* * * * * * *

Hundreds of women have written us grateful letters, telling how Dr. Lawton's FACE AND NECK BEAUTIFIER make the mirror experiment permanent.

Try the BEAUTIFIER for two days. If the results in that time do not more than delight you, we will refund your purchase price without question.

Send your name and address—no money. When the Postman delivers the BEAUTIFIER outfit complete, in plain wrapper, simply pay him $3.75 plus a few cents postage charges. If you prefer to remit in advance, include 20c to cover postage and insurance. Write for booklet.

But write **today!**

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street,
New York City. Dept. B

Is He A Coming Great— Or Near Great?

HAVE you noticed the recent work of Antonio Moreno? How much higher will he go—is he destined for a permanent place among the truly great—or only among the near-great? Harry Carr has some exceedingly interesting things to say about Mr. Moreno's past, present and future—in the May CLASSIC.

* * * *

Tit for tat—he turns the tables—the biter bitten—or the victim's revenge. Part of the penalty of being prominent is in the vicissitudes of the interview. Interviewers have often raked the interviewed over the coals. But now the worm turns. A much-interviewed victim—a famous movie star—gets back at the tormentors. "Advice To Interviewers"—in May CLASSIC.

* * * *

He sure seems bashful when he is playing "Merton"—but maybe he is not so gosh-awful bashful off the stage. In fact, Glenn Hunter is quite a talker when he gets started—and he thinks before he talks. Read what he has to say in May CLASSIC—he has some pointed opinions on a number of things.

* * * *

Also "Fighters of the Screen"—which tells about the men who really fight for their living.

CLASSIC

A Picture Book De Luxe

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 120)

busy, getting ready for finals, *i. e.*, exams., running up to New Haven (in my roadster, *not* on foot), etc. So if this letter is a bore to you, as it undoubtedly is, just save it for a rainy day. Then, as you hear the pitter-patter of the little raindrops on your roof, you can imitate the rain and drop this into your waste basket.

You certainly can Wield a Wicked Waterman, or is it, Rattle a Raggy Remington? Your answers are superb; yes, they are, so dont deny it. I feel like "the hours I spent with thee, dear heart," whenever I read them, so enjoyable are they. You tell 'em, Spearmint, I'm too Wrigley! Will this never stop? Now that I've poured out my sole—soul to you, I'd better stop. Now, see how considerate I am of your feelings. Well, cheerio, and remember, "Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own." Purely general, and not personal, so you cant sue me for damaging your reputation, and I've never seen you. (I'm a member of the class of 222 at Yale, but I've never *Senior*.) I really would like to see you. Some time, when I'm in Brooklyn, I'll drop in from my aeroplane.

That's all there is—there isn't any more. *Au réservoir!*

G. I. Doolittle,
New York City.

Dear Sir or Madam:—I lookt thru the table of contents of the June number, only to find that some cruel sprite hast clast you with the advertisements, omitting you from the index. But I find you at the back door of the magazine, as usual.

My first letter to you, some two weeks ago, referd to your May number, asking where I can find some intelligent Alpine (square hed, brown hair, green eys) portraid.

Now I want the address of some senario clerk, who might at least read, and maybe file, certain fancies I deem wer best exprest in movies. There ar DeMille, and Griffith, and whoever edits Goldwyn; but you may kno sombody who needs ideas much more than these gigantic enterprisers.

Why not present in silver shado how Jacob must needs win his birthright by trickery as wel as by revelation? How he originated the circus parade in his frantic endevors to assure himself of his brother's good-wil, a generation afterwards, and with such success as startled himself.

Why not present Henry VI. on the screen?

And why not run a serial to be entitled *The Twelfth Ambassador* (apostle), relating the strange beneficence of traitors' arms. By assuming reincarnation boldly as a fact, not beating about the bush, but walking strait into its mild flames: you could present a marvelos history of murderers, tormentors and electrocuters. In this serial let there be a foolish-faced little jester named Sokrates, with Plato for his Boswell. And relate how much better we would kill him than did the Athenian aristocrats. And present a serios-mouthed weak angel, called Jesu, and sho how much better is the negro's hangman's noose than the Romans' crucifix. And do not neglect the Dominican black inquisitors, but solemly aver that the Jesuits wer worse tortured by their sympathy than ever the rack-torn wizard by the black flame. But surely never neglect the dénouement—state with the emphasis of simple confidence, there is no deth, nor hel, nor devil, but what love has mastered long ago.

Yours truly,
Edmond Kelly James,
Oakdale, California.



Good Bye Gray Hair

New Kind of Comb
Helps Restore Gray Hair to Its Natural Color!

No streaks—no mussiness—no bother of any kind! Use it as you would any ordinary comb. $10,000 guarantee that it will help restore the true ORIGINAL color to your hair, no matter what shade it may be.

NO longer is there any excuse for gray, faded, streaky hair!

For scientists have just perfected a remarkable new invention which not only helps you to regain the *true, natural* and *original* color of your hair—but which, in addition, provides a means of restoring gray hair *without the least danger of streakiness!*

This new discovery is in the form of a comb. You use it just as you would use an ordinary comb. Simply run it through the hair. But as you do so, watch from day to day, how the gray begins to disappear—how the beautiful natural color of your hair begins to return. See how your hair gradually acquires a beautiful, even, *uniform* tone—*with every hair the exact color it was years ago!*

It Cannot Streak

Up to now, the best known method of restoring gray hair was by dipping an ordinary comb in the liquid and applying it to the hair. But this method had one serious disadvantage.

The teeth of an ordinary comb will hold only a very small quantity of liquid. Frequent dipping of the comb was necessary, and this meant unequal distribution of the liquid on the hair. That is why this method almost always resulted in unsightly streaks and uneven shades. And, surely, nothing will more quickly spoil one's whole appearance than freakish-looking hair.

But how different is this marvelous new invention! It completely does away with even the *slightest chance* of streaking the hair. It is called the True-Tone Comb, and is constructed on certain scientific principles which permit the comb to hold exactly the right quantity of the marvelous liquid Tru-Tone, and uniformly distribute it on the hair.

True-Tone is a clear, colorless liquid which actually repigmentizes gray hair. Already Tru-Tone has been used by thousands of people with splendid results—but when it is used with the wonderful Tru-Tone Comb even better results are secured.

How It Works

Never before has any gray hair restorer brought such splendid results as can now be had through the usage of the True-Tone Comb. All you need do is run this marvelous invention through your hair just as you would an ordinary comb.



The Tru-Tone Comb is so scientifically constructed that it holds just the right quantity of the marvelous liquid Tru-Tone, so that each hair gets its proper share. Here at last is a method of regaining the *natural* color of your hair without streaks.

No More Gray Hair

As you draw this remarkable comb through your hair, each hair is given an even share of Tru-Tone. There is no danger of applying too much or too little. Each and every hair gets exactly the right quantity—and the result is beautiful hair, possessing the same even color of youth.

You will be amazed to see how really beautiful your hair becomes. And it will look so *natural* that even your dearest friends will not suspect that you have done anything to restore your hair.

$10,000 Guarantee!

No matter how long you have been gray—no matter how many other methods have failed to restore the color to your hair—the marvelous Tru-Tone outfit is positively guaranteed to restore every hair to its true original color without streaks—without bother—without the slightest inconvenience on your part. A special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee, so you risk nothing. If the Tru-Tone outfit does not more than delight you, simply return it and your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

Special Introductory Offer

For a very few days we are making a very unusual introductory offer. If you act at once, mailing the coupon below, we will send you the valuable Tru-Tone Comb absolutely free, and a $3.00 package of Tru-Tone, all for the amazingly low price of only $1.45. Send no money in advance. Just mail the coupon, and pay the postman on arrival. Remember—you don't risk a penny, for if not more than delighted with results, your money will be instantly refunded. So act at once. Mail the coupon now.

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PHILA. PA.

SEND NO MONEY

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. TC-255,
269 So. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance you may send me a Tru-Tone Comb and a full size package of Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.45 plus the small postage charge on full payment. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied with them.

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City .....



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Write Today for generous trial tube of D. D. D. Emollient Cream and get quick relief from your skin troubles. Send only 10c to cover package and postage.

D. D. D. Co.
Dpt. 1525. 3845 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THREADS

By J. Lilian Vandevere

The thread of the story—oh, what do they use
In weaving the pictures that move on the screen?
What fiber of fancy is this that they choose
To fashion a fabric of glamour and sheen?
These tales of the Orient, subtle and old,
With petals of plum trees afloat on the breeze——
It's silk for embroidery, vermilion and gold,
That's used in the weaving of pictures like these.
The threads of a story a-wash with the sea
Are hawsers and cordage, all salty with spray.
The tale of a court that is wanton and free
Is striped with a scarlet resistless and gay.
The tale of a village, all sunshine and dew,
Where Mother is patching and quietly rocks,
Is made of a stuff that is honest and true——
The wool that is knit into mittens and socks.
The romance and scarlet, the glamour and gold,
The wool and the hawser, the peace and the strife,
Are part of one story, unfinished, yet old,
One infinite pattern—the pattern called Life!

MY MURDER COMPLEX

By Chilton Chase

Quite near at hand there waits for me
A land of rare delight,
'Tis Shadowland, where I may see
Full many a gladsome sight.

Romance, suspense, adventures high,
I find in this fair spot——
Unless I sit behind the guy
Who *will* explain the plot.

I'm just a peaceful movie fan
Whose life bears not crime's blot,
But I fear I'll sometime kill the man
Who *will* explain the plot!

A WINNER

By Chilton Chase

The film director gazed upon
The handsome candidate,
"What you can do," he said to him,
"I'll have you briefly state."
"I swim and dive and box and shoot,
And fly an aeroplane, to boot,
Run any car, box, ride a horse,
Play football, golf, make love, of course,
Fall off cliffs, die naturally, fight,
Rescue heroines, kiss just right,
And—" "Can you act?" the director snapped.
The young man looked crestfallen, slapped,
"Gosh, I never once thought of that!"
"Son," smiled the director, "hang up your hat!"



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Ask any successful artist and he'll tell you the same.

No marvelous "secret" of drawing exists that will make you a success overnight. In any line of endeavor where **the hand and the eye must be skilled,** practise is essential. But there is a great difference between just "practise" and scientific practise that develops your talent on a sure foundation **by the quickest possible method.** The Federal Course does this in a truly fascinating manner, that makes your work a pleasure!

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No previous training or experience is needed for the Federal Course, which locally graduates each step, and gives you **individual, personal criticisms** on all your lessons. It has developed the talent of beginners into commercial artists earning good incomes, in a fraction of the time they would otherwise have taken. Well-trained artists earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week, and sometimes more. It's the roughly worth your while to earn a city. If you like to draw, for the sands of business pay millions of dollars annually for good advertising designs and drawings.

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ZIP

IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT



You, too, can have the loveliest skin

Look in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair at either side of the upper lip. Perhaps, unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks.

Remove them at once, off and out, roots and all, before they enlarge the pores and before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIP with ordinary depilatories.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and in this way **destroys the growth.** (Do not confuse this with forcing hairs out by pulling.

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective, painless, and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth.

ZIP is praised as the only effectual remedy for destroying superfluous hair whether heavy or fine. **GUARANTEED!** Ladies everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP for destroying superfluous hair on face, underarms and body, creating the new arched brow, clearing the back of neck below bobbed hair, freeing the forearm and limbs. Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective.



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BATHASWEET



If the subscriber paid direct

Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money which has made the service possible. Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service.

They would include hundreds of thousands of workers in mines, smelters, steel mills, lumber camps, farms, wire mills, foundries, machine shops, rubber works, paint factories, cotton, silk and paper mills, rope works, glass works, tool works, and scores of other industries.

When you pay your telephone bill, the money is distributed by the company to the long line of people who have furnished something necessary for your service. The Bell System spares no effort to make your service the best and cheapest in the world, and every dollar it receives is utilized to that end.

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THE SONG OF THE MOVIE FAN

By Alfred I. Tooke

My Kingdom covers the Universe,
I roam where e'er I will;
I cross the seas and the continents,
Of travel I take my fill.
I have automobiles and aeroplanes,
And horses (the best of breeds),
And battleships, yachts, and submarines,
Awaiting my slightest needs.

I mix with the best society,
With presidents, kings, and such:
I'm at my ease with the best of them,
And I've never yet got "in Dutch."
I dwell in the finest palaces,
Where servants in scores await,
To bring me drink in a golden cup,
Or food on a golden plate.

Unlimited wealth is at my command,
I juggle with millions each day,
My fortune I make with elegant ease
Each day ere I hit the hay.
I see the sights that I've longed to see,
I go where I want to go,
For my Kingdom covers the Universe
When I go to the movie show.

TO JACKIE COOGAN

By E. J. Meighan, Jr.

Your eyes remind me of a prayer,
So lovely and so fair,
Deep brown pools, pure and true,
Each look seems to pierce me thru,
In moments sad their look of grief
Touches hearts beyond belief.
When they glow with happiness or love,
Are like sacred halos from above,
Rare jewels are prized by majesties,
But common as clay when compared with these,
Wonderful eyes the work of God.

Douglas Ryan, the popular illustrator, will do the illustrative drawings for "Susie Takes a Chance," the new Lucian Cary serial which begins next month. Dont miss it.



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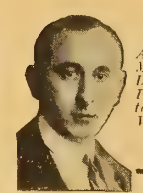
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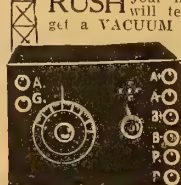
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She casts her own identity aside like an old dress. . . . Cuts herself off from all who know her. . . . Masquerades as another in the other's own home . . . and what happens?

HERE you have a fragmentary synopsis of the opening instalment of one of the greatest stories written in years. Be sure to read it . . . in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for June. "Susie Takes a Chance" is the title. Lucian Cary is the author.

Mystery . . . suspense . . . surprise . . . strange situations . . . developments still more strange . . . characters so real and human that they will remind you of people you know . . . all woven with supreme skill into an absorbing story entirely unlike anything else you have ever read.

The opening chapters of this gripping story are alone well worth the price of the complete magazine . . . but it is only one of a long list of good things set before you in the big June number.

Other Good Things for June

Who really "discovered" Rodolph Valentino—who really started him on the road to fame and fortune? In a whimsical interview in the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Rodolph tells Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher the real cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die truth of it.

"Behind the Scenes With Pola"—some delectable and fascinating sidelights on the interesting and fascinating Pola Negri . . . with incidental mention of Charlie Chaplin.

In Tennis Tournament article with the latest tennis court of King and Florence Vidor in the background and in the foreground some of the notables who gathered to cheer especially such exercise and excitement there.

But [illegible] mustn't tell you any more. You can't afford to miss the treats in the June issue. It's below par entirely, be assured.

"Susie Takes A Chance"

A New Kind of Story

By LUCIAN CARY

Beginning In The June Number of Motion Picture Magazine

Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?



SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a *likable guest?* Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions—how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes into contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

HAVE you ever noticed, at any social function you may have attended, that bad manners instantly distinguish themselves? If a woman is embarrassed, constrained, ill-at-ease, every one knows at once that she is not used to good society. If a man uses his fork in a clumsy manner, or makes incorrect use of the finger-bowl, he can not conceal the fact that he is ill-bred.

No hostess likes to invite to her home a man or woman she knows will make embarrassing mistakes. Those who are always blundering, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, are never welcome. They invariably make others feel uncomfortable in their presence.

But the person with winning manners is always welcome. He—or she—knows exactly what to say to the hostess on arrival, how to mingle with the guests, how to create conversation, how to be agreeable, how to do and say the right thing at the right time.

Do You Ever Feel Tongue-Tied Among Strangers?

At a week-end party, recently, one of the guests remarked secretly to the hostess that she had felt positively tongue-tied when she found herself at dinner among men and women she had never met before. "I just didn't know what to talk about," she said. "It made me feel stupid and embarrassed. Every one else seemed to be having such interesting conversations."

If she had known the important little secrets of social conversation, she would never have felt "tongue-tied." She would have known how to create conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly. She would have known how to make herself agreeable, well-liked.

Do *you* ever feel tongue-tied at a party or a dinner? Do *you* ever wonder what to say after the introduction is made? Do *you* ever feel embarrassed, confused, stifled when you are among strangers?

The greatest value of etiquette is that it enables you to adapt yourself to every environment—gives you a sense of peace and security. It enables you to feel "at home" in all surroundings—to mingle with all people and feel entirely calm, at ease. It protects you from humiliation at the dinner table and in the drawing-room. It gives you a cultured, engaging manner that people recognize—and respect.

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form "How do you do?" is correct; whether one may say "Pleased to meet you"? Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten?

When you leave, do you know what to say to the hostess? Do you know what is meant by the "bread-and-butter" letter? If you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions, you will never be embarrassed.

The Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes—A Recognized Authority

Have you ever wondered how a home should be decorated for a wedding? What to serve at a luncheon? How to acknowledge an invitation?

Would you like to know why a bride wears white, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Do you know how to word an invitation, what to wear to a theatre party, how to set the table for a formal dinner, how to register at a hotel?

Whatever you want to know you can find in the Book of Etiquette—the famous two-volume set that is today being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country. Weddings, parties, dinners, teas, dress, speech, correspondence—you will find complete details on every phase of conduct that interests you.

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Mistakes at the table distinguish themselves at once. Little blundering errors condemn a man or woman as ill-bred. Do you know all the rules of table etiquette?



Winning manners are more important than pretty clothes. Can you adapt yourself to every environment—make yourself always pleasant and well-liked?

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Pauline Starke

"SUSIE TAKES A CHANCE"

The new Lucian Cary serial beginning in this number



Now I Ask a Favor of the Ladies

I have a great delight—an Olive Oil Shampoo for them

V. K. CASSADY, B. S. M. S., *Chief Chemist*

Dear Madam:

YOUR husband knows me – the chief chemist at Palmolive.

I have just given him a new delight; a gentler, quicker shaving cream.

Now I have as great a joy for you. A gentle shampoo—olive oil!—that does not make hair dry and brittle, that leaves it soft and gleaming.

The favor I ask is that you try it. And then give me your opinion.

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Recently I asked over 1000 women what they wanted most in a shampoo.

They named but one requirement. But as yet had failed to find it:

A thorough cleanser that would take out all grime and foreign matter—yet which would not take away the life and lustre that adds so much to charm.

Scores of scalp experts agreed. They said ordinary shampoos were too harsh. And advised the oil shampoo—but made a point of *olive oil*.

So the Olive Oil Shampoo

Now I offer you the olive oil shampoo—world famous—for you to use at home.

After the ordinary harsh shampoo, results will be a revelation. You will note them in your mirror. Your friends will note them.

And then you will do as thousands have done—thank me for a new delight.

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SHAMPOO

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Just a few drops combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.



And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly *in 20 minutes*

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcelle

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia,*" he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita,* what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita,*" he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero.* Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.



Lovely Curls

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

So now you can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)



Wavy Bob

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid. The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

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CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 143
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Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

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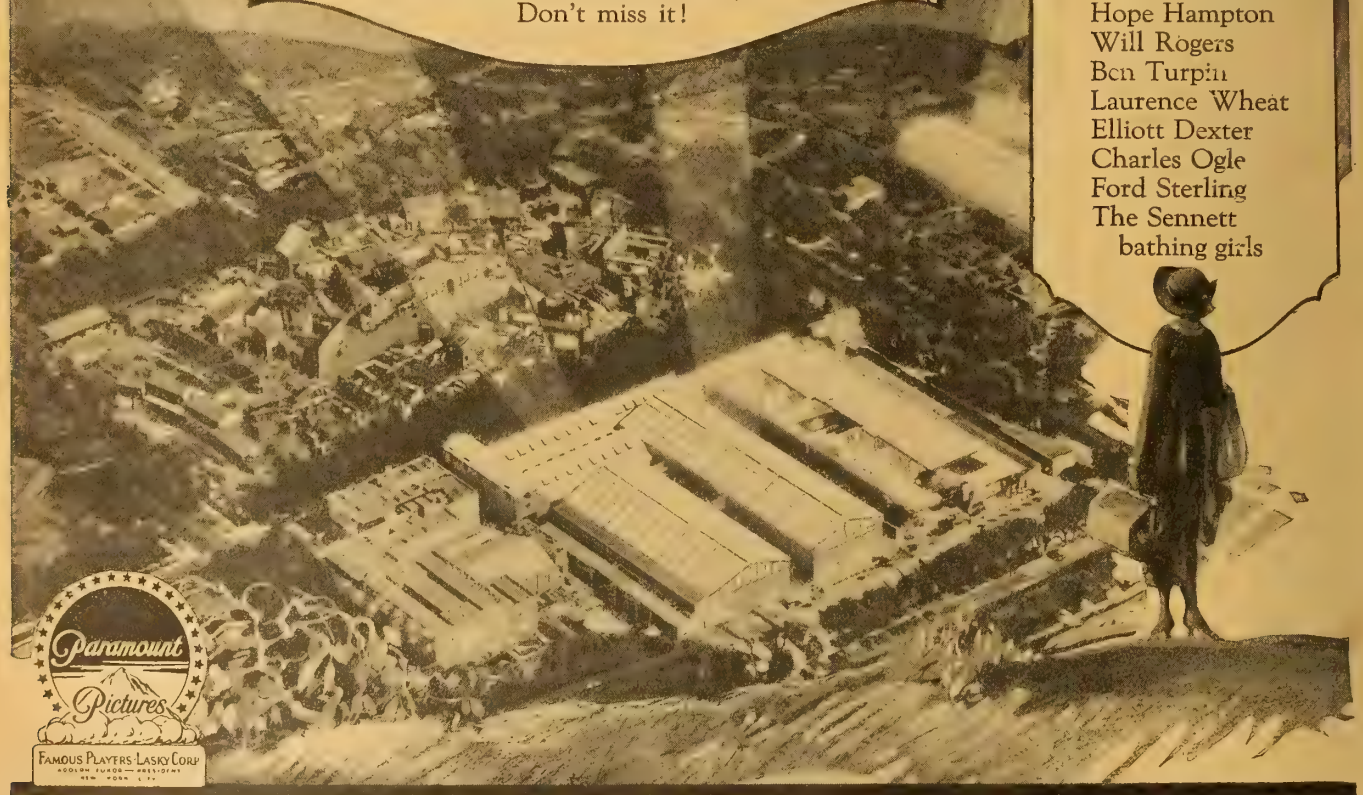
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Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

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For Next Month

Lubitsch and Mary Pickford should be a splendid combination. He is the greatest European director and Mary——! And it is interesting to know just what Ernst Lubitsch thinks of the little actress who has so long enjoyed her ascendency. Harry Carr tells you of their work together and of the many things regarding which Lubitsch talked to him. It is a fascinating story about this dynamic little man. . . .

* * *

Would you like to know what Harold Lloyd was like . . . what he said and what he did . . . how he looked too, perhaps . . . when he was a boy. If so you will be pleased with the story told by Mrs. Lloyd in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. And the illustrative pictures are certain to be entertaining. None of them have ever before been published. They were brought forth from an attic trunk especially to go with this story . . .

* * *

Then there's the second episode of **Susie Takes a Chance,** the new and fascinating **Lucian Cary** serial. It holds three of four developments which henceforth are major strands in the weaving of the story—and everyone who is interested in the modern girl, motion pictures or dual personalities will find Susie Takes a Chance one of the most intriguing stories they have read in many moons.

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How YOU Can Make Money Writing Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks." "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world, translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised photoplays featuring such famous stars as Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

YOUR Life May Be a Gold Mine of Ideas

MANY people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—far more than is paid in salaries.

Why Shouldn't YOU Succeed If OTHERS Can?

I HAVE shown hundreds of people how to turn their ideas into cash—men and women in all walks of life—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeepers, salesmen, reporters, doctors, lawyers, salesgirls, nurses, housewives—people of all trades and temperaments.

One busy housewife, who didn't *dream* she could write, sold her first photoplay for $500.00.

Janett Burrows, a Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer, followed my suggestions and earned over $4,500.00 in six months.

Peggy Reidell, a clerk in Chicago, sold her first story for $250.00.

One young man quickly sold three stories to Canadian magazines.

The wife of an Ohio farmer sold an article to Woman's Home Companion and a story to The Farmer's Wife.

A Massachusetts housewife sold forty manuscripts in two years! Just imagine how much she earned!

I believe there are thousands of other people, like yourself, who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

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Elinor Glyn

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For No Reason At All . . .

Names . . . names . . . names . . .

The motion picture producers have come to seek them as prodigiously as divers seek pearls in tropical waters. If anyone figures prominently in some scandal with the result that their name becomes a byword they are immediately classified as screen material.

If anyone preaches a doctrine which chances to make good newspaper copy and to which the public subscribes in any degree they are immediately offered a motion picture contract which calls for their appearance in some film offering written entirely around their personality.

If anyone on the stage hits upon a catchy tune and a few accompanying dance steps and, as is frequently the case, they become a vogue their appearance in motion pictures is assured. Producers flock to them offering all sorts of inducements if they will only appear cinematically under their banner.

The latest instance of this sort of thing is the signing of Gallagher and Shean to appear on the screen. On the stage with their Gallagher and Shean songs they are excellent entertainment. But what they have to bring to the films passes our understanding. Nevertheless their name has come to have a very real commercial value and we have known for months that nothing short of a miracle would keep them away from the motion picture.

The Motion Picture Magazine has no time for this practice because it looks upon the screen as something far and away greater than a universal medium for the exploitation of temporary and momentary personalities.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

JUNE, 1923

Vol. XXV No. 5



How do you picture the woman you would like to be? Do you think of her as a happy wife—a happy mother?

The Woman You would Like to Be—

How do you picture her? A happy wife—a happy mother—a great artist, or an accomplished woman of the world? In a hundred ways—it lies in your power to make yourself the woman you would like to be. Below you will read of one way—simple as it is, no girl can afford to neglect it.

Do you wish, more than anything else, to be beautiful? To have a face that charms and attracts the people about you?

Make up your mind, then, that you will have a beautiful skin; that you will not rest until you have made your skin absolutely clear, smooth, flawless.

For how can woman's face be lovely and attractive if her skin is disfigured by blackheads — by ugly little blemishes? if the pores are too large? if her nose is shiny with oil?

Any of these faults can be overcome

If you are troubled with any of these faults — begin, now, to overcome them. You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give the *new skin* the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in this booklet. Two of these famous treatments are reproduced below.

By using these Woodbury skin treatments regularly, thousands of girls and women have overcome the faults in their complexion and have gained the lovely clear, soft skin they longed for.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and begin, tonight, to give *your* skin the treatment that will make it fresh, radiant, flawless, as a beautiful woman's skin should be.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Send today for this new 10-cent offer!

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing week-end packages of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder, *together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1306 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1306 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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To reduce conspicuous nose pores, use this special treatment:

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once* if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION

To keep your skin free from blackheads, use the following treatment:

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Lillian Gish is in Italy where they are photographing her as "The White Sister." And Dorothy Gish plans to join her within the next few months. Then it is likely they will again play together



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

The early Spring has found Betty Blythe feverishly packing scores of trunks. The occasion is her departure for Algiers where she will play in "Chu Chin Chow" under the direction of some British film company



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Family combinations are not always the wisest arrangement. But that doesn't apply to Mae Murray and her directorial husband, Robert Leonard. For under his direction Mae has done some entertaining things. And now they are busy on "The French Doll" which is adapted from the stage play in which Irene Bordoni appeared



Maurice Costello is coming back. Perhaps the screen has never reflected any shadow more universally popular than was Maurice Costello's in those days when the Vitagraph Company was swathed in swaddling clothes. "Glimpses of the Moon" finds him in a prominent rôle



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Bétty Compson, unlike many stars, has no objections to California and makes most of her pictures there. Right now she is playing under Herbert Brenon's direction in "The Rustle of Silk." And Conway Tearle and Anna Q. Nilsson are also found in the excellent cast



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Francis X. Bushman also has come back. After a year or two on the dramatic stage and in vaudeville, he has returned to the studios—the Whitman Bennet studios to be definite and for the purpose of appearing in "Modern Marriages"



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

And, of course, Beverly Bayne has come back too. The Bushman-Bayne romance was one of the most talked of romances of the screen. So what could be more fitting and proper than that they should continue their careers side by side



Harold Lloyd desired Mildred Lloyd, *née* Davis, to remain in the home, forsaking all semblance of a career. So it behooved him to find a new leading-lady. And after much consideration Jobyna Ralston, a young Southern girl, was chosen. There is a piquant charm to Jobyna



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Bebe is back in the studios again after a month or two sojourning in the Southern pines. In "The Exciters" she will be found in the leading feminine rôle—heroine to the hero of Antonio Moreno



Photograph by Abbé

We Discover Who Discovered Valentino

A Playlet in One Act and Three Scenes

THE CAST

Rodolph Valentino . . . Rodolph Valentino

Mrs. Rodolph Valentino . Natacha Rambova

We . . . . . { Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Waiters, Diners, Taxi Drivers, Envious Flappers, Etcetera

"Every day somebody else comes out to say they discovered me," said Valentino ruefully. "And the one who actually did discover me—she says nothing at all. And when I think of some of the awful pictures I made, I wonder anybody thinks discovering me an honor to them." At the left, Rodolph and Winifred Hudnut (or Natacha Rambova) Valentino sign a transcontinental dance tour contract at thirty thousand a week. Jack Curley presented them with the contract



Photograph by International News Reel

THE FIRST SCENE: One of Gotham's exclusive restaurants. At a corner table are discovered the four principals at luncheon. Said luncheon is to all intents simply social—what does it behoove that the underlying purpose be professional? The waiters hover solicitously over the sleek head of the Signor Valentino. Guests at other tables, chiefly of the Frailer Sex, risk furtive glances in the direction of The Table. A rather specific direction, at that.

R. Valentino, faultlessly groomed, a silver wristlet about his wrist, spats, but hair which is *not* "patent leather," proves to the Interviewers, who are not, however, Interviewers at all in the present instance, that it is possible for a man to be as interesting at noonday as at twilight. Providing only that the man is a Valentino. In his manner is the charm of Southern Italy. His dark eyes smolder with the resentment he feels for some of his dreams broken on the wheel of the commercial world, and shine again with other dreams of future fulfilment. Supplementing his sophistication is a boyish reserve, very charming. . . .

Natacha Rambova lends a note of beauty, definite and strong and strange to name. Her face is of a pallor glamorous

and beneath her smart, close-fitting hat her hair is braided in long glistening coils over her ears. She is what one means when one says a woman looks "finished."

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher enhance the party by adding . . . numbers. They are Two More People. By no possible stretch of the imagination can we do more for them saving perhaps to note that they are clad like most of the modern young women one sees about in garments carefully selected to do service not only for luncheon parties but also for shopping orgies, for tea in the late afternoon, for dinner in the evening, for theater parties and for midnight suppers.

Rodolph Valentino (*rather ruefully*): Now somebody else comes out to say that they discovered me! It is amazing! Every day some one else "discovers" me. How can so many people discover one solitary man? I could not be so variously discovered. It is not possible. Every way, every day, somebody else, they discover me! Why do they want to what you call discover me? Even your America had not so many. And the one who actually did discover me, she says nothing at all. Isn't that like this life? But when I think of some of the awful pictures I made in my "past" I wonder that anyone thinks it a credit to them.

Natacha Rambova: Rudy, I think you ought to tell definitely who did discover you. After all, you ought to know. (*Her voice is the antithesis of Rudy's, being cool and clear with only now and again the deep note constantly slurring his and giving it depth and color.*)



All photographs by Abbé



"When I signed to play Julio in 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,'" explained R. Valentino, "I did nothing but read about Julio and think about Julio. I knew how Julio felt with every breath he drew. I knew him as well as I know my best friend." Above, Natacha Valentino in the costume in which she dances; and at the left, Valentino as Julio—also the costume in which he dances

Adele Whitely Fletcher (*Always the Editor-or-die!*): That's a good idea, Mister Valentino. Why dont you tell Miss Hall and me. We'll write about it and call it "We Discover Who Discovered Valentino." It's a vicarious triumph for us, but one does what one can! We'll do one of those double interviews on it. What do you say, Gladys?

Gladys Hall (*who has been silently thanking heaven that she at last has the opportunity of eating without questioning*): I was *told* that this was a *social* luncheon. I seem to have been misinformed. I'll do no interview. I'm an I. W. W. today. Which means, in my case, *I Wont Write!* I want my hors d'œuvres in peace and without punctuation.

Rodolph Valentino (*with some of that famed gallantry that has made him "Every Husband's Rival"*): Certainly not now. Miss Hall is right. I would not hear of it. At my apartment ,whenever you say. Or, if you would prefer it, at Mrs. Valentino's apartment. You know, the courts say, they say that we are not yet married. So—we have two apartments.*

Adele Whitely Fletcher (*with a despairing glance at her undiplomatic confrère*): Oh, Lord! Heaven help us that staff writers are not only inelegant but scarce! St-tt-t-tt-tt—*Gladys!*

* Courts and Cupid have now made the two apartments one!



Photograph by Hoover Art Studio

Said Valentino very definitely, "It was June—June Mathis—who discovered me. She first of all people believed in me. And she helped me with my portrayal of Julio more than I can ever tell you"

NATACHA RAMBOVA (*like a cool touch on a fevered brow*): We'll make it my apartment, Rudy, it's more comfortable.

A. W. F. (*hastily, with an apprehensive glance at the impolitic confrère*): Suppose we say Saturday then—at three.

RODOLPH VALENTINO (*inclining his head*): Saturday, at three. That is excellent.

(*The luncheon goes on apace. Very much apace for at least two of the party.*)

THE SECOND SCENE: The apartment of Mrs. Valentino, with our most humble apologies to the court. For this interview took place a trifle before March fifth, or whatever the date of their remarriage was.

The living-room is large and hung with chintz. A monkey paces up and down in a lacquered cage. He, or she, is solicitously tended by the beautiful Natacha Rambova. Perhaps because he, or she, was a gift from Rudy. A miniature silken dog sniffs the air which is redolent of smoke from the log fire and incense from some Inner Chamber. There are deep chintz chairs, numerous and varied photographs of Rudy and lots of books. It is not "exotic." But one could deduce that it is the apartment of a bride.

Valentino is seated in a large armchair facing the interviewers who are there in their most professional capacities, armed with quill pens and large yellow pads marked "Office Memo."

There is a vista of the other rooms and in the background is to be rarely discerned Natacha Rambova Valentino in black velvet skirt and scarlet blouse moving about. It is comfortable and sane and attractive. One has no sense of sheikism.

A. W. F. AND G. H. (*in anticipatory unison, with quill pens pointing a joint duet heavenward*): NOW! *Who discovered Valentino?*

RODOLPH VALENTINO (*with his cigaret pointing also heavenward and speaking very definitely and finally*): June. June Mathis. No one else, ever. She gave me my start. She first of all people believed in me. She would say to me, Rudy, I believe in you. I know you've got it in you. Do this or do that or do this that way or do the other thing the other way.

(*Continued on page* 93)



June Mathis is seen at the right—of her Valentino further says: "She is one of the most brilliant people I have ever known. When you have one of her scenarios direction must be a simple matter. And if I cant have her as a co-worker, I can only hope I shall have her eternally as my friend"

Susie Takes A Chance

A Novel in Six Parts

By

LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated

By

DOUGLAS RYAN



The beauty about Susie was that she was never twice the same. Sometimes she looked sixteen and sometimes thirty-six

IT began on the first day in May, a day all apple in the blossom and lilac in the bud, a day that opened in the shy warmth of spring and rose to the golden noon-tide of summer and, sinking, saw a great harvest moon come over the hill—as red as any Belasco ever hung against a back drop.

That was the day Susie Treadwell walked down Crawford Avenue on her way to work debating whether life was worth living or not—quite seriously. At least she thought she was serious. She was twenty and well-made and good to look at—altogether good to look at. But she saw life in Belleville stretching ahead of her as something grey, monotonous, and dusty—like a road thru a flat and treeless country. On and on and on—without a break, without a thrill, without a joy. Nothing would ever happen. Nothing had ever happened.

She had lived all her life in Belleville. She lived with her step-mother and Corinne, who was not her sister, or even her half-sister, but her step-mother's daughter by a previous marriage. Her father was dead. There wasn't a single person in the whole town she cared about. There never would be. So she told herself this morning.

Susie had worked in Porter's book-store for three years, worked from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night—until nine o'clock every Wednesday and Saturday night. Mr. Porter was a fat man and growing fatter. Mr. Porter had come to spending more and more of his time in the big swivel chair at his desk beside the safe, gloating over his stamps, or studying, with insatiable eyes, catalogs of stamps. Sometimes he did not get out of his chair from the moment when he sat down in the morning till the moment when he got up to go out for lunch. Susie got fifteen dollars a week. She paid her step-mother ten dollars a week for board and room. She had five dollars every week with which to buy her clothes and her lunches and her amusements. At thirty she would begin to be an old maid. Five dollars would go farther then than it did now. She wouldn't have the same longing for pretty things. At forty she would be completely and irremediably an old maid. She could save half that five dollars against old age. At fifty . . . But Susie refused to contemplate herself at fifty. Certainly Mr. Porter wouldn't pay her more than fifteen dollars a week—ever. She knew that he regarded paying her more than twelve dollars a week as a secret vice on his part. He only did it that he might have all his time to his stamps.

Susie walked into the store as the clock in the court-house tower was striking eight. Mr. Porter looked up from a catalog of stamps.

"Hunh!" he said. He was that kind of man. He sometimes said other things but he always said "Hunh!" first.

"Good morning," Susie said sweetly.

She walked back to the shop behind the store and hung up her hat. She was glancing at herself in the scrap of mirror and thinking that after all life must hold some hope for the face she saw there when Clay Newton came in.

"Hulloa, there," he said.

"Hulloa," Susie said. But she did not smile.

The moment she saw him she admitted to herself what she had so far refused to admit to herself. Clay Newton was the real cause of her mood. Susie walked rapidly back to the front of the store and set to work straightening up the magazine counter. It wasn't true that there was nobody in Belleville that she really cared about. There was Clay.

Clay framed pictures and developed prints and made window shades in the shop back of the store. It was his ambition to be a photographer. But not a small town photographer. A famous photographer. An artist. In the meantime he made picture frames and window shades for Mr. Porter and developed films on his own account. He photographed Susie as often as she would let him and sent the pictures off to prize contests. He not infrequently won prizes with pictures of Susie and had an increasing reputation among people who know about that sort of thing as one of the most gifted amateurs in the United States. Susie was his ideal of a model. He often told her how lucky he was to have discovered her.

"The beauty about you," he would explain to Susie, "is that you are never twice the same. Sometimes you are sixteen and sometimes you are thirty-six. Usually you are sweet and wholesome—the nicest kind of country girl; but occasionally you look like a woman of the world. And once in a great while you are a devilish vampire." Then he would narrow his eyes and gaze at Susie. "Yes," he would add, "by the time you're thirty or thirty-five you'll be a beautiful woman."

But tho he paid her compliments that no other man in Belleville would have thought of, much less put into words, he treated her as impersonally as if she were some natural object he admired. He was apparently unaware that she was a girl—with hopes and fears and desires. He hadn't the faintest suspicion that she liked him.

"Susie," he had said the night before as they had walked down Crawford Avenue in the moonlight, "I've got to try to get the effect of this light. It's peculiarly lovely—the way it lights your face. I'll get some plates ready in the morning and we'll see if I cant imitate it."

He talked about her like that and yet he never so much as tried to hold her hand. Susie, exasperated once too often, had got mad.

"We will do nothing of the sort," she flung at him. "I'm sick of being photographed. I'm not a landscape."

"Why, Susie!" Clay had protested, in a tone so shocked and pained that Susie, instantly remorseful, had asked his pardon.

"Of course I dont really mean it, Clay," she had said. "Forget it."

His manner this morning indicated that he had forgotten it. But she could not forget it. Besides she had another reason for being exasperated with Clay. He was an artist. He had had all the proofs of his talent that any young man could ask. And yet he kept on making picture frames and window shades for Mr. Porter.

"If I could do what he can," Susie said to herself, "I wouldn't stay in this town another day."

She was ashamed of him for being so timid. And it didn't do any good to argue with him about it. He just got sullen. He needed somebody to kick him out of Belleville—somebody to buy him a ticket to New York and put him on a train. Dr. Enoch Bennett, who dropped in from his offices above the store to visit in the shop, felt the same way about it. Anybody who knew what Clay had done and could do would feel the same way about it.

That evening, when she had finished addressing the monthly bills and had typed two letters for Mr. Porter, Susie heard Clay orating to Dr. Bennett back in the shop. Susie walked back to get her hat and stopped to listen.

Clay was holding up two large photographs for the doctor's inspection.

"I ask you," Clay said, "could any man living tell you which of these is a picture of Susie Treadwell by Newton of Belleville and which is a picture of Magda Basarov by Abbé of New York?"

Dr. Bennett studied the two photographs. Susie looked over his shoulder to see. She had long known that her face had a striking similarity to that of the most famous of the imported movie stars. Clay pointed it out to her many times. But by a coincidence, Clay's photograph and Abbé's were of the same pose, from the same angle, with almost precisely the same lighting.

"I dont believe any man could tell which was which," Dr. Bennett admitted.

"You're mistaken," Clay said. "There are two men who can tell."

Dr. Bennett looked at Clay quizzically.

"You and Abbé, I suppose," he said.

"Exactly," Clay said.

"Of course," Susie said, "my hair is red and hers is black."

Clay photographed Susie as often as she would let him and sent the pictures off to prize contests



"O, I'm not interested in the resemblance between you and her," Clay said. "What I want you to notice is that my photograph is just as good as Abbé's."

"It is awfully good, Clay," Susie said. She was interested in the resemblance. It set her to dreaming. If Magda Basarov's face was her fortune and hers, Susie's face, was so nearly like it that you couldn't tell the difference in a photograph, why couldn't she, Susie Treadwell, conquer the world as Magda Basarov had done?

Susie had long held a secret dream — a dream she wouldn't have admitted to anybody, short of being boiled in oil, the dream of being an actress. Latterly she had renounced it. She had read an article by a New York critic who said: There is only one essential for an actress and that is a grand-



Susie was a little awed and homesick. She saw a bus, a double-decked motor bus, marked Riverside Drive. She caught it and by good luck got a seat on top

mother who was an actress. Susie had taken it for granted that he meant what he said and that he knew what he was talking about. Susie's grandmother had been the wife of an Indiana pioneer.

"Clay," said Dr. Bennett, "I'm waiting for you to tell us the moral."

"The moral?"

Dr. Bennett stroked his small white beard.

"You've just admitted that you're as good a photographer as Abbe. What's the answer?"

Clay picked up his saw and inserted it in the machine he used for mitering picture frames and picked up a strip of moulding.

"I dunno," he said sulkily.

"Susie," said Dr. Bennett, "what's the answer?"

"The answer," Susie said, "is that Clay has no business to be making picture frames in this shop. He ought to be in New York."

Clay shook his head.

"I'm not ready yet—and besides, I haven't enough capital. Wait till I get a thousand dollars saved up."

Dr. Bennett frowned.

"You see," he said to Susie, "he daren't take a chance."

"I'm not a fool," Clay said bitterly.

Susie felt suddenly anxious to help him. She always felt that way when he got stubborn.

"Clay," she said, "I would take the chance if I were you. You know you could get a job in New York."

Clay shook his head doggedly without looking up. He was always that way. He never got mad. Susie wished he would get mad some time. It would do him good.

"Of course," Dr. Bennett said, "Susie is just as bad."

"What?" Susie cried.

"You haven't got the nerve to take a chance at making your dreams come true."

Susie felt her face grow hot. Old Dr. Bennett had a kind of clairvoyance; a gift for guessing other people's secrets. For a moment Susie wondered desperately if he had guessed her dream of being an actress. But of course he couldn't have. She looked up at him boldly. To her astonishment, Dr. Bennett winked at her. Susie caught on. He was playing this little comedy for Clay's benefit.

"What makes you think I have a dream?" Susie asked.

"You're young," Dr. Bennett said. "All young people have dreams of what they're going to be and do."

"Of course," Susie admitted, "I've dreamed of being famous and having lots of clothes and all."

"Look here, Susie," said Dr. Bennett. "Is there a young man in this town who has asked you to marry him?"

"No," Susie said promptly.

"Is there a young man you wish would ask you to marry him."

"I should think not," Susie said.

"Well, then?"

"Marriage isn't everything," Susie said gravely.

"Perhaps not—at your age," Dr. Bennett admitted. "But no girl likes to feel that there isn't ever going to be anybody."

"It isn't as if I had any choice about it," Susie protested.

"Any choice! Why, you have the whole world to choose from if you want to. You have no ties. You can leave this town tomorrow. You know how to earn a living—you can sell books or run a typewriter with anybody—you could be on your way tomorrow."

Susie looked at the old doctor. She wasn't sure whether he was serious or not. A moment before he had been talking for Clay's benefit. He had winked at her. But she was beginning to take him seriously. After all it was true—all she needed was the courage to take a chance.

"For two cents," she said recklessly, "I'd throw up my job and go."

Dr. Bennett chuckled and fished in his waistcoat pocket.

"Here you are," he said, and held out two pennies to Susie.

Susie looked into his eyes. He was serious. She laughed.

"I'll take them," she cried. "I'll show you."

Clay looked up from his mitering machine.

"You aren't serious are you, Susie?"



Six o'clock found Susie settled in a dark hall bedroom on the third floor of a rooming house just off Gramercy Park

He actually looked worried. Susie thrilled to see him worried about her.

"You'll see," she said.

"But, Susie," Clay said. "You dont know anybody in New York. You haven't any money. You cant."

Susie laughed.

"You'll see," she repeated.

Walking home, gazing at that red harvest moon that came over the hill like an enormous lacquered disk, Susie paused.

"I could, I can, I will," she said aloud.

She walked on rapidly.

"Maybe," she thought, "maybe, if I show him the way, he'll come—too."

II.

On a Sunday afternoon, five days later, Susie Treadwell climbed the stairs that lead from the Hudson tubes to the Pennsylvania Station. She had a small bag in her hand; and in her purse was her trunk-check, and a small list of rooms for rent cut from the classified section of the morning's newspaper, and twenty-eight dollars. For the moment she would leave the trunk behind. She had no place to send it. She must find a room first.

Susie walked thru the magnificent spaces of the great terminal, now nearly empty, a little awed and a little homesick. The building met the promise of New York — met it with a discouraging magnificence. Seventh Avenue seemed comfortingly drab—except for the enormous hotel that faced the station. Susie crossed Seventh Avenue safely enough and stood a moment on the corner —a moment in which to get back the feeling that she could take care of herself no matter what happened. Then she saw a bus, a double-decked motor bus, marked Riverside Drive. One of the addresses in the list she had clipped from the paper said "near Riverside Drive." Susie ran and caught the bus and by good luck got a seat on top.

The bus went straight across to Fifth Avenue and turned north. The Avenue was empty and the shop-windows were shuttered for Sunday and the sun had gone behind a cloud. But somehow it had the feeling. It was New York, at once magnificent and intimate, strange and familiar. Susie recognized a name she had read about or seen advertised in every block; she even recognized Tiffany's—which conspicuously had no name. She knew, as the bus crossed Columbus Circle, that the greensward on her right was Central Park. She saw that she was in Broadway. She guessed it was the part called "automobile row." And when she saw the river—grey, misty, with a battleship lying at anchor, she knew she was entering Riverside Drive.

She would have liked to go on and on, as far as the bus would take her. But she forced herself to get off at Eighty-first Street and walk east to the number she had in her purse. It was a brown-stone house. But the room was fifteen dollars a week . . . Susie hurried on. She had another address in Seventy-sixth

Susie had a thought which made her blush. She wasn't sure she hadn't conquered Mr. Garner also. She caught him looking at her often



Street. But there they refused to consider a woman. Susie saw that it was four o'clock. She must find a room before dark, else she would have to go to a hotel and hotels were expensive. She must find a room before dark because hunting for a room made her wish she was back in Belleville, where everything was so simple, so safe, so sure.

Six o'clock found Susie looking into a dark hall bedroom on the third floor of a rooming house just off Gramercy Park. It was narrow. It was eight dollars a week. But it was clean.

"I'll take it," Susie said, opening her purse, "if I may move in right away."

"We always have references from young ladies," the landlady said.

Susie looked at her. She was a tall, gaunt, red-faced woman with a hard eye. Susie restrained an impulse to laugh. After all—the fact that the landlady asked for references was in her favor. It suggested respectability.

"I have references," Susie said. She produced letters from Dr. Enoch Bennett, and Mr. Porter.

The landlady, noting that they bore the dateline of Belleville, Indiana, looked at Susie more amiably.

"We always get two weeks in advance," she said to Susie. "That will be sixteen dollars."

Susie thought swiftly—sixteen from twenty-eight left twelve. But she did not falter.

"Very well," she said.

It was hard to go to sleep in the little room in the strange house. But Susie managed it. She was bound to manage it. She was bound to start out early in the morning with eight hours' sleep behind her.

She awoke at six, dressed quickly, bought a morning paper at the corner, asked a policeman the way to a Child's Restaurant. She had thought it all out before hand—each step in the procedure which must lead to a job, which must lead to a job quickly.

There was column after column under the heading, "Female Help Wanted." Susie began at the beginning and read steadily down the columns, resolved that no chance should escape her. There were advertisements for servants; advertisements for factory workers; there were advertisements that puzzled Susie because she did not know what the words meant. What did "Bonnaz operators; pay while learning" mean? But the longest list was that asking for stenographers and secretaries. Susie wondered if she could bluff it thru as a beginning stenographer. She hadn't used her shorthand for three years. Probably she couldn't. Beginners got, she gathered, only twelve or fifteen dollars a week.

A small frown of pain was gathering between Susie's eyebrows when she saw the advertisement that leaped out of the page at her:

> Wanted, by playwright and scenario writer, young woman who can spell, has read a book, and can take slow dictation direct on the typewriter. Must be willing to work all hours in emergency. $25 a week to start; $30 if satisfactory. No flapper; no would-be writer; and no girl who rings my bell before 10 a.m. will be considered. Philip Garner, 56 West 50th St.

Susie glanced up at the clock. It was a quarter past seven. She had nearly three hours to kill. Evidently the old man was a crank but evidently his patience had been tried. But what did he mean by advertising for a girl who "has read a book," Were there girls in New York who never had read a book? Susie smiled. Perhaps New York wasn't so difficult after all.

The address, Susie found, was a brown-stone house, not far from Fifth Avenue. There were seven other girls grouped in the small hallway when she arrived at five minutes of ten. Above the last of the brass bell-plates was Mr. Garner's card. Susie studied her rivals surreptitiously, as they studied her. Two were indubitably the sort Mr. Garner meant by flappers. One was a motherly woman of fifty. One, very tall and slim, was dressed like a princess. One interested Susie because something in her clothes or her manner identified her as a middle-western small town girl like herself. But Susie's observations were cut short by the slim princess. With a glance at the small watch of platinum set with diamonds on her wrist the princess pressed the bell. In a moment the electric latch clicked. The seven filed up-stairs.

A colored maid let them into a large room, extending clear across the front of the house, a room with a fireplace of white marble, a room lined with books and furnished with easy chairs and sofas and reading lamps. The seven found seats and stared at each other. Susie took a deep breath and straightened her back.

It was a young man who entered the room, a tall young man in flannels with a gesture at once friendly and awkward. Susie saw at once that he was much more embarrassed than any of the seven.

"Good-morning," he said, with an unhappy grimace.

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The janitor grinned. "Funny," he said, "that you didn't know he sailed for Europe yesterday afternoon"



There was something gorgeous about Madame Negri's affair with Charley Chaplin. She gave her time exclusively to him. She had no explanations to make. For a long time the public was at liberty to draw any conclusions they saw fit

Behind the Scenes With Pola

By
HARRY CARR



Her warmest admirer in Hollywood is Norma Talmadge. Norma opines that the greatest piece of acting ever seen on the screen was Pola Negri in "Gypsy Love." The reproduction of the above portrait by Tade Styka is now hung in the Knoedler Galleries on Fifth Avenue where it attracts considerable attention

IF Pola Negri is half as interesting on the screen as she is in the studio, then the American movie public is about to experience a thrill.

At close range the lovely Pola is discovered to be the original of a certain deathless character of classic fiction; to wit: the little girl who had a little curl that hung down in the middle of her forehead: when she was good, she was very very good, but when she was bad . . . Gallantry forbids us to continue.

The truth is, this little Negri girl is so utterly different from anything we have ever known on the stage or screen that she takes everyone's breath away.

There was Nazimova of course: she was different too: but she was a different different.

Nazimova was—and is—the ultimate of the conscious artist. Everything about her is studied and intentional. Every emotion is coldly measured in terms of poses and line and color. This has always been true of her since those very first days when the New York critics discovered her—the leading lady of a little Jewish company in the Ghetto theaters of the East Side. She has always seemed from her earliest triumphant days to be experienced, disillusioned, a little worn, a little hard, but brilliantly intellectual.

You couldn't imagine Nazimova starting a storm without first picking the fruit off the trees. She always gives the impression of standing at one side in some sort of separate self, critically arranging her own lithe, beautiful body and her marvelously sensitive face in the most effective way possible.

But this other Polish woman—Negri.

She is a wild wind from the Russian steppes. She doesn't calculate her effects any more than a bucking broncho. Negri probably couldn't tell you how she does it. She just does it.

If it is true that we come back to this earth again and again through countless lives, then in one of her lives, Pola was a she-tiger—and some of it stuck to her.

She has the same soft and beautiful ferocity. She has the same sleepy air of seeing everything out of watchful half-closed eyes that are looking at nothing. She has the same silken relaxation that springs into claws and teeth without warning.

And she has the tiger's magnificent disdain. You cant help loving her for her disdain.

She walked into Hollywood with the hauteur of an empress.

The day she arrived Jesse Lasky gave a typical glad-



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Negri is a wild wind from the Russian steppes. She doesn't calculate her effects any more than a bucking broncho. If it is true that we come back to this earth again and again thru countless lives, then in one of her lives, Pola was a she-tiger. . . . There is a new expression in the portrait above. At the left she is seen on a vacation trip with Charley Chaplin. And below is a scene from "Bella Donna," her first American-made photoplay



hand luncheon for the press in her honor. It was a frost. Mr. Lasky was so nervously eager to tell the press how much Pola loved them. And Pola was so utterly indifferent as to whether they believed it or not.

To be frank, the other actresses of Hollywood gave her the warm and glowing welcome generally accorded the gentleman who comes around to inform you that you owe the government something on your 1918 income tax.

In return Pola treated them as tho they were something that the janitor had forgotten to sweep out.

All the arrangements that had been made for her she swept aside with a contemptuous gesture. She ordered the studio scenario department thrown out of their office to provide her with a new kind of dressing-room. She laid down the law to the studio magnates like an invading French general to a German factory manager in the Ruhr district.

She rented a bungalow in Hollywood and, with her own servants established a little Poland.



Photograph by International Newsreel, N. Y.

When she first arrived, Hollywood looked very severe and said they didn't know whether they would consent to take her up or not. They soon found out they would have no choice in the matter. Mme. Negri made it plain that the society of her director, George Fitzmaurice and his wife (Ouida Bergere) and Charley Chaplin were all that were of any interest to her. The rest of Hollywood could go hang for all she cared.

There was something gorgeous about her affair with Charley Chaplin. She gave her time exclusively to him. She had no

(*Continued on page* 86)



All Photographs by Reiss

The Ballet Class of Kosloff

Everyone knows that the grace with which Theodore Kosloff deports himself on the screen is born of the fact that he came to America with a European reputation as a dancer. His grace had pleased the royalty before whom he had danced. . . .



. . . However, it is not generally known that he conducts a very highly thought of ballet class in Los Angeles. And in connection with this interesting news we present these pictures of him directing some of his younger pupils. A new Theodore Kosloff!



The Pen of Ingram Is Also Graphic

It is grim reality which Ingram gives us in the panel. Only one who had witnessed husbandmen leaving their plows to take up arms and go out, probably to death, could have achieved the pregnant disaster you feel in his picture



He calls the character study here The Bolshevist. It is an apt title. . . . The pen of Rex Ingram is, above all else, graphic. We might even paraphrase something about his pen being as mighty as his directorial megaphone

During the war Ingram was in the Royal Flying Corps. And it is this photograph in his uniform which he prefers to all others. . . .



Rex Ingram holds a profound admiration for Eric von Stroheim, both as a director and as an actor. And below is a sketch of Von Stroheim as he sees him in his vonstroheimesque portrayals





Those who know Ingram say he sketches all the time—on the back of envelopes and even on restaurant table linen. It's a hobby with him. Also he sketches his conception of all the characters in his productions. And, by the way, talking of Ingram's versatility it is likely that he will soon play an important rôle in one of his productions. That should be interesting



The artist didn't give any title or explanation to the large gentleman above. But he's undoubtedly intended to belong somewhere in the profiteer family

The Ace of Aces at the left. There's something of the adventurer suggested about him. And you feel that he finds his defiance of death miles above the earth a glorious adventure. It *is* graphic the pen of Ingram

A Genius Is Embarrassing To Have Around

By
DONALD MacGREGOR



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

May McAvoy's future must be watched with more than ordinary interest. She is a very interesting character. She impresses me as a girl who has never been very happy and is never likely to be. That is one of the penalties. . . .

ONE of the most embarrassing things you can possibly have in your family is a genius.

It is all right after they are dead and gone. Then you can celebrate their birthdays and interview the innumerable hosts of sub-heroes who used to go to school with them.

But when they are alive and on the active genius list no one knows what to do with them.

You cant sit around and regard them with silent awe all the time; yet you cant expect them to do the regular family chores like the common snub-nosed children.

All of which brings us to the case of May McAvoy.

That's what's the trouble with her.

She was getting along beautifully until she appeared in "Sentimental Tommy."

A number of well known dramatic critics—being trained to follow the trail of genius, straightway set up the "View Hello."

A new genius! With yelps of joy and excitement they set off with shrill shrieks after the small girl with the pleading eyes. From this time forth, she became a trial and affliction to Famous Players-Lasky.

Frankly, they didn't know what to do with her.

Whenever they put her out in an ordinary-every-day custom-made ready-to-wear part with the usual movie emotions to portray, the critics called upon the high gods to wreak vengeance upon the impious hands that would desecrate the gifts of the immortals. If they respectfully put her upon a pedestal to wait until some new J. M. Barrie should come along to write another play for her; then the movie critics tore their hair and moaned out lamentations into the fathomless night and begged of the silent hills the answer—why this genius should be left stranded and marooned!

Whatever the management did with May McAvoy, they knew beforehand that it was going to be all wrong.

So they sat apart and bit their nails and wondered.

Wherefore May McAvoy was left sitting around the studios, toying with her fan-mail until the public almost forgot all about her.

Only lately she has come back to life again.

Perhaps it isn't quite so bad as my persiflage has painted it; but May McAvoy has had one of the most curious careers I know on the screen. Even to the way she got on the screen.

She was a little New York girl. One of her pals was in a vaudeville show. One day, while she was paying her a scared visit in her dressing room, another friend called. He was a director working for Fox.

Young directors have a magnificent way of scattering jobs around with the regal gesture of a Haroun Al Roschild distributing largess.

In his grandest manner, he told the little girl visitor to come around and see him sometime and he would give her a job in pictures. When she promptly took him at his word, he gulped and stammered and told her to try "one of the smaller companies like Metro."

Entirely innocent of the slam intended she trekked over to Metro and they gave her a chance. She began her career in a dinky little educational film showing how loaf-sugar is made.

So you see, from the very beginning no one knew what to do with her.

One day, however, John Robertson dropped over to Metro to see one of his pals and while waiting, went into a projecting room where he saw some tests of a very small girl with a sorrowful mouth and pleading eyes—and he never forgot.

It Was Madge Kennedy Who Turned Her Back To The Camera to Give the Little McAvoy Girl A Better Chance



May began her career in a dinky little educational film showing how loaf-sugar is made. John Robertson saw her and he never forgot the little girl with a sorrowful mouth and pleading eyes. And some time later when he wanted a Grizel for Sentimental Tommy he sent for her



Photograph by David Burke Keppe

Meanwhile Miss McAvoy got a part that meant a lot to her. It was with Madge Kennedy in a "Perfect Lady."

There have been stars and stars but never another so generous as Madge Kennedy. In this picture she not only insisted that this little stranger should share in her close-ups but actually turned her back to the camera to give the little McAvoy girl a better chance.

She did extra work for a while but had another stroke of luck in being cast for "Asia" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in which Marguerite Clark was starring.

Finally the big chance came. Faire Binney did not prove to be the right type for "Grizel" in "Sentimental Tommy" and the whole picture suddenly blew up. Production stopped. Then the director, Mr. Robertson, remembered the little girl he had seen in the projecting room of Metro—and sent for her.

May McAvoy's work in that picture was one of the never-to-be-forgotten landmarks of motion picture art. The picture wasn't a box office success; but May McAvoy was officially hailed as a genius.

She had a terrible time living it down.

For weary months they left her hanging around the Lasky studio opening her fan-mail and bewailing her fate.

Cecil de Mille wanted her for the flapper in "Adam's Rib." But there was one scene where she had to wear a bright smile and very little else: also she had to bob her hair. And that was that. She wouldn't do it. Whereupon she resumed her job of calling for her mail every morning.

For nearly six months, she sat around in idleness. Six months off the screen is a tragedy for any actress struggling for success.

Finally she weakly consented to play second fiddle to another girl in "Clarence." She nearly stole the picture as a consequence of two comedy scenes that were quaint with charm and the breath of genius.

(*Continued on page 87*)

Lest We Forget



Photograph by Witzel

Photograph by Bradley Studios, N. Y.



Above is George Loane Tucker who gave the screen that fine photoplay, "The Miracle Man," before he entered the unknown. At the right is Wallace Reid whose recent passing is now mourned thruout the world. . . . And below is Harold Lockwood whose friends still mention him frequently in their Letters to the Editor. In truth, he has not been forgotten tho years have passed by. . . .





At the right is the last photograph taken of John Bunny who in those early Vitagraph days, before his passing, was one of the best-known shadows on the screen

Photograph (right) © by Stacy, Vitagraph



Olive Thomas, above, is another motion picture star who passed in the heyday of her youth . . . with tragedy attending her death

Ah, Stars bygone, you haunt us still tho you belong
To Yesterday:
Still do we sense your lovelight touch, still heark
your tread
The lotus-way.

Ah, Starry Host, shadows who cannot die
Crowned with regret
With phantom hands you sweep aside the years . . .
Lest we forget!



Photograph by White



Photograph by Witzel

Just above is William Desmond Taylor, the director whose mysterious death still puzzles and grieves his profession. And at the right is Mother Maurice whose screen mothers were high spots in countless Vitagraph productions. While we regret her passing it is comforting to know she had many years of a full life



Photograph by Witzel

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mary and Richard Barthelmess for the above picture of Clarine Seymour. It was only thru them that we were able to secure a photograph of the beautiful young Griffith player who did not live to know in any measure of her success. And at the left is smiling Billy Parsons whose comedies brought much laughter to the world

Photograph by Celebrity, N. Y.



Bobby Connelly had passed from the children rôles in which he came to fame and was about to launch forth in his own company in which he would have been screened as an older boy when he answered the summons. We remember him . . . Sonny Jim . . .





Arthur Johnson, at the left, was one of the first matinée idols of the motion picture. We like to remember his tender heroes. . . . And at the right is Bobby Harron. Everybody loved Bobby. And now his brother John carries on in his footsteps. . . .



Photograph by Hoover

In the center oval is Florence LaBadie. Florence also belonged to the early motion picture when stars, just as beloved by the public, were not the fêted creatures they are today

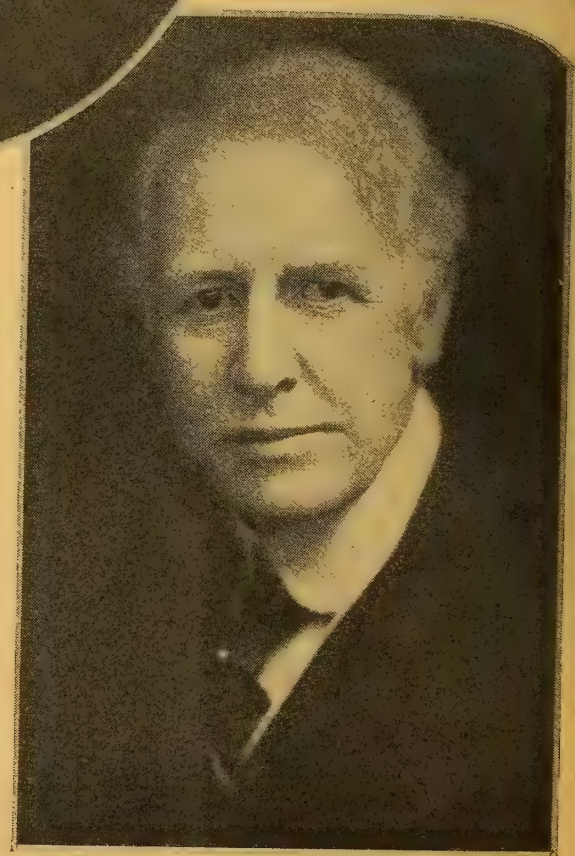


Photograph by Moody

Below is Van Dyke Brooke—also of the old Vitagraph where he not only directed scores of those early flickering pictures but also offered a number of well worth-while portrayals



And Sidney Drew, at the left. No one has ever come forward with anything like those delightful comedies of married life which Sidney Drew presented in collaboration with his wife. And he filled his unique niche in motion picture history with histrionic ability



Daddy

By

JANET REID



Jackie had often felt he had been a part of his mother's sadness. 'Specially the times when he took out the old violin he had and tried to make it sing to him

WHEN Gallini's wife could stand it no longer she took her little son and ran away to hide.

Enemies of Gallini's wife say that she was simply a jealous virago who couldn't stand the adulation Gallini was beginning to gain with his violin. They say that she used to sit in a corner of the concert hall or café or wherever he happened to be playing and watch him thru narrowed, vindictive eyes.

But friends of Gallini's wife say differently. They say that she was jealous of him, of course. Because, after all, she *was*. But they paint a different sort of a picture of the young wife frantically, pathetically in love with her genius-husband, sensing his genius, but not quite understanding it, hating it and fearing it because of just that. They say that she used to sit in corners and listen to him play but that her heart was not in his music, but upon his face. They tell how she shuddered as tho she were cold every time the gushing, moved women went up to him, to congratulate him, to hold him by the hand. . . . She loved him so! She was intensely female. She cared little or nothing for his music. It was the man she wanted and that strange, recognized presence on the public platforms was an enemy, so it seemed to her, of her share in the ardent lover in whose arms she lay, when the violin was put away and the dusk of home shut out that shining light in other women's eyes.

No doubt Gallini tried to reason with her. She was very young. And not very strong. No doubt he reminded her that this impending success of his was to pave the way with gold for her and for their little son. No doubt, too, he grew impatient at times, grew furious and tempestuous, for Gallini was the lover of the violin even before he was the lover of the woman — which is what she sensed, but could not reconcile.

It was all very sad. One night when Gallini looked into the orchestra pit for her small, white, persistent face, it was there no longer. He felt a premonitory chill. Lately, he thought, as his fingers evoked a sort of a wailing summons from the strings, lately, that small white face had been a ghost's face. It had seemed to remind him, to tell him, mutely and despairfully, that they were of different worlds, he and she. He belonged to that world circled about with triumph-lights and women's shining, fevered eyes. She belonged down there in the dark, alone, apart, forever alone and apart. She couldn't reach him. She couldn't warm herself at his flame, that is what she seemed to be trying to tell him.

Gallini had ached with pity for her. But pity was not what she wanted. What she really wanted was to destroy him. What she really wanted was for him to take his Strad' and shatter it at their feet. She wanted to be the wife of the man, not the chill acolyte at his altar fire.

That night Gallini went fearfully home. His soul was strung like the strings of his violin. But his heart was human and tender and lay securely in the keeping of his wife and baby son.

When he reached home, he found it in darkness — they were gone. There was a little note there, just begun, and blurred and blotted with tears. She had tried to say what was in her heart, and had failed. Before that strange fire of his genius she was rendered inarticulate. No doubt she thought, poor soul, that she could fly away from it, be no longer cold there on the baffling edge. . . .

Gallini never saw her again.



Jackie felt very old when he unfolded his plan to the old people. And he had to be very firm . . .

All of his search proved fruitless. It was as if the earth had swallowed them into itself. They were, for him, and then, abruptly, they ceased to be.

. . . . . .

When Gallini's wife ran away from him she went direct to two old friends of her dead parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden were simple farmer-folk living in an isolated spot on the outskirts of a small city. She had never mentioned them to her husband. No clue that he might have would lead him to them. And there, in that peaceful, remote atmosphere, she and the little boy could live and she could dream of Gallini as she had first known him, before he became a center of that strange light. . . .

When the little boy, Jackie, was eight, his mother died. Even then, Jackie felt a curious, old gladness that she was gone. Her eyes had always looked so troubled. In his childish way, he had tried to comfort that sad trouble, but he had never succeeded. When she was dead, the troubled eyes were closed and her pretty face looked peaceful, at rest. Jackie felt glad for her. He often had felt, too, that he had been a part of her sadness. 'Specially the times when he took out the old violin he had and tried to make it sing to him and tell him distant stories. Mother would look at him so strangely when he played. Old Mr. and Mrs. Holden *liked* to hear him play. They said that he was wonderful, a miracle . . . But mother would sit afar off and just gaze at him and sort of shake her head a little and after he had finished playing he would find her crying to herself, in some corner, and when he would ask her what the matter was she would hold him so closely to her and say "You were so far away," and then he would love her and kiss her sad eyes and say, "Mother - my - love, I was right near you. I was making the violin *tell* you that!" But somehow, mother could never seem to understand that. Mother, who understood all other things so well.

After mother went things were very hard with old Mr. and Mrs. Holden. Jackie didn't understand the circumstances very well, but he knew that there was something about "a pension," and the fact that the pension didn't go very far, really not far enough for three, now that Mr. Holden had the rheumatism so badly in most of his joints and couldn't do his carpentry work very well.

Jackie thought a lot about the pension and the little bit of butter they had on their bread and how much *more* butter Mrs. Holden could have on her bread if she didn't have to give so much to him.

He tried not to feel so hungry all of the time, but when he was walking four miles to school and it was winter out and the house was quite cold inside, he couldn't seem to manage very well with less. Obviously, if he were not there the pension might be made to stretch over the wants of Mr. and Mrs. Holden.

It was painful thinking for so small a boy.

Then, one day, he had been playing in the school. One of the teachers said to another teacher, "Jackie has never had a lesson in his life. If he wanted to he could make a fortune on the stage, or anywhere, just playing as he does."

That was what gave Jackie the idea.

He would take the violin and his mother's picture for good luck and run away like Dick Whittington had run

away, to seek his fortune in the city. And then, when he had found his fortune, he would come back and share it with Mrs. Holden and Mr. Holden, just like they had more than shared their bread and butter with him.

Jackie felt very old when he unfolded his plan to the old people. And he had to be very firm and quite . . . quite fatherly to old Mrs. Holden who, mysteriously, was grown *so* old that she was really quite young again. He had to pat her hand and tell her that he would be all right and that his violin would be sure to bring him in a great many pennies and nickels, *lots* enough for him to get along on. It was really queer, how old and wise and capable he felt and how shaky and leafy and tremulous *they* felt. They cried over him, and kist him and prayed over him and wondered what his dear, poor mother would say, but they didn't make him stay. . . .

Jackie walked to New York.

It took him several weeks, because he took it very easily, and every time he came to any kind of a town at all he would stand on the street corners and tuck his old violin under his small chin and play tunes that came straight from his heart or from some legacy of memory that had begun before he was born.

He put all of his life into the music he played. He put his mother's sad eyes and the remoteness of her, chilly in her corner. He put her passionate kisses into it. He put his own longing to reach her where she was now, beyond the stars. He played out his faint belief that now, too, she would understand, would feel warmed by the throbbing strings and not repelled. He put old Mr. and Mrs. Holden into the music, simple, kindly, wistful strains of music these were, with one long-drawn, quivering note for the bread they didn't have. And he put his own wanderings in, too . . . the long white arms of the beckoning road, the faces and voices of the people he met, those who were cruel and those who were kind, and those who merely passed him by, their own eyes on the ground. He put mud and stars into his music. He put memory and forgetfulness, the long-short forgetfulness and memory of a child. And everywhere he went the people gathered about him to listen, and many said, "One day we will pay big money to hear this boy! He is 'a prodigy'."

In one town he was asked to play for a very wealthy old man who had a sharply pretty young wife. The very old man was also very, very rich, and when he heard Jackie play he said to his sharply pretty young wife, "My dear, there is a fortune in this boy. We might adopt him, and later bask in his glory."

But Jackie ran away that night. He didn't want the crabbed old man with the wet eyes to bask in his glory. He'd rather have nice Mr. Holden who needed to bask because of his rheumatism.

And at last he came to the Big City.

It was rather terrifying. The little places hadn't been so hard for him. There had been nice little houses, with the significant word "Boarding" written upon them, where, if one had collected a hundred pennies or so, one could have a nice meal and a bed and sometimes, even, a bath.

Or, out in the wide and starry country, one could find warm hayricks in friendly fields. The stars bore one such splendid company. But here, in the Big City, there

He was forgetful of everything save that the old man was playing; speaking to him in a language he understood . . .





And when they had a good day and a good supper they played chess, a rubber, before going to bed

seemed to be no little houses and there were no fields.

All the houses looked cavernous and dark, like the terrible dungeons Mrs. Holden used to read him about out of the dog-eared fairy tale book that had been her little-boy's-that-died.

Jackie never knew, thinking it over afterward, what he would have done that first night, if he hadn't seen Rocco playing; if he hadn't stepped softly over to him and stood there, listening, for the nonce forgetful of the cavernous house-doors, forgetful of all but the fact that the old man was playing . . . . speaking to him in a language he understood . . . how perfectly he had not known until that first moment of his listening. And then, when Rocco had removed his fiddle from under the funny little crotch under his chin, and had turned around he had gazed straight into Jackie's eyes and they had hailed one another as friends across the broken barrier of years!

It had been one of those things, those rare, unspoken things, that needed no words, no preliminaries. Of *course* Jackie was going home with Rocco! Hand in hand the old, bent man and the little, straight boy, trudged the streets until they came to a little narrow door with a light inside and then up the narrow winding stairs to an attic with a roof that sloped and upon which the rain played, Jackie often thought, with tenderly uneven finger-tips.

There in that quiet room, eating their cheese and drinking their milk, they told their mutual stories, tried friends already. Jackie told of his mother and of Mr. and Mrs. Holden and of how he had left them so that their pension would stretch further while he came to the city to make

Gallini took the boy home. "First of all," he told him, "I'll have my valet scrub you up. Then we'll have supper together"



his fortune. He said that he had got the idea from Dick Whittington, and found that Rocco knew all about Dick Whittington, which was in itself a bond.

And Rocco told enchanting, spell-binding tales of the great violinists he had heard and, even, known. The famous Gallini, for instance, who had been his friend before he became so world-renowned in Europe. And then he played for Jackie, the old Rocco, by the guttering candle light and Jackie understood without much help of words how the old man would have been very great himself but for a Beautiful Lady who had been made of Ice and who had put a spell upon old Rocco so that his heart froze hard for many years and how the ice trickled down and got into his finger-tips, and for many years he hadn't played at all, until he had grown very much older and had learned a great many things and had then turned again to his old friend which was the violin, and lo, the ice had melted, even away from his heart, and now he only hoped the Beautiful Lady was happy and wasn't Ice any longer.

Oh, Jackie understood a great many things . . . old Rocco said that he did, or else, without instruction, he would never have been able to make his violin sing as he did.

"It would almost seem," old Rocco said, "that you have music running in your veins. Who was your father, child?"

But Jackie didn't know. He said he thought it was his father who had made his mother's eyes so sad. And old Rocco sighed and said that women's ways are strangers' ways and who was there to tell . . . ?



The little Gallini shook his head as he nestled deeper in his father's arms. "You did all you could do for Rocco, Daddy!" he said

But Rocco said that Jackie must work hard every day on scales and things and that maybe, some day, he might be able to study under a greater master than old Rocco and all the world would beat a pathway to his door to listen to him. He might even study under the great Gallini, who could tell . . . ? Rocco asked him, too, where he had got the fine old Strad' he played, but that Jackie couldn't tell him. All he knew about it was that when he had played on it his mother had seemed so pale and sad, but he had never thought to ask where he had got it. He had always had it; it had seemed a part of his life, a part of *him*, and, childlike he had accepted it without question. Old Rocco often thought that this calm acceptance of a great fact was the only childlike thing about Jackie.

A profound friendship grew between the two musicians. "We are musicians," old Rocco used to say, "and we understand one another," and Jackie, slipping his hand in old Rocco's would answer, "I know."

They spent their days fiddling on the street corners, the old, old man, and the little, little boy, and their evenings either in talking of great music and great musicians, reminiscing for Rocco and anticipating for Jackie, or they became deeply involved in a game of chess, which was, in a way, a secondary passion with Rocco. When times were hard they talked about

(Continued on page 95)

DADDY

Novelized, by permission, from the First National production of the story by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan. Directed by E. Mason Hopper and starring Jackie Coogan. The cast:

Jackie	Jackie Coogan
Paul Gallini	Arthur Carew
Helene Gallini	Josie Sedgwick
Eben Holden	Bert Woodruff
Cesare Rocco	Caesar Gravina
Mrs. Holden	Anna Townsend
An Impresario	Willard Lewis
Valet	George Kuwa



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Oh Dorothy! How Could You?

We have just always thought of Dorothy Gish as one of the screen's flappers. And she has been. We thought she would probably go on perennially being the sweet young thing. Then they cast her as La Clavel opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl" . . . And look at her. There's a far hail between Dorothy above and Dorothy at the right. Oh Dorothy! How could you?



Genius and Talent

By FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN



Photograph © by Strauss Peyton

Speaking of geniuses first there is Charlie Chaplin who, unquestionably, is a genius of the very highest type. And Douglas Fairbanks is another star with genius. Even tho in his case it is not so clearly defined, it is none the less authentic



Photograph by Campbell Studios

FOR centuries philosophers and scientists have been trying to find a definition for genius; and in this Year of Our Lord, 1923, they are as far from having found it as they were in those ancient times when they chiselled their opinions on stone.

The truth is, there is no definition for it. Genius is as elusive as the theological soul. It is something inherent in a person's character—something inborn, hidden, infinitely subtle, even mysterious; and it may manifest itself in a hundred different ways. You can not strap it down to an operating table, or mix it in a test-tube, or put it on a glass-slide under a microscope. Beside it ectoplasm—that new and much-discussed psychic substance—is as real and obvious as a brick-bat.

Furthermore, genius is a gift: and there is no telling where we may find it. Moreover, the person who possesses it knows no more about it than other people.

The closest we ever come to explaining it is by such vague terms as "that indescribable something," "that indefinable power," and "that irresistible attraction."

However, despite its evasiveness, it is a very real thing. We can feel it immediately, and recognize it at a glance. In fact, there is no escaping it, once we come in contact with it; for it exerts a very definite power.

Mary Pickford? Her genius too is undisputed, altho it is not so universal as Chaplin's

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander



Genius is the rarest of all human qualities. A nation produces only a few authentic geniuses in a generation; and sometimes a nation will go for a century or more without giving birth to a single one.

Talent, on the other hand, is fairly common. Every art and every profession is filled with talent. Even the exalted, conspicuous talent which approaches close to genius, is to be found on all sides.

Sometimes the two are confused: and talent of a high order is mistaken for genius. But there is a distinct difference between the two. And it is this difference—as we find it in the ranks of motion-picture stars—that I am going to try to explain.



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Among the actors and actresses of the cinema there is a great amount of talent—talent of a rare and splendid type. In fact, I believe that there is a higher percentage of genuine talent in the silent drama than in any other art or profession in America today.

But among the hundreds, and even thousands, of film players there are only a very few geniuses. You can count them on the fingers of one hand, not including the thumb!

And this, too, is a high percentage. In America there are not so many geniuses as this in any one of the other arts!

Let us name these geniuses of the screen at once, and then discuss them.

First, there is Charlie Chaplin, who unquestionably, is a genius of the very highest type.

Then there is Mary Pickford. Her genius, too, is undisputed, altho it is not so universal as Chaplin's.

Douglas Fairbanks is another star with genius. And while in his case it is not so clearly defined, it is none the less authentic.

Jackie Coogan is also a genius, despite—or rather because of—his age. His achievements can be accounted for on no other grounds.

And altho Lillian Gish does not qualify wholly as a genius of the first rank, she at times reveals a trace of the divine fire.

It is no disparagement to the other screen stars not to call them geniuses. To say that there are only three or four in the entire cinema world, does not mean that there are not actors and actresses in the films who have done magnificent work and achieved greatness. It merely means that these three or four have, by some subtle inborn gift of personality, been set aside as unique and distinctive.

Now, just what is it that characterizes these players whom I have designated as geniuses? How do they differ from the other great stars of the screen?

The most obvious thing which distinguishes a player of supreme talent from a player of genius is this:

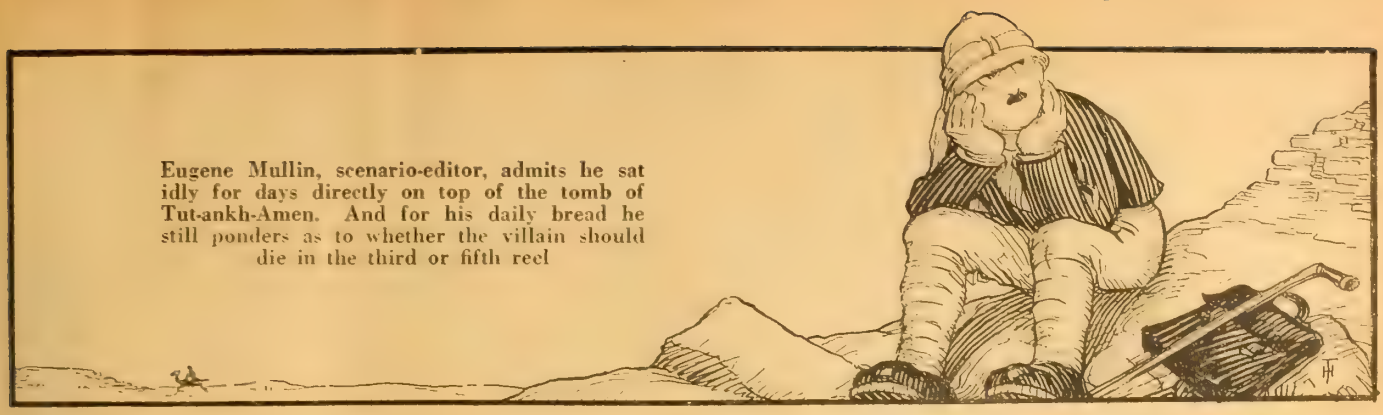
We are able to put our finger on the qualities we admire in the players of talent—no matter how great that talent may be. We can describe or explain their performance to some one who has not seen it; and we can analyze the traits in them which appeal to us and hold us.

In the case of the genius, however, we are unable to point to any one quality and say: "That is the thing which attracts me." We can

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Lillian Gish does not qualify wholly as a genius of the first rank, but she, at times, reveals a trace of the divine fire. Jackie Coogan is also a genius, despite—or rather because of—his age. His achievements can be accounted for on no other grounds





Eugene Mullin, scenario-editor, admits he sat idly for days directly on top of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen. And for his daily bread he still ponders as to whether the villain should die in the third or fifth reel

The Editor Gossips

WE may live to an old age but we doubt if we will ever be a guest at more charming dinners than those which Madame Petrova gives when she is in town and not off somewhere on the road playing in The White Peacock or, as she is now, in her new play—also from her own facile pen—Hurricane.

All thru the year she lives in a large rambling house at Great Neck, Long Island, some hour's distance from New York. Both the house and grounds have that mellow atmosphere you find in old homesteads. . . . In the summer the guests gather on the broad veranda which overlooks the green stretch of lawn and the waters of the Sound. In the winter there are the large living-rooms with roaring fires of driftwood. And, complementing Madame in her rôle of hostess, Doctor Stewart is a genial host.

There are always interesting people at Great Neck but never too many people. The personal element is never sacrificed to numbers. Charm is ever present but the stultifying formality which casts a pall is conspicuously absent.

Frequently Madame Petrova's guests are literary people. A writer herself, she finds these people interesting. And they, in turn, find her stimulating. We have dined at Great Neck twice recently. Once with Gladys Hall of the Brewster Publications; Walter Adolphe Roberts an editor and a poet of note, whom Madame calls her Poet Laureate; and Eleanor Ramos, editor of Saucy Stories. On the other evening both Elizabeth Heinemann and Gladys Hall of the Brewster Publications were there together with Beulah Livingstone who superintends the publicity of the Talmadge girls; and Thyra Sampter Winslow whose new book, Picture-Frames, has been recently much discussed.

Both sets of guests were vitally interested in knowing how Madame Petrova is going to portray the crude farm girl in the first act of Hurricane. It is a far hail from Petrova as we all know her . . . glamorous . . . beautiful . . . and of a European sophistication. . . . But she would vouchsafe no information whatever to alleviate the interest and curiosity.

Incidentally, it is not unlikely that Petrova will again come to the screen. Perhaps in her The White Peacock.

There was another interesting dinner party at Betty Blythe's the other evening. Tut-ankh-Amen was featured in the conversation and afforded much romancing, talking and joking. It reminded Eugene Mullin, Goldwyn's scenario editor, who dropped in after dinner, of his trip around the world several years ago with the old Vitagraph Company. But to let him tell his own story:

"There were a number of us in the party," he explained. "Clara Kimball Young and Maurice Costello I remember in particular. Finally we reached the desert where we planned to film The Life of Moses.

"Every day we'd leave the hotel and go out to that blooming desert. Hot! And desolate! The scorching sands seemed to stretch into the Infinite. A blazing sun was overhead and here and there were huge boulders. Day after day while the company was shooting scenes I'd sit on top of one of those baked boulders and watch the clouds. There was not another thing to watch—that's why.

"And now I come to find out that I was serenely seated on the very top of old Tut's luxurious resting place. And for my daily bread I still ponder whether the villain should die in the third or fifth reel.

"Selah!"

. . . Betty was preparing to go on tour for some personal appearances so she sang for us some of the songs and ballads she plans to include in her repertoire. Curiously enough, we prefer the lullaby she sings to all of the others. If we hadn't heard her singing it, a lullaby would be the very last thing we would choose for the regal Betty. . . .

Mabel Ballin writes us from California. With Hugo, director and husband, she traveled West for the filming of their screen version of Vanity Fair. Mabel says that she is actually homesick for New York and her friends and the theaters. They threaten to come across the continent for a few weeks in the East. Personally, we hope they do. The Ballins are good sorts. Nice sense of humor. . . . And that, alone, is a recommendation for anyone.

The other day we ran across Naomi Childers and Alice Joyce lunching at the Ritz Carlton. They insisted that we join them which we did gladly. It was pleasant to see both of them again for we have only glimpsed them distantly at various social functions since they left the screen for their careers of domesticity. Naomi, who is Mrs Luther Reed, the wife of the playwright and scenarist, recently played a part in Success but it is the only thing

(Continued on page 88)



Tennis is the game over at the Vidor's. And no wonder, for their court is an excellent one. Tom and Zazu Pitts Mallory often run down for a game. They live just a little further on in the Hollywood foothills. And all four of them—despite the fact that they live in the much press-agented Hollywood and are of the much criticised movie folks—look, for all the world, like sane and healthy young Americans to us. Like married couples you'd see on tennis courts in any suburb



King Vidor is directing Zazu Pitts over at the Goldwyn studios in "Three Wise Fools," and Florence Vidor is playing in "Main Street" these days. But they manage to find a free afternoon for their tennis every now and then. And then, too, there are always week-ends

Over At The Vidor's





The young Vidor—Suzanne—was asleep in her nursery on the south side of the charming Vidor house when these pictures were taken. But we have no doubt that a miniature racket will be constructed for her as soon as she is old enough to manage it. For in California sports must take the place of all the pleasures which are to be enjoyed in the cities



The girl with the lace fan is Violet Hopson and just above is Flora Le Breton



England's Filmland Beauty Challenge

ENGLISH film pride, long-suffering and silent in the face of America's acknowledged superiority, has at last issued a war-cry which will reverberate in every American hamlet claiming a movie theater and in every American household with a bright particular film goddess of its own. A high British moving picture dignitary, Mr. Hyman Wynik, throwing his cap over the mill, has issued the challenge that English screen actresses are the most beautiful in the world! All England has taken up the cry, and film fans there are exulting over what they consider England's first screen victory over the on-sweeping Americans. However, tho they are digging in and preparing a stout defense of their advance positions, their new lines reveal considerable weakness; for, despite the jubilation of the English fans, the beauties exalted to the plinth of pulchritude themselves fail to show any desire to sustain the challenge. An inquiry among England's leading film queens by our London correspondent reveals a discreet reluctance on their part to acclaim the superiority of English beauty, with the notable exception of Miss Margaret Bannerman, who boldly maintains that

(*Continued on page* 86)



Above is Hilda Bayley and below is Joan Morgan





Just above is Hon. Lois Sturt and at the right is Margaret Bannerman





At the left is Lady Diana Manners who is the pride of the British filmland

Photograph by Ideal Films Co., Ltd.

Across the Silversheet

The New Photoplays In Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IF a director or a player contributes one extraordinary effort they are immediately launched forth in their own productions. Sometimes they are worthy of this recognition and advancement and sometimes they are not. Sometimes they are able to maintain the high estate thrust upon them and sometimes they are not. But of the newly born Fred Niblo productions we are hopeful. And we have seen his first independent offering, The Famous Mrs. Fair.

The Famous Mrs. Fair was a stage play on the Broadway boards about two years ago and it proved highly pleasing and gave an impetus to all the talk about women combining a career and marriage. You see, Mrs. Fair goes to war to drive an ambulance and when she comes back decorated with the Croix de Guerre and other honors she finds herself unable to settle down again into the even tenor of her days on Long Island. So she accepts an offer to go across the country lecturing. And her deserted family nearly comes a cropper. So——

It seems to us that the main thing Fred Niblo needed to do to make this an interesting production was to make the Fair family real human beings—individuals—compositely comprising a well-to-do American family. That once done the action would take care of itself. And he has done this thing splendidly. He has chosen his players for every one of the rôles with an insight and a farsight into their capabilities which does him credit. His casting, staging, continuity and direction are sound with the result that the picture is pulsating and real.

Myrtle Stedman is sincere and convincing as The Famous Mrs. Fair and we like Huntley Gordon a lot as Jeff Fair, the

(*Continued on page* 117)



Photograph by Gene Kornman

Above is Harold Lloyd in his latest comedy, "Safety Last," which combines thrills and chuckles. . . . And below is a scene from "The Famous Mrs. Fair" which convinces us that Fred Niblo is worthy of his own productions. Marguerite de la Motte, Myrtle Stedman, Huntley Gordon and Cullen Landis are seen as the members of the Fair family



Comment on Other Productions



Frank Mayo is seen above in "The Bolted Door," a mediocre story. And below is Claire Windsor is "The Little Church Around the Corner," a fair to middlin' picture

The Bolted Door—Universal

THE marriage of convenience or rather the wife-in-name-only theme furnishes the background of this very mediocre story—a story which develops no subtlety, nor any humor but which struggles thru its creaking plot in a lackadaisical manner—with only one outstanding feature, the sincere effort of Frank Mayo to be genuine. The wife bolts the door on him because he is a mechanic. She doesn't know that he is gold, pure gold—until she is brought into sharp contact with a worthless bounder and realizes what a mean man he is. The mechanic finally bedecks himself in evening clothes and he becomes something more than a husband in name only.

But why do they stage a fist fight between the two rivals—attired as they are in evening dress? Must a hero always make good by punching a scoundrel between the eyes? Phyllis Haver is the girl here, and does not reach the high mark she attained in "The Christian." There's a reason, she doesn't have the opportunities, nor the rôle, nor the direction.





The Little Church Around the Corner—Warner Brothers

Charles E. Blaney's old-time sob melodrama makes a fair to middlin' picture thanks to the mechanics of the studio. We have a youth left an orphan when his father is killed in a mine. He is helped by the big poobah of the mine to educate himself for the ministry. Then the plot develops the capital versus labor argument which results in the young dominie quitting his pulpit when the mine owner (one of the parishioners) refuses to better the working conditions of the laborers. The climax presents the mine explosion and the rich owner learning something of humility when he is rescued by the youthful pastor. The latter also convinces the miners to forget and forgive.

If patrons want an orthodox melodrama on their celluloid menu— a melodrama which is not illuminated with any ingenious or novel touches but which is flavored with a picturey punch, "The Little Church Around the Corner" should fill the bill. Kenneth

"Gossip" is a far-fetched story in which Gladys Walton achieves the picturesque. At the right is another film parody, "The Shriek of Araby" with Ben Turpin in the title rôle



CRITICAL PARAGRAPHS ON THE LATEST PICTURES

Harlan is the dominie, and Hobart Bosworth is the wealthy owner. It's a good cast which supports them. Why not with Walter Long, Alec Francis, and Pauline Starke among those present?

GOSSIP—UNIVERSAL

A far-fetched little story based upon the capital-versus-labor theme and offering no highlights aside from Gladys Walton's picturesque appearance in crinolines. She comes up from the South and the stubborn magnate is caught in an intrigue of romance. In fact his heart melts for his underpaid workers, and *"everything comes out all right"* as Ernest Truex says in his play "Six Cylinder Love." The story is bald melodrama, theatrical all the way, and quite ridiculous when it comes to the attempts of the hot-headed workman to blow the magnate to pieces with an infernal machine. Several characters are superfluous. "Gossip" never seems genuine.

THE SHRIEK OF ARABY—SENNETT

Here is Mack Sennett up to his old tricks of burlesquing the current style in screen fashions. He rides forth on the crest of the "sheik" wave, bringing Ben Turpin with him as a cross-eyed Valentino. To see the comedian as the son of the desert is enough to bring a loud and enthusiastic guffaw from any spectator. Of course it is all a dream. Ben is ballyhooing a sheik picture during his nap. The picture follows him thru the desert where he has a fight with an ostrich—which is the royal bird among the dwellers of the hot sands. The subsequent action is broad satire on the familiar pattern—the love of the sheik for an American girl. Then Ben wakes up. He moves down the street astride his horse in his sheik costume and an advertising sign held aloft. It is highly amusing, this latest Sennett burlesque. What fun Mack will have when he gets ready to satirize "The Covered Wagon."

THE WHITE FLOWER—PARAMOUNT

Betty Compson has her appeal-



Betty Compson has her appealing moments in "The White Flower." And at the left is Mae Murray in the harum-scarum, hodge-podge, crazy quilt, "Jazzmania"







With Emil Jannings as "Othello," that German production is one of the best pictures which has come to the screen in some time. And at the left is Ethel Clayton in a feature at last which permits her to be sincere, "Can a Woman Love Twice"



Photograph by Arthur C. Davies



At the top of the page is a scene from "Success" in which are seen Brandon Tynan, Naomi Childers and Mary Astor. To the right is Walter Hiers in "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime," a mild, little comedy-romance. And below is an ugly duckling tale, "Minnie," in which Leatrice Joy does capital work



ing moments in "The White Flower," written and directed by Julia Crawford Ivers. The atmospheric backgrounds compensate for the moth-eaten plot—which shows that Mrs. Ivers has done better work with the megaphone than with the pen. At least she took the company to Hawaii and collected a deal of local color and detail. The story concerns a half-breed girl who wins the love of an American and before she is led to the altar much villainy is presented which exposes considerable hokum about tribal rites, superstition and what not. The native lover would have his way but the girl repulses him. Much more satisfactory to the eye than the mind, Well constructed too, but if you are alert you can hear the creaking machinery of the plot.

Jazzmania—Metro

Had this picture been conceived and executed with the spirit of true burlesque such as "Red Hot Romance," it would have come closer to the bull's-eye. Instead the sponsors have attempted to balance the hokum with some serious business and the picture gets nowhere. It is "Graustark" pepped up with jazz and everything concerned with it is broadly exaggerated. Mack Sennett would have put it over with much laughter. Robert Leonard succeeds in making it opulent and only mildly amusing. It is a harum-scarum, hodge-podge or crazy quilt. Fixed up with words and music it might have given us a bigger "kick." Mae Murray has occasion to show her talented tootsies in several dancing scenes. At other times she pouts in her best manner.

Othello—Export & Import

The Germans have come forward with a fine interpretation of the Bard's "Othello." It has often been argued that Shakespeare cannot be translated successfully for the screen — that the magic of his immortal lines needs the human voice to give his plays proper expression. The screen gives mute testimony that it can depict—and do it mighty well—his characters and plots. "Othello" in the hands of Emil Jannings and Werner Kraus is one of the best pictures which have come to the screen in some time. We all know what these gifted players can do. Jannings as the jealous Moor portrays with admirable feeling the character of the general, while Kraus's study of Iago is a cameo of rich expression. The Russian, Buchowetzki, has staged it with a minimum of detail and yet he has kept faith with the Shakespearean traditions.

The picture is marked for its eloquent interpretation. After all one goes to see Jannings. He dominates any story in which he appears—

(*Continued on page* 104)

BURLESQUES on popular film successes are all the go. We have had "Rob 'Em Good," "Mud and Sand," etc. Now why not "Rupert of Coldslaw," or "All the Brothers Were Violent"?

THINGS WE HAVE YET TO SEE

A Cecil B. de Mille production without a fade back to ancient times.

A Griffith film without a persecuted heroine.

A good Chaplin imitator.

A Will Rogers picture that is not worth while.

A Western picture with real Westerners.

A society drama without an air of the nouveau riche.

Ebok Vlanklauski has come to this country from Russia to appear in comedies. Any man with a name like that ought to be funny.

What's all this excitement in New York about these mechanical Robots? The movies have been featuring mechanical men for several years.

OUR OWN INQUIRING REPORTER

The Question.

What is wrong with the movies?

The Answers.

Daisy Dumbell. Eastport, Me.—Yes.

Hugo Hassenpheffer. Keokuk.—Capital must stop crushing labor and allow the working man a living wage. I am for the full dinner pail.

Ivory Dome, Peoria.—I think Rodolph was simply grand in "The Four Horsemen," but I didn't like "The Sheik" at all. Is it true that Gloria makes all her own gowns?

Susie Saphead, Glendale.—It's too cold.

At last we're going to have a clean screen. Several of the stars in Hollywood have gotten together and started a laundry.

It is estimated that no less than 3,678,427 cans of black shoe polish were used last month by movie stars to dress up their hair. The more it shines the better they like it.

Elinor Glynn is nearing the end of her rope. She started off with "Three Weeks," then went to "One Day," then to "His Hour." Now she has arrived at "The Man and the Moment." After she has shown us what can be done in the period of a second Elinor will no doubt go back and start all over again.

Judging from the films all artists spend their entire time painting beautiful models in the nude. Which leads one to wonder where all the landscapes and marines come from.

There may be some argument as to who is the best dressed woman on the screen but surely there can be no disputing the fact that Mae Murray is the cinema's best ungowned actress.



Courtesy of Ben Turpin in The Shriek of Araby

DOGMAS OF THE MOVIES

Sick persons always look very attractive as they lie in bed, and appear to be in the best of health.

The girl who marries for money eventually learns to love her rough, but honest, husband in spite of herself.

All stenographers and office help are as busy as bees and never even look up from their work for a second.

Waiters in cafés are very courteous individuals and always on hand when needed.

All operations no matter how serious are successful, and the patient recovers perfect health in three or four days.

I AM AN OPTIMIST

I expect to see a film some day where I cant guess the ending.

I believe the public wants high brow pictures such as "Othello" and "Hamlet."

I hope to some day view a photoplay by a "big author" that is half as good as those being written by unknowns.

I feel that some time Buster Keaton will forget himself and smile.

MYSTERY OF THE MONTH

Why Valentino is suggested for the rôle of Ben Hur when there are several actors on the screen who could fit the part. Goldwyn has George Walsh under contract. What's the matter with him?



The Truth About Wives

By PETER ANDREWS

NOW the truth about wives is this; that having made their bed they really lie on it or in other words, they do-try to live up to their marriage vows, irrespective of how badly their husbands may have acted since the wedding day.

At least, Helen Frazer Lawton had interpreted literally the "love, honor, and obey" clause that she had spoken so lightly five years ago—spoken lightly because she had not then dreamed that the practical application of those three words could have proved so heavy a burden.

She picked up a mirror and half upright in her bed, began studying herself intently. A pleasant reflection actually, of a lovely woman in the flood-tide of her womanhood, but to Helen it seemed old and a little haggard and infinitely weary.

"Sorrow can beautify only the heart," she quoted somewhat mournfully, and laid the mirror down on the dressing table, and began the endless fruitless journey backwards, step by step thru her mind, to discover if anywhere in her story she might have saved—er—things from turning out so badly. Of course she should never have married Harold Lawton in the first place. She had not loved him. She had been fond of him tho—ever since a happy childhood spent as neighbors. It was one of those too often tragic "arranged marriages." It had just been taken for granted that Harold and Helen would marry when they grew up, and they just did—not a particularly good reason for marriage in any event. Altho she was young, love had not seemed important to her then. A singularly innocent and virginal girl she had not missed what she had not yet comprehended. And

besides, her grandmother had been so determined. She could scarcely remember a time when her grandmother had not been determined about something. Even at seventy years, when most of us have acquired a pleasant laissez-faire attitude toward life, the old lady was still domineering. Even about Helen's wedding veil the old lady had had her way. It must be so—and so—and so it was. It had not really mattered to Helen.

Why Harold had married her she wondered afresh, for the thousandth time. He had begged her to, genuinely enough, begged and pleaded so entrancingly that she decided out of her youth and inexperience that he really wanted her, and couldn't be happy without her. She smiled a bitter twisted smile at *that* mistake. He really loved her in a way, but he loved horse racing more, and chorus girls and cabarets and all the other physical pleasures that represent so beguilingly the flesh pots of Egypt. These he must give up upon his marriage. Indeed to make assurance doubly sure he had solemnly promised his good friend, Alfred Emerson to give up one Letty Lorraine, for the moment the queen of all his midnight revelling, and forever to eschew betting on horses. In short, all his vices he swore to give up; swore them away easily and complacently, with as little thought as to the possibility of failure as Helen had given to that "love, honor, and obey."

And so they were married.

Helen shifted uneasily on the pillow and looked at the clock beside her bed. It was nearly midnight. She shivered with dread of what she expected the morrow to bring. Mercifully, she did not know that the thing it did bring was more horrible and cruel than anything she could ever have imagined. Her mind went painfully back to her wedding day. How grim Alfred had looked. Odd, she could not remember at all how her husband had looked. Did Alfred know, she wondered, the kind of a man her husband would prove to be? Was it sympathy she read in his eyes as they looked unhappily into hers? Or was it—love? She only remembered being strangely stirred, and wishing for a wild unthinking moment that Alfred and Harold might change places.

And there was Howard Hendricks too, looming up in her past filling her present with discomfort and her future with dread. He had been her father's foreman once, and now that her father was long since dead, he had control of the business and had built it up by shrewd and unscrupulous methods until he was one of the wealthiest men in New York. He had never forgiven Helen for the fact that old Mrs. Frazer had unequivocally dismissed his suit for Helen's hand and reminded him rather sharply that she was to marry Harold Lawton, a man of her own class.

And now after five years, Harold was completely at this man's mercy and she herself must soon belong to him, body as well as soul. She shuddered and flinging on a negligée, went upstairs to the nursery where "Dinkey" slept. Dear little son . . . poor little child . . . with so much of life before him . . . so much of merciless life, it seemed to Helen. Well, she had done her best for Dinkey. She had come thru so far. She would still face all the world for the sake of a son . . . so dear . . . such a little lad. . . . She reached out a tender hand and pushed the damp mop of curls back from his forehead. He stirred and she waited a moment longing yet fearing that he would wake up.

But he slept on and she went back to her own room again to try to sleep. Sleep, however, passed her by, went far away and left her forlornly going over her married years again.

For six months . . . a year . . . there had been a sort of happiness. Harold, wonderful to say, had kept his



Even about Helen's wedding veil the old lady had had her way. It must be so—and so—and so it was. It had not really mattered to Helen



Her mind went back to her wedding day. How grim Alfred had looked. Odd, she could not remember at all how her husband had looked

promises. And then like an insidious disease Letty Lorraine had crept back into his life, crept back with her sweet abandon, her petulant demanding, her insatiable craving for luxury. And Harold had gone back to the turf and handed his money over to the bookmakers in order to appease Letty, and Helen suffered in silence and alone, with scarcely enough money to cover her household expenses. For a girl who had had everything she had ever wanted, poverty was almost intolerable; not that she had shirked the ugly duties it heaps upon one, far from it. She had borne with everything—for Dinkey, a trying existence made bearable only by the friendly interest and ever ready support and consideration of Alfred Emerson.

She looked at her little clock again. Nearly two. She sighed wearily and started to count sheep jumping over a fence . . . two sheep . . . three sheep . . . four sheep . . . four hundred sheep! She gave up in despair. Sleep was not to be wooed tho tiresomely. She shivered but not with cold. Something vague, indefinite, intangible brooded upon her, menaced her, terrified her. She could not shake off the feeling and turned her thoughts almost with relief to her past troubles.

As tho it were yesterday, she recalled the scene in Hendricks' office where the unspeakable agreement which bound her now had been signed.

"This man is absolutely in my power," Hendricks had said pointing to her husband who stood cravenly quiet beside her. "He has admitted stealing twenty-five thousand dollars from me—a large sum to lose even for a millionaire," he continued somewhat vaingloriously. "I gave him the job in the first place for your sake Helen, you know that. And I do not propose to allow him to take the money that belongs to you and spend it on that——"

A deep flush spread over Harold's features. Helen grew white and Alfred Emerson, who was there in his official capacity as Hendricks' lawyer, jumped to his feet.

"This is too much, Mr. Hendricks," he cried, but Hendricks interrupted him.

"I have the proofs," quietly, "and I have a plan—if you will listen——."

Helen's head was throbbing painfully. She was thinking of the bitter quarrel she and Harold had had over Hendricks' proposal that Harold be given the opportunity to work for him, to inspect his out of town offices. It was humiliating for her to accept favors from this man, but Harold had been in such desperate financial straits that he accepted the offer immediately over her earnest disapproval. For Dinkey's sake she had not protested further. Now she was listening dully to Hendricks' infamous proposal, scarce taking in the words his harsh voice uttered.

"——I want Helen to get a divorce from Harold which will be simple enough, for I have abundant evidence. Then if Helen will marry me, Harold need not go to jail. I love you Helen," he added hastily as a look of disgust and anger spread over Helen's face, "I will be good to you.



Dear little son . . . poor little child . . . with so much life before him . . . so much of merciless life, it seemed to Helen

You can have everything you want. I will make all your dreams for your boy come true."

"This is preposterous," she cried, openly contemptuous. "I could never submit to such an offensive proposition. I-I-will wait until Harold has suffered his punishment and then we will start over again. Oh, Hal, my husband, you would never consent to this? Think of Dinkey. He surely is worth sacrificing for, even if I am not."

But the man only hung his head and said nothing.

Then Hendricks had offered to prove his love for Helen by giving Harold another start in his office far away in Rio de Janeiro, and twenty-five thousand dollars capital to start with.



The facts against her were too strong and she still maintained her stubborn silence. And she had involuntarily recognized the revolver

Lawton had spoken eagerly for the chance before any of the others could say a word. His maudlin thanks to his generous patron were interrupted by Hendricks himself.

"I am not doing this for you," he said drily, "nor am I doing it out of christian charity, which you seem to think is the case. The obligation is this: If you come back to New York at the end of a year with the same amount of money—or more, then you may go back to your wife and child in peace; if not, then Helen belongs to me. Still so anxious to do it?" he asked sardonically.

Harold looked at Helen, who returned his shamed glance with a look of unconcealed scorn. "You shall decide, Harold," she said, trying to keep the contempt out of her voice.

"Then I say yes," he cried instantly, "for—Dinkey's sake," he added, and hypocrisy stalked abroad.

And then in spite of Alfred's horrified protestations, an agreement was drawn up and they all signed it. Dear Alfred . . . he had always stood for the finer thing. He had been so gravely disapproving and yet so courteous toward her. The difference in his attitude and that of her husband made her miserably unhappy. Why, couldn't Hal have had a little of the strength of character that Alfred had—just a little would have helped. Dear, brave, fine, Alfred . . . but there was no use thinking in *that* direction.

Helen tossed restlessly in her bed, lighted the light and looked at the clock once more. Three o'clock. Well, the year was up. She did not know that Harold would even come

s back. She was quite sure that he would not come back with the twenty-five thousand dollars. Tales of his wildness and debauch had drifted up to her from Rio. It seems that Letty Lorraine had joined him there soon after he arrived. That assuredly meant the immediate squandering of his capital. Helen had shut herself in, devoting her life to the boy, seeing no one but Alfred and him rarely. She was prepared to pay the terrible forfeit which she felt would soon be exacted of her. Ah well . . . she had done her best . . . all she could . . . and she was so tired . . . it didn't matter much anyway. She——

A man's fist suddenly pounded on her window. Terrified she stared at a wild-eyed, dishevelled figure dimly outlined by the light from her tiny bedside lamp.

"It is I, Harold," came a muffled voice thru the window pane.

She opened the window for him in a state of profound agitation. "Well?" she said when she had found her breath again.

"Well," he answered her. "I've just come from Hendricks' house."

"And did you—did you——"

"I've killed him," answered the man shakily.

"Merciful God!" ejaculated Helen.

"Dont give me away, Helen," he pleaded before she could say another word. "I—he—taunted me—I never meant to kill him. You wont give me away—Helen—for Dinkey's sake you wont—send his father to the chair?"

"No," said his wife drearily. "I wont betray you—not for any respect or affection I have for you," she added hastily, "but for my son's father. Better change your clothes and get away from here. You are rather dishevelled you know. Why, you've lost your watch——"

"Dropped it on the way out," he admitted in a surly tone, "didn't dare go back and get it. It was *your* watch, Helen. Remember, *your* name is engraved across the back of it."

"God in Heaven!" cried his wife in an agony of realization of what that would mean; but Harold Lawton had fled, leaving a heart-broken and terrified woman to face the coming ordeal alone.

No, not quite alone, for there was Alfred to whom she turned as instinctively as a woman always turns in her trouble to the man she loves. But not even to him did she confess Harold's early morning visit and the astounding revelation he had made. She had given her word not to betray him and she would not. She had given her word to a thief and a murderer, to a man deserving of no earthly consideration . . . but still she *had* given her word. With the blind loyalty with which some women seem to be cursed she clung to that fact; and the way was made hard, even for the brilliant and sanguine Alfred Emerson.

With an assiduity and enterprize hitherto undreamed of, the police had gathered the damaging evidence against Helen. The watch, of course, was found and identified; going thru the dead man's papers to discover a possible motive, they came across the signed agreement; even the gun Harold had dropped outside of his wife's window was pounced upon by one of them. It seemed a fairly clear case; and it was in vain that Alfred pleaded that it was all circumstantial evidence, that there was no actual proof. But the facts against her were too strong and she still maintained her stubborn silence. Besides, she had admitted the watch, and acknowledged the truth of that cruel agreement, and even recognized the revolver that an insistent attorney had dangled unpleasantly before her.

The trial was mercifully short, and indubitably influenced by the fact that the newspapers were becoming scornfully

(*Continued on page 92*)



"Dearest of men," said Helen Emerson, her face lit by a tender smile, "I will try to make you a good wife"

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

Bewailing the jazz music which is a handicap motion pictures have to frequently overcome.

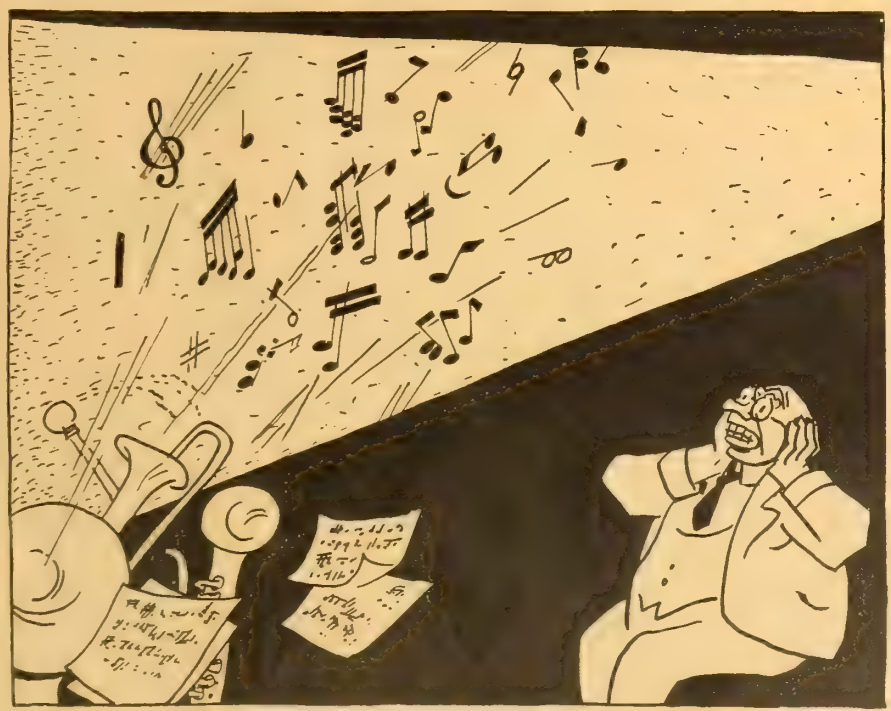
DEAR EDITOR: My pleasure in "The Prisoner of Zenda" was keen and in your columns I want to say a word of praise for Rex Ingram and the well chosen cast. I think Mr. Ingram succeeded in making the audiences, who viewed that picture feel the spirit of the story as written by Anthony Hope.

Some time ago I was disappointed in the announcement that the story of "Dorothy Vernon" would be brought to the silver-sheet by Mary Pickford. Now it appears that it has been postponed and she will instead work on another picture.

I hope she will not attempt the rôle of "Dorothy Vernon" for she is far and away from being the type of heroine Mr. Major created in his novel.

One thing further. If the day comes when busy producers find time to send out suggestions for appropriate music accompanying the costume play or those on the order of "The Prisoner of Zenda" I am sure those who go to movies in the smaller cities and towns will be grateful. It is too bad to have the scene of the coronation in "The Prisoner of Zenda" spoiled because jazz music is being played by the so called "orchestra."

C. C., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



One reader hopes for better music—rather, appropriate music—at the movies in the smaller cities and towns. It might be hard to credit but one orchestra insisted upon jazz music to accompany the coronation scene in "The Prisoner of Zenda"

Versus Pola Negri and censorship but championing Gloria Swanson, Valentino, Norma Talmadge and Lillian Gish.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just finished reading MOTION PICTURE for March. It is an excellent number and I am not surprised to read of Pola Negri's engagement to Charles. I am only sorry. I bet she will lead him a merry dance. Perhaps I feel rather strongly about the lady, but I want to tell you it is enough to make any right minded American sit up and rave to see anyone put it over the way "The Negri" has done.

She seems to have a great deal of antipathy toward Gloria Swanson. Well, "More Power to Gloria." The incidents of the studio cats and the bungalow are amusing to a degree but "Straws show which way the wind blows." I think Pola will find a foeman worthy of her steel in Gloria, who, queer and exotic as they have made her out to be, is a mighty clever girl and the biggest attraction outside of Norma and Rodolph, around here. "Art for Art's sake" and all that rot is alright of course, if you look at it that way, but the fact remains that Pola is a foreign actress and I'll wager she is not rushing around getting out any citizenship papers either, Charlie or no Charlie. I can imagine the remarks this letter will call forth. I should worry. *Gloria was there first*, she is an American and she is just as good (or as bad) an actress as Negri if she were given the right sort of plays.

It is an entirely different story with Rodolph Valentino. He has had a heart breaking struggle and I think it is a shame that he has had this break with his employers. They can import all of Europe that isn't over here already but they will never find another Ruddy.

The movie magazines certainly are a mighty influential force "for and agin" the actors and actresses. It seems so strange the way the adjectives are piled on some of the lesser lights and the grudging bits that are doled out to the more deserving ones. It seems as tho the critics just cant bear to give Norma Talmadge a decent word. And to think that there are those in existence who actually dare to criticize Mary Pickford. It seems almost blasphemous.

Censorship is making rather a mess of things of course. Still, reflect on prohibition. Heigho!

How they will laud Lillian Gish after she is dead. As my grandmother would say, "Poor young 'un!" I think it has taken a bitter lot of heart-break to make Lillian the emotional success that she is.

I was in a tearing rage when I sat down to write this, and now I've gotten over it entirely and have started to rhapsodize I've had that load on my mind regarding "Madame Negri" (Bosh) for some time. Taking it by and large, I think that Rodolph Valentino and Nita Naldi will weigh up pretty well in the scales against Pola Negri and Eric von Stroheim. What do you think?

Sincerely,
MARY E. O'CONNELL, 276 Pennington Ave., Passaic, N. J.

Protest against imitations and imitators.

DEAR EDITOR: After reading Trix MacKenzie's letter in the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I'm hoping more fans voice their sentiments against any substitute or imitator for Rodolph Valentino. We never did like imitators and that is surely what Paramount wants Charles de Roche to be.

Did anyone ever take Charlie Chaplin's place? Look how many tried. When Mary Pickford left the Paramount fold they immediately installed Mary Miles Minter to take her place, but did she? I'll say she did not.

We cant blame Valentino for not wanting to thrust inferior pictures on his devoted screen followers. "The Four Horsemen" and "Blood and Sand" were wonderful and then in the midst of such triumphs, to swamp the market (and at popular prices too) with such old releases as, "The Delicious Little Devil" and "The Rogue's Romance," etc. with Valentino's name in big letters, when those pictures were made years ago, before Valentino was known. Why take advantage of his name as a drawing card with such dreadful pictures. The photography and acting were dreadful. They were very much passé.

Then why? Oh why!! must the fans suffer the chance of Valentino for two years so that a producer can get even with an individual when that individual is seemingly in the right? It isn't fair to either the public or actor.

De Roche may be an all right actor but he certainly wont take the place of our beloved "Ruddy." Two years will seem an endless wait but we are with you Ruddy till you do come back.

Very truly yours,
M. L. M., Carlisle, Pa.

(*Continued on page* 110)



On the stairs are Charlie and Pola and Harold Lloyd with his bride, Mildred. And, reading from left to right are Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin, Billy Bevins, Larry Semon, Snub Pollard, Theodore Roberts and Jack Holt

On the Camera Coast

Harry Carr Writes of the Latest News In California



LIFE in Hollywood is in no danger of becoming monotonous: not as long as Pola Negri continues her grand romance with "Sharley."

She keeps the whole city in a state of goose flesh from nervous excitement. Every time she has a lover's quarrel with Mr. Chaplin, all the papers get out extras.

The day she announced to her lover that all was over between them—breaking the news to him gently thru the medium of an eight column banner headline in all the papers—it created nearly as much stir as when America entered the World War.

When Pola first arrived in Hollywood she resented with fierce indignation the intrusion of the reporters in her private affairs. Now she regards any landscape that is not decorated with at least one newspaper man sleuthing thru the foreground as a dreary waste.

In the interests of efficiency, all the Los Angeles city editors now have alert young war correspondents stationed regularly at the studio to follow the paprika convolutions of Pola's quiet romance.

The wildest outburst. thus far. was occasioned by Sharley's attempt at airy persiflage. He told one of the devoted band of pursuing reporters who asked him when the wedding would take place that he was too poor to marry.

Pola took one look at the headlines and made a mad gallop for the office of the studio manager. There, pacing the floor like an enraged lioness, she insisted that somebody put a piece in the paper telling Sharley that all was over between them.

Inasmuch as Pola, by this time was too indignant for articulate speech the studio manager discreetly sent for one of the publicity men who was himself a very recent bridegroom and thus versed in the language of love.

This able young man wrote a statement for Mme. Negri to sign. It was beautiful: not angry or harsh: just low and sobbing: in it Pola said that inasmuch as Sharley obviously desired a rich wife, she would resign her claims, etc. As soon as the newsboys could get this out on the street, some one brought a copy to Mr. Chaplin.

Like the true and ardent lover, he dashed at once to the home of the desolated lady love. When he tore up the front steps of Pola's Hollywood residence: however, he was informed that the lady could not see him. He pushed aside the frozen faced butler and dashed into the drawing room. Pola wasn't there but he could hear sounds of woe and despair from the chambers above. Pola was crying; and she was making a workman-like job of it.



Photograph by International News Reel

"Make big eyes," admonishes Mr. Director. And Baby Peggy does. No celebrity's visit to California is complete unless they are photographed with Charles Spencer Chaplin. So here is Chaliapin, the noted Russian basso, photographed on the studio walk with the screen's Chief High Comedian and Celebrity. Below is the Pacific Ocean—and, oh yes, Douglas MacLean







Photograph by C. S. Warrington

Above, we have Thomasina Mix, Tom Mix and Tony Mix. Evelyn Brent is to be found at the Pickfair studios these days. It is small wonder she looks pleased. Mary discovered her and she's to play a big part in Doug's next picture

The maid came down in response to Sharley's imploring call and carried his message up to the weeping lady. The answer she brought back was discouraging. Pola would not see him: she would never never never see him again: not ever.

Eye witnesses to the tragedy tell me that this drove Sharley to tears.

While Pola paced to and fro upstairs weeping, Sharley paced to and fro in the drawing room weeping.

Well, now, you see it's this way. No matter how angry and no matter how many pieces your heart has broken into, you cant have some fellow walking up and down your drawing room crying all over the rugs forever, can you now?

Pola decided that the best way would be to send for Sharley and tell him to his face that her heart was an arctic glacier so far as he was concerned. You know—right off the reel and end it forever. So she came down to tell Sharley. But one look at his wobegone countenance was too much.

And so the romance was on again.

I happen to know that this this little ruffle on the serene surface of Pola's romance cost one paper eighty dollars in taxicab fares and the services of six reporters. It's no light matter when Pola and Sharley "get a mad by each other."

In this and other ways, Pola is having a grand time in Hollywood.

She is learning to play golf and drive an automobile and use American slang.

"No pep today," she says when the picture isn't going well.

She says that her adventures in driving a car so far have been limited to running into a cow. "I have no mad wit zee cow," she explained. "But zee auto car he no like zee cow. Bam, he hit him. Zen I am out in zee pasture alone wit zee offended cow. I am afraid of zee auto; I am afraid of zee cow. I forget how to start zee machine and I am 'fraid to get out and walk. I sink I be there yet except my teacher come along."

Another thing that Pola is much excited about is Egyptian jewelry. In an interview in a local paper she told of the charm of the jewels that were worn by King Tut and other gents now deceased. "But," she warned the young lady in a low thrilling voice, "I give you teep. Dont ask what they mean—dose Egyptian symbols; what they mean is ver' ver' shocking. You ask somebody and you get you a shock and many blushes—I warn you. Wear is all right; but talk about — no: dont."

Just at present, at this writing, she is well embarked in a remade version of "The Cheat" which made the reputation of Sessue Hayakawa and in which she is playing the rôle formerly done by Fannie Ward. Jack Holt is taking the part done previously by Jack Dean, the husband.



"Our Club" is one of the most exclusive organizations in the world. Its only officer is Mary Pickford who is honorary president. Recently she gave the club a dinner party at Pickfair—So—Reading from left to right, Mary Pickford, May McAvoy, Claire Adams, Edna Murphy, Mildred Davis, Clara Horton, Laura La Plante, Helen Ferguson. Back row, Virginia Fox, Vola Vale, Gloria Hope, Gertrude Olmstead, Patsy Ruth Miller and Marjorie Daw



Are you *especially* fastidious about your manicure?





WOMEN who are exceptionally critical about a manicure should "do" their nails the Cutex way. For, this new method of manicuring not only eliminates all dangerous and disfiguring cutting of the cuticle, but it leaves the finger tips soothed and comforted, the nails immaculate and lovely.

Moreover, the Cutex way of manicuring is quick and easy. It takes but five or ten minutes once or twice a week.

You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips, and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them off. Now, examine the nails closely, and you will see that every tiny flake of dead skin has disappeared, ugly stains have vanished, and the nail rim is thin, even, and beautifully shaped.

Then—for a Jewel-like Polish

Of Cutex Polishes there are five—the paste, cake, stick, powder, and liquid forms. All give a brilliant, lasting lustre and that rose-pearl glow approved by Fashion as the smart finish to a manicure. Obtainable at all drug stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Send for this Introductory Manicure Set—Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—*only 12 cents*



New Cutex Powder Polish

A scented, rosée powder of velvet smoothness that gives a dazzling lustre. No buffer required. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palms bring out a full and brilliant polish that lasts for many days. In the attractive rose and black Cutex package. Price, 35c.



Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12 cents in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. M-6, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Northam Warren, Dept. M-6
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I enclose 12 cents for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

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Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 12 cents in coins or stamps today.

THE-STARS-AND-THEIR-PLANETS



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PICES

PREFACE

Of recent years the advance of astrology has been extraordinary, as the people of this thinking age, realizing its proofs, have investigated its theories and found them based upon inflexible calculation.

Star wisdom was possibly first practised in Chaldea, that great teaching nation whose doctrine was astrology, and Chaldean observations are admitted to have extended within one hundred years of the Deluge, for the great historian Bunsen has fixed the date of the Flood 10,000 B. C., also Sayce, in his "Astronomy and Astrology of the Babylonians," asserts that the story of the Tower of Babel is an allusion to the ziggurats, or observatories, of Chaldean astrologers.

It would be needless and lengthy to set forth here, the innumerable proofs of its ageless origin and absolute verity, but persons who have formed the habit of denying before investigating, are invited to follow these articles and they will find that they cannot contradict the truth of the astrological creed and so, believing, it will be interesting to note the characters of our film-favorites according to the signs of the zodiac.

Gemini (The Twins), May 20th to June 21st. (Cusp, May 20th to May 26th.) Mercury ruling, bestows a vivacious but changeable temperament and sparkling with sarcastic wit.

IN mythology, Gemini is represented by Castor and Pollux, who, possessing a dual nature, are constantly at war with each other, therefore it is difficult to thoroly comprehend this mercurial disposition and frequently the subjects of Gemini do not easily understand themselves.

On the surface, these people are often complimentary and even affectionate, yet, at the same moment, they can be mentally indulging in sharp criticism and dislike of those whom they apparently regard, also, in like manner, they exhibit aggressiveness and follow it by a display of the other extreme or timid conservativeness, in fact, figuratively speaking, a good example of their character is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, born May 23rd, is one of the most prominent figures in motion picture history and noted for his progressiveness and versatility.

As his birthday occurs in the Cusp, the influence of Taurus gifts him with steadiness of purpose and reliability, altho to his associates, he might sometimes momentarily convey the impression of irresolution, but others will eventually learn that this is simply a characteristic for he has every idea of executing his plans, and the only thing that might swerve his decision, would be fear of monotony, which condition he would apprehend far more than he would dread financial loss.

(*Continued on page* 100)

What ten million motor cars have taught women about their skin

The method they have learned to depend on

Two unbroken lines of cars wind along the popular motor roads. Everyone is motoring—week-ending at the beach, or the country club, or just driving for the pleasure of it. Fine dust settles in their skin and the wind brings a dry tightness.

Yet many women's complexions are younger and lovelier than ever before!

The severe exposure of motoring has taught them how important it is to find the right way to care for their skin, keep it beautiful and supple in spite of all exposure.

Today millions of women have found a method so wonderful in results that in all the world it is used more than any other—Pond's Two Creams. They leave your skin softer, more supple than you could have dreamed. They give just that finishing touch of loveliness you have always wanted.

A fine light cleansing that never leaves your face heavy with cream—gives the beautiful suppleness you want and then wipes entirely off! This is why millions of women prefer to cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream.

A marvelous freshening, an adding of youth—and unfailing protection. No wonder that the women of the United States alone use several millions of jars and tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream every year!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

See the wonderful improvement in your skin

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror! The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder. To see how these two creams will improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying both creams in jars or tubes in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co.



removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness
defies exposure—holds the powder



Photo by Victor Georg

Florence Nash says she likes Pond's Cold Cream because it leaves her face feeling so refreshed—not heavy and oily. And that Pond's Vanishing Cream really keeps her skin wonderfully smooth and fresh.

Exposure starts these troubles or makes them worse

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that except on specially severe occasions you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious every-day exposure use the same method that saves your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will keep your skin smooth and young years longer than would otherwise be possible.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure and keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally, prevent your skin from drying out again. Always carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying, ageing influence.

That Distressing Shine

Sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin, and motoring or even the slightest daily exposure aggravates the condition. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and be sure to carry it with you and use it frequently on any occasion of unusual exposure.

Accumulation of dirt and fat in the pores

Sometimes the oil in your skin accumulates in the glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dirt that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. You need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Do this every night and always after any motor or railroad trip, and you will avoid a dull, muddy skin.

GENEROUS TUBES—
MAIL COUPON
WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
146 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams—extra normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Harlequin of the Shadows





All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

It is unusual to find Frank Mayo masquerading as a harlequin—somewhat out of his line. Nevertheless it is in this costume that he is shadowed in the screen version of the Rupert Hughes novel, "Souls for Sale." He looks to be a wounded harlequin—but then, in a way, harlequins are symbolic of the poignant laughter that masks tears. . . .

The secret *of* having beautiful hair

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking



©, THE R L W CO.

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well kept hair.

Stop and think of all the good looking, attractive women you know. You will find their hair plays a mighty important part in their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children —fine for men



Mulsified

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

The Reformation of Wallace Beery

It May Be Only Temporary But It Saves Him from Monotony

By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

Wallace Beery, who has raised villainy to a high point of perfection on the screen, is actually genial, easy-going, and with a quick sense of humor and comfortably ensconced in a never-worry philosophy. At the left is a camera-study, and below he is found in a scene which seems to hint at penitence



WALLACE BEERY is reforming. He has laid aside his villainies, those dastardly deeds that we loved to hate him for—since playing the rôle of King Richard in Douglas Fairbanks' production, "Robinhood."

Of course, potentially, Richard the Lion-hearted, was a great fighter, being the strongest man of his time, but in the picture he does not have a single fight.

"Some novelty," remarked Mr. Beery, with one of his slow, ingratiating smiles. "Up to my last three or four films I never missed having a terrific fight. Guess I've killed more people than any other actor for as a German soldier I sent hundreds to their doom; as a submarine officer I drowned thousands; with my fists and every known weapon I have destroyed dozens of my fellow beings and with plots and intrigues I have wrought much havoc and broken many hearts. My screen sins have been many," and the big fellow chuckled.

Villains are as fascinating off the screen as on for they are always the direct antithesis of

their diabolical rôles and it is interesting to try to fit the two together.

Wallace Beery, who has raised the art of villainy to a high point of perfection, is very likable indeed—he is genial, easy-going, with a quick sense of humor and comfortably ensconced in a Never-Worry philosophy—doing his best and letting it go at that. At least that is how we found him when he was preparing for his work with Norma Talmadge in Ashes of Vengeance, a few weeks ago.

But on the screen, *whew!* There was his crafty, cruel Mendoza in "Soldiers of Fortune"; his rascally Ken Wright in "The Rosary," the despoiling German officer in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and above all, his despicable submarine officer in "Behind the Door."

"*That* characterization," said Mr. Beery, in a deep, smooth voice, "was the best I ever did. 'Behind the Door,' is probably the most dramatic example of well meted vengeance that has reached the screen for the sympathy was so thoroly developed that everyone rejoiced when Hobart Bosworth 'skinned me alive,' *behind the door.*

"I have a wonderful characterization in King Richard—it was Doug's idea to make him human, let him

(*Continued on page* 109)







The three character portraits on this page give proof of the Beery versatility. And certainly his King Richard in "Robin-hood," as seen on the left, was a splendid portrayal

The Beerys are devoted brothers, rivalling the several sets of famous sisters of the screen. And each delights to sing his praise of the other. And both are, cinematically speaking, finished exponents of Eternal Struggle and Strife



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

JUST KATHERINE.—Well, it's not how long, but how well we live. Percy Marmont in "If Winter Comes." Yes, Conrad in "Bella Donna." Constance is twenty-two years old and Norma is twenty-seven. No, I haven't had any colds this winter. If you sit in a draft, doctors will cash it. I didn't have any cashed.

LETHA M.—No, Dorothy Kelly of the Vitagraph fame is not playing right now. You know she married and left the screen. Lois Wilson and Gloria Swanson both with Lasky. George Walsh has signed up with Goldwyn.

R. R. C.—That's a wide awake hat you have on. It looks as tho it never had a nap. Priscilla Dean and Milton Sills in "Fire and Ashes." Better write to the Weather Department at Washington, D. C.

HILARY.—Mrs. Wallace Reid and James Kirkwood will play in the drug picture, "The Living Dead." It is a propaganda picture against the drug plague. Yes, Monte Blue has brown hair and eyes. That is his right name.

REPORTER.—Many a shabby colt makes a fine horse, but this sure is the time for new clothes. I am getting myself a new fedora. Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-seven, and he is playing in "Peer Gynt" on the stage in New York. Maurice Flynn is with Lasky.

SALLY FROM OUR ALLEY.—I should say Glenn Hunter is making money. He has just signed up with Paramount for five years, and he will play in "This Side of Paradise," by F. Scott Fitzgerald. He is also appearing in "Merton of the Movies" on the stage. Yes, Viola Dana has danced on the stage. Jane Novak in "Thelma." No, I never choose favorites, I leave that for my readers to do. I hereby issue a proclamation of neutrality.

EVELYN.—Better get in touch with the advertiser direct.

NORMA'S PAL.—You ask if I can play a piano. I dont know, I never tried it. Guess you didn't care for the "Sheik." Audrey Berry is playing in "Darkness and Daylight." Lloyd Hughes and Johnny Walker in "Terwilliger's" with Pauline Garon. Come in again, I am always glad to hear from you.

HARRINGTON WALKER.—My, sounds like a writer. Right now Rodolph Valentino is touring with his wife. They are dancing in vaudeville.

BLANCHE.—You appeal to an eminent authority when you appeal to me for advice on how to prevent hair from falling out (see my bald pate)! However, if I had known fifty years ago, yes, sixty years ago what I know now, I might have saved my mop; baldness comes of a too tight scalp, or a too dry one. Take the tips of the fingers and loosen the scalp occasionally and rub in a bit of crude oil once or twice a week. I advise you to join one of the clubs. I can see you like Robert Frazer.

MARIANA.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid in 1888. Yes indeed, he is very much married. He and his bride were in New York in February. You say you want more of Hallam Cooley. All right.

M. L. E.—Certainly I use my own teeth, did you think I borrowed them? You can get back numbers by writing to our Circulation Department, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Never had an interview with Buck Jones, but we will have. There is a staff of interviewers out after him now.

SLANG MCNUT.—Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. No, I dont use my beard as a fishing line. What's the use going fishing nowadays, anyway.

REDELY.—Right you be. Money is the ball bearings on the wheel of life, but the happiest people are often those who have the least. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-seven, and you can reach him at Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PEACHTREE.—No, the word "normalcy" was not coined by either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Harding, but was used as long ago as 1857 in the Davis and Peck "Mathematical Dictionary." You want a picture of Alex B. Francis, and you have had enough of Gloria Swanson. But wait a minute.

RUTH E.—George Walsh and Anne Luther in "The Beast."

WANTED.—Well, dont expect very much achievement from any one who is perfectly contented. Yes, Kenneth Harlan is twenty-seven, but there is a rumor that he is engaged to Marie Prevost. Forrest Stanley in "His Official Fiancée." Yes, Harrison Ford.

PRUNE PIE.—All right, let's get busy, life is too short to waste. I can see you are an artist in the kitchen. Theodore Kosloff doesn't reveal his age. Jack Gilbert was the Count in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

NO. 711.—The tides are highest at the equator and lowest at the poles, because the tropics are more exposed to the lunar attraction. Twice every day we have the tides, twelve hours apart. Yes, I remember you, I got your number. Thanks—you say "your humor would be a credit to George Ade, your satire rivals that of Bernard Shaw, and your philosophy is worthy of Socrates." I bow in reverence, most learned one.

THELMA.—Antonin Dvorak was a Bohemian composer born near Muhlhausen. He came to United States in 1892 and became Director of the National Academy of Music in New York City. Yes, Antonio Moreno opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Better join one of the correspondence clubs.

JEANNE.—But you must not lose your temper so often, one time you will it lose it permanently. Yes, I believe Richard Barthelmess is scheduled to play in "The Fighting Blade."

DORIS MCH.—When you look over these columns, you should overlook their shortcomings. "The Gilded Lily" appeared in the April, 1921, MAGAZINE; "Molly O" in October, 1921, CLASSIC, and "Way Down East in October, 1922, CLASSIC.

SHIRLEY, IND.—Glad to hear from you again, and that the Ruth



The new use for Lux robs dishwashing of half its drudgery
54 dishwashings in a single package

And now—relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan look

This new way to wash dishes is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

So natural—so obvious—you wonder it wasn't thought of before!

Lux for washing dishes. Of course it would bring relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan look. Of course, too, it would be as gentle on your hands as on the dainty things you have always trusted to its pure suds.

Won't roughen hands

Every day your hands are in the dishpan for an hour and a half—sometimes even longer. How you dread this constant roughening of your hands! But dishwashing needn't make your skin rough and dry. It is the coarse soaps in your dishpan that play such havoc with your hands—robbing your skin of all its indispensable natural oils.

Nature provides the oils in abundance in millions of tiny sacs just beneath the surface of the skin. Their generous supply of healing, nourishing fluid is constantly refreshing the chiffon-thin outer layer of skin. That is why the normal skin is so pleasantly soft and supple.

But the supply is not plentiful enough to hold out when harsh, alkaline soaps are used for washing dishes. They are irritating to the skin; they drain all the oil sacs dry. Your hands become so coarse and scratchy that you can't even touch a piece of silk without roughing it up. With Lux in your dishpan you won't have any of these annoying after-effects. Lux won't dry the natural oils. It won't redden or roughen your hands. These delicate, tissue-thin flakes are as easy on the most sensitive hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

That is all you need—just one teaspoonful in your dishpan. It sounds incredible—but try it.

A single package of Lux lasts for at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china for special occasions, but the regular, everyday dishes as well.

Spotless and shining in half the time

You will be delighted with your bright, sparkling dishes. Lux leaves them without a trace of film or murky cloudiness. Glasses, silverware and china—they're spotless and shining in half the time.

Just toss a teaspoonful of Lux in your dishpan. See how the delicate flakes dissolve the instant the hot water touches them. The Lux way is so much quicker and easier than waiting for bar soap to melt or stopping to beat up a lather with an awkward soapshaker.

Now just a swish of your dishmop and your pretty dishes are cleaner and more lustrous than ever before.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

s Roland Club is going good. You say your new address is Box 252, Shelbyville, Ind., in case anyone wishes to join. Write me again.

ZEKE.—No, I am not so good as you think I am. Remember the good die young, and I am—well never mind how old I am. Pearl White has been married twice as far as I know. No, she never was married to Frank Moran, the pugilist. Lewis Stone opposite Estelle Taylor in "A Fool There Was."

DAISY, THE DUMBELL.—What gymnasium do you swing from. Mahlon Hamilton will play opposite Agnes Ayres in "The Heart Raider," and when that is finished he will play opposite Bebe Daniels in "Bluff." Mary Pickford does not wear a wig, but Dorothy Gish does.

W. B. C. A.—Cheer up and keep at it. Wesley Barry is fifteen, and he is playing in "Little Johnny Jones," the George Cohan success. Viola Dana with Metro, Dorothy and Lillian with Inspiration Pictures.

RUDY BLUES.—And what are they? Wait until you see nine reels of "Dulcy" with Constance Talmadge.

FLUFF.—Of course I like married ladies; as a matter of fact, I like them very well. So you want to arrange for a tryout. My dear child, you will have to go to the various studios, and wait until some director thinks you are just the type he is looking for. It's slow work.

WESTERN STAR FAN.—Hi, ho, go to the head of the class. William Hart is fifty-four. Gaston Glass with Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway, New York City. Not married. Norma Talmadge recently became an aunt. E. K. Lincoln and Elmo Lincoln are two different people. Anna Little and Fred Thomson in "Eagle's Talons." Thanks.

GENEVIEVE.—Greek mythology, all right. Mammon was the money god; Argus was a god who had a hundred eyes which slept and watched by turns; Daphne was the goddess of the earth, and Apollo courted her but she fled from him, and was, at her own request, turned into a laurel tree. The reason you dont hear more about Joseph Schildkraut is because he is not playing in pictures. He was born in Germany. Mabel Normand at the Mack Sennett Studio, and Douglas MacLean at the Ince Studios.

NINETEEN.—Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have. Well, that was Jack Gilbert you sat looking at from 3 P. M. until 7:30 in "The Count of Monte Cristo." It was a splendid picture, wasn't it? Write him at the Fox Studio, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

HYTONE.—Oh, that's how it is? Right now I am using an old style Monarch machine. Remember them. They are out of existence now. The first form of typewriter was used in England in 1714. His name is Joseph Keaton, Jr. Norma Talmadge isn't going to do "The Garden of Allah" for some time. Richard Barthelmess at Inspiration Pictures. You sign, "yours until the great lakes meet Texas in heaven." *Au revoir.*

MARY ALICE.—I dont blame you. You want more of Richard Dix, and you want to see covers and interviews of him. I'll spread the news.

LOTTIE D. T.—Well, well, glad to hear from you again. You want me to have an old timer department, and have all the old Pansy members together again. I'm afraid I cant do that very well. I'm glad to hear from you anyway. Lottie Briscoe is not playing now. Dolores Costello is now seventeen, and she is playing in "Glimpses of the Moon." Adele de Garden is not playing. Harry Morey in "Brass." Romaine Fielding wrote to me some time ago, but he is not playing now. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne have finished "Modern Marriages." Write again.

DOROTHY F.—Thunder wont hurt you. Thunder is caused by the sudden re-entrance of the air into a vacuum which is supposed to be caused by the lightning in its passage thru the atmosphere. You say "The Four Horsemen" is the best picture you have ever seen.

THE VAMP.—Thanks for the pen-wiper. I only use a pen when I sign checks, so I have no use for a pen-wiper. I will keep it to remind me of you. Consult our magazine, BEAUTY—it will help you. That is Jackie Coogan's real name. Knowledge is power.

DUKE, GALVESTON.—Oh yes, I go to bed with the chickens. One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after. Jack Gilbert in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Emil Jannings in "The Loves of Pharaoh." Dorothy Dalton in "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Fritz Liebler in "Queen of Sheba." Edith Roberts in "Saturday Night." You are welcome, Mr. Galveston.



WATTLE TREE.—For a beginner I would advise "A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis," by Sigmund Freud. I believe it sells for four dollars and fifty cents. It's quite intricate. That is a very good likeness to Norma Talmadge. Yes, Cecil de Mille is bringing good old Tut-ankh-Amen back to life after a thousand years in "The Ten Commandments."

PEP.—Thanks for your heart? Now you must send me the key. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, and he is with Western Fox Company. Lloyd Hughes and Johnny Walker in "Terwilliger." Dustin Farnum in "The Grail." James Morrison is playing for Vitagraph in "The Man Next Door."

MARY M. D.—I sure do wish you success. Earle Williams is with Metro, and you will probably see more of him now. Remember that politeness is like an air cushion. There is nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

NOVIA T.—All the way from England. Greetings. Yes, indeed, William Farnum is very popular over here. He is playing in "Brass Commandments." No, I never met him, but I have sat near him at the Algonquin Hotel. Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the club addresses. The members write to each other discussing the plays and players. Write to me again.

FANERO.—Everybody knows that it is best to rise early in the morning, but I do not know why. Many are called, but few get up. So you like our reviews. That's right, tell me what you like and what you dont like.

SARCASM.—I dont believe it. Well, I dislike to give advice, so I will quote my friend Colton who said, "That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one." Nigel Barrie in "East Is West." You refer to Vera Stedman.

THERSALIE.—I should say I am not on a diet. I can eat almost anything. Never trouble your stomach and your stomach will never trouble you. Try this prescription: "Water internally, water externally, and water eternally." Eva Novak opposite Jack Holt in "The Tiger's Claw." Thanks for your good wishes

JOE.—That was a dandy picture of you. Bet you want to get into pictures. Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia in 1879. Write to me any time.

DAMPH AOL.—You ask can a woman have a heart as well as a soul. I'll say she can. Ingersoll said that love is the perfume of the heart; love is the highest expression of liberty; love neither commands nor obeys. That's all I know about it. So you think anyone with my education ought to be earning more than twelve dollars a week. I think so too. Never had rheumatism in my life. Of course I still drink buttermilk, when I can get it. Valentino's name was Gugliemli. Dont ask me how to pronounce it.

STAR GAZER.—Freckles are caused by the exposure to the sun, which produces a yellowish brown coloring pigment to appear in the skin. Yes, that was J. Warren Kerrigan of old in "The Covered Wagon." Ramon Navarro is twenty-four.

DOSS.—Helen Holmes is in California, and Monte Blue in "Main Street." You're welcome.

WILDFIRE.—Yes, I guess I believe in insurance. I guess that love is the only fire against which there is no insurance. You say the only fault with this magazine is that we dont have enough about Richard Barthelmess. He is five foot seven, and Monte Blue is not married.

LETTY.—Ho, hum, I suppose so. Thomas Meighan married to Frances Ring. Wesley Barry is fifteen. Address him at Warner Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Reginald Denny, Mabel Julienne Scott, Crauford Kent and Buddy Messenger in "The Abysmal Brute." You cant make me mad.

DUDLEY A. S.—The players you mention are not very well known, and they are probably playing extra parts.

EFFIE.—Pardon me while I sneeze! Which reminds me, the custom of saying "God bless you!" to one who sneezes, takes its rise from the plague of sneezing in the year 558, when persons apparently in good health were suddenly attacked by fits of sneezing which proved fatal. What a thought, and me here all alone in this hall room. To continue, Charles Jones is with Fox, Gaston Glass with Preferred Pictures and Owen Moore with Selznick. You're not angry, are you, Effie?

(*Continued on page* 99)

No Wonder Rouge Never Gave a Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush



"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had At Last Been Discovered"

SCIENCE now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skilfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible.*

In creating the wonderful new Princess Pat Natural Tint, *the great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied.* No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of Princess Pat Tint to banteringly criticize the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a feminine acquaintance. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a *scientist* turned his hand to a task which had baffled the *cosmetician* since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available, the effort proved futile.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none perfect.

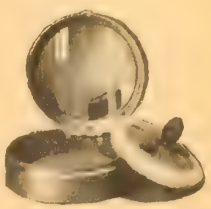
Then accident stepped in, and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English Complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat Tint, had at last been discovered.

Princess Pat Tint Is Waterproof!

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make this new tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. Princess Pat Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

Princess Pat Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light. So it is no wonder that Princess Pat Tint has become a sensation—the demand in New York, Chicago, and other large cities has been simply overwhelming. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible. Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send Princess Pat Tint free to every woman who reads this advertisement.



Princess Pat

—the New, Natural Tint—Always Ask for It By Name

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago

Princess Pat Tint—Princess Pat Creams—Almond Base Face Powder—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume

Mail This Coupon For Generous Sample FREE

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
Dept. 26, 2701 South Park Ave., Chicago

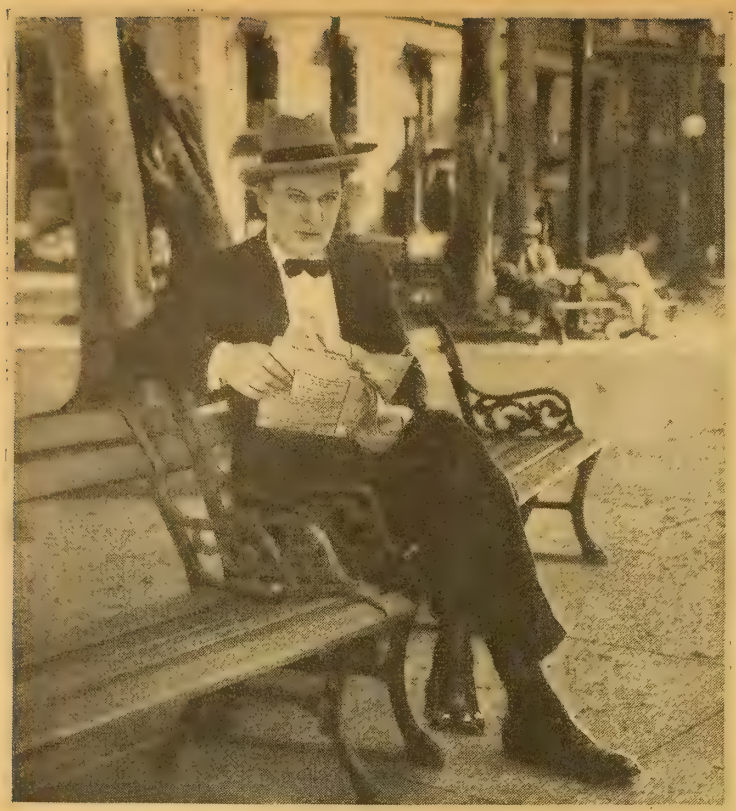
ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me, postpaid, a complimentary supply of Princess Pat Tint.

Name (Print).....

Street .....

City and State.....

Greenroom Jottings



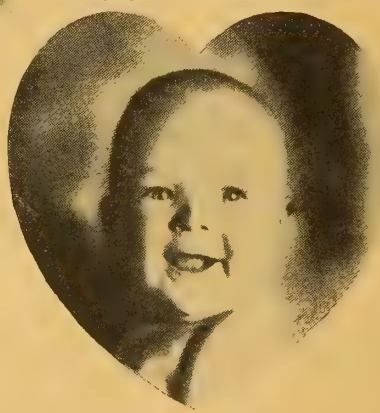
The large and substantial salary is not the only pleasant thing about motion picture starring. Frequently tropical locations are necessary and that means a sojourn beneath southern palms. Here we find Thomas Meighan enjoying his morning newspaper in the shade of one of Cuba's squares. Very nice too!

LIKE Alexander, Jackie Coogan is looking for new worlds to conquer. The rôle of the pauper is beginning to pall upon this young actor. He yearns to be a prince. Regal splendor is luring him away from the part of street urchin which he has played so wisely and so well. He wants to give up rags for royal robes; his rakish cap for a crown, no matter how uneasy it may rest upon his small head.

"To behave like a gentleman" is Jackie's latest ambition. So be it! Let him have his heart's desire. Jackie Coogan in the guise of a prince! Well—no doubt he will make a charming one and even tho we are loth to have him give up his familiar characterization we will find ourselves the same willing captives to his charms as ever.

Most people are incensed with censorship anyway so here is another fagot to add to the fire; Mary Pickford's picture, "Tess of the Storm Country," has been censored in London. This ten-reel production which won so much applause in America can be shown in London only to adults, according to a ruling made by the Board of Film Censors who have refused to give a license allowing it to be exhibited univer-

Photograph by International News Reel



Bill Hart the Second. It was expected that Bill would bring about a reconciliation between his famous movie cowpuncher father and his mother who was known on the screen as Winifred Westover, you know. But up to the present there are no indications of anything like a reconciliation. Quite the contrary. Below, Mary Astor meets and talks with Percy Mackaye, the author of "The Scarecrow," in which Mary is playing opposite Glenn Hunter. We wonder if Mister Mackaye visualized a heroine as beautiful as Mary when he wrote the story



Yes, it is a statue portrait of Benjamin Turpin. It was done by Olaguibel, the well-known Mexican cartoonist who uses clay for his medium



sally. It is the first time that any of Mary's pictures has met such a fate and, consequently, the ruling has excited much comment both here and abroad. It is understood that the objection is based on the illegitimate child episode, a man's being shot, and a suggestion of attempted murder. The long-suffering men of America who have been so frankly criticized by many of our recent European visitors at least have not been guilty of such ungallantry.

David Belasco has ventured into new fields. He has decided to produce "Tiger Rose" in pictures with Lenore Ulric as the star. This combination of producer, actress, and play is enough to assure us that the picture will be a success. No one who saw Miss Ulric in this exotic play has for-

Photograph by International News Reel



gotten her charm and they will enjoy her equally as well on the silversheet for she photographs or "registers" beautifully. Belasco contemplates producing several other of his famous plays, but he has not yet revealed just which ones they will be.

Conrad Nagel has signed a long-term contract with Goldwyn. In explaining his reasons for doing so Mr. Nagel said that he did not wish to waste time in pictures turned out as sure-fire box-office attractions. The screen seemed to him to have a higher mission. Goldwyn's remarkable battery of directors which include Marshall Neilan, Rupert Hughes and Eric von Stroheim, helped to influence the actor in making his decision. The pictures produced by these men proved



Marion Davies returned to her studios the other day, dead tired from her shopping. And, as can be seen, a fellow-player took pity upon her and offered to transport her to her dressing-room. He apparently didn't expect Marion to accept his offer. Here is Doug, Junior. He is in Paris now, and altho only thirteen, he has already performed some of his father's daring stunts. It is thought that he will appear in a film with Doug, Senior. That should be interesting. And they could have a grand time trying to outdo one another. There's one thing to be thankful for—ask Glenn Hunter. He tried the stocks which were used in his new picture, "The Scarecrow," and found them extremely unpleasant affairs. So, be glad that this form of punishment belongs to the dead past





Do you recognize the young lady in the above picture as Mabel Ballin? Well, it is. It is a scene from an old Vitagraph picture in which little Bobby Connelly was starred. And in all the pictures of this series, Mabel played Bobby's —or Sonny Jim's—Mother Dear. It was almost the first thing she did for the screen. Below is Elinor Fair in "Driven." Miss Fair has merited much praise for her characterization in this production, which she offers with a realistic sincerity

Photograph by Apeda



conclusively to him that they believe the story is the thing. When they convinced Mr. Nagel that they didn't plan to take "Hamlet" and build it around a certain actor he stopped to listen and when they said that their system was to take a big story and crowd it with a company of talented players with the united idea of turning out an artistic production, Conrad Nagel signed his contract.

King Tut-ankh-Amen is getting more than his share of publicity without having expended effort, money or any particular talent. Not only has this Egyptian gentleman succeeded in influencing our clothes and publications but he has now broken into the movies. Ernest Shipman has obtained the exclusive rights to the pictorial record of the discovery and exploration of the tomb of this popular king.

James Kirkwood has left the cast of Channing Pollack's play, "The Fool," in order to fill an engagement with Goldwyn. He is to have a leading rôle in a motion picture aimed at the drug evil and made by Mrs. Wallace Reid at the Ince studio on the Coast.

A dispatch comes from the Coast to the effect that Blanche Sweet will play the feminine rôle and Bert Lytell the masculine in "The Meanest Man in the World," which is to be put on the silversheet by the

Photograph by International News Reel



J. Stuart Blackton has returned to America after two years in England, during which time he produced two pictures starring Lady Diana Manners, namely "The Glorious Adventure" and "The Virgin Queen." Mr. Blackton has returned to his old place in the Vitagraph Company of which he was one of the founders. And, it is said, the Vitagraph Company will begin to produce more extensively than they have in some time

Principal Pictures Company. This production is the screen version of George M. Cohan's Broadway success, "The Meanest Man in Town."

Preparations are under way for photographing "Ben-Hur," based on Lew Wallace's memorable novel. No detail will be overlooked in bringing as much realism as possible to this stupendous production. The first steps are now in progress which means that museums are being searched in order to ascertain the correct costumes of the period; models of the sets are in the first stages of construction and arrangements are being made to go to the natural settings of the story, Palestine and Italy, for the exterior scenes. It will be a Goldwyn production. An unofficial contest was recently held to discover who would be the most popular

(*Continued on page* 112)



Scene from
"Broken Chains"
$10,000 Prize Winning
Scenario, Written
By Miss Winifred Kimball,
a Palmer Trained Writer
of Florida.



$8000 Paid For An Idea

by Famous Film Director

Proves Serious Dearth of Suitable Screen Ideas. Generous Prices Offered for Stories Which You May Be Able to Write.

NOTHING that has happened in months has so emphasized the serious shortage of acceptable scenarios as the fact that a famous director recently paid $8000 merely for an idea which one of his staff writers could make into a photoplay.

He did not buy even a completed scenario, just the bare idea.

Such incidents are very rare, however. Producing companies, while ceaselessly searching for new and better stories, are generally not interested in mere ideas.

Your Ideas May be Valuable

THIS should not discourage the man or woman with ideas, however. In fact, it is the very finest kind of encouragement.

For if you have good screen ideas, you can be trained to develop them into acceptable photodramatic form.

This corporation is teaching the technique of photoplay writing to men and women in all walks of life through an accredited home study course. We cannot give you the ability to create ideas, but if you have it—and many have who do not realize it now—we can prepare you for this work for the screen.

Daily Contact With Leading Producers

THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation, in addition to teaching the technique of photoplay writing, is the largest single clearing house for the sale of scenarios to the great producing companies.

The daily contact which we maintain with the motion picture studios brings us constantly face to face with the serious dearth of acceptable screen stories.

More than one hundred producing companies in Los Angeles, alone, offer $500 to $2000 for suitable stories. Yet their offers are actually going begging, while many men and women, who do not dream of it now, could actually help to supply the needed stories and earn the generous rewards.

$1000 and Royalties Offered

WE have recently entered the producing field in addition to our educational and sales activities, and are producing the better stories for the screen.



Ethel Styles Middleton
of Pittsburgh, a new writer trained in the Educational Department of this Corporation, author of the first Palmerplay. Mrs. Middleton will receive royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, an initial $1000 advance having already been paid.

Advisory Council

Frederick Palmer, *Author and Educator*
Thos. H. Ince, *Producer*
Allen Holubar, *Producer and Director*
E. J. Banks, M.A., *Director, Sacred Films, Inc.*
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J. L. Frothingham, *Producer*
James R. Quirk, *Editor, Photoplay Magazine*

Educational Staff Officers

Clayton Hamilton, M.A., *Director of Education*
Eugene B. Lewis, *Editor-in-Chief*
Douglas Z. Doty, *Associate Editor*

As an inducement to new writers we offer a new basis of payment for acceptable stories which enables the author to profit by the success of his photoplay for five years. We pay for the scenarios we select on this royalty basis with a minimum advance payment of $1000.

We are tremendously concerned about the matter of enlisting new writers in the work of writing the better stories for our own pictures, which we ourselves will produce, as well as for the reason that we wish to supply other producers with good photoplay scenarios.

A Nation-Wide Search for Talent

THE hopeful factor for us and perhaps for you, is that many men and women who do not now realize it are endowed with the vital requisite for the writing of successful photoplays, Creative Imagination.

So we search the nation for the people whose talents justify training for this work, by offering a free test which has already brought phenomenal results.

It is not our purpose to encourage anyone lacking this vital power to attempt to win success in this field. Our first desire is to discover and train qualified people to produce stories to fill this great demand.

Test Yourself at Our Expense

PERHAPS you have this power. A Wyoming woman, a former magazine writer, an Arkansas farm woman, an oil salesman, a sculptress, a former advertising man, and many others have been discovered and developed by us to the point where they have sold their stories to producing companies or become staff writers in the studios.

Still others, who have no desire to write photoplays professionally, have developed their power of Creative Imagination, through this course, because they knew how invaluable this power is in any field of endeavor.

Surely it is worth your while to know if these opportunities may be yours. It costs nothing, no obligation. Simply send for the Palmer Creative Test. We hold your answers confidential.

If your replies indicate that this power is yours, we will send you additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. Send the coupon now. Learn if you have this hidden talent which may open to you these new and rich fields of opportunity.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec 906,
Palmer Building, Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that the coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examining Board, without the lightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me, free, Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a $10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

All correspondence strictly confidential

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Deltah Pearls recreate all the Beauty of the true Oriental

Necklace
SEVILLE

Illustrated above, splendidly exemplifies Deltah superiority. A new and super elegant quality of indestructible pearls. Safety clasp of white gold set with genuine diamond and genuine onyx—the very latest combination.

24 Inch . . $35

Other Deltah Necklaces

Carmen 24 inch . . $21
Elvira 24 inch . . $31
Martha 24 inch . . $51

At Your Jewelers

Deltah PEARLS
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Hope Sapphires

Deltah Pearls are made by the producers of the Heller Hope Sapphires and Hope Rubies. These are true precious stones, identical with the fine, natural sapphires and rubies in every respect excepting origin and price. The reasonable cost of Hope stones places the everlasting beauty of the sapphire and the ruby within the reach of everyone. Your dealer will gladly show you jewelry mounted with Heller Hope Sapphires and Heller Hope Rubies.

I. HELLER & SON, Inc.
358 Fifth Ave., New York
Paris 40, Rue Lafitte

Behind the Scenes With Pola

(*Continued from page* 34)

explanations to make. For a long time the public was at liberty to draw any conclusions they saw fit. She insulted the reporters who came to inquire if wedding bells were in contemplation: and went on with the romance.

Like most foreign artists who come here, the American reporters filled her with a bristling and fiery indignation. She gave orders to the press department at Lasky's as she did to her butler. Therefore much grief on both sides.

On the sets she gave the studio help some hair raising experiences.

After leaving the studio she and the Fitzmaurices were affectionate pals. As soon they came within range of the cameras, it was acid and cold steel.

On the sets, Negri was utterly ruthless and imperious. She flew into a rage if crossed in any way.

Like most of her kind, she is intensely superstitious. One day she saw an ornament on one of the sets that looked to her like a peacock—the jinx of all jinx signs known to the theater world. She ordered it down. When the prop man refused to obey in the absence of the director she flew into a wild rage. She tore the set half apart to get at the offending gewgaw. She threw it on the floor so hard that it broke in two, despite the fact it was made of cast iron.

Another time she made a terrible fuss over the rotten wheezy music supplied for her emotional scenes and they had to come tearing in from all sides with grand pianos and scrambled portions of symphony orchestras.

At other times the little girl with the little curl could be very sweet and generous and charming.

They found out that she was sweetest when surrounded by people accustomed to European customs and social atmospheres. Pola doesn't warm up to our "Hey, you" informalities. She demands manners and a lot of them, gallantry and hand kissing.

In her relations with the other artists, Pola was socially charming but professionally insistent.

It is difficult to explain the situation to one who is not an actor. But every actor will understand when I say that Pola demands to be "fed."

The process is too subtle to be put into words. But it is the same thing that you see in vaudeville sketches. One actor always asks the boob questions and gives the other favored one a chance to make all the smart answers. Raised to the pure ether or real art and real acting, the same thing holds true. One actor always has to yield the palm in every situation to the other. Pola yields no palms. In some subtle, intangible way she claims the right to dominate the scene. She reserves the right to pick out the soundless syllable to be accented as it were.

And so much for the smallness of greatness.

And Pola is great.

When she begins to act you forget all her little eccentricities of temperament.

She has what few of our own actresses have—power.

For the most part our native screen stars are sweet and winsome but rather namby pamby. They tinkle; they never crash.

Pola is a hurricane in a mountain canyon. She has color and depth and a sweep of emotion that is simply terrific.

Her warmest admirer in Hollywood is Norma Talmadge. Norma opines that the greatest piece of acting ever seen on the screen was Pola Negri in "Gypsy Love."

Naturally it was a box office failure. "Gypsy Love" was a screen version of Carmen.

The movie fans were expecting to see Carmen as we know her in the opera—a giddy young lady in a red silk skirt who is sometimes a little inclined to be flirtatious and, in her most violent moments, not always quite a lady.

Negri's Carmen was the Carmen of Prosper Merimee—a dirty, slovenly, tempestuous, ruthless, vicious, torrential, vivid, primitive little animal. A dinner hooked up with her fingers from the steaming pot (stolen food for preference), a ragged dress with her legs showing thru—a wild dance—a murder with a knife stuck between the ribs of yesterday's lover: that was her Carmen.

Negri may be more biteable than kissable as some one has suggested; but it looks as tho she were due to be one of the great actresses of all time.

The studio people who have helped with her productions feel that some such reward is due them from Providence—a compassionate Providence.

England's Filmland Beauty Challenge

(*Continued from page* 54)

"type for type we beat them all hollow." The others either limit their claims of superiority to such details as complexion, as in the case of Miss Violet Hopson, or frankly acknowledge that the American film queen has no peer anywhere, as in the case of Miss Joan Morgan. On this page are reproduced the photographs of some of England's most famous screen idols. The gallantry of the American fan will not permit him to deny their undoubted beauty, but loyalty to his own chosen film goddess will inspire the response that he can match any of these with a native choice, to the advantage of his favorite.



A Genius Is Embarrassing To Have Around

(*Continued from page 39*)

While the cheers were still on the air, she came out in "The Top of New York." I wouldn't say this was the worst picture ever made. But the only reason I hesitate to say so is the fact that I haven't seen all the pictures ever made. Certainly it would require a great breadth of imagination to conjure up a worse one. May appeared in a maudlin Cinderella part in a blonde wig. She was very, very bad: that's the plain truth of it.

It would have ruined the reputation of any ordinary actress.

And then came "Kick In." I think this will be one of the never-to-be-forgotten pictures of the screen because of May McAvoy's relatively unimportant part.

The scene where she comes down the stairs, having just seen the bleeding dead body of her young husband—laughing as she comes to throw the police off their guard was terrific tragedy. I never will be able to erase that laugh from my memory—that quivering, poignant agony. The eyes that stared out above that laugh will look out of the dark at me forever. It will stand with Lillian Gish's work as the pitiful London waif in "Broken Blossoms."

May McAvoy's future must be watched with more than ordinary interest. She is a very interesting character. She impresses me as a girl who has never been very happy and is never likely to be. That is one of the penalties. She has a tiny little mouth that turns down at the corners in a way that indicates both extreme sensitiveness and pessimism. May is no Pollyanna to say the least.

Altho she is inclined to be belligerent and defend herself from wholly imaginary affronts, she has at the same time a healthy humility that ought to go with genius.

May considers herself, for instance, a very humble devotee of Mary Pickford's. She looks up to Mary with the awe that a white kitten looks up to a St. Bernard. She has confessed to me that she follows Mary for hours whenever she happens to see her on the street. She has her room filled with Mary Pickford pictures and the odor of adoration pervades.

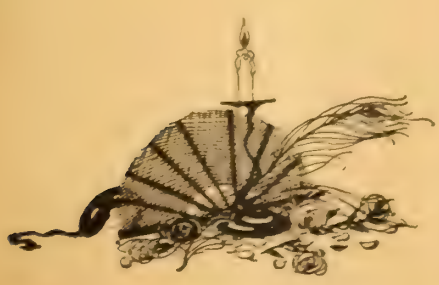
Oddly enough, the two little girls who have made big crashing hits of late are Helen Ferguson in "Hungry Hearts" and May McAvoy in "Kick In."

Both are super Pickford fans.

Ordinarily they are both charming and rather fascinating little girls but when they begin to talk about Mary Pickford, they will bore you to agony and tears.

Mary invites them out sometimes to see her work and they sit there like two children on Christmas morning watching Santa Claus coming down thru the chimney.

It is great to be a genius but its uncomfortable. Frightfully so.





Your Hidden Beauty

Remove the film and see it

Millions have revealed a hidden beauty through a new way of teeth cleaning. They have gained a new charm in whiter teeth—often a supreme charm.

The method is at your command. The test is free. For beauty's sake and safety's sake, see what such teeth mean to you.

Teeth are coated

Teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods left much of that film intact. So beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles became almost universal, for film is the cause of most.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dentists alarmed

The increase in tooth troubles became alarmingly. So dental science searched for ways to fight that film. Two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. It is now advised by leading dentists the world over. In some fifty nations careful people use it.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Five new effects

Pepsodent brings five results which old ways never brought. One is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

One is to multiply the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Learn what this new way means to you and yours. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted, and will want those results to continue. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1116

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 959, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.



It was a pity no one told him

HE was an honor man in his class at college—popular with every one—giving promise of carving his notch high up on the ladder of success.

An unusual business opportunity came his way shortly after he was out of school—better than most young men are fortunate enough to secure. He certainly started out with a bang. Every one remarked about it.

* * * Five years passed. Howard Chapman, who had set out so brilliantly, was still almost precisely at the point where he started. Other young men who hadn't nearly his opportunity had out-distanced him each year.

What invisible thing was it that held Chapman back? Some of his closer friends undoubtedly knew but didn't have the heart to tell him. It was really a pity.

* * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**



The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 51)

she has done since her nuptials. And it is about the same length of time since Alice Joyce expressed her trunks from the Vitagraph studios to the Regan apartment on Park Avenue.

They were both more beautiful than we have ever seen them before. And that is an extravagant statement. No society débutante or matron in the fashionable dining-rooms was better groomed and certainly none of them appeared so attractive. It interested us to hear them talk as absorbedly over their babies and babies' nurses; over their homes and their servants as they had previously talked over directors and costumes and stories in the old Vitagraph days. And what is even more to be remarked, they both give every evidence of being completely contented and happy in their new lives. Neither of them is definitely sure she will not make other pictures but certainly picture-making is no longer the paramount thing in their scheme of things.

It is a far hail from the glamour and acclaim of a star's estate to the nursery with its routine and formulæ but both of these young women seem to have accomplished it without the slightest regret. Even recognizing that their present life is infinitely finer and more worth while, they might logically be expected to pine for some slight manifestations of their stellar glory. Or comparison may make it seem a tinseled existence . . .?

To dine at the Algonquin would almost convince you that motion picture production activities are swinging back to the Eastern studios with a vengeance.

Dining there the other evening before going to see Margaret Lawrence in Secrets, we ran across Thomas Meighan hurrying out of the lobby. The Meighans are stopping at the Seymour which is just a few doors nearer Fifth Avenue. Joe King was standing over at the newsstand, the evening paper folded under his arm as is customary, and engaged in serious conversation with some other man who we did not recognize. They looked as tho they were talking contracts but it may be that they were discussing the baseball lineup for the season in the Big Leagues.

In the dining-room Lila Lee was with James Kirkwood. Lila had grey blue chiffon coiled about her black hair and was wearing a simple dinner frock of a corresponding hue. She actually doesn't look one day over sixteen. Frank Case, owner of the Algonquin, stopped at their table to talk to them just before they left. They did not stay long for Kirkwood is appearing in The Fool, one of the most popular plays which has come to New York this season and had to get over to the theater.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel came in with Rita Weiman, the writer, and her father. There's something distinctly pleasant about the Nagels. They look sound and sane. And from what we could see of Mrs. Nagel she is a woman of great charm. We liked her hat too, with its soft frill of black lace shading her eyes. Smart!

Another time we saw Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki waiting for dinner guests in the Algonquin lobby. Tsuru's little feet were encased in sheer stockings and slippers with the fashionable cut-steel buckles.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Susie Takes a Chance

(*Continued from page 31*)

The seven chorused "Good-morning."

The young man seized a tall chair, placed it in front of himself and leaned over the back.

"A-a-ah," he began, and paused. The silence became acutely embarrassing. Just when Susie thought she could bear it no longer, the young man spoke.

"Awful, isn't it?" he said, with a most ingratiating smile.

The two flappers tittered.

Mr. Garner looked at them.

"I'm sure," he said to them, "that you didn't read my advertisement carefully. I said I wanted some one who was willing to work all hours. I sometimes work right thru a week end with only a few hours for sleep. You couldn't do that—you would require a chaperone."

The two flappers looked at Mr. Garner as if they weren't quite sure he meant what he said. He gave a firm nod of his head. The two rose and marched from the room.

"Now," he said, "is there any one else here who couldn't on occasion work till three o'clock in the morning—Saturday night—and be back at nine o'clock Sunday morning."

The motherly woman of fifty arose and walked out without a word.

"Ah!" said Mr. Garner, "we're getting on."

He glanced round the remaining five and for a moment his gaze rested on Susie.

He smiled at Susie and Susie smiled back. Susie thought to herself: He likes me. The thought gave her the courage to relax.

"Now," Mr. Garner said, "is there any one here who has ever written for publication—for a newspaper or a magazine."

The slim princess spoke.

"I have just sold a short story to a magazine," she said proudly.

"Indeed," said Mr. Garner. "Is there any one else who has sold stories to the magazines?"

No one answered but every one looked at the slim princess in her elegant frock, her large hat, her string of carved beads.

"Very well," said Mr. Garner, "you may go."

"You mean me?" the slim princess cried.

"Surely—if you read my advertisement you know that I dont want a writer. I want a typist."

The slim princess rose and swept to the door. There she paused, like an actress speaking her exit line:

"It is very strange that an intelligent interest in the work should bar one," she said.

Mr. Garner turned briskly to the three who sat with Susie. He began with the girl farthest away.

"What was the last book you read?" he asked.

The girl blushed, stammered, opened her mouth to speak, hesitated.

"Yes?" said Mr. Garner encouragingly.

"I—I dont remember."

Mr. Garner indicated the next girl.

"If Winter Comes," she answered promptly.

Mr. Garner frowned.

Susie saw her turn coming and asked herself what she should answer. She decided to tell the literal truth. The last book she had read was one Clay had recommended -- Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean."

But when Mr. Garner turned to Susie he looked at her meaningly and changed his question.

"Your name is?"

"Susan Treadwell," she answered.

"Very well, Miss Treadwell," he said, "the job is yours if you'd like to try it.

When the others had left the room he grinned confidentially at Susie.

"I had a hunch that you would do the moment I saw you. But you have to eliminate the others somehow. Can you go to work at once?"

"Of course," Susie said and took off her hat.

He showed her a sample page of typewriting, spaced as he wished it. Within five minutes he was sprawled in a long chair with a cigaret and a page of notes and Susie was taking down on the typewriter the dialog he slowly evolved.

"Clay," she wrote that evening, "I have been in New York a little more than twenty-four hours and it's the friendliest town! I've already done my first day's work at the perfect job. I was hired at twenty-five dollars a week and after the first hour I was raised to thirty!"

She went on to tell all she knew about Mr. Garner and the privileges of working for him and the ease of the job.

"Of course," she admitted, "it's a bit dull when he gets stuck, as he does sometimes for a quarter of an hour. And he likes to gossip and I have orders to remind him, when he does, to get back to work. But I dont have to be there until ten o'clock in the morning and today I was thru at four in the afternoon! I had two hours to wander up and down Fifth Avenue, before dinner!!"

Susie walked clear over to the Pennsylvania station to mail the letter, that it might reach Clay at the earliest possible moment, and to call for mail at the general delivery window. There was a letter from Dr. Bennett, a letter he must have written the day she took the train at Belleville. It contained a prescription blank, filled out in her name, and a hundred dollar bill. The prescription said:

"To be taken as needed."

"The old dear," Susie said to herself. "How did he know that I need clothes more desperately than anything else in the world?"

Susie walked cross-town that night with a heart that sang, and the next afternoon she spent Dr. Bennett's hundred dollars to the greatest possible effect, shopping shrewdly for an inconspicuous one-piece dress of exactly the right lines, for a hat that really went with it, for shoes and stockings and gloves. She shopped so wisely that when she had got these things she had a dollar and fifty cents left of the hundred. She spent that dollar and a half recklessly for a handkerchief of the kind she had always wanted, a perfectly plain small handkerchief of the sheerest linen.

In the morning, one of those May mornings when Fifth Avenue flashes in the sun, flashes like a sudden warm smile, Susie leaned down from the top of the bus that bore her up-town and said to herself: "I belong. I am part of all this."

She had but eight of the twenty-eight dollars that had been in her purse when she had walked into the Pennsylvania Station two days earlier. But Saturday



MRS. GRACE HORCHLER, 4352 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

From 234 lbs. to 160

The amazing story of Mrs. Horchler, who took off 74 lbs. through a novel method of weight reduction, and became a new woman in health and figure



WALLACE

I HAD just about given up hope when I got in touch with Wallace. Every reducing method I had tried, from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and machinery, had failed me, and I looked with question on the Wallace method.

"Just like all the rest," I thought, "You either have to stop eating or work yourself to death to get any results at all. Finally I persuaded myself to try out Wallace's first-lesson reducing record in my home, on his free trial offer. *That* opened my eyes! My reduction in one week was so great and so delightfully achieved as to be almost unbelievable. Continuing with my reducing records—well, here is what I did—took off 74 pounds in 4 months, and made a remarkable improvement in my health, figure and whole appearance."

Mrs. Horchler is only one of Wallace's many cases of wonderful reduction. More than 200,000 people in all will tell you that Wallace's is the method that *works*—just as surely as heat or cold works on the thermometer!

No Starving—No Punishment

The Wallace Method one of real pleasure!

Wallace can take off *your* surplus weight just as he took off Mrs. Horchler's. He can take off the necessary number of pounds, whatever it be—20—50—70—or 80. He can make your figure normal in weight and dimensions. And he won't ask you to starve yourself or tax yourself with book reading or any other irksome rigamarole. His method is a simple and easy one because it goes hand in hand with Nature. What Wallace gives you to do *takes care* of the food you eat. It causes the food to make only blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left to make fat.

What You Should Weigh for Your Height and Age

Height In Inches	Age 20 to 29 yrs Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 yrs Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 yrs Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

Results in 5 Days

Just try Wallace's method for a week! That's all he asks. You'll see results in a week that will once and for all settle the question of how to reduce.

Send No Money

Not a cent! Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first Reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days' trial in your home. Put Wallace's method to the test. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the scales tell you. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just return the record at Wallace's expense and you won't owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.



WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago (171)

Please send me FREE and PREPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will neither owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



The Stockingless Vogue

WOMEN who love swimming for the sake of the sport, find stockings a great hindrance to their enjoyment. Hence the stockingless vogue you notice almost everywhere.

X-Bazin—the century-tested French depilatory—enables a woman to bathe stockingless without self-consciousness. It makes her skin as smooth and white and lovely as sculptured marble!

X-Bazin is entirely safe and utterly painless to use. It does not injure the most delicate skin. Sold with a "*money-back*" guarantee at all drug and department stores. 50c and $1 in the United States. Elsewhere, 75c and $1.50.

Manufactured by Hall & Ruckel, Inc.
Makers of Sozodont

Send 10c for sample and descriptive booklet

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., *Sole Distributors*
In the United States and Canada
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X-BAZIN
The French way to remove hair

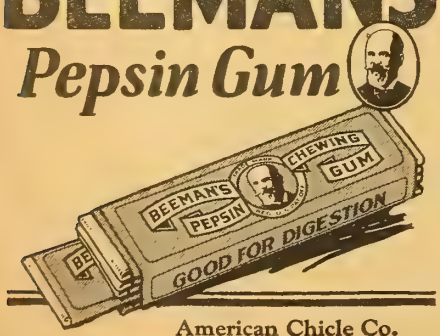
Wholesome

Pure good gum —good for the digestion, teeth and nerves — for good health use Beeman's—

"a sensible habit"

Deliciously flavored

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum



American Chicle Co.

would bring her first salary check, a salary check just twice as large as any she had ever earned before. She had conquered New York in two days.

And then she had a thought that made her blush: she wasn't sure that she hadn't conquered Mr. Garner also.

The thought recurred several times that morning when, looking up from her machine she caught him gazing at her instead of thinking out his next sentence. It recurred again when he asked her to lunch at the Algonquin. And again, when, after he had indentified the celebrities at the celebrated round table in the center of the dining-room—there were five dramatic critics, two playwrights, and a press-agent that day—he spent two hours telling her anecdotes about them.

Susie had finally to tell him it was half-past three and time to go to work.

Mr. Garner sighed and smiled ruefully at Susie.

"I'd so much rather sit here and gossip with you," he protested. "I've done all the talking so far. Now I want to hear about you."

Susie rose firmly.

"Work first," she said.

Susie felt beautifully at peace with the world. It was her world. It was the world she had always dreamed of entering and always held back from because she was afraid she couldn't enter it. How absurdly easy it was! Wasn't Clay a fool to hang miserably on in Belleville! And weren't girls who believed those nursery tales about the perils of a great city idiots!! She already felt safer, more truly secure, in New York than she ever had in Belleville. Life no longer stretched before her as something grey, monotonous, and dusty. Life was infinitely exciting, infinitely sweet, infinitely promising. Anything might happen—in New York.

III

The blow that smashed Susie's security into little bits and left her panic-stricken came of a morning two weeks later. There was no answer to her so confident pressure on the bell under Mr. Garner's card that morning. Susie rang and rang and rang again. But the lock did not click. Susie walked around the block and tried again. But still there was no answer. Susie went out to a telephone booth and called up Mr. Garner. But no one answered the telephone. Susie routed out the janitor and asked him what had happened to Mr. Garner.

The janitor looked at her askance.

"I'm his secretary," Susie said impatiently.

The janitor grinned.

"Funny thing," he said.

"What's funny?" Susie asked sharply.

"That you dont know he sailed for the other side yesterday afternoon."

"Sailed!" Susie cried.

"Sure. He had me rustling trunks out of the basement yesterday—said he had half an hour to catch the boat."

"But didn't he leave any message for me?"

"Not with me," the janitor said.

"But where's the maid?"

The janitor didn't know where the maid was; or what steamer it was Mr. Garner had sailed on; or when he was coming back.

Susie walked back to Fifth Avenue. She had six dollars in her purse. It was Friday. Her week's room rent was due on Sunday. What fool she had been to spend that hundred dollars! What a fool she had been to feel secure!! What a fool she had been to trust Mr. Garner!!!

But there must be some mistake. He must have left a message for her—and a check. Perhaps he had mailed her a check. But she remembered that he hadn't her address. He had never asked where she lived.

Susie went slowly back, putting herself in Mr. Garner's place, trying to imagine what he had done at each turn. She couldn't believe he had wantonly deceived her. He couldn't have known he was sailing for Europe when she had left the day before. She had left early because he had been called away at noon for a business appointment. Perhaps he had learned at that appointment that he must sail—that day. He had no way of reaching her.

But even if his intention had been honest, her predicament was desperate. She had six dollars. She wouldn't appeal to Dr. Bennett. She couldn't confess that she had spent his hundred dollars in one afternoon. She must get another job and somehow scrape thru till pay-day.

Susie went out and bought all the papers and, sitting in an Automat lunch room, studied the want-ads. She marked three possibilities. She started out to try them. But every one of them had been filled. She tried again on Saturday. But no young man smiled at her and dismissing the others told her he had a hunch that she would do the moment he saw her. The men she met were all middle-aged men, who asked for experience and finding she wasn't a trained and experienced stenographer, refused to consider her.

On Sunday, Susie confessed to the landlady. That person shook her head and blinked her hard eyes.

"One week," she said succinctly. "One week is all you get. Your trunk is good for one week. But that's all."

Susie counted her money. She had four dollars and eleven cents.

Susie was up at six on Monday morning; at six-thirty she was studying the want-ads; at nine she was one of a dozen girls waiting in the offices of a big insurance company; at nine-thirty a clerk handed out application blanks and announced that those whose applications seemed promising would be granted an interview within a week. Susie hurried on. Susie hurried on desperately all that week. Never once did she come within hailing distance of a job. Sunday found her ill with fright; half starved; with one silver dollar and two pennies in her purse. She ate an apple she had bought at a fruit stand the night before for breakfast. At noon the landlady came up and asked for her money.

"I haven't got it," Susie said piteously. "I—I'll leave before night."

At four in the afternoon she dressed carefully in her new clothes and walked down-stairs and out into Twenty-first street. Susie walked a block north. There was, Philip Garner had told her, a tradition that every actor and actress whose name was now blazoned in electric lights on Broadway had once slept in Bryant Park for want of enough money to sleep anywhere else. Susie walked on north, toward Bryant Park . . .

At the first corner she turned and looked longingly back at the doorway which, for three weeks, had been home. Tears came to her eyes; her lip trembled. Susie bit her lip and wiped her eyes with her handkerchief—with the handkerchief for which she had so recklessly paid a dollar and a half, the price of a filling meal, the price of a night's lodging.

(To be continued next month)

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 69*)

practiced, experienced writers of established reputation."

I asked him if he didn't find occasional good ideas amidst the crude workmanship of the amateur scenarios.

"Good ideas to be sure," he said. "There are lots of good ideas. Loving your mother is a good idea; a poor boy overcoming obstacles and becoming rich and powerful is a good idea; but how does that help me as a director of pictures? What I want are characters and situations. It is the working out of the idea that I need in my business."

There seems to be a great enthusiasm in Hollywood for legs—which had become nearly extinct on the screen.

Betty Compson's "The White Flower" which was made in Hawaii was little more than a seeing-Miss-Compson in bathing suits, grass skirts, shell skirts etc., etc., and less. Mack Sennett has announced that he is going back to girl comedies again and is assembling another beauty chorus from hither and yon. Clarence Badger is directing a mystery play at Goldwyn's, taken from "The Rear Car" which is heavily adorned by young ladies in imaginary skirts. At the Meyer Studio Gasnier is putting on a play called "Mothers in Law" in which a group of girls appear clad in gold leaf and nothing more. Incidentally it chanced that a highly respectable old carpenter from Iowa put in his first day as a motion picture "prop" man plastering on that gold leaf. "Oh if Ma should happen to come in here now," he groaned as he worked.

Altho it was an event quite to have been expected, Mrs. Wally Reid was stunned with dismay when her husband's relatives issued a statement to the press, back in Indiana protesting against her intention to put on a play showing the evils and dangers of the dope evil. She has no intention of giving up the project however. The picture is to be called "The Living Dead." John Griffith Wray is to direct it and C. Gardner Sullivan has written the continuity. James Kirkwood is to play the lead; others in the cast will be Bessie Love, George Hackathorne, Claire Mc Dowell, Victory Bateman, Eric Mayne and Mrs. Reid herself as the leading lady.

Pat Powers, who heads the R. C. pictures is a tempestuous and emphatic character. The other day he wired out to the studio, "'Day Time Wives' would be a great name for a title for a play; write a picture around it." So the faithful scenario department obliged and the picture has begun with Wyndom Standing, Grace Darmond, Anna Perdue, Kenneth Gibson, Ed Hearn, William Conklin and others in the cast.

A new arrival at the R. C. studio is Craig Biddle, the scion of the millionaire Philadelphia Biddles. He decided to leave Princeton University flat a few weeks ago and be a movie. He came to Hollywood looking for a job and landed one the first clatter with Mal St. Clair, the young director who is making a series of prize fight pictures with George O'Hara from the H. C. Witwer stories in Collier's. The young man's alarmed mamma followed him to the Coast but was favorably impressed and has agreed that, as soon as he learns the job, she will start him in the movies as a producer. Young Biddle is a modest, unassuming boy who has gone to great pains to "fit in": everybody likes him.

Making a Northwest picture, Irene Rich was badly bitten by a vicious malamute dog which was working in the picture.

(*Continued on page 119*)

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LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS

The Truth About Wives

(*Continued from page* 64)

critical of a justice that hung men for murder and let women go free. So many tearful and penitent women had escaped the penalty of their hysterical vengeance, by working on the sympathy of the juries, that each of the twelve felt that he must justify the confidence the state had placed in their judgment by choosing them for jury duty. An example must be made and Helen, poor unhappy woman, had come in for the muddled reaction of the too often and too publically goaded juror.

Thus are the interests of justice served.

Helen sat erect in her chair awaiting the verdict. The court room was silent for all its crowd of people. An air of chill expectancy pervaded the dingy surroundings. The judge regarded her gravely. She was not the usual sort who came to be tried before him for murder, obviously a gentlewoman, but the evidence was bad—bad. He felt there must be something back of her dignified silence, that no amount of probing had been able to shake. Emerson had pleaded her case well too, but he was quite sure the decision would be against her. Poor tried soul, he thought.

Alfred too looked at her not even trying to hide the love and anxiety that were torturing him. She smiled wanly at him and the jury filed back into the room.

"Guilty—with a recommendation for clemency."

Helen's eyes stared hopelessly, dully at the foreman as he spoke. Alfred drew in his breath. There was not a sound now, and the very quiet seemed to crash around Helen's ears like the roar of mighty waters.

Suddenly the crowd was on its feet staring in a mass at the figure of a man tearing down the aisle like a mad man. He stopped before the judge as two policemen sprang to his side. He stood there panting for a breath taking moment and then:

"Your Honor," a hoarse voice rasped, "she didn't kill Howard Hendricks. I did. God help me, she is my wife."

It was Harold, a Harold, gaunt-eyed and haggard with remorse, a man goaded beyond endurance by his conscience, a man in whom there still glowed a spark of manhood.

The judge turned to Helen almost with relief. "Does this man speak the truth?" he asked gravely.

"Yes," the woman answered, drooping her head.

"Forgive me Helen—if you can," breathed Harold, turning toward his wife and dropping to his knees. His guards let go their hold and stood silent for a moment.

But in that moment Harold Lawton tilted a tiny phial of poison down his throat and toppled over lifeless before them.

. . . . . .

A year later. . . .

"Dearest of men," said Helen Emerson, her face lit by a tender smile, "it seems as tho there was nothing much left of me, but of what there is, I will try to make you a good wife."

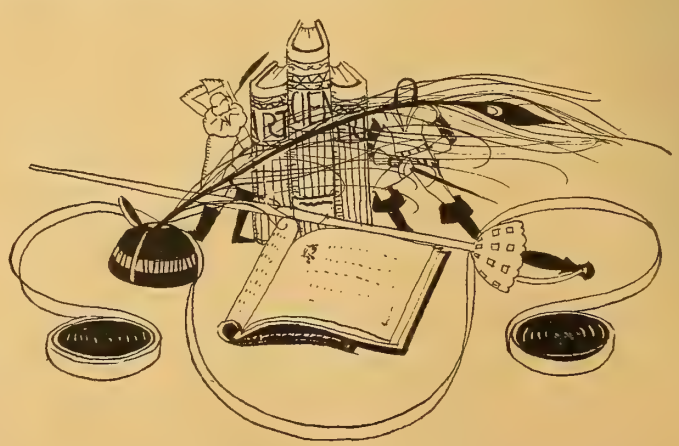
Alfred put his arms around her and drew her warm and yielding body closer to him.

"Dearest of women," he said, "you couldn't do anything else. The truth about any wife is, that she is too good for any husband."

THE TRUTH ABOUT WIVES

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Whitman Bennett production of the original story by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Lawrence Windom and starring Betty Blythe. The cast:

Helen Frazer	Betty Blythe
Mrs. Frazer	Nellie Spaulding
Col. Bob Alton	John Daly Murphy
Harold Lawton	Fred Jones
Alfred Emerson	William Carleton
Howard Hendricks	Tyrone Power
Letty Lorraine	Anne Luther
Baby	Frankie Evans
The Maid	Marcia Harris



Mister R. Valentino is *not* strictly unadulterated with personality. They are in some slight degree, at any rate, captive to his charm.

A. W. F. (*with unusual enthusiasm of appreciativeness*): You know, he acts like a human being. He isn't the matinée idol type at all. And it is evident that all this motion picture commercialism has *done* something to him. There's a wounded light in his eyes. Did you notice?

GLADYS HALL (*not so calmly*): I did. Miss Fletcher, I did. I am not to be criticised today upon any lack of attention.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*dreamily*): I know . . . I know . . . he's the reincarnation of some long-dead Italian lord who died for love-or-something-romantic.

G. H.: Dont go Tut-ankh-Amening, my child! You'll only have to give the proceeds to the Boro of Brooklyn, if you do. But beyond all else, he's a good sort, too. Sense of humor. Decent balance. You know. . . .

ADELE W. F. (*precariously opening the door of the wildly tossing taxi to admit air so that her shattered equilibrium may be recovered*): I do, Miss 'all, I do. . . .

G. H. (*practically*): Well, it's a merciful thing that every now and then we have to interview Ben Turpin and Theodore Roberts and Jackie Coogan and so on. . . . Just sort of to keep the old bean steady, dontcherknow. . . .

A. W. F. (*resignedly*): *Ah, well . . . (And the taxi narrowly collides with most of the other traffic. But they never know. They dwell in dreams. . . .)*

CURTAIN.

Daddy

(*Continued from page 47*)

music, because it made them forget more about their stomachs and about the cold winds that were not too well kept out. But when they had had a good day and a good supper they played chess, a rubber, before going to bed.

One day they read in the paper that Gallini was in the Big City. Rocco trembled like a young lover about to keep a first tryst with a dear mistress. His old eyes flamed with young ardor. Partly for himself, partly for Jackie.

"We will go without our supper tonight, child," he said, eagerly, "and go instead to hear Gallini play. We will have to sit far up, but even so it will be in heaven that we sit. You will hear music such as you have only dreamed of. Oh, it will be an opening of the gates of Paradise for you! What an opportunity! What an opportunity!"

Jackie was thrilled, too. He wanted to hear for the fiftieth time the story of old Rocco's friendship for the younger man, Gallini. And Rocco told him of the days before Gallini was famous and how the younger man had confided in him all his hopes and dreams. "Then he married," Rocco said, "and our ways were separate. But he would remember me, I know. There was between us such a bond as is not easily forgot. Yes, yes, Gallini would remember. He was so——"

Rocco and Jackie "sat in heaven." Now and then Rocco bent to watch the face of his little friend, and when he saw that the boy had been veritably borne on the strains of the great violinist's sheer artistry, he was content. He slipped his hand over and held Jackie's in his. In pure communion of joy they sat and listened, eyes closed, heads bent a little to one side. Gallini . . . Gallini was playing!

When it was done and the spellbound house sat in the perfect tribute of a perfect silence Rocco bent to Jackie. "We



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will go to the stage door," he whispered, "we will speak with him. He will remember me, he will remember me, I know. Perhaps he will speak to you, too. Perhaps he will even hear you play and advise you what you shall do."

"Oh, Rocco!" said the child, shrinking from so heady a draught.

But Gallini did not "remember." He came out hastily and at the door he saw only a bent old man with proffered, tremulous hand. The usual mendicant! That proffered, tremulous hand meant the usual thing . . . and Gallini slipped a coin into it before he stepped into his waiting car. He was tired and nervous, the concert had been a difficult one, the program long.

But to Rocco the coin was an evidence of a violated trust. Gallini had not remembered. Friendship sprung no pure well in his soul. The old man shrunk as tho the musician had offered him a blow and flung the coin away. Jackie, terrified, looked up at him and saw that the old face was blanched and drawn. Shocked. "Rocco," he whispered, "he didn't see you. He only saw your hand. He didn't see you, or he wouldn't have . . . "

Old Rocco shook his head. His head kept on shaking. He mumbled something about a musician sensing another musician. He had thought better of Gallini. That was not truly greatness . . . ah, what dross there is to any gold! Still his head kept shaking. Jackie saw that he was very ill. The shock had overbalanced him. The boy furtively picked up the coin and later, when his old friend was in bed, the boy crept quietly out with his violin and went to the street corner of the theater where Gallini had been playing. Rocco must have a doctor that same night. He couldn't wait until the morrow. There must be enough money to pay for medicine and care. . . .

When Gallini came again to the theater for his next performance that night he was arrested by the sound of a violin playing his favorite Rhapsody. He stopped his car. Only a strain or so had reached him, but his keen ear told him at once that he had never heard it played quite like that, and the tones of the violin were clearer than the morning sky and deeper than the depthless waters . . . a Strad', if he knew anything about it.

Gallini got out of his car and beheld the slight, upright figure of Jackie, his fiddle tucked under his chin, in an accustomed manner.

Gallini paused and heard the boy play thru to the finish, then, swiftly, he went over to him.

"Where did you learn to play like that?" he asked, without preamble.

Jackie raised his momentarily clouded eyes and recognized him, but he was at that moment an artist talking to another artist and there was no sense of inferiority in him.

"From my violin," he answered.

"But your teacher?"

"My violin," the boy repeated again, with just a touch of impatience. Hadn't he just said so? How was it that Gallini couldn't understand what was so understandable; then he added, "But I am not thinking of that just now. We have great trouble at home."

Gallini had thought only of the music and the marvel of the child's interpretation, now he was also arrested by the expression of his face, the timbre in his voice.

"May I ask," he said, courteously, "what your trouble is?"

"Why, yes," Jackie said, replacing his violin in its worn flannel case. "Rocco is very sick. Very sick, indeed. I have to get a doctor for him just as soon as

I make another thirty-six cents. A doctor costs three dollars to come to your house, doesn't he Mr. Gallini?"

Gallini's brow was drawn together. "Rocco!" What did that name conjure up for him? Why, the kindly, sad-eyed man who had given him, in his early youth, the perfect understanding that had first made him sure of himself. Why, the name of Rocco meant his *friend*, his good friend who had given so much—for nothing. Then he said, "But how did you know me?"

"We heard you tonight," the boy said, "Rocco and I. Once he knew you. He said that you would remember. He said that you were so—' But you weren't. You didn't remember him. You only gave him a coin. You see, that wasn't what he wanted!"

Gallini exclaimed. "At the stage door! An old man! Great God, no! Of course that wouldn't be what he wanted. My dear Rocco, my old friend. My child, you must take me to him at once. I've an hour before I play."

An hour was all that Gallini needed to spare. When they reached the attic room, hand in hand, old Rocco's eyes were turned toward other worlds, and perhaps, for him, Gallini holding his dear little friend by the hand was only the beginning of heaven. For him, perhaps, the great Gallini's head upon his breast, the famous hands fondling his own worn out, tired hands, the whispered assurance that "the boy" would be taken care of and educated for the violin, were merely the forerunners of his Paradise. But he died, with his face touched with a smile. He died with his eyes peaceful and assured. He knew that Gallini had never forgotten. He had "made good" for the child.

. . . . . .

Gallini did not play that night.

"I couldn't," he told Jackie, after the last sad arrangements had been made and old Rocco's body taken away for its last preparation.

"Of course not," said the other musician.

Gallini took the boy home. "First of all," he told him, "I'll have my valet scrub you up, and then we'll have supper together. I want you to tell me about Rocco and everything he said to you that you can remember. Then I want you to tell me about yourself."

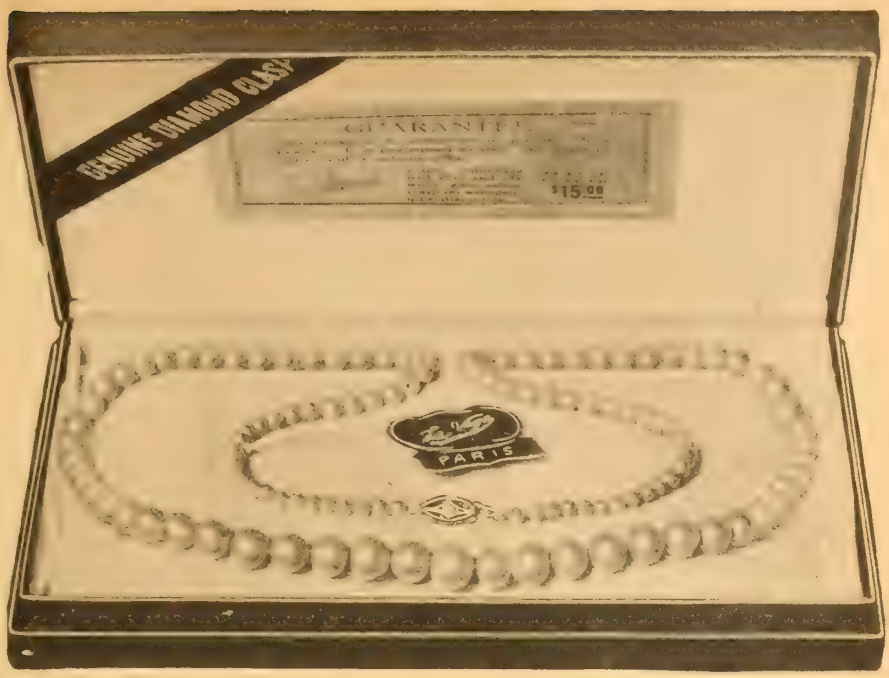
But as dearly as they loved Rocco it was of themselves that they talked that night, for when the boy was led into Gallini's room there, upon the dresser, stood the portrait of a woman and he cried out in a tremendous voice, "Why, that's my MOTHER!"

Then, from the worn case containing the violin, he drew his other treasure, which was his mother's picture, the duplicate of the one Gallini had on his bureau.

Long after Jackie had been undrest and installed in a pair of his father's pajamas, they sat and talked, the boy held fast in his father's arms. And because the boy was as old as life, the man told him the story of his mother and how she had run away because she did not understand that he, Gallini, was hers as a man, but, of necessity, the world's as an artist. And also because he was an artist, too, Jackie understood and told his father how his mother had sat, pale and chilled, when he, himself, had played, "because *I had to*."

And Jackie told of Mr. and Mrs. Holden and his father said that they would do more than that, they would put the old couple forever far from want.

"If I could do that, too, for Rocco," Gallini sighed, but the little Gallini shook his head. "You did all that you could do for him, *Daddy!*" he said.



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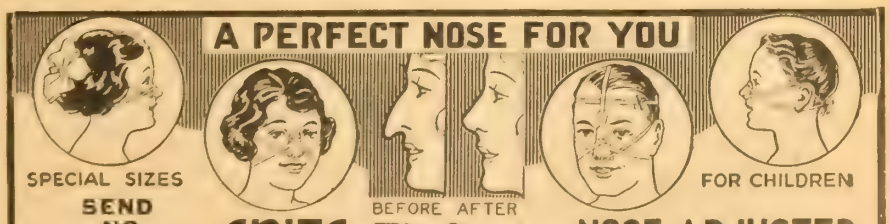
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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 88)

They were fascinating. But they hardly seemed substantial enough to carry her, small as she is, to the car waiting outside.

And of Sessue Hayakawa, it was the subtle poetry softening his Oriental mask which held our attention. We remembered too his great comprehension and intelligence, evident even to the first casual observance of an interviewer.

Later at the Henry Miller theater, where we went to see Jane Cowl as the loveliest Juliet of them all, we espied Harrison Ford a few rows ahead of us, accompanied by a Dark Lady.

Speaking of Jane Cowl in Romeo and Juliet, her voice thrilled us immeasurably. It seemed of liquid fire, warm and fluid. And we kept regretting that our motion picture has not yet the voice to enhance it. Frequently, this is no particular loss, but when one hears a voice like Jane Cowl's they realize with appreciation just how beautiful the human voice can be.

It was the night of March 26th—the night of the passing of Sarah Bernhardt. At the end of the second act, Jane Cowl came before the curtain. The applause was deafening but when her hands were raised beseeching silence the response was almost instantaneous. Miss Cowl then explained that the curtain would be raised again to find the entire company assembled on the stage. She asked the audience to rise and join with the company in a few moments' meditation and prayer as a tribute to Mme. Bernhardt who had just passed, remembering how much she had given the drama.

With something akin to reverence the audience acceded to her request and it was a stirring tribute. And too, it was a charming and gracious thing for Jane Cowl to do—all the more charming perhaps because we stop so seldom in the rush of our age for any manifestations whatever. More and more has come to be taken for granted.

* * * * * * *

Even tho we must accept the passing of Madame Bernhardt without regret, knowing that she enjoyed many full years of living, we probably do not yet realize the loss we suffer in her death.

Altho of the world's first rank in the spoken drama, she became tremendously interested in the motion picture. And, at the time she was taken ill, she was appearing in a motion picture which was being filmed in her Paris home.

Of the motion picture, Mme. Bernhardt said:

"I think every actor and actress who has attained fame should give his art to the films for posterity. If we could only see moving pictures of the court of Louis XIV, and the great figures of centuries gone by! Just imagine if we could witness on the screen the art of great actors now dead!

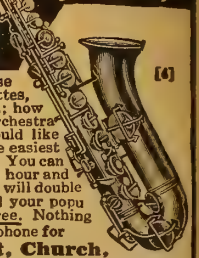
"The cinema is the miracle of the ages. It spells immortality. It is a magician who says we shall not die. To me it was the highest honor and dignity when I was asked to give my efforts to be kept for future audiences which have not yet seen the light of day in which I live."

A. W. F.

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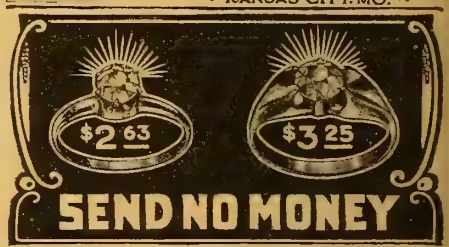
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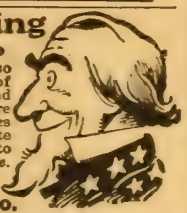
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

POLLY.—So you are going to the Coast and work your way there as a stenographer. I've heard of hitting the rails to the Coast, but never hitting the keys. I wish you luck. Let me hear from you on the way. Send me a picture post-card.

LITTLE BLONDE.—So you think I have a good set of brains. Yes, they are all running at top speed too. Mary Astor and Naomi Childers in "Success," directed by Ralph Ince for Metro. Louise Fazenda in "Pest of the Storm Country."

IONA FORD.—As Samuel Johnson says, "When a man has lived with his stomach forty years, he ought to know how to feed it." But most men dont know how. So you think you are over weight. Diet, my dear, and watch your calories. They are important after all. It is pronounced "Mee-an." "Lavender and Old Lace," by Myrtle Reed, has been done. Marguerite Snow had the lead. Yours was a peach, write me often.

ISLE OF VIEW.—You have me all wrong. I am neither too young to be wise, nor too old to be careful. Castellaneta, Italy, for Valentino's birthplace. That sure was a mighty interesting letter. Write again.

GUER.—Keep your head cool and your feet warm and you will be all right. I really cannot tell you where Marguerite de la Motte studied dancing. Sorry. Anna Little in "Eagle's Talons."

VINA ROSEN.—Well, Epicurus was a Greek philosopher and founder of the Epicurean School. Francis Ford is directing and playing in "The Fighting Skipper," and Grace Cunard is not playing. Marguerite Snow in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Constance is the youngest of the Talmadge sisters.

BERTHA.—A great deal of morphin and heroin are smuggled into this country from Germany, Switzerland and Japan. Ralph Graves was Spike in "Dream Street." Allene Ray is playing, and she is in California now.

BIG EYES.—I grant you, woman alone knows true loyalty of affection. And when she loves, she does love. You ask if Thomas Meighan is a Jew. 'Tis to laugh. Yes, he is married. May McAvoy is twenty-two. J. F. McDonald was Joe.

PEGGY.—So you live on a farm. They tell me that the only soft thing about the farm is the feather bed, and that that's hard to leave in the morning. Whoa, back! Richard Wayne was the lover in "Her Husband's Trademark." Haven't heard about the Mexico situation. Guess for desertion.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD MAID.—So you want to be an old maid. What have you got to say about it, wait until your heart starts in. Yes, the Bushmans, Francis X., and Beverly Bayne are playing in "Modern Marriage" and they will appear in person when the picture is shown for a three months' tour. Conway Tearle opposite Norma Talmadge in "Ashes of Desire."

MABEL 17.—Yes, my error. Antonio Moreno married while I was answering my questions. My fault.

GEE GEE.—Some stationery. Did you get it for Christmas? Constance Talmadge has recently become an aunt. Theodore Roberts has a mustache. Yes, Lucille Stewart, Anita's sister, married Ralph Ince. Rudolph Cameron is Anita's husband, but they have agreed to disagree, you know.

(*Continued on page 114*)



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The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page 72*)

His sense of egotism is perhaps personally unrealized, nevertheless, it acts as a decided spur to achievement, for this latent arrogance, affiliated with his good rising-sign, imposes an enforced activity upon even such an energetic nature.

Unexpected self-consciousness creates in him a certain forced heartiness or shallowness of manner but it disguises really innate sincerity and an anxiety to please, for this man must be credited with a personally developed power of perseverance and in addition, he is kind, courteous and refined.

Mr. John Emerson, the noted scenario writer, whose birth-date is also May 23rd, partakes of the influence of Venus to a greater extent than Mr. Fairbanks, and for that reason, he has absolute control over the Gemini inability of concentration.

Mr. Emerson is a great seeker of knowledge also an omnivorous reader, his choice of literature covering an extremely wide range, besides, he holds a sincere admiration for the mental or scientific attainments of others and his own unusually brilliant and active imagination readily conceives ideas or situations, with such rapidity as to even astonish himself.

Perhaps his strongest trait, is a faculty for estimating everyone with whom he comes in touch, a talent enabling him to enlist the aid of friends in the accomplishment of his desires for he seldom fails to use intuition to his advantage, as this horoscope shows shrewdness and tact, coupled with an aptitude for oratory, and we find few persons are his equal in diplomacy.

June 4th is the natal day of Mr. Robert Cain, who, possessing a magnetic personality, is keenly sensitive to unkindness, altho not vindictive, and his alert mentality instantly grasps the subtle points which elude more phlegmatic minds.

Altho not conservative, he demonstrates distrust to a great extent and does not easily accept any theory before witnessing absolute proof, nevertheless, unlike the Taurus people, he can be convinced by evidence and is not argumentative in differing with others.

All of these men are gentle and especially sympathetic to anyone in distress; however, the undeveloped natives of Gemini evince shallowness by shirking responsibility and pursuing their own pleasures when called upon in time of need, besides, some of these people are noted for the peculiarity of succumbing easily to the effects of alcoholic stimulants, and under its influence, their manners are vulgar, agitative and generally disagreeable.

The temperament of Mme. Alla Nazimova, whose birthday occurs in the Cusp, on May 22nd, is undoubtedly the complex combination of both planets, as, while she has rapidity of decision and a fondness for immediately completing her plans, we find also an oddly patient stubbornness, superinduced by abundant self-confidence.

Easily swayed by emotion, and extremely sensitive to environment, her sensations are so vivid that, altho fundamentally an artist, she might find difficulty in conveying the depth of her feelings to others, yet besides this, there is a contradicting business-sense plus the ability to create any desired surroundings.

Miss Leah Baird, born June 20th, is impressionable and secretly lacking in conceit, having, as well, an admirable love for the beauties of nature, especially flowers, however, she does not expertly judge character and she might err in

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choosing her friends, deciding by appearance rather than by worth.

She enjoys travel, dislikes monotony or anything that requires concentration, but she is a true home-maker and socially ambitious, also often considerate of the comfort of associates.

Both of these actresses have endurance with great capacity for work but the majority of Gemini women show such little perseverance that few of them attain celebrity.

In writing fan-letters to stars of this planet, I can advise candid criticism altho approbation would be appreciated for while frequently shallow, the Gemini subjects never merit unkindness. In love affairs they suffer thru misplaced affection and their most decided trait is that once they are certain of another's admiration, they no longer regard that person.

They attract and are attracted by those born in October, February, December, August and April, in order named, and the faults of Gemini are insincerity, trickiness, diffusiveness, suspicion, shallowness, untruthfulness, a tendency to begin many things and finish nothing and a propensity to choose friends, especially among the opposite sex, for looks or wealth, rather than for character.

Others born under this planet, besides those whom I have especially mentioned are Dustin Farnum, born May 27th, John Stewart Robinson, (Director) born June 14th, Henry Woodruff, born June 1st, Sidney Franklyn born June 5th, Franklyn Farnum born June 5th, Walter Hall (writer) born May 26th, Richard Bennett born May 21st, Edmund Breese born June 18th, William Courtney born June 19th, Arnold Bennett born May 27th, Robert Hilliard born May 28th, Frances Starr born June 6th, Kate Lester born June 12th, and Kathlyn Williams born May 31st.



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Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

Useless as a Rabbit's Tail

The best thing a rabbit can do with his tail is to sit on it. And that's about as much use as some men make of their bodies. There are so many flat-chested, weak-kneed specimens walking the streets these days that a real live man is a curiosity. The average man of today has about as much ambition for exercise as a jelly-fish. If he runs 50 yards, he puffs like a steam engine, sits down and feels as though he were ready to die. And, take it from me, he isn't far from it.

Cut it out fellows. Don't be a cake-eater. If you ever knew the joys of a real healthy body, you would start this minute to get one. And that is just what you are going to do. The undertaker has his eye on you, but give him the laugh and say: "Not yet, old boy."

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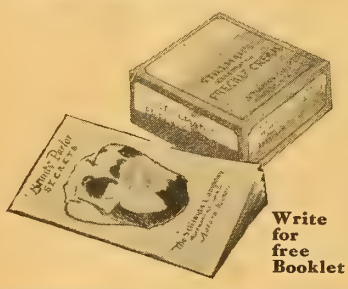
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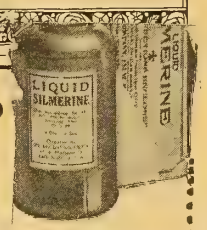
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Genius and Talent

(*Continued from page* 50)

not state that a genius did this or that in a certain way, and that we like him because of some particular characteristic. Our criticisms are generally on this order: "He (or she) just somehow seems to grip you in spite of yourself."

Take the case of some of the leading women stars of the screen. Gloria Swanson is popular because she represents the eternal sweetheart, and because she has striking beauty and an engaging personality.

Mary Miles Minter's appeal is that of the sweet, tender, domestic girl who stands for one's younger sister and boyhood friend.

Elsie Ferguson is the aristocrat and woman of culture and refinement, with poise, dignity, and intelligence.

Constance Talmadge represents the sympathetic girl-friend and "pal" who can understand and comfort; and, at the same time, she is clever and amusing.

Alice Terry has a sweet, wholesome, trustworthy personality, with the appeal of loyalty and wifeliness. . . .

And so one could go thru the entire list of the screen's women stars.

To be sure, these actresses have numerous other qualities which are also sources of popularity; but, in each case, you can explain their personalities and analyze their appeal.

But when you come to Mary Pickford, the situation is quite different. Try as you will, you can not explain in specific terms why she stands unchallenged at the head. It matters but little what sort of rôle she plays—whether it is that of a young boy or a middle-aged mother—that subtle, elusive "thing" is always present, wielding its power and producing its effect.

Now turn for a moment to the male screen stars. It is simple enough to explain Rodolph Valentino's vogue. He is the handsome romantic lover, with a manly bearing, a distinguished air, and a fine capacity for sincere and restrained acting.

Will Rogers arouses in us a powerful instinct of pathos and sympathy, and appeals to our submerged spirit of carefree vagabondage.

Thomas Meighan holds his public by his fine sincerity, his trustworthy manliness and virile masculinity.

Charles Ray has a simple, straightforward, honest, unsophisticated nature which, when projected thru his boyishly naturalistic acting, produces in us a warm and sympathetic reaction.

As in the cases of the women mentioned above, these male stars also possess many other traits that endear them to the public; but, in each instance, the shrewd critic is able to analyze these traits. And this fact is true of practically every other male star of the screen.

On the other hand, no critic has yet succeeded in putting his finger on the specific qualities in Douglas Fairbanks that have brought about his tremendous popularity. Practically every motion picture reviewer praises him for some different trait or quality. No two of them agree as to just what it is that has made him great.

As for Chaplin, a whole library has been written about him. Eminent critics and writers of various nations have endeavored to solve the secret of his astounding success. But with what result? Each one has a different answer—and each one is right! Chaplin's power is unanalyzable; and the true secret of his greatness will always remain a mystery, because genius itself is an insoluble mystery.

Talent, however, is a different thing. We can, if we look deep enough, discover the source of its appeal—even when it is talent of so high an order that it approximates to genius.

And it is this hair-line of distinction—this hair-line which is likewise a vast unbridgeable chasm—that divides these three or four players from all other players on the screen.

There is also another difference between genius and talent. Genius may actually fall below its usual high standard of perfection, and still exert its power; whereas, if talent falls temporarily below its customary standard, it immediately fails.

We see this exemplified again and again in the silent drama. Mary Pickford has done several very bad pictures; and in some of them her acting has been nothing to boast of. But, despite this fact, the pictures have taken hold, purely because of her participation in them.

On the other hand, when an actress like Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge or Mary Miles Minter falls short of her best in some inferior picture which does not suit her, the production is usually a failure.

Fairbanks, also, has made films so incompetent, and given performances so inadequate, that, had Valentino, Meighan, Charles Ray or Will Rogers been the star, the result would have been disastrous. But in Fairbanks's case, his presence alone has saved the pictures.

And Chaplin! It is a notorious fact that he has produced pictures which were so inherently bad that no other comedian in the world would have dared release them—pictures almost without point or idea—pictures in which Chaplin himself fell far, far below his usual standard. But those pictures have had their undeniable appeal. Why? Because of that indefinable power in the man, which we call genius.

All this explains why, when we criticize the work of Mary Pickford, or Fairbanks, or Chaplin, we do not emphasize the fact that they gave a superb performance, or did a remarkably fine piece of technical acting, or achieved a splendid characterization. In short, we do not analyze and particularize. Instinctively, we realize that, in their case, these things do not fundamentally matter.

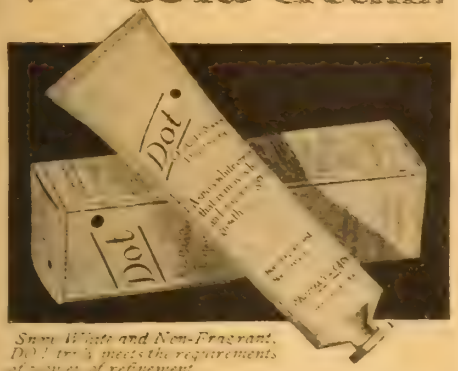
However, with all the other great stars we do try to give specific descriptions of their work. We point to this or that achievement, and refer enthusiastically to the characteristics of their various rôles. And, if you will notice, nearly all the leading stars are continually being praised for their histrionic ability. On every hand you will hear that so-and-so is a marvelous actor, or an inspired actress.

But rarely is Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks eulogized in this fashion. I noted particularly the reviews of "Robin Hood"; and almost no critic placed any importance on Fairbanks's personal performance.

It is only in its external signs—or, rather, in its effect upon us—that we can identify genius. There is no other way of explaining it. It simply is there, or it isn't there. No one can develop it, or achieve it. And no one can imitate it. Moreover, the people who possess it are entirely unconscious of it. They have no idea what it is that makes them a genius. They simply were born with it and have it, just as they may have a Roman nose or a natural wave in the hair.

This visitation, as you might call it, of genius is the same in all the arts. Take

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music, for example. There are certain great composers whose names will go down in history for all time. They possessed colossal talent, and, by study and hard work, they developed that talent.

Schumann is a good example of the highly educated, highly talented composer. We know just why he is great, because we can analyze the qualities of his greatness.

Then, on the other hand, there are those rare musical geniuses whose real qualities elude us. Beethoven is such a genius; and so is Schubert. While we can point out certain things in both of them which made for greatness, there is something left over which we can not put our finger on.

And regard the case of Mozart. When he was still a child he solved musical problems which had never before been solved except by old and experienced musicians. He wrote sonatas, which were musically perfect, when he was only seven. And at the age of ten he memorized and transcribed an entire musical program after one hearing—a feat which was nothing short of miraculous. There is no way of accounting for Mozart's early achievements except on the basis of genius.

And this brings us to the performances of little Jackie Coogan. The leading critics are agreed that his acting is almost flawless, and that he seems to do instinctively things which ordinarily come only after long years of experience. He enacts certain rôles with a finesse, and a maturity, and—what is more important—a compelling sincerity and conviction, such as is only possible—logically speaking—after a lifetime of intensive training and study.

Furthermore, it has been brought out in interviews that young Coogan is wholly unaware of how he accomplishes his results, and is unable to explain his methods.

Nor can the critics themselves explain what it is that makes Master Coogan a great actor. Many of them have tried. It isn't merely that his acting is technically correct, and that he does the right thing at the right time. It is something subtler than that.

An interesting example of genius in the operatic world is Mary Garden. She is not particularly beautiful. She is too large, theoretically, for certain famous young-girl parts. And, admittedly, she has no voice to speak of. Scores of other singers are better suited, both physically and vocally, to enact the rôles she plays. And yet for many years she has held her audiences as none of the great vocalists have been able to do.

Genius is the one quality which endures, despite all handicaps and misfortunes. Talent—no matter how great—will, under certain conditions, lose its hold upon the public. This is why, in the motion pictures, certain stars achieve popularity for a few years and are then supplanted by other stars.

But the true geniuses go on and on from one success to another, irrespective of competition or change. They are, as it were, perpetual. How many times has it been predicted that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were losing their hold! But they have weathered every storm. They have passed unscathed thru fire which would have consumed the mere talented star.

When one has genius, youth does not matter; beauty does not matter; technique does not matter; the character of the role, even, does not matter. The divine spark is always there; and that is the only thing which counts.

But how few real geniuses there are! The motion pictures have more than their share. And sometimes when we are complaining about poor pictures, we should remember this fact, and be duly grateful.

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Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 58)

no matter whether the Bard of Avon wrote it or some "hack" writer who lives on the Rhine. We would like to see these two gifted thespians in American productions. They should come over and establish a school for screen acting. There are so many who could learn a few things about poise, repression and character psychology.

Can A Woman Love Twice?—Film Booking Offices

Ethel Clayton at last has a feature which gives her an opportunity to appear sincere. She has been burdened with hackneyed stories which taxed her efforts to be genuine as much as they taxed the credulity of the spectators. "Can A Woman Love Twice?" is a rather complicated story telling a tale of a war widow who, to circumvent the efforts of her late husband's parents to rob her of her child, clutches desperately at an opportunity which marks her as a fraud. She learns that another hero of the war bears her husband's name. He is listed as dead. But she packs up bag and baggage and joins the dead youth's parents.

The conflict may be imagined when the boy comes home very much alive. He had enlisted under another name thru being disowned by his stern father. The scenes offer a feud between the parent and son until the old man appreciates that his offspring has caught up with his character. The romance isn't hastily developed. In fact the story is logically treated and carries a deal of interest. One or two episodes smack of a convenient touch, but they are unimportant in the scheme of things. You will like the picture.

Success—Metro

A picture of the stage which does not suggest anything novel or different. It is convenient and the long arm of coincidence reaches out and ties the episodes together. We have a Shakespearean actor, who, unable to stand prosperity, falls from his high estate and embraces poverty with all its misery before the pendulum swings in the opposite direction and leads him back to happiness and the heights. His wife leaves him, his daughter grows into young womanhood thinking him dead and after a lapse of twenty years a new Lear is basking in the spotlight of popularity.

Comes the climax bringing with it a fairly effective stage scene when the downtrodden actor puts on the mantle of Lear again because of the intoxicated condition of the young thespian. Consequently the fires of pent-up emotion burst forth and he makes a big hit. Result? Daughter is brought to him and the wife forgives him. Thus to the reconciliation.

It will be noticed that Brandon Tynan, as the broken-down actor, tries to be in character. He ages with the lapse of time, but Naomi Childers lets the years rest lightly on her shoulders. She hasn't grown a day older in appearance. Very conventional this story, written and directed to appeal to sympathetic and sentimental patrons.

Mr. Billings Spends His Dime—Paramount

A mild, little comedy-romance is offered here—one which takes us back to the South American revolution formula, but which contains all the essential local color and incident to furnish a satisfactory hour without taxing one's imagination. The picture presents the rotund Walter Hiers as a star—a young man who has displayed his capabilities for several seasons but on account of Fatty Arbuckle's huge bulk, his talent was hidden. Fatty, however, is out of the way and Hiers shows that he can do anything that was formerly catalogued as Arbuckle's own property. There is no slapstick in his methods. He wears a winning smile, possesses a pair of trick eyebrows and "soft pedals" his scenes. Therefore his work is entirely ingratiating.

The story? Oh something about a haberdashery clerk who spends his last dime in buying a cigar the band of which carries a likeness of a South American beauty. Then to the revolution and the customary high jinks. George Fawcett lends a colorful sketch as the generalissimo and Jacqueline Logan is adequate in her rôle of the girl.

Minnie—First National

The ugly duckling tale—this "Minnie" carrying thru with some ingenious incident, and capitally acted by Leatrice Joy in the title rôle—who manages to be convincing until Marshall Neilan resorts to the ancient practice of making her over into a perfect beauty. Thus he misses the psychology of the study—for it stands to reason that a girl, so little endowed with an adaptability to mould herself after her more fortunate sisters under the skin, could not, in the twinkling of an eye, emerge as a radiant belle with the world at her feet.

The picture is interesting all the way and its theme ushers in a note of novelty in the desperate measure which the girl adopts to have romance. She writes letters to herself and complications develop. It finally happens that an ugly duckling of the sterner sex brings sunshine into her drab life. Look for the auto rides when Minnie walks home. You will enjoy them. Indeed, you will enjoy the entire picture.

If Winter Comes—Fox

The picturization of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel—one of the greatest pieces of fiction of all time—will satisfy all the champions of the author even tho, this gifted writer is difficult to translate for the silversheet because of his style. "If Winter Comes" as a book generated a magnificent spiritual quality thru the lovable character of Mark Sabre. Harry Millarde, who was assigned to the difficult task of transferring the work to the screen, has followed the text faithfully, bringing out all the salient episodes. He has succeeded in suggesting the spiritual tone, too, and all things considered he has done a first-rate job, even tho the picture lacks a genuine dramatic substance.

Readers of the book found it sketchy. Indeed it was a character study of a very likable fellow who was living in constant embarrassment over the sharp tricks of nature—a fellow caught in the embrace of three romances. His married life was disastrous, simply because his wife was not gifted enough to understand him. Millarde employs the whimsical touch of the bicycle, the humorous episodes concerning the servants, High Jinks and Low Jinks, the enlistment scene and the dramatic climax. It is this climax which furnishes whatever dramatic substance Hutchinson has written into the book. Poor Sabre is defending himself in the witness box for

(*Continued on page* 106)

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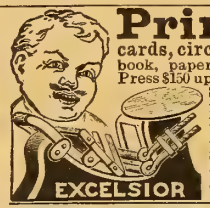
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Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 104)

the murder of Effie, altho she really committed suicide.

No director could catch the awful misery of the scene as it is written. No director could possibly catch the whimsy, the beautiful expression of the book. Reading the novel, and then seeing the picture, one must admit that the latter falls far short in stimulating the imagination. But, nevertheless, it is a sincere attempt to make something moving — something human—something with a soul. Percy Marmont makes a first rate Sabre, altho he often misses in suggesting the whimsical nature of the man. Ann Forest is a satisfactory Nona. Many of the other players overact. The picture's exteriors were caught in the exact locale of the story. Its atmosphere is perfect.

Daddy—First National

Jackie Coogan shows how clever he is in this picture because he fairly dominates the story—which was written merely to provide a vehicle. Without Jackie's art and personality it would be dismissed as poor stuff. But in watching the boy-wonder juggle spaghetti on his fork and his tender scenes with the old violinist particularly when the musician dies—these moments are sufficient in making the picture more than interesting. The little fellow's mother takes him away to his grandparents because she believes her violinist husband unloyal. When she dies and the old people are unable to keep up the home, Jackie goes to the city to make good. He picks up with the street musician, meets his father in a convenient manner and the latter, not such a bad man after all, rescues the grandparents from the poorhouse.

Written solely to tug at the heart because of Jackie's plight. He has several amusing scenes as well as a number which call for emotional display. But it is too commonplace to shed a tear over despite young John's lachrymose glands which are employed to exact pity and sympathy.

The Isle of Lost Ships—First National

With an epidemic of sea stories upon us, most of which are cut from a familiar cloth, it occasionally happens that a real novelty comes forth for appreciation. Such a picture is "The Isle of Lost Ships" which records in its log of eight reels the adventures of ship-wrecked passengers aboard a derelict steamer which drifts into the Sargasso Sea, the watery morgue for ships from the days of the Spanish galleons to the transatlantic liners of modern times. Maurice Tourneur has collected some remarkable views with atmosphere which carries an eerie quality.

There is much adventure, much fantastic coloring, much romance and suspense revolving around a handful of characters, one of whom is an escaped convict, another a detective, and a girl. The novelty will take you on a weird journey and as you follow the interesting chain of events your imagination will soar. Be sure to see it.

Where The Pavement Ends—Metro

And so it came to pass that Rex Ingram took up the ancient South Sea formula and thru excellent treatment of story and characters and embellishing it with gorgeous backgrounds, has brought forth one of the most beautiful pictures ever recorded. John Russell's story, "The Passion Vine," compels the interest all the

way. The triteness of the plot is forgotten in the exquisite tapestry of scenes.

Here we have our old friend, the missionary, who neglects his daughter to save a vicious trader. She falls in love with a native who after rescuing her from the scoundrel, is repulsed. His suicide may not appeal to the "happy enders" but it is the only solution possible. Harry Morey is vigorous as the trader, Ramon Navarro lends color to the rôle of the trader and Alice Terry enacts her study of the girl with plenty of emotional feeling. A fine picture.

THE BUSTER—FOX

This is another variation of taming the shrew who happens in this instance to be a high-spirited girl from Boston. The man who does the taming is a western ranchman and he has a fairly exciting time on his hands rushing to her rescue and saving her from the villain. Call "The Buster" just an average motion picture which is slightly better than what Dustin Farnum has been given the past year. You can spot the development and climax from the start. But it keeps moving—and that is something in its favor.

GIANTS VS. YANKS—PATHE

For spontaneous comedy achieved thru relying upon the natural comicalities of adaptable youngsters, the "Our Gang" series of two-reelers are almost in a class by themselves. The director who fashions these ingenious designs certainly knows a thing or two about the psychology of tender youth. He has collected a motley group of kids, ranging all the way from Mildred Davies' brother to a tiny pickaninny of the feminine sex. Of course Sunshine Sammy and Mickey Daniels are present—the former putting over some real ebony high jinks, the latter relying upon his freckles and his quizzical expressions to bring the laughs.

"Giants vs. Yanks" shows these youngsters—products of the neighborhood—avoiding their various duties to reproduce the World's Series. The ball game degenerates into a riot when the gang is taken into a house which bears the sign "Quarantine." They stage a real rough-house before their wrathful parents are able to take them home.

The impression gathered from these comedies is that they show healthy happy youth cutting up didos just as you would have them. Nothing is added—nothing is taken away to make them other than accurate and colorful. This particular comedy should find response everywhere. The kids are perfectly natural without any sign of that precociousness which often irritates.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN—HODKINSON

A colorless, spineless picture which uses up yards of perfectly good celluloid which might better have been used for collars, is "Just Like A Woman." A sticky little recipe about a boarding school girl masquerading as a prim and proper young old maid in order to show her aunts that she is not the sort of girl that they imagined. George Fawcett—what are you doing in the cast? And Ralph Graves, you are not at ease as the young romancer. It's inconsequential and trivial and a sure cure for insomnia.

SCARS OF JEALOUSY—FIRST NATIONAL

Thomas H. Ince puts on a Southern feud story here—a feud between a blue-blooded colonel, suh, and his scapegrace son. The boy is disinherited and the proud parent adopts an ignorant mountaineer who, tho

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On the Watermelon-seed Circuit

China has fallen for the flickerings of the silver sheet and begun making her own pictures! Plots, sub-titles and vamps, naïve in the desire to emulate American movies. Imitation may be sincere flattery but it also can be amusing.

Pity the Poor Married Man!

Is the modern woman confiscating all his rights? Is he relegated to lead a narrow, stupid life while his wife enjoys her new freedom? Thyra Samter Winslow, author of "Picture Frames," the literary sensation of the season, has an amusing and ironic skit on the married man called, "Our Standard Bearers," in SHADOWLAND for June.

Enter the British Viewpoint

R. le Clerc Phillips, English writer and critic, discusses the American short story. Her article should rouse our critics and writers to the defense of their short story.

An Adventurer Among Artists

There is a special art article about "Pop" Hart and his paintings of realistic studies in the South Sea Islands. A reproduction in full colors of his picture, The Bathers, is given.

SHADOWLAND
for June

a Cajan and therefore a descendant of a French noble, is looked upon by the good gentry of the countryside, as a shiftless, worthless, good-for-nothing. The Cajans are moonshiners. So we have the feud between them and the revenuers.

Ince starts off with a prologue showing the nobles fleeing from France to escape the wrath of royalty and finding a haven in the Alabama hills. The boy is made over by the mountaineer. And a forest fire is also in the scheme. Perfectly obvious and not sustaining the interest thruout, but always vital when Frank Keenan shows himself. This character-actor can play the colonel better than any of his contemporaries.

THE LOVE NEST—KEATON—FIRST NATIONAL

That morose, stony-face comedian, ...ster Keaton, carries on as usual in his ... expression, "The Love Nest." His ... of tricks is opened and out jumps a ... line of absurdities which are up... usly funny. Buster utilizes the situation but no one is aware of it ... wakes up at the finish. A dis... d suitor is Keaton. He equips his ... m which is taken the title and sets ... the high seas. And then the fun ... When he anchors alongside of a ...hip and is taken aboard, the skip... ...s him his cabin boy.

...ludicrous is the scene showing ...whaleman casting his men into ... and tossing a wreath after them. ...ids a watery grave by the simple ... of double-crossing the skipper. ... most laughable touch of all is ... whale is harpooned with Buster ...g to draw him in as if he had a ... on the end of his line. The ... teases him for the subsequent ...ows him flying thru space and the ...r continues as Buster swims to the ... with the whale in tow.

The comedy finishes with the comedian endeavoring to fish from a target standard. The battleship's projectiles are dropping all around him and he mistakes them for flying fish. He wakes up when the standard is blown to pieces. A sure comedy knock-out—this new Keaton piece—one which will set the entire audience rocking with laughter. Dont miss it.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY—HODKINSON

It's been a good many years since Ralph Connor wrote "The Man From Glengarry," and the story, carrying the conventional plot of the timberlands, has been used time and again. Yet there is exposed sufficient melodramatic action, which staged as it is against a background of Nature at her primeval best, suffices in holding one's interest. The incident and the picturesque scenes more than compensate for a trite story. Some of the episodes are positively exciting—particularly when the lumberjacks shoot the logs down the rapids and hop about with careless abandon.

The director has staged his picture amid awe-inspiring backgrounds. It must be said that these are much more interesting than the plot which revolves around two rival lumber camps—with a Canuck versus a big Scot providing the intimate conflict. A couple of girls who appear to furnish the romance are really superfluous.

It is life in the raw—this picture, depicting as it does, rough and tumble fights, logs shooting down the river and one or two characteristic comedy bits. The concluding scenes are out of harmony and seem forced and arbitrary. The acting is adequate enough, tho the players are all inclined to give way too much to their emotions.



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The Reformation of Wallace Beery

(*Continued from page 77*)

laugh and joke and be kind-hearted. Kings in pictures and on the stage are usually pompous sticks."

Wallace Beery is a product of the Middle West, having been born on a farm in Missouri. Here, all unconsciously, he and his brother Noah, laid the foundation for their future success as actors of prowess. With the hard farm work they gained robust health and fine physiques, while they dreamed of winning honors in the world beyond their narrow horizon.

Noah had already started out and was playing in "Way Down East," when Wallace decided to try his wings. "So," Wallie took up the story, "I ran away from home and landing in Kansas City discovered Forepaughs-Sells circus entertaining the town. Of course, I made straight for the show and bothered them so much that they finally took me on as an elephant trainer.

"After the first thrill was over I found I didn't like circuses—so I made a bee line for New York. Here I gained a hearing with Henry W. Savage and joined one of his musical comedies—I was starred for a season in 'The Yankee Tourist.'

"I had a big, deep voice and played with several Broadway successes, among them, 'The Student King,' and the all star cast of 'The Prince of Pilsen.'"

In 1915 he turned his eyes toward the beckoning films and went with Essanay where for two years he played leading comedy rôles, creating his well-known character of *Sweedy*, and in 1917 he journeyed westward to join Mack Sennett's merry forces. His first dramatic success before the camera was as the heavy in Blanche Sweet's picture, "The Unpardonable Sin."

"You know how it is in pictures," ventured Wallace, "whatever you win your first honors with there you stay—so I've been villaining every since. I like the rôles, they are strong and definite, usually the center of thrilling situations and in at the climax—if I live that long."

Mr. Beery registers as a Novelty! He doesn't want to direct, be starred nor even featured.

To my excited, *why*, he explained.

"When you head your own company you seldom have a chance to act. Stories are written to suit your personality and you slip into them as you would a coat. It is dressing the skeleton which the scenario gives you, building up the man and even making his dastardly deeds consistent and human that interests me."

While he was doing "Robin Hood," he was also playing in a Robinson-Cole production, "Wreckage." He's the hero of the tale, too, something he has always sidestepped but he couldn't resist the fun of playing with Noah, who is the heavy.

"The we have been in the same picture several times," he said, "we have never had a scene together but in this we follow each other thru the entire story, staging a terrific fight among other things. It's a stiff one, wholly primitive and as we are pretty evenly matched it ought to make a good battle."

The Beerys are devoted brothers, rivaling the several sets of famous sisters of the screen, and each delights to sing his praise of the other. Both being exponents of brutal Struggle and Strife, of which all scenarios demand a goodly portion.

Still, as we say, Wallace is reforming but perhaps it is but temporary. At any rate, whatever character he gives to the screen, will always be like the man himself—virile, vigorous and sincere.

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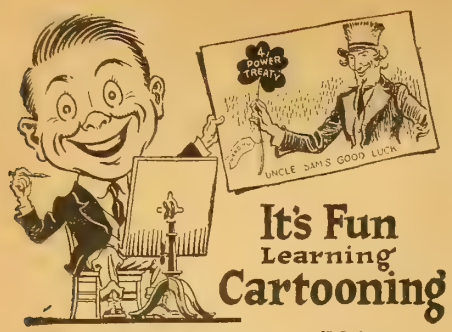
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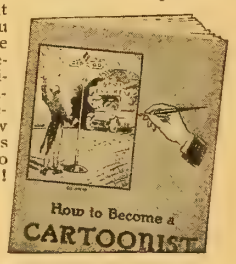
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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 65)

Impressions of several stars.

DEAR EDITOR: From time to time I have noticed letters from those who have seen some of the movie celebrities in person, telling what impressions the stars made upon the writers. As I spent some little time in southern California and was fortunate enough in getting a number of "close-up" views of quite a few of the stars, I am wondering if the following personal impressions would be of interest to you and your readers?

It is strange the ideas a person will get about movie stars, when these stars are seen only on the screen and their personal traits and habits are known by just what is published in magazines. To see these same stars walking down a street, in a restaurant, or at a theater or dance, will quite often change these ideas you have entertained about them; sometimes more in favor of the star and a few times vice versa.

For example, one evening I saw Thomas Meighan get out of his car in front of the Alexandria Hotel. He stopped and talked with some friends a few minutes and then walked into the hotel. Besides looking much younger than on the screen, he was a far handsomer chap than I had ever imagined him. He has a very rugged and bronzed complexion, looking like a mining engineer or life guard.

Ethel Clayton was a little woman you couldn't help but turn and admire; so neatly groomed and such a striking type of beauty. She uses no make-up except upon her long eye lashes. Having a very fair complexion and hair that is almost a pale gold in shade, you can imagine the contrast that her eyes afford. Her voice is rather low and soft in tone. Her enunciation of words and her grammar show her to be cultured and well read.

I happened to be in the Xenia Room at the Ambassador Hotel one evening, when that hostelry first opened. Near our table I recognized a familiar young woman but she was so quiet and reserved that I hardly could connect her with the fiery Dorothy Dalton of the screen. She is better looking than in the movies. Using but very little make-up and with hair that is of a shade that is between an extremely dark blonde and a very light brunette, she makes a most favorable impression with people, when out in public. She, like Ethel Clayton, dresses with infinite care and good taste. Her clothes are not flashy or overly ornate, as some of our famous movie stars, who specialize in sumptuous wardrobes, dress. Instead, they are the kind of clothes, that by their simplicity, bespeak expense and quality.

Bryant Washburn and his wife appear to be a very devoted couple in public and are certainly as good looking a young pair as anyone would care to see dancing together.

Late one Sunday afternoon, I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard, when I noticed a young couple come out of a confectionery shop. They were both in good spirits, laughing and talking, and my first impression was that they were among those of Hollywood's younger set, who were home from Stanford or Berkeley for the spring vacation. As they were walking but a short distance ahead of me I couldn't help but hear the young man laugh and say, "All right then, remember I'm the director this time. Now first, register great anxiety!" At that the girl laughed and turning her face toward him gave a quick impersonation of the expression on a "ham" actress's face registering, as



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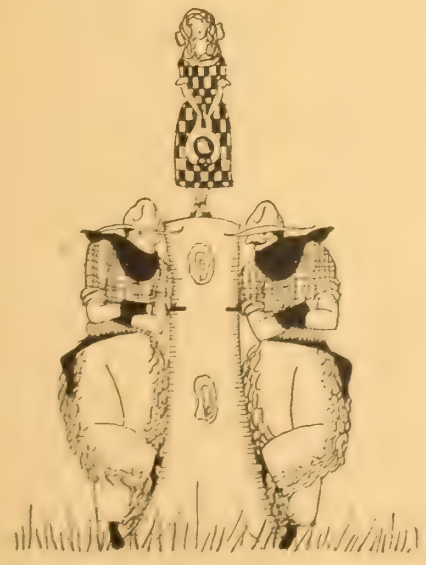
City.....State.....

Johnnie said, "great anxiety." For that was who it was—Johnnie Walker, the boy most everyone remembers and knows as the "black sheep son" of "Over the Hill." I think the best way to describe him would simply be to say he is another Charlie Ray. Everybody knows the clean cut and wholesome chap that Ray is. The last I saw of young Walker and his pleasant little lady friend, they were walking on up the boulevard like any two school friends; you know, just sort of pals going around together.

I wonder if there are any fans, who remember in a certain part of the film "Bab's Burglar," where Bab is seen walking arm in arm, with her girl chum down the street, talking along in a happy and care free manner? It was a particularly clear, bright, sunny morning, when I was coming up Westmoreland Avenue, which by the way, is one of the most beautiful in the residential section of the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. I saw a little body all dressed in white and clinging to the arm of a young gentleman, as they were briskly walking down the avenue. As I came nearer and saw who it was, I (as the expression goes) lost my breath. She so far exceeded my expectations in every way that I couldn't help but stare at her. In the first place, she is far prettier in real life than she ever photographed. She, like a number of other celebrities, uses no make-up and her complexion is as smooth and clear as a youngster's. Her hair is a chestnut brown and looks almost silky; it is so soft and fine. Her eyes also are brown. On her dainty, white morning frock was fastened a sprig of Cecil Brunner roses. As I intimated before, Marguerite Clark's lithe and buoyant little figure and her radiant and smiling little face were the reincarnation of her screen Bab.

Sincerely hoping that you'll pardon my lengthy impressions, I will close, wishing the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as much and more success in the coming twelve years as I have seen it have in the past twelve years.

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 84)

choice of motion-picture lovers to play the rôle of Ben-Hur. They are, in the order of their selection, as follows: Valentino, Richard Dix, William Desmond, J. Warren Kerrigan, Antonio Moreno, Forrest Stanley, Gaston Glass and Milton Sills.

"Scaramouche," the historical romance by Rafael Sabatini, is to be produced for the screen by Rex Ingram. Ramon Navarro who will have the title rôle, said that the novel gripped him so completely when he read it that he wanted to rush out and immediately join a band of strolling actors and have a cause and someone to avenge. That he will have ample opportunity to gratify his ambition is quite certain for the scene of the picture is France at the time of the Revolution and Scaramouche's adventures were many and thrilling. Mr. Ingram intends to be as faithful pictorially to this period as Mr. Sabatini has been in the printed word and to give as equally an illuminating portrayal of France during the Terror as the author has done in the novel.

Kenneth Harlan, who will be seen in the picture, "The Girl Who Came Back," has recently received the popular vote in England as being the favorite American actor among the movie fans of that country. Critics have predicted that Harlan is the only logical successor to the vacancy made by the death of Wallace Reid—that is, if anyone can ever quite accomplish such a thing.

Mae Murray's next picture is called "The French Doll." She will be supported by Orville Caldwell who, according to Elinor Glyn, is the "screen's most perfect man." Caldwell has been playing lately opposite Katherine MacDonald and has merely been loaned to the Metro for this one picture with Miss Murray.

"Richer and Richer" is the title of the picture which stars Glenn Hunter. The scenario was written especially for him by F. Scott Fitzgerald. It is an adaption from the author's story, "This Side of Paradise." This picture completes a series of Film Guild Productions done by Mr. Hunter for he has recently signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Norma Talmadge somehow manages to have the most alluring titles for all her pictures. Her latest one is called "Ashes of Vengeance." This picture, it is announced by Joseph M. Schenck, will be the biggest production he will put out for the year 1923. In it are featured Conway Tearle, Wallace Beery and Josephine Crowell.

Charlie Chaplin has made another "kid" discovery bearing the name of Dinky Dean. A company is being organized to feature him as a juvenile star. Dinky is now appearing with Charlie in "The Pilgrim."

Metro Pictures Corporation is soon to begin work on the screen version of Robert W. Service's poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." There will be plenty of atmosphere—mining

town, barroom, gun work. It seems that the poem was founded on facts which the directors have carefully investigated and worked into a thrilling plot for the picture.

Eva Novak is the central figure in a picture now being made and entitled "Divorce." When it is finished work will be commenced on another film called "Alimony." This method reminds us that there are people who work along the line of association, holding the idea that certain things necessarily go together—ham and eggs, bread and butter, divorce and alimony.

Richard Walton Tully having decided to film "Trilby," the French novel which was *the* sensation a little over a decade ago, set about the task of finding an actress who possessed feet as perfect as did the heroine of the Latin Quartier. Despairing of finding the exact type in America, Mr. Tully went to Paris. After a seemingly fruitless search he ran across a poster on a French billboard. There were the feet for which he had been seeking! They were the most perfect feet he had ever seen and, he discovered later, were considered the loveliest in Paris. They belonged to Andree Lafayette, a dazzling blonde with the grace of Venus. Needless to say that Mr. Tully prevailed upon the owner of these feet to play the rôle of Trilby. She is now in Hollywood where the picture is being made.

Maurice Costello, who was among the earliest movie idols is now supporting Dorothy Dalton in her latest Paramount picture, entitled "Fog Bound."

To have played opposite every important female star in the motion picture industry is quite a record. This is what Milton Sills will have accomplished when he begins his next picture, "Fire and Ashes" with Priscilla Dean. It has been suggested that this worthy man be nominated for the Hall of Fame.

We wonder what would happen if motion-picture firms forgot to return what they borrowed like the proverbial neighbor. By a special arrangement with C. C. Burr, President of Mastodon Films, Johnny Hines has been allowed to make a picture for Warner Brothers. "Little Johnny Jones" is the title of the picture and Warner Brothers seem to think no other actor would quite fill the part so they just asked to borrow him for awhile.

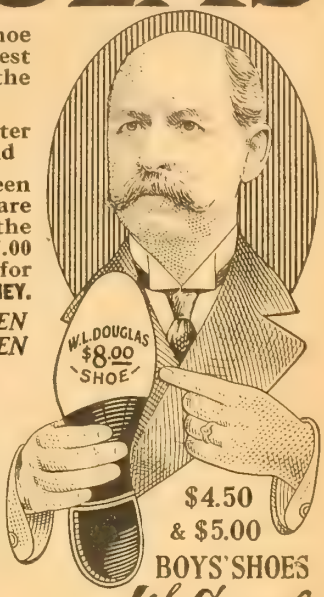


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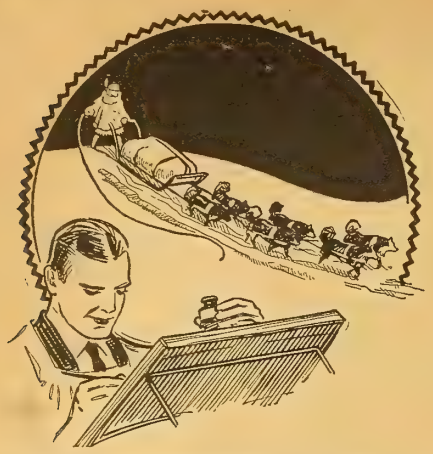
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 99)

THE SHIEK.—Thanks, glad to hear from you.

SNOOKUMS.—Well, it is a thousand times better to be jilted before marriage, than afterwards. You bet I am eighty years old. Your verse was good and you should be encouraged. Agnes Ayres with Lasky. Corinne Griffith in "Six Days," from Elinor Glyn's novel. Goldwyn is producing it. Gladys Walton in "The Sawdust Ring." Sounds like a circus.

VALENTINO FAN.—Oh, hello, another one. I thought I had heard from them all. It will be two years before you see him on the screen again, unless Famous-Players relents. I'm sorry too. Shirley Mason in "Inside the Door." Leave it to her to get in. Earle Williams and Renee Adoree in "The Law Bringers," for Metro.

VALENTINO FAN.—No, I dont drive an automobile, but I believe in giving women the right of way—they will take it anyway. Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade" next. Ruth Roland says she is going to quit making serials and do regular pictures. I, for one, am glad to hear that.

DOROTHY F.—I'm afraid you have me all wrong. I never said anything about Dickens that I can recall. Are you sure it was in my department?

WHITE ROSE.—Yes, money talks, but few people associate with it long enough to take interest. We're not even on speaking terms. And you dont believe I am eighty. All right. Dont I look it? Reginald Denny opposite Virginia Valli in "Up the Ladder." Hoot Gibson in "Shell Shock."

HUNGRY HEART.—You didn't sign your name—so there's no food.

GERTRUDE B.—Yes, it is human nature to attribute the success of others to chance. I never had a chance. Write to the Lasky Company for pictures of Thomas Meighan. Herbert Rawlinson in "Twenty Dollars." Gladys Brockwell is with Universal in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" as the mother of Esmeralda. Patsy Ruth Miller will play Esmeralda.

BULLY 4 U.—Ha, ha. You want to see Charlie Chaplin in drama. Hamlet I suppose! Marguerite de la Motte and Marjorie Daw as the flappers in "Wandering Daughters." Carmel Myers, Carol Holloway and Clyde Fillmore in "The Silent Accuser." But of all men, Adam was the happiest; he had no mother-in-law.

HELEN AND EDITH.—Two in one. Yes, Theodore Kosloff is married, and they have a daughter. Blanche Sweet, Bryant Washburn and Bert Lytell in "The Meanest Man in the World." Little Ben Alexander is playing in "Penrod and Sam." Well, more die by food than by famine.

HARRY L. T.—Giuseppe Garibaldi was a distinguished Italian patriot; born in Nice, died at Caprera. He was in exile for several years, residing in New York City and vicinity. Better stay in school a little longer. It wont do you any harm. Lon Chaney, Billie Dove and Malcolm MacGregor in "All the Brothers Were Valiant."

CHUCK.—Well, I dont know much about them, Chuck, but would you hurt a woman most, aim at her affections. Watch out. Barbara Bedford in "The Tie That Binds," with William P. Carleton and Walter Miller. Zazu Pitts in "Greed," directed by Von Stroheim. Yes, Norma Talmadge in "Within the Law."

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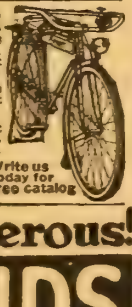
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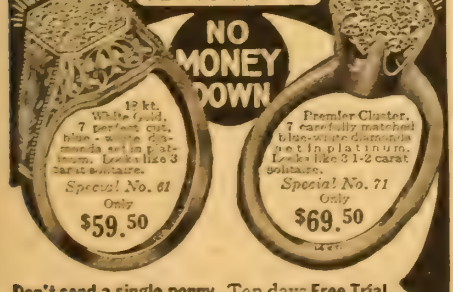


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man, but I am sorry to say that it usually depends upon how much he is worth. Fay McKenzie was Ruth in "When Love Comes." May McAvoy has grey eyes.

FRANCES FAN SEES.—So you have often thought of writing me, but were afraid, that you always thought of me as a star. Well, I am glad you have broken the ice, so now we can be friends. Claude Gillingwater will play Finley in "Three Wise Fools." William Desmond in "Around the World."

C. VIRGINIA W.—Yes, indeed, I do like cats. Horses, dogs, and cats are my pets. You say you have two cats, one Katherine Pauline and Paprika. Judging from the latter name, it must be a bit—you know, spicy. Like ginger and cinnamon, men become more pungent with age. Yes, Katherine MacDonald has announced that she will retire from public life. There is a Chicago clubman very much interested in her, and she is interested in a social career—why not?

MARCELLYNNE.—The boundary line between the United States and Canada is a tract thirty feet wide cleared of all trees or other growth. At the end of every mile is a cast-iron pillar, painted white square, four feet out of the ground, and bearing in raised letters on its sides the name of the commissioners who ran the line, and the date. Leatrice Joy and Priscilla Dean are not sisters. Raymond Navarro with Metro. Jobyna Ralston, the seventeen-year-old comedienne, will play opposite Harold Lloyd.

MARGIE R.; WESTENICA; ODESSA; FAN; RODOLPHITES; VALENTINO ADMIRER; LOLITA; WALLY REID ADMIRER; TOLETO BROWNIE; AND JOYCELYN.—Sorry to put you in the alsorans, better luck, you know.

INQUISITIVE.—Well, I should say so. Dawn O'Day is the child with William Farnum. John Bowers has no permanent address now. Cant say that I know if "The Last Days of Pompeii" will be reissued. Mae Murray with Metro. Reginald Denny with Universal. Conrad Nagel with Goldwyn. Bebe Daniels is not married, and Madge Evans in "On the Banks of the Wabash" far away. Sixteen for Madge. Mae Murray and Valentino played together five years ago. Alla is her name—Nazimova. You are entirely welcome, keep the change?

NONSENSICAL.—Ah, sweet one, have a care. Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers, and actors are very nice to think of and look at, but awfully hard to live with. So watch your step. Yes, Theda Bara did play in "Under Two Flags" years ago. Mildred Harris is back in pictures again.

SALOME.—We had an interview with Gloria Swanson in the December, 1921, issue.

G. M. S.—Try singing. Don Quixote says, "Who sings in grief procures relief." Jack Mulhall is with Talmadge Productions. Henry Walthall will play in "The Face on the Barroom Floor" for Fox.

BLUE-EYED JO.—So you cant understand why I am not married. Neither can I. You say, "It is no more possible to do without a wife than it is to dispense with eating and drinking." Well, I have managed, but rather poorly. Yes, Mae Murray is with Metro. Rex Ingram intends doing "The World's Illusion," by Jacob Wasserman. Let me hear from you again.

FRED AND TED.—I am glad I interest you anyway. Paul Willis was Tommy in "Thunder Cap." Richard Barthelmess is twenty-seven. I'd rather be poor and healthy than ill and wealthy. Yes, Ralph Graves in "Just Like a Woman." Helene



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Chadwick and Richard Dix are playing in "Quicksand."

VALENTINO FAN.—And still they come. Yes, James Kirkwood is married. Harold Lloyd married to Mildred Davis. Ralph Graves recently became a father, and he lost his wife, Marjorie Seaman. William Russell and Carmel Myers in "Good-Bye Girls."

MARTHA I.—The eternal feminine seems to be in the majority in this department, but it is close, with several countries yet to be heard from. I wouldn't be surprised if Lewis Stone did play in stock. He has been on the stage quite some time.

CAROL DEE.—Speaking of the weather, it is pouring rain right now. Rain always puts me in a fine mood for answering questions. You write a clever letter, Carol, but where are the questions?

ETHEL H.—Thanks, you just bet I like fudge. My middle name. I had a sweet tooth from the minute I was born. Eddie Burns is twenty-five. Not married so far as I know. Eileen Percy and Kenneth Harlan are playing in "East Side—West Side."

CATHERINE M.—Ah, but dont women enjoy more the pleasure they give than the pleasure they feel? Thomas Meighan in "The Ne'er Do Well." Leatrice Joy is twenty-four and married to John Gilbert, you know, of "Monte Cristo" fame.

SLEUTH.—What a clever letter. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Here, shake! I would advise you to get in touch with the Famous Players Company, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal. Quite sure that the Stevenson you mention has not been done. You sure have a thirst for knowledge. Write me again. Do!

DOT AND TOOTS.—Pola Negri is with Lasky, and she has not married Charlie Chaplin at this writing. Mind you, they may be married when you see this in print. Gaston Glass with Preferred Pictures.

NANCY LEE.—There are more people who wish to be loved than there are who are willing to love. Harrison Ford is with Lasky. Norma Talmadge, Harrison Ford and Wyndham Standing in "Smilin' Thru." Write to me at any time, I'm always at this address.

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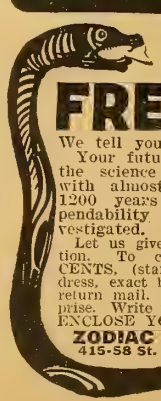
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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 55)

indulgent but human husband. We find a new Carmel Myers as the fluffy siren and Cullen Landis, Ward Crane and Helen Ferguson are all good in their respective rôles.

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(Continued on page 120)

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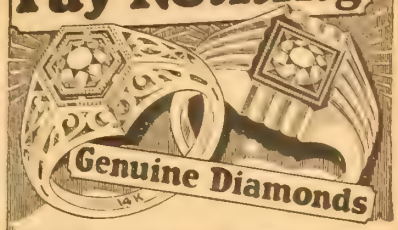


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IT will tell you things no one else dares to mention. Would you like the man or woman who said to you: "My dear, what a frightful skin you have," or "Your hair is simply abominable"? You would hate them quite naturally. Yet, if what they said were true you would soon make an effort to remedy those defects.

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It will tell you how to overcome all the faults which the mirror has pointed out to you. Follow its instructions and the frankness of your mirror will soon please you.

Beauty Considers These Things Also

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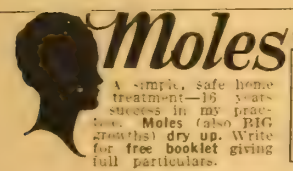
FOR a soft, gleaming polish that lasts for several days without peeling use Beau Brummell Liquid Nail Polish. It protects the nails and keeps the cuticle smooth and soft.

And Beau Brummell is quick. It gives the nails a delicate tint and a wonderful polish in just twenty seconds. Price 50c at drug, department stores or by mail.

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So quick are the results of this new scientific cream, that we guarantee it! Send $1 for full sized jar. If you are not pleased at transformation of your skin in five days your $1 will be instantly refunded. Mail $1 for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today.

Paris Toilet Co., 306 Poplar St., Paris, Tenn.

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 91)

He seized her arm and wouldn't let go. Whereupon Irene sank her teeth in his ear. "And," she said triumphantly "he let go first." She has recovered but they are still treating the dog's ear.

Zaza Pitts will play the lead in Von Stroheim's version of the Frank Norris novel "McTeague"; which by the way will be renamed "Greed."

Norma Shearer, daughter of a Montreal lumber king, is the latest recruit from society for the film colony.

Nita Naldi came to Hollywood the other day to make one scene in a pending George Melford picture. She returned immediately to New York after two days. She hates California. She said she only came for a bath in the Pacific.

Arthur Edmund Carewe will be cast for Svengali in Richard Walton Tully's forthcoming screen version of "Trilby"; Andrée Lafayette, a French actress has been imported to play Trilby while Creighton Hale will be cast as Little Billie.

BETTY COMPSON IN THE WHITE FLOWER

By Blaine C. Bigler

You bring to us the dreamy skies
Of old Hawaii far away;
The magic of the spell that lies
Out there where tropic breezes play.

We hear the music, plaintive, sweet,
Beneath the golden southern moon;
We hear the dancer's skipping feet
While in the fronds the night winds croon.

You bring the lure of summer seas;
Of coral strands beneath the sun;
You bring us haunting melodies
From star-filled nights when day is done.

You are a flower, exotic, sweet;
A blossom from that summerland
Where turquoise seas forever beat
And sunlight plays along the sand.

THE DIFFERENCE

By Truett Vinson

This morning,
I awake, feeling blue.
Everything is wrong.
I dont see the use of living, anyway.
. . . . . .

Tonight,
I go to bed, feeling fine.
Everything is right.
I see that we have a real purpose in living.
You ask—"Why, the difference in attitude?"
Oh!—I have just seen a Larry Semon comedy!





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MYSTO CO., 136 Liberty St., Dept. 880, N. Y. C.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 117)

And we keep thinking what a waste it would be.

Bella Donna is the Robert Hichens story which enjoyed success in book form and on the stage. However, on the screen it became censor material. And because what is permissible in print and behind the footlights is frequently not permissible in motion pictures, the Bella Donna which survives the censorial shears may lack some of the vitality and emotional interest of the Bella Donna which we witnessed previous to its release.

It is a continental story of a woman in whom the flame of living flares high and scarlet. Wealth and the luxuries and social position it brings is a passion with her. Bella Donna drinks the draught of life with a defiant toast to death—she is that sort of a woman. And, as might logically be expected, Bella Donna's extravagant living finally makes her its slave. Her outposts crumble altogether and her end is her toll for her frequent sins.

We can imagine no one on the screen more colorfully capable of portraying Bella Donna (Beautiful Lady) than Pola Negri. Not once does she mince matters. She is eternally the predatory woman. And even in this modern age when women are frank about their emotions, Madame Negri is startling. But she has the good taste and discrimination never to overstep the last bounds.

The men forming the axes of her three scarlet episodes are Adolphe Menjou, Conrad Nagel and Conway Tearle. They are all excellent. And the direction of Fitzmaurice, too, pleased us mightily.

To compare Madame Negri's American appearance with those European films in which she appeared it seems to us that the scales tip slightly in favor of her European portrayals. However, her Bella Donna is so fascinatingly interwoven with her personal color and magnetism that you are robbed of any acute critical faculty soon after she appears on the screen.

The American Beauty Has Been Chosen!

At last the difficult task has been completed. Too late for editorial space in this number the judges named the winner of the American Beauty Contest which has been conducted in the four Brewster Publications.

Next Month You Will Know Who She Is

Already the cuts of her new photograph have been made and the story about the judges' final decision is now being prepared. So, without any doubts, the announcement will appear in the July number.

There Are Honorary Mentions Too

Of course the winner was selected from a certain few and the remaining members of that select group have been given honorary mention——

Dont Miss The Judges' Decision

in

The July Motion Picture Magazine



Perfume Your Bath—Soften Hard Water Instantly

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—it refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth. It imparts the softness of rain-water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Always keep a can in your bathroom. Three sizes: 25¢, 50¢ and $1. At drug and department stores or by mail. **Send 10¢ for miniature can.** The C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M. P., New York City.

TRADE MARK REG.

BATHASWEET

Susie had the Courage of a Pioneer

That is why she dared to leave the harbor of her home in a little Western town and come to New York——

And then New York put her courage to the test.

Hired to Live the Life of Another

But Susie did not flinch.

She dared accept an opportunity which would have tried the courage of women less brave——

And putting the disillusion and disappointment which had come to her away from her mind, Susie went on——

Susie Cast off Her own Identity Like an Old Dress

And became, for the nonce, the glamorous Magda Basarov, the motion picture star——

Where Magda Basarov was invited, Susie went——

And no one was the wiser——

Susie wore the Basarov gowns — emulated the Basarov accent — and affected the Basarov mannerisms——

SUSIE TAKES A CHANCE

WITHOUT a doubt ***Susie Takes a Chance*** is one of the greatest stories written in years. Be sure to read it—in the *Motion Picture Magazine*. Lucian Cary, the popular and well-liked magazine writer, is the author.

MYSTERY . . . suspense . . . surprise . . . strange situations . . . developments still stranger . . . characters so real and human that they will remind you of people you know . . . all woven with supreme skill into an absorbing story entirely unlike anything else you have ever read.

A New Kind of Story by Lucian Cary

In the July Motion Picture Magazine



POSES from the seven exquisite dances given by Marinoff as part of his training. There is a Grecian Dance, a Classical Toe Dance, an Oriental Dance, a Butterfly Dance, a Chinese Dance, a Spanish Dance and a "Raggedy Ann" Eccentric Dance.

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Now you can learn at home under the personal direction of SERGEI MARINOFF

SOMETIME in her life, every girl, every woman has dreamed of dancing. There is no more charming accomplishment — it is an important part of the cultured girl's education. Whether you study it for professional or for cultural purposes — or merely to enjoy the pleasant, body building exercises — it will bring great happiness into your life.

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Are you going to permit unsightly hair on your face, arms, underarms and limbs to spoil the freedom which awaits you at the beach?



ZIP

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Now is the time to eliminate every unwanted hair before the heat of summer has a chance to strengthen it. An application of ZIP today will do more than all the continued use of ordinary depilatories thruout the summer, for it will not merely take off surface hair, but it will gently lift out the roots with the hairs and thus ***destroy the growth!***

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MOTION PICTURE

THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

JULY

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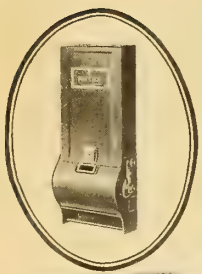


Dorothy Gish

The Boyhood of HAROLD LLOYD
By his Mother

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Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest rooms everywhere — hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places — from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

Insure poise in the daintiest frocks

Women everywhere have adopted Kotex, the new sanitary pads, as an essential to summer comfort. Made from Cellucotton—the wonderful absorbent which science contributed to war hospital use — Kotex are lighter and more absorbent than cotton, cooler, hold their shape, and remain lastingly soft.

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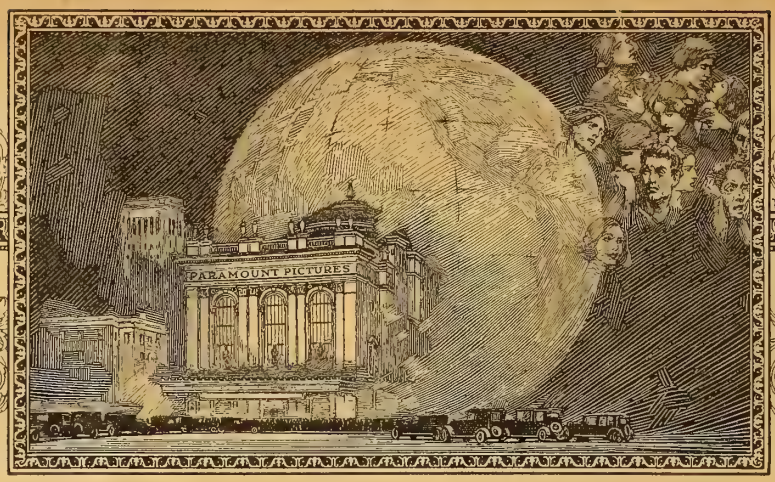
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Agnes Ayres
Alice Brady
Herbert Brenon

Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
James Cruze

Dorothy Dalton
Bebe Daniels
Cecil B. DeMille
Wm. C. deMille
Elliot Dexter
Charles de Roche
Richard Dix
Allan Dwan

George Fawcett
Elsie Ferguson
George Fitzmaurice
Victor Fleming
Alfred E. Green

(continued)

Sigrid Holmquist
Joseph Henabery
Walter Hiers
Jack Holt
Glenn Hunter

Leatrice Joy

Theodore Kosloff

Lila Lee
Jacqueline Logan

Charles Maigne
Thomas Meighan
George Melford
Antonio Moreno

Nita Naldi
Pola Negri

David Powell

Theodore Roberts
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Paramount Pictures

MAY 29 1923

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

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* * *

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* * *

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Herewith is a brief hint of the interesting contents of SHADOWLAND for July — now on the news-stands. Buy, beg or borrow a copy — set your expectations high—both in pictures and in text you will find it better than your highest hopes —and wholly unique.

SHADOWLAND
for JULY
Means a Treat for Appreciative Readers

Some of the important features in this issue are——

Is the Novel Slipping?
Walter Prichard Eaton discusses what he thinks the fiction of America needs today.

London After Dark
The first of a series of articles by Henry Albert Phillips entitled, "Side-shows on the Other Side." They are word-pictures of the things that Mr. Phillips has seen in the Big Canvas of Life.

The Gold Watch and Chain
A psychological sketch by Franz Molnar that is characteristic of this delightful author who wrote "Liliom."

Shadowland for July also contains reproductions in colors of pictures by foremost artists, humorous cartoons and delightful verse.

SHADOWLAND
Combines Beauty aud Information

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

JULY, 1923

Vol. XXV No. 6

False Pretenses

Pola Negri

in

MAD LOVE

That was the way a sign read outside of a motion picture theater which we know. And then beneath in smaller letters it said:

Also Charlie Chaplin

It was evidently planned to give the impression that Charlie Chaplin and his fiancée were to be seen in the same production. The theater manager wisely guessed that such an impression would bring in scores of people —people hoping that a furtive glance or gesture dropped by one of them in the scenes would indicate their personal romance.

Nor is this the first time this unethical practice has been employed to advantage. Theater managers did this kind of thing before when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were married and when Charlie Chaplin and Mildred Harris asked for a divorce. Time and time again they have schemed to give the impression that instead of appearing in two separate pictures, two stars were to be seen playing together.

The only cure for this commercial trickery rests with us of the public. If we do not resent this practice and go to the theater manager, complaining of being inveigled into his theater by false pretenses it is reasonable to suppose that he will continue to hoodwink us at every turn.

And there is no better time than now to begin stamping out those exhibitors who persist in unreliable advertising methods.



"Conspicuous nose pores grow larger if neglected"

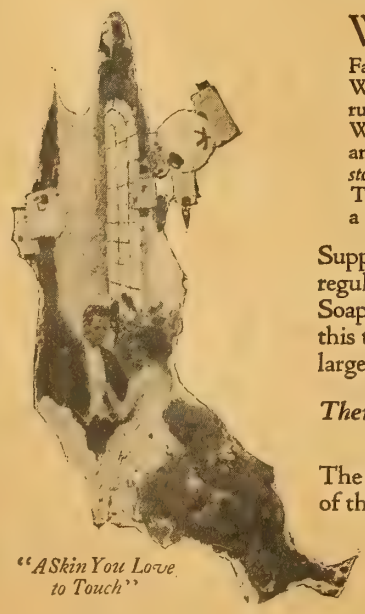
You cannot conceal
Conspicuous nose pores—
but you can reduce them

BY a special treatment you can reduce conspicuous nose pores.

On your face the pores are larger than on other parts of the body. On the nose, especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere.

Unless your skin is in an active condition, the fat sometimes accumulates and hardens in these glands, with the result that the pores become enlarged.

Don't let your skin suffer from this very noticeable fault. Begin tonight to use the following treatment, and see what a simple thing it is to correct this trouble.



"A Skin You Love to Touch"

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the regular daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how this treatment gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin

The treatment given above is only one of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet wrapped around it, find the right treatment for *your* skin. Begin using it tonight! Within a week or ten days you will notice the difference it makes—the new brilliance and loveliness it gives your complexion.

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City..... State.....

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Our Portrait Gallery



Photograph by Richee

Anna Q. Nilsson . . . who found time for romance despite the efforts of directors to keep her busy in the studios. Anna is now Mrs. John Gunnerson but her cinematic career will go on undisturbed. Even her honeymoon was delayed in favor of her work in "The Spoilers," a screen translation of the popular Rex Beach novel



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Betty Compson . . . who may well be satisfied with life. First, there is her charming new hat. And then there is the contract tendered her by a British film company which she has already signed on the dotted line. Betty's friends will all wish her Bon Voyage . . . with the hope that she'll come back soon



Photograph © by Underwood and Underwood

Hope Hampton . . . who has had the artistic courage to forsake starring in her own productions in order to affiliate herself with the casts, stories, production and greater opportunity offered in a large organization. Lawful Larceny in which Miss Hampton will be featured with Conrad Nagel, Nita Naldi, and Lew Cody, will mark her next appearance



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Ramon Navarro . . . whose star may any time be expected to shine in the film firmament. Both the critics and public agree that he is the stuff stars are made of . . . And Rex Ingram, believing in him too, next offers him in Scaramouche



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Blanche Sweet . . . who has been selected by her directorial husband, Marshall Neilan, for the title rôle in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Everyone who has read this Thomas Hardy novel will readily visualize Blanche Sweet in a portrayal of the unfortunate Tess



Photograph by Freulich

Norman Kerry . . . chosen by Von Stroheim for one of the leading rôles in "The Merry Go Round." A new Norman Kerry . . . an officer of a Viennese regiment, sophisticated, débonair, a dilettante, a philanderer . . .



Photograph by Raymor-Chic

Pauline Starke . . . whose wistful beauty grows greater with every new picture. Complementing her beauty, too, is an artistic ability responsible for many fine portrayals. "In the Palace of the King," is the next production with the name of Pauline Starke enhancing its cast



Glenn Hunter . . . as he will appear in "The Scarecrow." And speaking of Glenn, youth these days is frequently synonymous with achievement. In the title rôle of "Merton of the Movies," this season, he has made his name one to be reckoned with. And now come the glad tidings that he has signed a five years' contract with Famous Players where he will undoubtedly "do bigger and better things"

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney
Johnston



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Alma Rubens . . . glamorous with the dark beauty of Southern countries. Just now Alma is giving her days to the studio where they are filming Richelieu in which Robert Mantell will be starred. And her evenings are well-filled with "first-nights" for Alma is a real New Yorker

The Other Mae Murray

A thin, tow-headed, little girl, intoxicated with the music of the hurdy-gurdy . . . dancing the feet out of her stockings on the sidewalks of New York. . . Such was Mae Murray



Photograph by Edward Morrison

THERE'S a house in Los Angeles, perched up on the top of a hill.

Stretched out below it are the lights of Los Angeles. The lights are hard and glittering, like stars imbedded in pools of purple night. It gives you the odd impression that you are looking down upon a sky that is turned upside down.

When Mae Murray steps in thru the door of that house she becomes Mrs. Robert Leonard.

The jazzy young lady with the bare legs and the bee-stung lips and the poster poses stays outside.

To be candid about it, a dinner at Mae Murray's house is a surprising experience.

Of all the movie actresses I have ever met, she is the most sure of herself, the most dignified and the most—well, remote is the word.

She is very friendly and very charming; but she suggests a line from one of George Ade's fables: "You can love your neighbor as yourself without taking down the fence."

She doesn't take down any fences.

And if you can imagine it of that jazzy girl Mae Murray; she talked so interestingly that I cant remember what she looked like; I can only remember what she said.

The conversation had run from the wisdom of



When Mae Murray steps thru the door of her home she becomes Mrs. Robert Leonard. . . . She is sure of herself, dignified and charming. . . . The jazzy young lady with the bare legs, the bee-stung lips and the poster poses stays outside. At the right you see her as Mrs. Leonard posing with her husband

By
DONALD
MAC GREGOR



Mae Murray wishes to continue doing just those things she is doing now. . . . In her own words, "To the American public I stand for jazz and gayety and a certain bizarre slant on life. For me to try to be Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford would be as tho the makers of Ivory soap were to begin making gasoline"

the Chinese to Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge who are Miss Murray's especial enthusiasms. She had discussed the strange new drama of the radio and a stranger still drama—the mysterious charm of desert nights. Apropos of nothing I suddenly asked her: "What was the very first time in your life that you realized you could be a vamp if you wanted to be?"

She hesitated just the length of two breaths: then she laughed — but not too much.

"Very well I will tell you," she said slowly.

And then for the first time the real story of Mae Murray was told to any one.

"When I was a very little girl, I lived in New York . . . on the East Side."

I have heard that she is of Hungarian and Italian ancestry; that her people came from the same part of Europe as the Dolly Sisters. But it doesn't matter, so I didn't ask her.

Anyhow, when she was a very little girl, she lived in New York.

"The first time in my life that I realized that I might perhaps have the queer power that is called 'personality,' was when I was eight years old. I was standing in front of a store window, looking at some dolls when I became aware of three or four men who were standing near me; and they were looking at me and not at the dolls. And they were not looking at me the way the grown men usually look at little girls. I knew it was different. I suppose in some dim unconscious way, I realized right from then on that I had something to give to the public that every girl does not have."

She was telling the story with simplicity and charm; neither with egotism, nor with pretended modesty. It was just as tho she were talking about some other little girl she used to know

"I had no mother," she went on, simply, "I lived with my grandmother.

"She had a peculiar way of punishing me. When I had done something wrong she would not speak to me. That nearly broke my heart.

"I wasn't so very naughty; but I simply couldn't control my desire to dance.

"I would make all sorts of promises and good resolutions to myself. But along would come a hurdy-gurdy; and away I would go. "My little shoes got in the way, so I would sit down on the curb and pull them off; and then I would go dancing after that hurdy-gurdy in my stockings.

"I can see myself, just as tho it were some one else . . . a little, thin tow-headed girl, intoxicated with the excitement of the music, dancing the feet out of her little stockings on the sidewalks of New York.

"I would follow the hurdy-gurdy all afternoon.

"Then the sunshine of my excited little heart would fade out.

(Continued on page 90)



Of Slim Years

An attractive camera study by Freulich of Mary Philbin, soon to be seen in "The Merry-Go-Round"

The Prophet of His Own Heart

By
GLADYS HALL

IT is seldom indeed that a man proves to be the prophet of his own heart.

That is why, so often, one hears a magnificent male say, sententiously, "When *I* marry my wife must have an intelligence equal to my own. She must have poise and dignity and the old-fashioned qualities. She must be a *womanly* woman." And then, a few years later, nay a few weeks, or even a few *days* later one beholds this same male yoked in the harness of Hymen with some gilt-curled flapper who thinks that knickers are a formal costume and who is only saved from being illiterate by the grace of the Public School system.

But Tony Moreno ran true to his own prophecy.

Once, three or four years ago, he sketched for me the sort of woman he would marry, and none other. A woman who would be his mental



Photograph by
Russel E. Ball

Mrs. Antonio Moreno is very intelligent. She has an "up" position in Society. She has been married before, was married, in fact, when she first met Tony. She has a daughter and also, irrelevantly, perhaps, a lovely sense of humor. Tony was a prophet of his own heart. Above is an exclusive camera study of Mrs. Tony and at the left is Tony. . . .

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes



equal, if not his mental superior. A woman who would read "highbrow stuff" to him. A woman mature in years, in intelligence, in life and the living of life. "You'll fall in love with some Peaches Prettygirl," I said to him, cynically. "Not I!" said the Latin Tony. I remember thinking to myself, "How this fellow brays!" Methought I caught the unmistakable signal of danger. "Any week now," I meditated, "we will hear that Tony has wed Goldie Giddiepate." But no such rumor reached us.

As a matter of fact, Tony is the only star we can think of at this moment concerning whom such rumors have not reached us from time to time. To my knowledge no breadth of even near-scandal has ever been attached to him. An impeccable fellow!

Instead, we heard that Tony had at last broken away from the serials that were swamping him and had started in at last to do the "bigger and better things" for which he had always been qualified.

Tony, you may remember, was brought up to be a priest. That may have something to do with the chastity of his romantic record. Who can tell?

Now on to Romance!

When, on their combination honeymoon and professional-



They are building a home on the western coast, and it ought to be a very happy home. It is builded on the foundation of friendship and the walls thereof are sheltering and warm. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Moreno as they were photographed in their hotel, especially for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

duty trip, Tony and his bride came to New York I was duly invited to lunch with them.

I anticipated the meeting. I had just about assimilated the information that Tony was married at last and I had heard that Mr. Moreno had been married before, had a daughter, was very wealthy, very much "up" in Society in Los Angeles and exceedingly clever and brilliant. If nothing was awry with this information then Tony had proved the prophet of his own heart, in truth.

Well, he has. . . .

Mrs. Moreno *is* very intelligent. She has an *"up"* position in Society. She has been married before, was married, in fact, when she first met Tony. She has a daughter and also, irrelevantly, perhaps, a lovely sense of humor.

She is extremely interested in the movies, even after having lost from time to time, substantial sums of money in the same. She admitted to me that she had even had two loves on the screen. One was Harold Lloyd and the other her present husband!

Just at first, I felt slightly depressed. I said so. "What with Valentino being married," I said, "and Richard Barthelmess and now you, what are we to do for Romance?"

"There still remains Ramon Navarro," laughed Tony.

There's something in that, of course, but after all, only one girl at a time can reasonably pin her hope of romance on Ramon.

"Well," I said, "tell me about your romance. Everyone will want to know about it."

Tony elevated his eyebrows and resembled a solid business man being asked about his private life.

"There was no romance to it," he said.

"Isn't he *gallant!*" laughed Mrs. Moreno and I, together.

"But good heavens!" said Tony, "dont go and print any nonsense about a romance. There wasn't any, I tell you. I . . . I just asked the lady to be my wife."

"And at that," smiled Mrs. Moreno, who would have been quite frank if it hadn't been for the restraining Latin influence, "at that, he asked a friend of mine instead of me."

"How do you mean?" I demanded.

Dash it all, and I had come prepared to listen to a saga of strumming guitars and casement windows and suchlike. It's the least you can expect of a *Latin*. It's all very well for an American man to send you a proposal via the Western Union, but a Latin . . . and Tony . . .

"Now, dear," said Tony, "you'd better not say that. You don't know what she's capable of printing . . . The thing was," he was, perforce, obliged to give me *some* inkling of the truth, "my wife and I were playing a Chinese gambling game with two other people. I wanted to ask my wife to marry me, but I didn't quite dare. So my subconsious self acts for me, and when I 'put the question' I said the other woman's name instead of hers.

(*Continued on page* 91)



Photograph by Pach Brothers

We're Glad To Have Her Back Again

Alice Joyce has never permitted her screen career to keep her from motherhood. And now, after a second retirement during which time she once again devoted herself to her baby's infant days, she is coming back. And we are glad. She will make one picture, playing opposite George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." After that she may continue in the motion picture studio. . . . We hope so



Mary, is ready and willing to give up the pretty little Pollyanna parts that have made her famous, but the rôle of Marguerite in "Faust" was jumping too far in the other direction. So Mary is now playing the rôle of a Spanish dancer in "Rosita." Ernst Lubitsche is directing and he is enthusiastic over Mary in the rôle. And when Lubitsche is enthusiastic he is enthusiastic. It should be a production well worth seeing. Above is Mary as she will appear in "Rosita"

The "No" Man Comes To Hollywood

Harry Carr Tells of Herr Lubitsche at the Pickford Studios

OUT at Mary Pickford's studio, an Englishman and a Swede and a German are struggling in three languages to agree upon some kind of a cinema idea for a little Canadian-Irish girl to hand to the American public.

Except for that, everything is peaceful.

They talk something that sounds like English at each other as long as they can keep the wheels on the rails.

But there always comes a point in the proceedings when Ernst Lubitsche jams on his Berlin hat and exits —sputtering German.

. . . and where Svend Gade relapses mournfully into Swedish.

. . . and Edward Knoblock talks to himself with gestures in well bred Oxford English.

If they all live thru the birth pangs, Mary Pickford's début as a regular grown-up lady star without any Pollyanna curls or little bare legs or slides down cellar doors ought to reflect great genius.

Lubitsche is one of the most interesting men who ever worked in Hollywood.

His advent in the Pickford studio indicates, however, that his great pictures like "Passion" and "Deception" were not lightly tossed off.

If there are "Yes" men who always agree with the boss; then there must be also "No" men.



The actors who have come hopefully to the Pickford studio can testify that it is easier for a camel to pass thru the eye of a needle than for an actor to get into a Lubitsche picture. And those who have seen his great German pictures realize that his greatest genius is for selecting actors to play the parts—casting the picture, to say it with technique

Herr Lubitsche is a "no" man.

Before he arrived from Europe, they planned to have everything ready for him to begin "shooting the picture." Over many a luncheon and many a tea, Mary and Douglas and their well-bred and trained scenario staffs had worked out all the details of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" which was to be her first picture as the



To be frank about it, Lubitsche looks more like a commercial traveler than an actor. He is slick all over and very square at the corners. He has the hawk nose of a ruler of men, however, and very remarkable eyes. They go clear thru you. They have a strange dynamic quality. When he turns them upon you, they hit like a blow. At the left, Mary Pickford consults with Lubitsche regarding a scene of Rosita scheduled for the day's work

"new Mary Pickford." All Herr Lubitsche should have to do was smilingly to take up the script and say, "Camera."

When he got there and the glad greetings were over, they showed Herr Lubitsche where to begin.

But alas!

He took one look at the story and tossed it fiercely into oblivion. He said there wasn't any part in the play for Mary. There were a lot of knights and queens and kings and assorted villains, but he couldn't find Mary with a microscope.

So that was that.

Yielding meekly to the masterful mind, they asked him what Mary ought to do and he said, "Faust;" Mary for Marguerite.

Since when they have tried to find out what "Faust" is all about, when reduced to motion picture dimensions.

The conferences that ensued were perhaps the most interesting that have ever been held in a motion picture studio.

Mr. Gade of Copenhagen is regarded as the most eminent decorator in the world.

Mr. Lubitsche one of the greatest directors in the world.

And Mr. Knoblock one of the greatest living dramatists.

What passed between them in a little green tinted office with a glass topped table and a bottle of distilled water would constitute about the last word on modern drama making.

They always began in English as long as Lubitsche could stand it; then Lubitsche would go fuming home to his bungalow and his wife and his German cook. In the evening Knoblock would come over and they would start again in German—until Knoblock's tongue couldn't hold the pace any longer.

Those who have worked with him say that Lubitsche has a marvelous instinct for drama. And an almost superhuman defense against every idea offered.

Those who have seen his great German pictures realize that his greatest genius is for selecting actors to play the parts—casting the picture, to say it with technique.

Wherefore the actors who have come hopefully to the Pickford studio can testify that it is easier for a camel to pass thru the eye of a needle than for an actor to get into a Lubitsche picture.

Herr Ernst takes one look at them and breathes out scorn. "Ach," he says, "he looks like my cook."

Or he is too big or too small or too sharp or too fat.

Considering Faust and in search of a Mephisto, they took him tactfully to see a very famous American actor who was in Los Angeles on a vaudeville tour.

"My Gott," he groaned. "He walks like a young lady

(*Continued on page* 86)

"Ach, lieber Gott," sighed Herr Lubitsche heavily. "Douglas Fairbanks would be the greatest Mephisto who ever played the part. He has humor and lightness and vivacity; yet he has dramatic power. He would go thru Faust like a stroke of lightning—flashing dangerous, vivid and intense—yet brilliant. But he would not play Mephisto even if we did Faust." Below, Douglas illustrates his ability to play Mephisto while Mary and Lubitsche look on





Photograph by Freulich

Ivory Skinned and Almond Eyed

Such is Anna May Wong, once of China and now of Hollywood, who will be seen with Priscilla Dean in Drifting



Susie saw a dark slim young woman, very pale, in a magnificent tea gown of brocaded silk, reclining on a chaise-lounge. On the floor, at her feet, lay a Russian wolf-hound. The woman's pale face was somehow familiar to Susie —as if it were the face of a person she had often seen but had never met

Susie Takes A Chance

A Serial Story In Six Parts

By
LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

(Synopsis of First Instalment on Page 92)

THE SECOND INSTALMENT

AS she watched an enormous black car, long and low, swung round the corner and drew up opposite the doorway she was watching—the doorway that had been hers. The sun flashed on its brightly polished radiator, on the small winged figure that stood poised on the radiator cap. Susie had been in New York long enough to know that mark. The car was a Rolls-Royce. A man jumped out and ran up the steps.

Susie smiled.

"No doubt," she said to herself, half in humor and half in bitterness and all in defiance, "he's hurrying to get that room I just left."

Susie turned, and crossing to the west side of Madison Avenue, walked slowly north, toward Bryant Park. After a block the big black car passed her. Susie thought the man beside the chauffeur glanced at her. But perhaps he only seemed to. Perhaps it wasn't even the same car. There was more than one Rolls-Royce in New York. But now the car slowed down sharply, turned in the middle of the block, and coming back, down Susie's side of the street, close to the curb, passed within two yards. The blond young man beside the impassive chauffeur did look at her; he looked straight at her; he stared at her. For a moment Susie thought he was going to speak to her. But he did not.



"Didn't you know that your picture was published in the rotogravure section of the *Times* this morning?" he asked her. "As winner of a prize in a photographic contest? Your picture in a flowered leghorn hat. Striking—very!"

Susie looked back. Again the car was turning in the middle of the block. Again it was coming north, but slowly this time. It was following her.

Susie turned the corner at Twenty-seventh Street, walked west toward Fifth Avenue. Half-way she paused to look in a shop window. Out of the corner of her eye she looked back the way she had come. The big car was just swinging into Twenty-seventh Street. . . .

Susie walked up Fifth Avenue, keeping close to the buildings, pausing to look in every unshuttered window. The car continued to follow her, creeping along the curb, sometimes a few yards back, sometimes half a block.

At Forty-first Street, Susie slipped across the Avenue, walked down half a block, and into Bryant Park. She found a seat on a bench in the sun. And sitting very quietly, waiting to see what would happen, she found she was trembling a little. She told herself there was no real danger. There were a hundred, two hundred people in the small square of the Park. Hardly a bench was empty. Fifty yards away she saw the blue uniform of a policeman. Just beyond the grey uniform of a park attendant. She was perfectly safe. Slowly Susie forced herself to turn her head and look toward Forty-first Street. She was afraid the car would be there. She was afraid it wouldn't be there. It was there. The young man was getting down. He was walking briskly toward her.

He paused directly in front of Susie, lifted his hat, and smiled disarmingly.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have been following you."

Susie looked at him gravely, inquiringly. He did not look like a villain.

"So I noticed," she said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wasn't sure at first that it was—that you were the right person. And, you see, my intention is quite all right."

"What is your intention?" Susie asked.

"That's a long story," he admitted. He drew out a card case, selected a card, offered it to Susie. "May I?" he asked.

Susie accepted the card. It read:

Mr. George Armistead
Quality Cold Fibers, Inc.

Susie glanced up at him.

"It's just possible I may have a job for you. Would you be interested to hear about it?"

Susie hesitated. Dr. Bennett's phrase came back to her, sustained her. "Take a chance," he had said.

"If we could go to tea somewhere?" Mr. Armistead suggested tentatively. "So we could talk. The Carlton is only five minutes away."



He paused directly in front of Susie, lifted his hat, and smiled disarmingly. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I have been following you." Susie looked at him gravely, inquiringly. He did not look like a villain

Susie affected to consider. But her mind was made up. Her fear had vanished. Whatever this game was, she intended to play it for all there was in it. She felt suddenly confident that she could take care of herself. Now she looked up at Mr. Armistead and laughed.

"I'd be more interested in dinner—at the Carlton," she said. "I'm hungry."

"Splendid," said Mr. Armistead. He pointed to the big black car.

In another moment they were rolling up the Avenue on their way to the Carlton. Susie smiled to herself. She was beginning to enjoy the uncertainty. It would be a sauce to the quite splendid dinner she intended to eat. She began to think of things that would be delicious to eat. She had had nothing to eat that day but an apple.

"It's like this, Miss Treadwell," Mr. Armistead began, when they had found a table in the Carlton grill.

Susie stiffened ever so slightly at this mention of her name. How did he know her name? But she managed to conceal her surprise. Mr. Armistead did not notice it. Indeed, he seemed unaware that he had given away to her the fact that he knew her name. Perhaps he wasn't as much master of the situation as he seemed. Perhaps he too, was playing a difficult game.

"I'm merely an agent in this matter," he continued. "I haven't final authority. My part is to find some one who, in my opinion, can fill the place. And what is perhaps just as important — some one who is willing to fill it. It is not my privilege to tell you what the job is. If I find that you cant or wont fill it, you will never know what the job is. But if I decide that you will do I shall introduce you to the principal. I may say that if I recommend you the chances are nine to one you will be accepted."

"It sounds very mysterious," Susie said, and sipped her consommé. At least the consommé was delicious.

"It is," Mr. Armistead admitted.

Susie finished the consommé. She was feeling better every moment. She was feeling like letting Mr. Armistead do the worrying.

"The point is this," he continued. "Are you willing to tell me all about yourself—to answer any questions I may ask—without knowing why I am asking—without knowing any more than you know now?"

"I'd like to ask you a question or two first," Susie said.

"Shoot," said Mr. Armistead.

"How did you know my name?"

Mr. Armistead blushed.

"Did I use your name?"

"You did," Susie said.

"I didn't mean to," he confessed. "But I dont mind telling you how I knew it. Mr. Clay Newton of Belleville, Indiana, wired it to me."

"How did you ever hear of Clay Newton?"

Mr. Armistead smiled so disarmingly that Susie felt he was going to tell her the truth.

"Didn't you know that your picture was published in the rotogravure section of the *Times* this morning as winner of a prize in a photographic competition? Your picture in a flowered leghorn hat. Striking—very!"

Susie shook her head.

"It was." Mr. Armistead said.

Susie considered what he had admitted while she consumed delicious filé of sole Marguery.

"I wired Mr. Newton early this morning and asked him where you were. He sent me an address in Twentieth Street. You weren't at home when I called. The landlady said you had gone for good. You had only just gone up the street. So I started after you in the car."

"Let me see the telegram you got," Susie said.

Mr. Armistead took the yellow sheet out of his pocket and handed it across the table to Susie.

"It isn't addressed to you," she said. "It's addressed to Joseph Ziegfeld, four hundred and twenty——."

"I didn't want him to know what was up," Mr. Armistead interrupted.

"You didn't want anything on record that might afterward be traced to you?"

"No," Mr. Armistead admitted.

"Go ahead," Susie said. "Ask your questions."

"The first thing I want to know is whether you could disappear for three months without starting a hue and cry?"

Susie thought quickly.

"If I say 'No' to that question you wont give me the job. If I say 'Yes' I put myself in your power because then you will know that it is reasonably safe to kidnap me."

"You're very acute," said Mr. Armistead.

"I'm not stupid," Susie answered. "And I want you to know that I'm not stupid. Because I'm going to take the chance. I'm going to tell you the truth. So far as I know I could disappear for three months without exciting a ripple. My father is dead. My mother is dead. My step-mother wouldn't be interested. Clay Newton might be curious but he'd never do anything about it—he never does anything about anything."

Mr. Armistead beamed at her.

"I like your spirit," he said. "Go on—tell me all the details of your life in Belleville so that I can check up the possibilities."

Susie told him about her life in Belleville and Porter's book-store and Clay Newton and Dr. Bennett.

"Dr. Bennett might do something," Mr. Armistead suggested.

"Not if I wrote and asked him not to," Susie said.

"You could trust him that much."

"Yes," Susie said.

"And what are you doing in New York now?"

"I'm private secretary to Philip Garner."

"The playwright and scenario-writer."

"Yes."

"What would he think if you left him in the lurch? Would he have any reason to ask what had become of you."

Susie chose a peach Melba for dessert. She had always wanted to know what a peach Melba was like. And she reflected she had yielded too quickly to despair





Otilie's fingers were quick. It was only a moment before Magda Basarov stood beside Susie in a white frock and a large garden hat

Susie smiled to herself.

"He sailed for England day before yesterday."

"Beautiful," said Mr. Armistead.

Susie chose a peach Melba for dessert. She had always wanted to know what a peach Melba was like. And while she ate the peach Melba she reflected that perhaps she had yielded too quickly to despair when she had got no answer to Mr. Garner's bell.

"My mind is made up," Mr. Armistead announced. "I'm going to recommend you for the job. Will you take it if it is offered to you?"

"How much will this job pay?" Susie asked.

"A hundred dollars a week and all your expenses," Mr. Armistead said promptly.

"How dangerous is it?"

"The danger is of losing a very great deal of money and receiving some very unpleasant publicity. But it isn't your danger. No matter what happens you will be as safe as you are at this moment."

"Of course," Susie said, "I have only your word for that."

"True," said Mr. Armistead, "you have only my word for that."

"Very well," Susie said. "I'll take the job provided all that you have said and implied about it is true."

Mr. Armistead jumped up.

"Come on then—we've twenty miles to go."

"Tonight?" Susie asked.

"Tonight."

For the fraction of a second Susie hesitated. Once she was in that enormous car and twenty miles from New York she would be helpless. She was taking a chance. She was taking a desperate chance.

"Very well," Susie said.

They walked out of the Carlton grill, found the car with its impassive chauffeur.

"Home," said Mr. Armistead.

The car moved slowly off, gathered speed thru the light traffic of Sunday evening, crossed the bridge to Long Island. Susie had time to think as the big car sped thru the gathering dusk, but she was resolved not to think. She was resolved to take everything as it came, without anxiety and without fear. For the moment — she had had an uncommonly good dinner at the Carlton grill and she was riding in a Rolls-Royce. She would enjoy that while she might. She would forget that she had only a dollar and eleven cents in her purse and no place to spend the night.

After forty minutes, the car entered a stone gate set in a tall iron fence, and passing thru an avenue of fir trees, halted at a lighted doorway. Mr. Armistead got down, gave Susie his arm, they entered.

Susie had a glimpse of a dim, enormous hall.

"Up-stairs," said Mr. Armistead.

He led the way to a door where he paused and tapped lightly.

"Come in," said a feminine voice.

Mr. Armistead opened the door.

(*Continued on page 92*)



Profiles . . .

. . . which find Jocko heeding Baby Peggy's finger, raised in directorial command

Vignettes

Written of Some Screen Folk



Photograph by Muray

Leatrice Joy. . . . She would not suit the noontime—or the night—her hour is twilight. . . .

LEATRICE JOY

Why is it, when we think of hours
We think of people?——
She would not suit the noontime
Or the night—her hour is
Twilight . . . . . .
I dreamed about her once
Just as the shadows fell, perhaps, because
I saw her on the screen so short a time before,
But in that dream these things
I thought of her . . . . . .
A cypress proud, against a lake of blue;
Soft petal hands clasped o'er
An understanding heart . . . . . and then,
A mind all unafraid to travel the wide spaces
Tho there be no beaten path . . . . . .
And music—sweet and haunting,
Like a scythe swinging low above
The grain . . . . . .
Yes, hours are people . . . . . .
She is twilight.



Richard Barthelmess. . . . There was once a boy—who was given a box all full of dreams. . . . Tho the years have gone by—the box is still full

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

There was once a boy
Who was given a box all full of dreams——
Or so they told him . . . . . .
Oft down by the silvery river rushes,
He would open his box and release a dream,
Then the hours danced by until the sun
Grew soft and distant as his smile . . . . . .
Sometimes a lovely dream escaped
And was bruised and torn
In the gnawing storms
Of an aching heart——
For dreams are the stuff that
Joy is made of . . . . . .
Tho the years have gone by
The box is still full;
It is tied up now with a bright red cord,
But the cord is a little worn, here and there,
For the box is opened so often, you see.

Photograph by Ira A. Hill



Alice Terry. . . . Her flower-like face breathes this to me—"all these I love—sweet simple dawns—old rambling slip-shod hills — and anxious breezes too. . . ."

ALICE TERRY

Somehow, I feel that she
Might say these things;
I only know
Her flower-like face breathes them to me—
"All these I love—sweet, simple dawns,
Old, rambling, slip-shod hills
And amorous breezes, too,
That gently brush your heart and wheedle out
The beautiful thoughts sunk deep in your soul;

By

DORIS KENYON

(The Screen's Poetess)

I love to listen to a stream rambling on;
To see fine maiden-hair ferns wave their slim fingers
In slow illustration of his tale,
And the sturdy blooms of cool, damp places
Nod their furry heads in silent assent,
And now and then, quiver with vain longing . . . . . .
Hours are playthings in a woodland,
And there the joy of living fills my soul
'Til I must lift my arms and cry,
"Oh Life, absorb me! love me! take me!
I am yours!"

MARY PICKFORD

I never knew that you could know
A stranger . . . . . I feel
About her as I did when
Some apple blossoms softly fell
On my face, once long ago
In a forgotten orchard . . . . . .
Their touch still lives:
When little wandering winds gently
Kiss my fingers, I smile! . . . . . and remember;
She is Memory—that which lives on
And cannot be taken from us.
For when the hungry years have
Crumpled most of my pages
I shall still see her name
Penned there in gold . . . . . .
She is like that . . . . . like
Apple blossoms!



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Mary Pickford. . . . She is Memory — that which lives on—and cannot be taken from us. . . .

THOMAS MEIGHAN

Heredity runs strong in some.
So there's no doubt that he must be
Solomon's great, great, great and even
Greater grandson;
I dont mean about the wives—I mean,
Because he is so sane and
patient and because
His mind is very
wise . . . . .
Then, too, Solomon must
have had
A knack of fixing
things——
(Yea, verily with so
many wives)
You know, like those
who sit
Behind the windows
marked "Adjuster"—
Well that's the kind he
is.
But he adjusts the
claims of heart
And soul and mind . . . .
He is the sort that makes
one feel
That things are right—
not wrong.
And that the world is
very much
Worthwhile . . . . .

(Continued on page 87)

Thomas Meighan. . . . He is the sort that makes one feel —that things are right, not wrong — And that the world is very much worthwhile. . . .



Photograph by Curtis, L. A.



Pola Negri. . . She loves or hates, knowing no neutral plane . . . A thousand jeweled nights are in her eyes while lurking shadows lie in her black hair . . . Ah me to be her lover!



Harold Lloyd at the baby age of two summers. . . . When his mother dreamed he would some day have the world at his feet . . . golden dreams which have come true. . . . Childhood days when he would talk to invisible playmates. . . . Mimic grownups . . . improvise little acts all by himself which he would stage on the back porch. . . .

The Boyhood of Harold Lloyd

As Told To Phyllis Perlman

By

HAROLD LLOYD'S MOTHER



Harold Lloyd at the freckled, awkward age of eleven. . . . When there was always some crony ready to do his jobs . . . because Hal would entertain them with tricks and newly conceived games in return. . . . He gave value received. . . . He was a big question box. . . . And he could never be put off with half answers. . . .

EVERY mother thinks her child a precocious wit. Each believes her child will some day have the world at its feet. After a dozen years of short trousers most mothers are heard to scold, "Dont try to be so smart," or "Stop playing naughty tricks." When a score of years have made of her infant a man, she secretly wonders why his world of homage has dwindled to a population of one, and that one she.

I was just one of the million mothers such as I have described. Only the rare good fortune has been mine to "dream true" and to live to see large audiences made up not merely of fond aunts and doting parents, rock with laughter at my boy's antics, and to find that the personality I love has traveled by way of the motion picture screen into millions of other hearts all over the globe.

The suspicion that Harold's personality had a magnetism that would draw audiences to him in his manhood first dawned upon me when I discovered that as a small boy he never did the chores that my older son or his other companions did. Harold was not evading his duties. His pals just wouldn't let him do any of the tasks around the house, like weeding the garden, or running errands. There was always some satellite following his orb ready to do his bidding. Or rather they offered to do his work. In return Harold entertained the boys with tricks and newly conceived games. One day when he was about six I scolded him in the presence of a group of older companions for letting some one else do an errand that was his.

"Dont blame him, Mrs. Lloyd," said a thirteen-year-old crony. "We like to do things for Hal. He gives us value received."



That grown up phrase from a young boy I took as a fine tribute to my son. It dispelled the fear in my heart that he might be a shirker. Even today there is always someone who is anxious to do his ugly work. I confess I too am often tempted to be his slave.

Ever since he was born I have consciously planned his character. His personality is his own, but the fundamentals are the sum of my legacy to him. I think that the real secret of his charm and lovableness is that he was a wished-for child. His art, too, is a dream of my girlhood which in my own case was unfulfilled. Our family was the very antithesis of theatrical. My father today would be acclaimed a saint by the Blue Law agitators. In Colorado where I was born, he was one of the original "fifty-niners," a pillar of society who thought it intolerable that a respectable person should have a stage

career. I had been taking music lessons and some friends thinking my voice good enough for a concert singer, broached the subject to my father. He was horror stricken, and forbade me to continue even taking lessons.

That was the nearest Harold came to belonging to a theatrical family. Being a dutiful daughter I concealed my unhappiness over my thwarted ambitions, but I could not vanquish the dream. I think that I breathed into the soul of my boy what little talent I may have had. I like to think that in my voice lay the seed of his genius. Before he was born, I followed the advice of an elderly friend of the family. She told me what books to read, what songs to sing; she advised me to be cheerful and above all to wish hard and so help develop the character of my baby. Today all my own ambitions are submerged in Harold.

He was always a little precocious but never annoyingly so. I tried to encourage in him the traits I felt peculiarly his. It is a mother's privilege and duty to discover any exceptional or artistic qualities in her offspring. When he wanted to play by himself I did not insist upon his mingling with the neighbors' children. I loved to watch him talk to invisible playmates, to mimic grown-ups and to improvise little acts all by himself on our back porch. Once when he was two years old and his vocabulary had reached the stage of being "cute" Harold was left by himself on the veranda. I was entertaining some visitors who, hearing him chattering, commented:

"Who are the children playing with baby, Hal?"

I hadn't noticed any little children entering our garden so I went around to look, only to find my youngster posing and speaking to himself and imaginary guests.

Our house was the rendezvous for all the children in the neighborhood. Often there would be many boys older than Harold for the friends of his big brother Gaylord congregated here too. Altho I didn't want my boys tied to the proverbial apron string thereby losing the fellowship of strangers I preferred them being in my sight even tho it did mean sweeping up after more dusty boots and cutting more slices of buttered bread and jam. I taught Harold not to be a snob and always to be tactful. If I disliked any of the playmates I managed to plan an errand for Harold to do and I would say:

"Sonny Boy, run to the store for Mother—and by the way (in a whisper) tell Jimmy you cant play any more." After the boys had dispersed and Hal had returned, I explained to him that he must not invite Jimmy again. I impressed upon him at the same time that Jimmy's feelings must not be wounded. That lesson, I believe, remains with him. He has carried it with him into the studio. Everybody assures me that Harold Lloyd has never offended anyone's pride or good taste. It also accounts I think for the absence of all trace of vulgarity in any of his pictures. For vulgarity is only a form of tactlessness.

Nothing means more to a growing boy than a mother who fits in, a mother who can be her boy's pal. I remember my old doctor used to say:

"Elizabeth, you'll never be able to keep up with your boys." He warned me that even my baby Harold would



"Elizabeth," the old family doctor warned me, "you'll never be able to keep up with your boy." In my heart of hearts I knew that this was true, that up to a certain point I could keep abreast of him, but when he reached an understanding age, I should no longer be the indispensable teacher and mentor and that then he would outstride me. Nevertheless, we publish the above picture of Mrs. Lloyd and Harold because we think it looks as tho Mrs. Lloyd is still vitally necessary to her celebrated son's happiness.



I cannot realize that he is now the famous Harold Lloyd. He is just my little boy, eternally questioning, eternally playing, eternally smiling into the friendly faces of a million glad hearts. . . . Above, Harold is seen with his bride, *née* Mildred Davis, and also his erstwhile leading lady. At present Harold and Mildred are living in one of the Hotel Ambassador bungalows while Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd enjoy the big Lloyd house in Hollywood

surpass me in knowledge. In my heart of hearts I knew that this was true, that up to a certain point I could keep abreast of him, but when he reached an understanding age, I should no longer be the indispensable teacher and mentor and that then he would outstride me. However, I vowed that until he reached that point, he would not lose me. So I went to baseball games with him, fixed lunches and met him on Saturdays when he went hiking or swimming. It tickles me when I think how he would escort me down Main Street in Durango, proud as a peacock that his mother was his best friend. In that way I lasted as his confidante.

"You're the realest pal I have, Mother," Harold said to me—not long ago when he was an undiscerning child, but only a few weeks ago when I criticized adversely something he had done.

We were never wealthy but I determined that as far as education and the training in accessories that make a healthy, noble youth, my boy would never be deprived because of lack of money. I always had ambition nor did I sidestep when it meant that I must earn an addition to the family income. I had an old tradition of culture and good breeding that I wanted to hand down to my boy even if it necessitated as it did, my going into business, in millinery, selling, ranching and a variety of other occupations. You see on my maternal side Harold is a direct descendant of James G. Blaine who was such a figure in American political history. And we also trace our ancestry on the maternal line back to the universally adored Scotch poet Robert Burns.

We're prouder of Bobbie than we ever say. I feel that in a way that great singer is reincarnated in my boy. For Harold's pictures are the gay songs of youth immortalized on the motion picture screen. Emulating his ancestor Harold is slipping into the hearts of young people that once known he can never be forgotten. He learned how to fence, to wrestle and even took a long course in physical training under a professional athlete.

I taught my boy that all work was a game and so instilled a willingness to work that he has not lost even now when he is not under my influence. Our garden

(*Continued on page* 88)

Photograph by Royal Atelier



Harold Lloyd's first theatrical opportunity came when Frank Bacon, now remembered for his "Lightnin'" came to the home town. Harold's persistent hanging around the theater won for him a tiny part as a small boy in one of the plays. After the performance Mr. Bacon said: "You're going to hear great things of that boy some day." Those words were indelible. I cherish them as a prophecy of a great artist

And then one day Harold left me to go to California, golden California that has fulfilled so many of our mutual dreams. And he has hurdled his way to success and into a niche in the hearts of all those persons who like to feel youth surging in their blood. His way has been the hard one of the extra, the disheartening one of a sincere artist. And now . . . a mother's fulfilled dreams . . . Golden days. . . .

Ruth Calls It Melody Lodge



Days come to everyone when they chafe under the yoke of their particular work, whatever it may be, and dream of a retreat in the long green shadows of the mountains . . . monotonous days when the spirit is weary. Such a retreat is Melody Lodge—Ruth Roland's cabin up in the California mountains—where evening is a long while coming up over the purple mountains . . . where the days slip by in a cool, serene procession . . . and where Ruth sometimes takes to narrow mountain trails . . .



The main room of the cabin is a living-room, dining-room kitchen and bedroom combined. The brick fireplace is the heart of the cabin, life pulsates about it . . . food is cooked there and hands are warmed over the glowing coals. . . . Then to one corner of the room shielded by curtains you'll see a bed, colorful with a patchwork quilt. . . . We like Melody Lodge . . . it seems friendly, sheltering, quiet and warm



We Announce the American Beauty

And Also the Honorary Winners

THE Fame and Fortune Beauty Contest has ended at last. It was a long race but a triumphant one for the winner as there were thousands and thousands of photographs from all parts of the United States that poured onto the desk of the Contest Editor.

What a bewildering array of lovely girls there was, each clamoring to be selected as the fortunate one! The judges—all well-known artists, writers, and editors—scrutinized each applicant carefully, admiringly, but none the less with a critical eye.

There were pictures of pretty girls whose sober eyes looked out at the judges as much as to say, "This is a terribly serious matter with me"; there were laughing girls who dared them to discard *their* pictures; and there were girls with wistful faces who made the judges forget that they were supposed to be coldly critical.

Parenthetically, we might say that the life of a judge in a beauty contest is not always a bed of roses but we dare say the most trying thorn is their inability to select every pretty girl they like for the winner of the first prize. However, a critic has no business being unduly endowed with too much sentiment.

But all that is a transgression. To continue: After what seemed to be an interminable period — during which the judges sorted, discussed, decided; sorted, discussed and decided once more —these noble men and women at last agreed upon one person who was in their united opinions, the most beautiful girl of all.

Miss Florine Findley de Hart of Bristol, Virginia, was the fortunate girl. Miss de Hart is sixteen years of age. She has lovely blue eyes and golden-brown hair. Besides being beautiful, she is an accomplished dancer, having studied a number of years previously in New York.

Miss de Hart in winning the Beauty Contest will be given the promised trip from her home in Virginia to New York City. She will be royally entertained while in the city and shown all the interesting sights of the metropolis. Aside from the many dinners, dances and theater parties that will be given in her honor, Miss de Hart will have her portrait painted by a well-known artist. She will also have a sculptor model her head. Both of these works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries of New York. And finally, Miss de Hart will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY MAGAZINE.

Is she not a fortunate girl? Well—*rather,* we venture to say is the unanimous response.

After having selected Miss de Hart as the winner of the Beauty Contest, the judges then set about in choosing three girls for honorary mention —all are decided blondes. They are: Miss Peggy Wood, the demure young star in the musical comedy, "The Clinging Vine"; Miss Kathryn McGuire of Hollywood, California, who is in the Mack Sennett pictures; and Elva Pomfret of Brooklyn, New York, who played in "Orange Blossoms."

By an odd coincidence each of these honorary beauties is an actress. Peggy Wood's fame, of course, has spread far and wide but it was not known to the judges of the contest that the other two contestants were also of the same profession.

There follows a letter from Miss de Hart, written after receiving the news that she had won the contest.

(*Continued on page* 96)



Photograph by Ira D. Schwartz

Florine Findley de Hart of Bristol, Virginia, has been chosen by the judges as the American beauty. She is sixteen years of age with lovely blue eyes and golden brown hair. Besides being beautiful, she is an accomplished dancer



At the right is Peggy Wood whom the judges give honorary mention and who is the demure star of The Clinging Vine, a musical comedy now playing in New York. And below is Kathryn McGuire of Hollywood, California, who is sometimes seen in the Mack Sennett comedies



Photograph above and below by Edward Thayer Monroe



At the right is Elva Pomfret of Brooklyn, New York, another blonde and also of the theatrical profession. We think it an odd coincidence that all three honorary beauties should be of the blonde variety and of the theatrical world

That's Out

By
TAMAR LANE



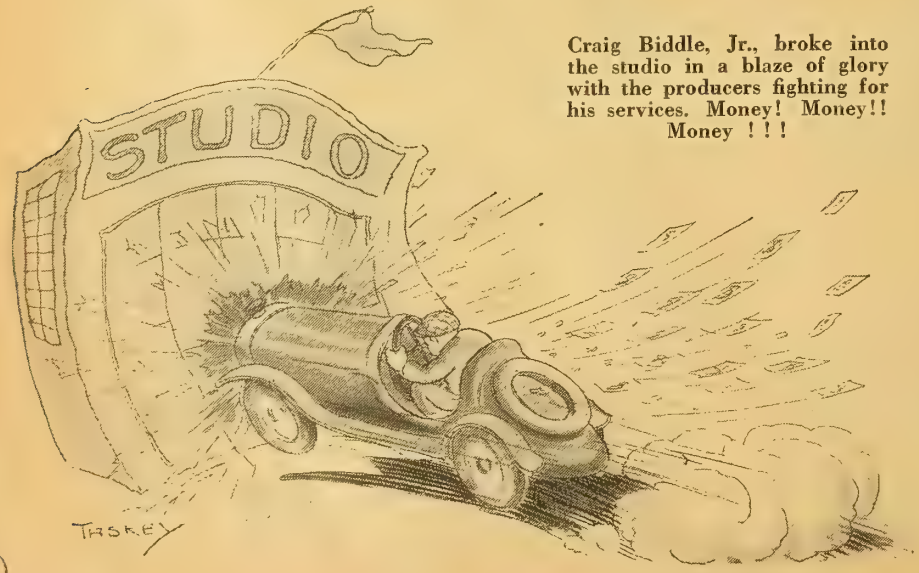
The screen in general is suffering from an overdose of comedies. So we are glad Sennett is going back to two reelers

How to Measure a DeMille Classic

CECIL B. DEMILLE is establishing a new standard of measurement for his productions. Costumes, millinery and reversions to ancient periods being the sum and substance of his plays, in future when one is asked as to how long the film runs, instead of replying seven reels or nine reels as the case may be why wouldn't it be much more practical to answer "twelve new gowns, and fourteen hats," or "six gowns, two new coiffures and a fade-back."

Best News of the Month

Sennett, according to reports, is going back to two reelers. This is cause for real rejoicing. Not only because Mack Sennett turned out his best comics when he was making them in short length but because the screen in general is suffering from over-dose comedies. The tendency of our fun producers to stretch their rib-ticklers out into four and five reels is taking a lot of laughs out of the films. "The Kid" is to blame for it. The success of this opus, due largely to a set of favorable conditions which even Charlie will have a hard job duplicating, was the cause of other comedians trying to stretch their hits. It is rarely that a long comedy can consistently tickle the risibilities. Here's hoping that Lloyd, Keaton, Chaplin and the whole caboodle of fun artists emulate Sennett and return to short comics.



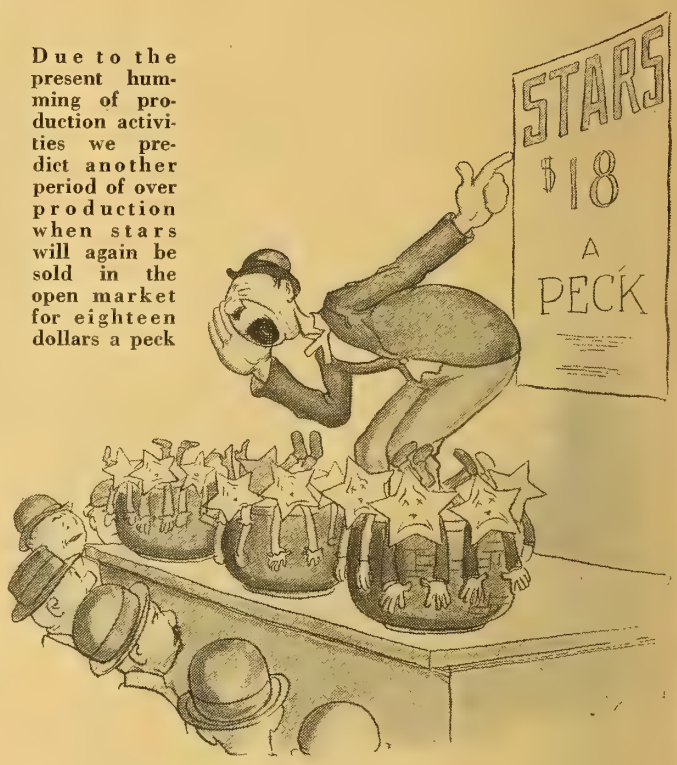
Craig Biddle, Jr., broke into the studio in a blaze of glory with the producers fighting for his services. Money! Money!! Money ! ! !

Famous Remarks

Marshall Neilan: "I believe in censorship. If given free rein these producers will start making pictures true to life, and the first thing we know somebody will make an intelligent photoplay."

The Circle

The motion picture business, like everything else in this world we live in, moves in circles, sometimes



Due to the present humming of production activities we predict another period of over production when stars will again be sold in the open market for eighteen dollars a peck

slow, perhaps, but always certain. Only a few months ago the studios were filled with cobwebs of idleness and stars could be bought on the open market for $18 a peck. Today, production is humming and screen celebrities are at a premium with producers beating one another over the head in a mad scramble to sign up talent. It is a matter of plain geometry to predict what is going to result. First, the high salaries which the producers swore they would never again pay to stars will return—for a time; second, business conditions will be so favorable that there will be an over-production of pictures; third, in the summer of 1924, due to this overproduction, the market will be so swamped with pictures that a lay-off will be necessary, salaries will drop, stars will again be in the discard. After a period

(*Continued on page* 102)

The Film Drama Versus Life

Frederick Van Vranken Is Amused By Several Iron Clad Rules Of the Screen

Illustrated by Eldon Kelley

EVERY person has his own pet answer to the query: What's the matter with the movies? But there is one point which, it seems to me, has received far too little attention. In my opinion, the besetting sin of the motion pictures today is the way in which the average screen drama clings to rigid, cut-and-dried ideas.

Directors have accumulated, from Heaven knows where, a whole set of weird and fantastic laws, conventions, formulas and precepts to which they adhere with grim and dogged tenacity, as tho instant death were the penalty for deviation. Instead of patterning their productions on life itself, they have created a strange and unfamiliar universe of their own, whose inhabitants act, think, dress and make love in a manner wholly bizarre and unique.



Of course, all burglars in this cynical old world dont throw away their tools and join the Christian Endeavor every time a child mistakes them for Santy Claus

Regard, for instance, a few of the more general laws of life which govern motion-picture dramas.

The first and most obvious of these laws is that all adventures and love-affairs end happily. This is what is known as the Pollyanna complex; and its chief symptom is the delusion that every cloud has a solid platinum, diamond-studded lining. Ah, how ineffably lovely, how benignly sweet—and how intolerably stupid—the world would be, if this were really so!

But, luckily, it isn't so; for all the suspense, interest, anticipation, hope, aspiration, excitement, surprise and pleasure are immediately eliminated from life when we know that everything is going to end in a riot of joy and flooded with sunshine. In real life, of course, we dont know. But the law of the movies is that, come what may, the harassed lovers will eventually be silhouetted against a full moon, bestowing upon each other a rapturous, ante-nuptial bliss.



The law of the movies is that, come what may, the harassed lovers will eventually be silhouetted against a full moon, bestowing upon each other a rapturous, ante-nuptial bliss

Then there is the law that no young gentleman — however inherently pure and perpendicular— can hope to win the affections of a chaste young virgin, if he has ever stolen a kiss from a cutie, played penny-ante, chewed tobacco, told a fib, used a cuss-word, gotten mildly soused, or spent a night out with the boys.

If it should appear that, during some loose and unthinking moment in his salad-days, he has committed any one of these heinous and unforgivable crimes, it must be clearly brought out that the accusation is a base fabrication. Concocted by the villain out of whole cloth. Otherwise he is not permitted to lead the sweet young thing, with the curls and the dimples, up to the hymeneal altar.



Even if the man she loves is suspended over a precipice and she has but to promise the villain to marry him, in order to save her lover from being hurled to death, the heroine is not permitted to make the promise—and break it



If any woman should act like the vamps in life, the average man would flee from her in terror, fully convinced that she was about to enter an epileptic trance, or was on the verge of a fit

There is nothing left for him but to set up marital housekeeping with a hussy whose past is as black as his own, or else go down to his grave a sad and lonely bachelor.

The same law works in the case of women. Any demoiselle who has ever been to a naughty cabaret, worn a ring on her thumb, smoked a cigaret, read "Town Topics," or held hands with a gentleman-friend to whom she was not formally engaged, is considered unfit to mate with a young man who has lead a forward-looking, right-thinking and stainless life.

In her case, too, if it appears that she had ever fallen from grace on any one of these counts, it must be proved that she is merely the victim of fiendish slander, or else she can never don the wedding veil.

The theory would seem to be that no pure young lady or upright young gentleman could possibly love a member of the opposite sex who had ever made a slip of any kind. But, in actual life, no flapper, however virtuous or seraphic, is horrified and repelled by a man merely because he once sowed a wild oat.

To the contrary, dashing male devils with interesting pasts are in great demand. The insufferable prig who is ignorant of Dr. Sylvanus Stall's "What a Young Man Ought to Know," and who cant tell the difference between Dubonney and Bicardi, is rated low in the débutante's Bradstreet. The average sensible young lady chooses the experienced man of the world who has had a couple of mild flirtations and knows how to mix a cocktail.

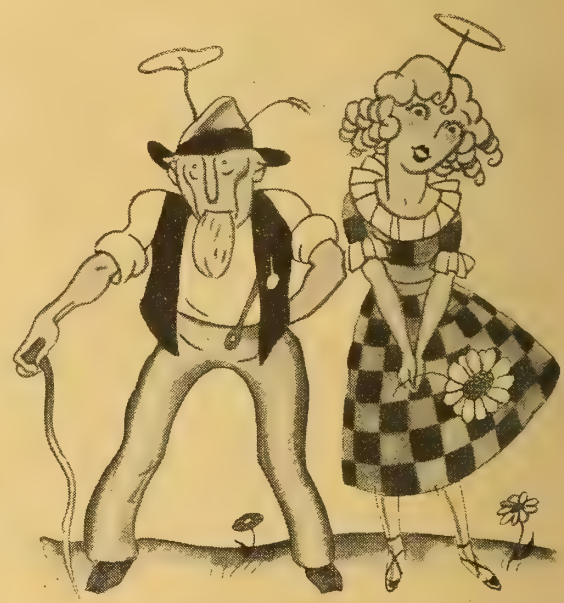
There is another motion-picture law of ethical conduct which might be mentioned in this connection. The law has no foundation in life, and, indeed, is without inherent common sense. But no director would dare break it. It has become an immutable precept in the strange, outlandish life of the silversheet.

This particular law forbids a heroine ever to tell a falsehood, or even to pretend to something she does not feel, no matter how terrible or tragic may be the result of her refusal.

For instance, if the villain has bound and gagged her doddering old father and her decrepit nonagenarian mother, and has threatened to torture them and put them to death unless she will permit him to caress her cheek, she is absolutely forbidden to acquiesce to his demands. Let the old folks suffer—her soul must not be sullied by a faithless kiss!

Even if the man she loves is suspended over a precipice, and she has but to promise the villain to marry him, in order to save her lover from being hurled to death on the jagged rocks below, she is not permitted to make that promise, even tho she could—with perfect justification—break it later. No! She must be technically truthful to the bitter end, no matter what the horrible results to herself and to others; and must trust to Heaven—and the director—to get her out of the predicament.

(*Continued on page* 108)



Heroines . . . Any demoiselle who has ever been to a naughty cabaret, worn a ring on her thumb, smoked a cigaret, read "Town Topics" or held hands with a gentleman-friend to whom she was not formally engaged, is considered unfit to mate with a young man who has led a stainless life



In any fight the hero must win. The villains may be champion pugilists in the pink of condition. It doesn't matter. The hero, with his bare hands will lay him out cold

Across the Silversheet

In Which the New Photoplays Are Considered

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



WE ARE encouraged this month. For we have seen two motion pictures which we know to be far and away better than they would have been if they had been produced a year or two ago. In truth, the motion picture advances.

First to consider "The Covered Wagon."

This is an elemental story of a prairie train in which the covered wagons move slowly westward; across the plains . . . over the mountains . . . thru the snows . . . into the desert . . . ever westward. This is a story in itself. The most chronic phlegm will disappear when the wagons and the cattle ford the deep stream; when the Indians strike from ambush; and when there is a buffalo hunt to supplant the scraped flour barrels.

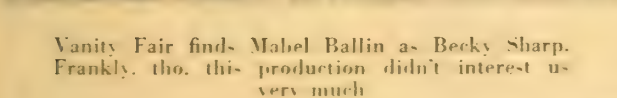
And there is another story too. Those comprising the train are human people. They know desire, greed and jealousy. But they also know in a balancing measure courage, love and dreams. Out of their despair and alternate hope, complications are born. And the old captain finds these complications threatening their pioneer purpose in as great a degree as any physical dangers.

James Cruze, the director, has blended these two stories nicely. And because he knew his story was a fundamental one he dispensed with delicacies, camouflage and superficialties with the result that he has given us a flash of the quick of life. Only one issue in criticism of James Cruze and that is the spotless wagon covers at the end of the journey. They should have been torn and soiled. Instead

(Continued on page 104)



As Charles Abbott in The Bright Shawl, Richard Barthelmess gives a portrayal mingled with poetry and vitality. The production itself we remember with pleasure. . . . There has been talk of The Covered Wagon being as great as The Birth of a Nation. We give it less praise than that but we do recommend it heartily

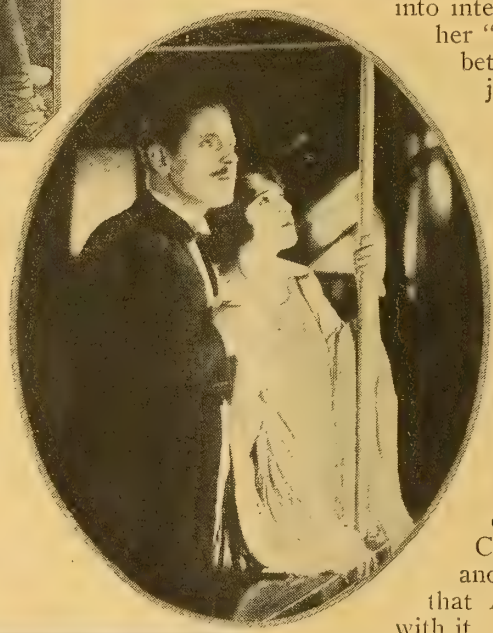


Vanity Fair finds Mabel Ballin as Becky Sharp. Frankly, tho, this production didn't interest us very much



Comment on Other Productions





Harry Carey is found in his familiar rôle of an easy-going, kind-hearted Westerner in "Crashin' Thru" which is an unconvincing story. . . . Edith Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon" which was highly enjoyable between the covers of her novel makes a very stupid screen tale. David Powell and Bebe Daniels are shown in a scene from it at the right. . . . Below, is a scene from "Enemies of Women" an opulent photoplay in which Lionel Barrymore is starred. Incidentally it is a Blasco Ibanez story



Crashing Thru—Film Booking Offices

INTRODUCING Harry Carey in his familiar rôle of an easy-going, kind-hearted westerner who is endowed with a "never-say-die" spirit, and who as a result, comes up smiling when the clouds are heavy with darkness. The star handles his six-shooter in capable fashion and bites his thumb-nail as he has done for ten or fifteen years in all his pictures. We find him here being double-crossed in a story which involves the customary cattle-rustling and trigger finger work. The romantic element is emphasized thru a woman and her daughter answering an ad inserted in a matrimonial magazine. The story is unconvincing and runs thru its spool in helter-skelter style. Its best points are its backgrounds and atmosphere.

Glimpses of the Moon—Paramount

Edith Wharton is an exceptional story teller, but it doesn't prove that one of her stories can be made into interesting screen drama. Here is her "Glimpses of the Moon," which between the covers is highly enjoyable, but transferred to the silversheet is nothing but a very stupid tale which talks its way along without getting under the skin. It is a story of a trial marriage—of a rather selfish girl who sponges upon her friends without giving up much in return. One of them asks for a "show-down," at which moment the bride appreciates her struggling artist husband. That's all there is to it—a spineless, overdressed picture, well enough acted by Nita Naldi, Charles Gerard, David Powell and Bebe Daniels. It's our guess that Allan Dwan did all he could with it. As a screen play it is artificial and lacks movement.

Enemies of Women—Cosmopolitan

The Cosmopolitan forces have spent a lavish sum to make a picture which will ring down thru the corridors of Time, but looking at it in retrospect we must admit that it records nothing of consequence. Of course Ibanez has a certain following, but this isn't another "Four Horsemen," even tho it carries a war flavor and much moral argument before it is finished. Put it down as something of an opulent display—of a group of rich and vicious bounders and parasites who selfishly forget their duty toward mankind in their pursuit of women's hearts. The story guides them from Russia to Monte Carlo to Paris to Russia and back to Monte Carlo where they give way to their erotic fancies. An impressionistic ball, a brief shot of an assault by the red terrorists and considerable conflict of the heart are exposed.

It all seems unreal, even tho it is highly colorful. The motivation is weak and many of the scenes are inexplicable—for instance the demands of the paramour in extracting

money from the moral leper to send to her son at the front. What does he need of riches while serving the colors? Again she is mighty proud of him and wouldn't refrain from declaring her relationship before the whole world. Yet she carries her secret about with her for fear of losing her wealthy friend, notwithstanding the fact that the latter is subordinate in her affections. The shots of Monte Carlo are inspiring and the acting by Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens is praiseworthy. The best touch in the picture? The scene of the terrorists storming the castle and Barrymore's graphic fight for his life.

SUZANNA—ALLIED PRODUCERS

It's hard to determine just what Mack Sennett was up to when he put over this ancient bit of hokum. The Sennett responsible for making light of time-worn material has fallen into the trap and becomes an imitator of uninspired directors. He wrote the story—a story of a lowly peon girl who in reality is the daughter of a Spanish don, but who was exchanged in the cradle at birth for another. Ah there Mack! That's old stuff isn't it? The atmosphere is pretty good and there is some Spanish paprika visible here and there. But for the most part it follows its familiar groove without any of Sennett's characteristic kidding. Mabel Normand is the peon and not a very colorful senorita either.

THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS—FIRST NATIONAL

A fantastic cruise to the Sargasso Sea—the morgue for derelict ships is perhaps the best way to define this exceedingly novel picture which is certain to leave its stamp upon the memory for some time. Surely nothing in many moons has even approached it for novelty of setting. Maurice Tourneur, always a stickler for picturesque effects, has accomplished a compelling canvas from which ghosts of dead yesterdays float around to the accompaniment of adventurous action. A vital, he-man story of pirates and derelicts and ships that go down with their crews on board. A vigorous document of daring adventure and heroic incident. To miss it is to miss something out of the ordinary.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS—METRO

Chalk up another mark for Rex Ingram for his genius in making an old story seem new and refreshing. Here is "Where the Pavement Ends"—an alluring title, that—which carries the familiar central idea of the South Sea Island missionary and his daughter who, voluntary exiles from their native land, are thrust into highly exciting situations before they set sail for America. You know the central situation, that of the vicious white trader who would covet the girl but who is



"Suzanna" has some Spanish paprika visible here and there but, for the most part, it follows in a familiar groove. Nor is Mabel Normand particularly colorful as the senorita



Maurice Tourneur gives us a fantastic and picturesque canvas in "The Isle of Lost Ships." In a scene from the story shown at the left are Milton Sills and Anna Q. Nilsson both of whom are entrusted with the prominent rôles



prevented by the native lover. These three people provide the storm of this conflict which terminates when the native kills the brutal white man. But Ingram has fashioned these scenes and guided these players so admirably that the imagination is ever alert. His atmosphere is perfect. You catch, somehow, the romantic spirit of the story—as well as the suggestion of tragedy it carries. Ramon Navarro is virile and heroic as the native and Harry Morey, a thoroly repellent trader, while Alice Terry lends a fragrant charm to the figure of the heroine. Dont miss this picture—it belongs in the category of better things.

Grumpy—Paramount

This screen adaptation of Cyril Maude's play is a slow-moving character study of an irascible old man which depends for success upon the skilful rendition of the title rôle by Theodore Roberts. This sterling actor has never shown such a delightful study as this. You forget that Maude created the part—you overcome your prejudice that Grumpy looks more genuine as played by the Britisher. You watch Roberts with deep interest, and this despite the fact that the picture is often tedious. However, its dignified treatment and realism compensate for its lack of vitality. Theodore Roberts makes it enjoyable.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine—Paramount

The granddaddy of 'em all is this story by John Fox, Jr. It has served as a model for all photoplays which have to do with mountaineers and moonshine and since it is so familiar one is not intrigued by it. Naturally one looks to see if the director has fashioned it any differently—if he has brought out any new touches. We must answer in the negative. But be it said that the atmosphere is the real thing. And Ernest Torrence as a moonshiner gives his customary capital performance. The plot is the antagonism of the moonshiners for the revenuers, and the well-known feud between two warring clans. It involves a youth from the city who arouses the enmity of the mountain lover. The feud is patched up, the girl gets an "eddication" and all ends happily. Mary Miles Minter pouts prettily, but her emotion does not register.



You'll chalk up another good mark for Rex Ingram when you see "Where the Pavement Ends," for it belongs in the category of better things. Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry are found in the scene above. . . . At the right, "Grumpy" which is a slow-moving character study of an irascible old man. Theodore Roberts gives a skilful rendition of the title rôle. And Conrad Nagel and May McAvoy are also prominently cast. . . .



In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which lacks any new touches, Mary Miles Minter pouts prettily but her emotion does not register. Antonio Moreno is the hero. And it is Ernest Torrence who gives the most capital performance as a moonshiner

The Go-Getter—Paramount

We'll always have this type of story with us—just as we will always have the Northwest Mounted story and that other familiar one, the South American revolution. The title gives it away surely. Here is our plucky American endowed with a gift of gab and a breezy personality who is never caught feeling down in his luck. He starts with nothing and climbs to the top—winning the girl and a good job. A fairly bright little piece, not exacting much from the imagination, but skipping merrily along like a

rippling brook. T. Roy Barnes is Mr. Go-Getter—and a trifle too cock-sure of method in his madness to please us all the way. There is too much of the style of the seasoned trouper in his work. A little measuring of his worth—a little insight into the real psychology of the character would make it more genuine. William Norris is badly made-up as Cappy Ricks. Nothing to rave over, still nothing to get mad about.

THE NTH COMMANDMENT—PARAMOUNT

Not up to her "Humoresque," is Fannie Hurst's story, but, withal, a neat little document of human frailties which will tug at the hearts of the sentimentalists because of its deep well of pathos and the rich character study of the gifted Colleen Moore who plays the part of a department store girl who is wooed by two admirers. One of them slips by the wayside and true to her feminine nature this is the chap she marries. He is ordered South before the snow flies and the bride, seizing the opportunity to get the little family out of debt, dances her way to success. The conclusion shows the family nicely settled in California. Miss Moore is called upon to do much emotional acting in her job of mothering an invalid husband and she does her work with charming naturalness. George Cooper is delightful in one of his characteristic studies. The Gotham atmosphere is picturesque and to the point.

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE—UNIVERSAL

A likely offering this coming from the Universal lots. Sponsored by a smart triumvirate, Jack London author, Hobart Henley director, and Reginald Denny star, it is destined to leave more than a trace upon the imagination—the reason being its approach to realities, its local color and rich incident and the fine character study which serves as a background. "The Abysmal Brute" is a story of the roped arena—of a young mountaineer reared by his pugilistic father to take up the manly art as a profession. Consequently he comes down to Frisco to encounter romance, adventure and success, and before he is crowned with the laurel wreath the spectator is in for some good "in-fighting" in the ring and a very human love affair between a society girl and the modest and extremely shy abysmal brute. Yes, yes, she learns to appreciate his manliness and sincerity. Reginald Denny is an excellent choice for the title rôle, having had experience with the gloves in several fight pictures. And Henley's direction is marked for its neat human touches and the manner in which he has kept it vivid and vital.

SOULS FOR SALE—GOLDWYN

Just why Rupert Hughes saw fit to jack a ten-twen-

(Continued on page 112)





"The Go-Getter," is a fairly bright little piece, not exacting much from the imagination and skipping merrily along. T. Roy Barnes is Mr. Go-Getter and Seena Owens is the girl. . . . At the left is a scene from "The Nth Commandment," a Fannie Hurst story and a neat little document of human frailties which will tug at the hearts of the sentimental. Colleen Moore and James Morrison are heroine and hero. . . .



The Abysmal Brute with Reginald Denny excellently portraying the title rôle approaches reality. And we are sure it is destined to leave more than a trace upon the imagination

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

Plaudits for the character actor. The director and King Baggot. And a suggestion of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks as Romeo and Juliet.

DEAR EDITOR: Tho a reader of your very good magazine for many years I have never contributed anything to one of the most interesting departments, so I trust that my letter will meet with your approval.

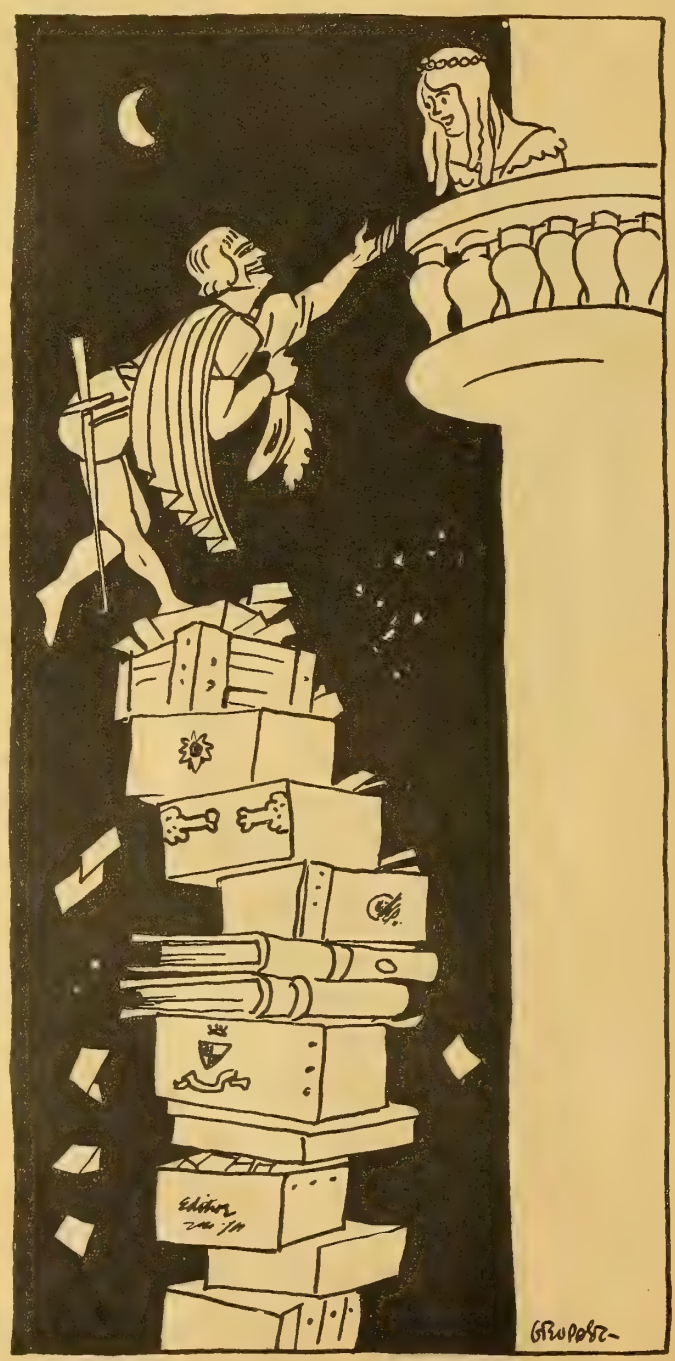
I am heartily in sympathy with E. P. B.'s letter in the April issue regarding the character actor—indeed we should not forget the character actor, great praise is due him and many times I have seen pictures where I felt that the "heavy" was the star of the production.

Being that E. P. B. has reminded you not to be forgetful of the character actor, I would like to be permitted to speak in behalf of another connected with the picture—the director. To my mind the director is the one most responsible for the picture, tho he is usually left in the background while everybody sings pæans of praise for the winsome leading lady, the handsome leading man, the clever character actor and the adorable juvenile—but the director is left out in the cold. This is not as it should be. Surely the director is entitled to his share of the plaudits, but does he get them? No! With few exceptions does a director get any consideration from a very large majority of the fans. (Tho I will admit that from my personal observation among other fans I feel that more interest is awakening for the directors.) Fans write to the leading man and tell him how adorably he made love to the heroine in the garden-scene—he's the one who gets the praise, when nine chances out of ten he doesn't know how to love at all, but his director does. Again, fans write to the leading lady and tell her how much they adore that cute mannerism she has of shaking her finger at the hero in the last scene, when to get right down to "brass tacks" she never used that mannerism in her life before, but her director has and it was one of his many mannerisms that endeared him to his thousands of followers. So there it goes. Knowing something of the "inside" of motion pictures I realize what a "grind" the director has, no matter how much he loves his work it is trying just the same, and I am sure that if those of you who do not yet appreciate our directors could watch any one of them work one hour that you would never again neglect to give the director his share of the plaudits

My favorite director is King Baggot. All the years that Mr. Baggot was appearing on the screen he was my favorite actor and now that he is directing, he still remains my favorite and always will.

There are no pictures that I look forward to with so much joy as I do King Baggot's and I am never disappointed. Never in all the years that I have known Mr. Baggot on the screen has his name ever appeared in connection with any but good, clean wholesome, entertaining pictures. A man who can take a simple, little story and make it not only thoroly interesting and entertaining but a thing of beauty is master of his art. Mr. Baggot is an artiste of splendid ability, his artistry is second to none, and I, as an adoring fan, will stand King Baggot right up beside D. W. Griffith himself. More power to you King Baggot!!—— I want to see your name in electric lights on Broadway, N. Y., on Broadway, L. A.; in fact on all the Broadways all over the land.

It is the endearing "human touch," the directness of appeal, the sweet simplicity which have made Mr. Baggot's pictures very dear to me and the characters of his pictures are always people who I know and love and understand. Could one ask for more? Everyone of his pictures bears an indelible stamp of *sincerity*, and his attention to every minute detail is unsurpassable. King Baggot! A man whose name alone is a safeguard against censorship and an absolute assurance of a clean screen and good entertainment. When it comes to the human touch that reaches right out and grips your heart-strings, King Baggot certainly "delivers the goods" whether behind the megaphone or before the camera—kindly excuse my using the vernacular.



One word for "Romeo and Juliet" before closing. We have long wanted our beloved Mary and Doug to make a picture together—to my way of thinking, they are the ideal pair to make "Romeo and Juliet." Douglas Fairbanks as Romeo? Yes!! Mr. Fairbanks has never appealed to me as the romantic lover, but after seeing his beautiful portrayal as Maid Marion's lover in "Robin Hood," I made up my mind right then and there that I wanted Doug and Mary to make "Romeo and Juliet" together.

I sincerely wish that fans would sign their letters with their full names and correct addresses in full, instead of initials or a pseudonym.

With best wishes, I am,
Very sincerely,
MRS. LORENZ STEVENS, 711 Superba St., Venice, California.

The artistry and success of the recent historical pictures suggests a screen version of Ivanhoe and The Lady of the Lake.

DEAR EDITOR: "All Hail!" we cry, we weary "movie" lovers. "All Hail, to better pictures."

Wearied by the long and tiresome reign of "society dramas" we greet the newer, better pictures with joy.

One of the latest of these is "When Knighthood Was In Flower" a flawless picture

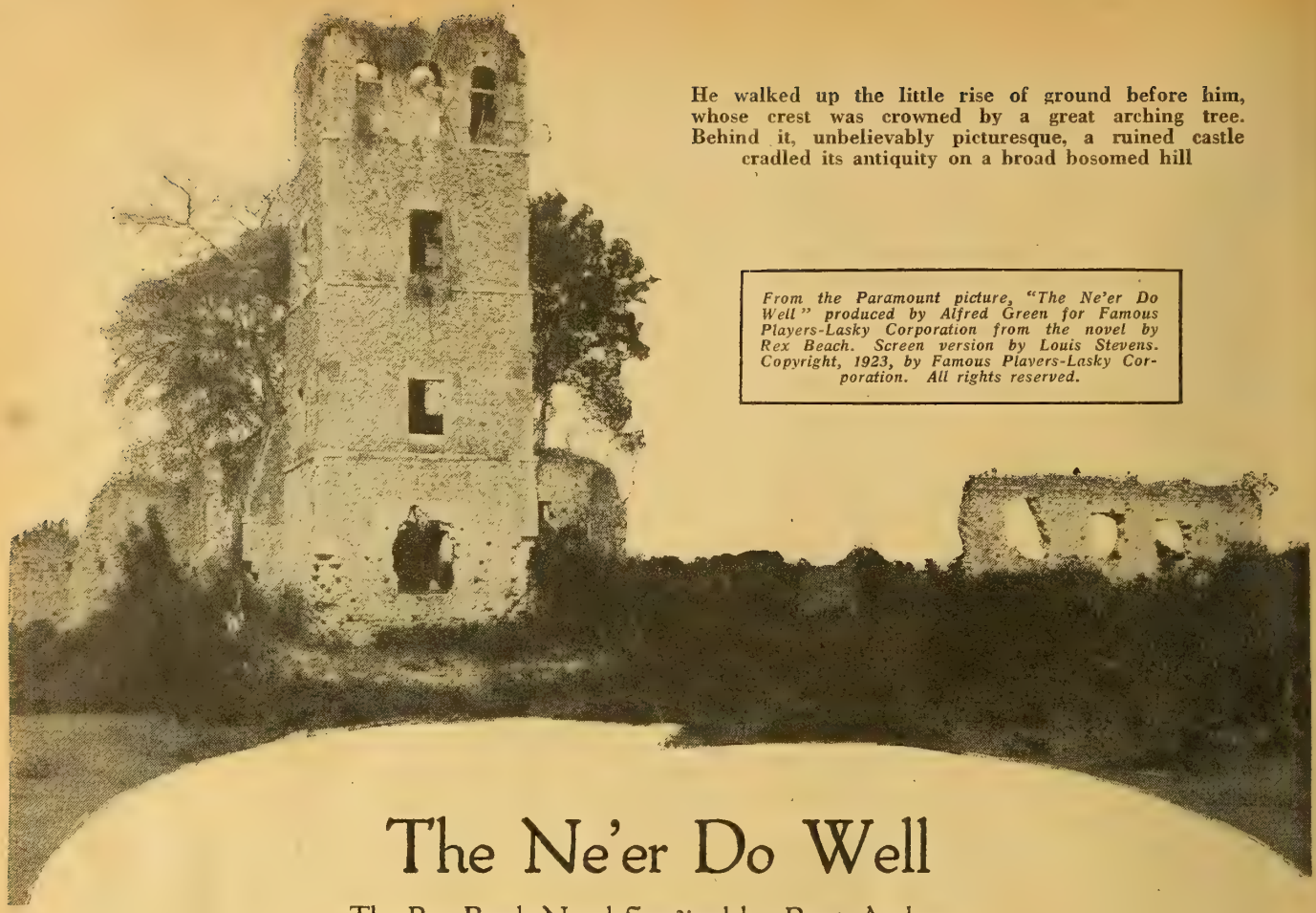
(*Continued on page* 95)

One word for "Romeo and Juliet" before closing. We have long wanted our beloved Mary and Doug to make a picture together—to my way of thinking, they are the ideal pair to make "Romeo and Juliet"



A Porcelian Figurine

Posed by Betty Compson in "The Rustle of Silk"



He walked up the little rise of ground before him, whose crest was crowned by a great arching tree. Behind it, unbelievably picturesque, a ruined castle cradled its antiquity on a broad bosomed hill

From the Paramount picture, "The Ne'er Do Well" produced by Alfred Green for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from the novel by Rex Beach. Screen version by Louis Stevens. Copyright, 1923, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.

The Ne'er Do Well

The Rex Beach Novel Storyized by Peter Andrews

KIRK ANTONY opened his eyes on an odd world, circumscribed by the white painted walls of a narrow, swaying room. Kirk was used to rooms that were not stationary—that is—not exactly. Many a floor had risen unexpectedly and maliciously to smite him on the head and many a wall had crashed in on his unprotected person; such unpleasant phenomena being not altogether unknown to those who go in for hootch, skirts and jazz—particularly hootch.

"Stand still," he muttered. "I'm not drunk." But nothing happened.

"This is a devil of a note," he continued vaguely, "queer dump, anyway." Seeing the familiar sight of a push button in the wall he obeyed that impulse and a steward answered the summons.

"Get me a taxi, boy, and make it snappy."

"Taxi, sir?" queried the amazed factotum. "Why—why—you cant get a taxi here——"

"Why not?" sharply. Kirk was accustomed to prompt service from menials. Every head waiter on Broadway knew and respected—his father's pocket-book, for it was apparently bottomless and Kirk distributed the paternal largess with a free hand.



When young Mr. Antony appeared on deck in broad daylight in a slightly mussed dinner jacket, he very naturally attracted considerable attention from the deck walkers

"You're on the high seas, sir, that's why," said the man without a glimmer of humor.

"What the h——!" ejaculated Kirk angrily, recognizing all at once the stateroom of an ocean liner. Then the usual reaction took place and he remembered the circumstances that had culminated in this quite involuntary sea voyage to Panama, so the steward informed him. Panama was as good—or as bad as any place so far as he was concerned. Any place that was not Broadway was an anathema to Kirk.

That distressed young gentleman took his head in his hands in the time honored fashion and began laboriously to think. Oh, yes . . . the victory loan — or — er — parade . . . some celebration! If his father ever heard about this he'd undoubtedly disown him, which uneasy suspicion hovered like a war cloud over his disjointed army of thoughts. Kirk had graduated from college with all the honors—athletics afforded. After that, for three months out of the year he was football coach and idol of the campus; for the rest of the year he taught the young idea how to do Broadway and was a thorn in his father's flesh. His father, however, had stood up pretty well under the strain of a ne'er do well son. At least he had kept him out of jail so far. He'd be pretty well heated about this last affair tho—there really had been serious trouble. Great little party tho—to celebrate a great little football victory. If they just hadn't gotten mixed up with that bounder Locke, with his eternal trail of detectives. Why didn't the man give himself up to the law—he'd be caught sooner or later anyway? One of Kirk's own crowd in the exuberance of his emotions had hit one of the ubiquitous detectives over the head with a bottle. Laid him out too—cold—Kirk didn't remember much after that, but the truth of the matter was that Locke had doped him and shanghaied him aboard this steamer bound for Panama. It would hardly do for Mr. Locke to be mixed up or even remotely connected with the laying out of a detective. Far simpler to cast suspicion on Kirk and then for decency's sake, get him out of the country. Besides, it made his guilt appear even more obvious.



Kirk found his voice. "Oh, dont go away. Please stay and talk to me. I wont hurt you—and besides—I'm lonesome"

When young Mr. Antony appeared on deck in broad daylight in a slightly mussed dinner jacket and far from fresh white shirt, he very naturally attracted considerable if not desirable attention from the deck walkers. One of them, a charming young woman—of course—looked at him so kindly that he blurted out his story to her. "I—I cant help this rig you see," he said, blushing boyishly.

"It's quite all right," replied the lady in soothing tones. "I understand. When we get to Panama, my husband, Stephen Cortlandt, will communicate with your father and straighten out everything for you. Dont worry."

Whereupon Kirk ceased to worry, which was about the best thing he did anyway, mercifully unconscious of what was in store for him in Panama. In response to Cortlandt's courteous cable to the elder Antony he received this conclusive and unequivocal reply:

"I have no son."

This *was* rather a blow for Kirk, but Cortlandt was immensely relieved. The young American was altogether too attractive to his susceptible wife and Kirk left somewhat in disgrace, after a too pleasant wait for word from his father.

"Well I'm 'on the beach' now," he thought moodily, walking aimlessly down one sun baked road after another. "Great place to loaf in—but after all one has to eat . . .



Personally conducting on the Panama Railroad was not without its advantages, but Kirk didn't mean to stay there long . . .

Suppose I'll have to go to work . . . at something . . ." But he realized with a rather sick feeling that outside of mixing a flawless cocktail, training a football eleven or a baseball nine, and singing a rather pleasing baritone, there was nothing he could work at, since he was disconcertingly sure that none of those accomplishments would prove remunerative down here.

Suddenly out of the tail of his eye he caught sight of—a significant fact—a very pretty fact—quite the prettiest significant fact he had ever before encountered, and a fact moreover that was destined to alter his whole course of life; altho he didn't know it then. He walked up the little rise of ground before him whose crest was crowned by a great arching tree. Behind it, unbelievably picturesque, a ruined castle cradled its antiquity on a broad bosomed hill. But it was the flower on the tree that held Antony's glance, or rather the girl seated easily in its branches, who held a gorgeous orchid in her slim brown hands.

"Hello," he said with disarming friendliness.

"Hello yourself," she replied after an excited pause.

Silence fell upon them after this brilliant exchange. The usually voluble Kirk couldn't think of a thing to say—that is, that he dared to. He would have liked to say: "You're the prettiest thing I ever saw," and kindred remarks, but the girl climbed down slowly and even with dignity, and started away.

Kirk found his voice, "Oh dont go away. Please stay and talk to me. I wont hurt you—and besides—I'm lonesome."

"I'm lonely too," said the girl, returning, "or rather, I am unhappy. . . ."

She had the quaintest accent, Kirk thought, the sweetest red lips, the whitest teeth, the biggest and most beautiful eyes, and with these agreeable thoughts shining thru his frank eyes the conversation proceeded very well. Chiquita Garavel, it seems, was betrothed to Ramon Alfarez, the commandante of Police, which betrothal was made by an ambitious father over the young lady's indignant tho unhappily useless protest. In Spanish families these things are ordered thus.

Kirk was thrilled. Heroine in distress, and all that. He was beginning to live life—life which is at best slightly reminiscent of a moving picture plot. But no matter—he had found his ideal and meant hereafter in his life to live up to that high estate.

These worth while aspirations were stopped short by the unexpected arrival of Chiquita's duenna, an ill-favored dame, who withdrew her charge from the always poisonous proximity of a handsome young man. But Kirk's fate was sealed—so far as Kirk was concerned.

. . . .

Kirk Antony pulled on an immaculate pair of white kid gloves, thrust his shining silk hat jauntily upon his head, and jumped into the taxi waiting to take him to the Tivoli ball, the social *pièce de résistance* of the season in Panama.

Kirk had had a gay season too, quite gay consider-

THE NE'ER DO WELL

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Paramount production based on the scenario by Louis Stevens which was adapted from the Rex Beach novel. Directed by Alfred Green and starring Thomas Meighan. The cast:

Kirk Antony	Thomas Meighan
Chiquita	Lila Lee
Edith Cortlandt	Gertrude Astor
Stephen Cortlandt	John Miltern
Andres Garavel	Gus Weinberg
Ramon Alfarez	Sid Smith
Clifford	George O'Brien
Allan Allen	Jules Cowles
Runnels	Lawrence Wheat

ing his business obligations which were heavy. Was he not assistant transportation manager of the Panama Railroad? And by his own wits? When he left the Spanish Chiquita that day on the hillside, his heart was full of dreams but his head was full of ideas. He had gone straight to his first friend, Mrs. Cortlandt, and she had got for him the somewhat lowly job of conductor on the railroad. On his first run, who should be his first passenger but Chiquita—and her father and the fat duenna? But they might just as well have already arrived at their destination for all Kirk noticed them. He punched the wrong tickets, overlooked several fares altogether, and muddled his records that day; but Chiquita had smiled and winked a wicked delicious eye at him behind her father's back, so it really didn't matter about the records. He hastily sent his satellite, Allan Allen, a colored adventurer he had twice saved from the police, and who had become thereby his willing slave, to find out where Chiquita lived. Personally conducting on the Panama Railroad was not without its advantages but Kirk didn't mean to stay there long. He would never stop till he owned the railroad . . . and Chiquita. Meantime, he was content to become a much sought after young bachelor in Panama society.

He went everywhere there was a chance of seeing Chiquita. When Mrs. Cortlandt wanted Kirk, which was often, she invited the little Spanish girl, but she was a little tired of this threesome. She wanted Kirk to herself. Was he not indebted to her? Had she not befriended him when no one else would? Had she not confessed that she adored him? Really, it was too graceless of him to make love to Chiquita under her very eyes! She knew a way to settle that, and was not alone doing it.

It was the one fly in the ointment of Kirk's pleasure. He was fond of Edith Cortlandt but he loved Chiquita. Chiquita would be at the Tivoli ball—as a matter of fact her engagement to Ramon was to be formally announced there, but that did not disturb Kirk. Love had found a way . . . still he was sorry about this trouble over Edith. Cortlandt had behaved rather decently too . . . deuced awkward situation at best . . . He shrugged his shoulders and let his thoughts run ahead to pleasanter things.

"The trouble over Edith" *had* been disquieting. In her anger over Kirk's infatuation for Chiquita she had gone to old Andres Garavel, who was up for election of the Presidency of the Republic, and told him that unless he very promptly arranged for the marriage of Chiquita and Ramon, he would have several powerful and wealthy political groups lined up against his election. Naturally, the marriage was promptly arranged for. So much for that. The other half of her scheming was even more objectionable. She had persuaded Kirk to go on a little boat trip to one of the neighboring islands—and bribed the boatman not to come back for them. Unfortunately Cortlandt had overheard only the fact that Kirk had said he'd be glad to go. He did not know that Kirk had agreed to go only when he learned that her husband was to be one of the party. But, of course, Edith had no intention of allowing her husband to be one of the party, and Stephen Cortlandt had made up his mind



In the narrow stone-walled room of the local prison Kirk sat on the edge of his table and listened, in painful silence to what Edith Cortlandt had had to say

to surprise his wife — which he did — considerably. He was enraged when he found Kirk and Edith alone on the island, but could do nothing but accept her explanation that the boatman had refused to return for them, which explanation had the doubtful merit of being at least half true.

Yes, it had been rather disagreeable. Cortlandt was a fine fellow, too good for Edith. Well . . . it was over with anyway and the taxi stopped before the door.

After the announcement of Chiquita's betrothal, which everyone knew about anyway, Kirk with somewhat ironic courtesy, asked Ramon permission to dance the first dance with Chiquita. This was gravely accorded and the lovers stole away to Kirk's room in his hotel and got themselves married according to their long laid, sweet secret plans. Then they returned and saw the ball thru to its bedraggled dawn finish, in a state of inexpressible excitement and delight.

However, the best laid plans, no matter how sweet and secret, are subject to betrayal. Life has a sorry way of interfering with human affairs, when they are apparently running with the utmost smoothness. Kirk's next social appearance was not so successful.

It was at a testimonial dinner to Cortlandt, and Kirk had chosen to present him with a watch as a token of his appreciation for his kindness to him when he was a down-and-outer. Cortlandt accepted it with a grim bow of thanks. Then turning away from Kirk to the other guests, he spoke bitterly.

"It is a custom in this country to return a gift. So in return for this watch I give this man—my wife — whom he has already."

Kirk, who had been smiling happily at the beginning of this speech, turned furiously upon his former friend.

"You lie," he said quietly but it sounded like a cannon shot in the horrified silence that greeted Cortlandt's announcement. "It's an infamous lie! I could kill you for that, Stephen Cortlandt!"

He sprang at Cortlandt but several guests clutched wildly at him and the two angry men were kept apart with difficulty.

The next morning Cortlandt was found dead in a room at the hotel.

Naturally, suspicion pointed toward Antony. Hundreds there were who bore witness to that angry threat, "I could kill you for that, Stephen Cortlandt!" And with an expedition hitherto undreamt of in that languid community Antony was tried, convicted and put in jail to await sentence.

Edith Cortlandt maintained an injured and implacable silence. Not so, Chiquita, who flew to her father, now President of the Republic, in a tempest of tears.

"You must save him father, you must! You must!"

"But my child," expostulated her father, "he has committed a foul murder — at least so it is charged. And the gossip about him and Mrs. Cortlandt easily furnishes a motive. He is——"

"He didn't do it, I know," Chiquita raved, "but even if he did you'll have to get him off. He is my — my — He never did care anything for Edith Cortlandt. It was nothing but gratitude," she added with apparent irrelevance, bursting into a fresh flow of tears.

"I am loath to take any steps, my daughter," said her father, altho it was plain to be seen he was weakening under the steady torrent of tears. "The feeling runs very strong against him. I cannot jeopardize my position . . . But why are you so desperately concerned about Kirk Antony?"

"Because — because — he is my husband."

"Madre de Dios!" exclaimed the astounded parent. "When—where—how—what about Ramon?"

"The night of the Tivoli ball, in his room in the hotel by Father Cardovan, and there's just nothing about Ramon," replied his daughter, successfully answering all

(*Continued on page* 117)



On the stern of a big ocean liner, bound for the United States, a bride and groom stood alone, in the usual unmistakable bride and groom attitude, with the usual unmistakable bride and groom look on their rapt faces

The Editor Gossips

IF we had the conservation of the camel and could consume enough food at one time to last us until the next fortunate time, in the way the camel conserves water, our living expenses would be nil. Press luncheons are dropped pleasantly and intermittingly into an editor's days. And they are lavish and sumptuous. Indeed tea-room fare seems sparse by comparison. Press luncheons, by the way, are the order almost every time a celebrity arrives from the coast or anyone signs a new contract.

This month it was Madge Bellamy who came out of the West. And the scribes and editors gathered at the Astor to do her honor and, incidentally, to wine and dine. The numerous courses ended with some beautiful and indescribable strawberry concoction and a speech from Miss Bellamy. She was in New York as a representative of the exposition which is being celebrated in California, commemorating the signing of the Monroe Doctrine or something equally impressing and historical. Miss Bellamy carried invitations to the President of Our Country; the Governor of Our State; and the Mayor of Our City to visit California at this auspicious time.

We didn't hear the speech very well because Suzanne Brady, editor of the CLASSIC sat on one side of us and Harriette Underhill, the amusing motion picture writer, of the New York *Tribune* on the other. You can imagine how it was! And anyway when a girl has eyes like Madge Bellamy what she says with words can only be of secondary importance. We do remember her eyes. And the sound of her soft, young voice. She wore a beautiful lace frock with a corsage of deep violets and a large hat. Once again we were impressed at the youth of stardom. . . . It is curious that those so young, so freshly tender and so strange to life's complications and entanglements can give the comprehension and sympathy which their work requires. Sympathy is not one of youth's common qualities. . . .

Ruth Roland also came to Gotham this month, also representing California's celebration. We lunched with her informally and she admitted that she is the good business woman she is reputed to be and also that she depends almost entirely on hunches. We've always had a great respect for hunches ourself and, when all is said and done, we do not doubt that queer, indescribable things that they are, they are responsible for much that is in the world today.

We advised Miss Roland to see Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl," then playing on Broadway and it led her to remark that she thought Dick Barthelmess had the same quality so paramount in Henry Walthall . . . reserve, for the want of a better word.

Then we both stopped to wonder why under the sun no producer has initiative or imagination enough to further Henry Walthall. Without a doubt, he is one of the finest artists the screen has ever known. Yet he is permitted to play a bit here or there when he does come from the vaudeville stage to the studios.

Miss Roland opined that his part in "Gimme" is by far the most effective and poignant thing in the entire production. Yet while Susie Simpleton is signed under a fabulous contract to shake her curls against back lighting and to purse her rosebud mouth in coquetting with the Arrow-collar hero, an actor of Walthall's gift goes his intelligent way, unmolested by angling producers and their contracts. In truth, it is a strange and queer world.

Rodolph Valentino writes us from his private car, "Colonial" on tour. With his wife, Natacha Rambova Valentino, he is crossing the country while they dance, sometimes suffering one night stands. And the stipulation that a private car be provided for transportation is our idea of far-sightedness in signing a contract of this kind. Mr. Valentino writes, in part:

"This tour, tho at times somewhat tedious, is proceeding quite successfully. And it gives me opportunity to reach directly many of the fans I have thruout the country. Just now we have no idea when we will be back in New York. . . ."

All of this makes us wonder just what will be the result of Famous Players-Lasky's injunction and stay against Valentino. Will a compromise be effected with them and some other producer who desires Valentino's services? Will they continue to exercise their right and keep him off the screen for a year and a half more? And, more important than all this legal cavil, will the public hold Valentino's place for him thru his retirement?

We do not know Valentino well enough to say whether he did the radical thing he did because of wounded temperament or because of great artistic courage. But whatever the motivating power, he has at least had the courage to maintain his stand and for that in itself he has our profound admiration. It is infinitely easier to compromise. So there is something compelling admiration in people who refuse definitely to retract . . . in people, believing in themselves and their stand. Too, Valentino has the perspective to know that his retirement marked a crest of popularity's capricious wave. So . . .



The other evening, Robert Lisman, an executive of the F. B. O. Pictures gave a dinner at his Riverside Drive home. The dinner was followed by a private showing of "Westbound, Limited," the new Emory Johnson production. The table appointments symbolized the picture. A miniature train circled in and out of the flower piece and the pale candles. At everyone's

(*Continued on page* 115)

Valentino has at least had the courage to maintain his stand and for that in itself he has our profound admiration. It is infinitely easier to compromise. So there is something compelling admiration in people who refuse definitely to retract . . . in people believing in themselves and their stand



"Why Dont You Speak for Yourself, John?"

There is no more bashful swain known to the shadows than Charles Ray. And we remember no more timid swain in history or story than John Alden. For who else ever pressed another's suit with the Lady of Their Heart—and when their own love was crying aloud within them?

So . . . it is altogether fitting and proper that "The Courtship of Miles Standish" should come to the screen with Charles Ray playing the human John Alden . . . with Fred Warren playing the blustery Miles Standish . . . and with Enid Bennett as Priscilla Mullin, as Priscilla who had modern ideas even back in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers.

. . . . . .

Incidentally, the above scene aboard the Mayflower should have a personal interest for every American family . . . for who indeed does not boast of their forefather's arrival on that little sailing vessel?

We like Enid Bennett's conception of the Longfellow heroine. She seems to have given Priscilla a sense of humor and, above everything else, that is what Priscilla possessed in great measure. How else would she have had the courage to switch John onto the right track?



"The Courtship of Miles Standish" promises to be one of the most pretentious photoplays of this season. At the Charles Ray studios in California every effort is being directed towards this end.

And so another story, long loved, comes to the shadows. . . .

We find ourselves interested in the shadow version of Longfellow's epic poem. . . .



Page the sun-freckled, bare-footed country boy!

For here is Charles Ray as the puritanical John Alden—and there's no trace of the country boy to be seen.

And considering Charles Ray as John Alden, we begin to realize how Priscilla dared her immortal: "Why dont you speak for yourself, John?"



On the Camera Coast

Where Once More the Studios Hum With Activity



Photograph by J. C. Mulligan

Frisco, of vaudeville fame, came to California. At the Hal Roach studios he borrowed the Lloyd hat and glasses . . . and Harold borrowed his hat, tilt and all, and the inevitable cigar.

Just now she is Lois Wilson's sister. But after you see her with Walter Hiers in "Fair Week," you'll remember her as Constance Wilson, for she is not destined to remain in "Only Their Sister's Club" very long. . . .



Photograph by Gene Kornman



The Coogans are back in California after being fêted all the way across the continent. Jackie looks glad to be back. After all there was no place to play in New York. He couldn't go out alone or anything

I THINK the motion picture industry is inviting another very hard and disastrous bump. Salaries of actors have suddenly shot up to the most impossible and extravagant peaks. It is worse than the golden era of 1919 when every actor, asked for his figure, hunted up the highest number he could find in the arithmetic.

Actors of mediocre reputation are demanding one thousand dollars a week—and getting it. Production costs, in consequence, have mounted to the blue skies.

It goes without saying that no industry in the world could stand such a devastating onslaught.

Two events are being waited for breathlessly in Hollywood: One is the advent of the tragic picture directed by Charley Chaplin with Edna Purviance in the lead; the other is the Mary Pickford picture directed by Ernst Lubitsche.

As a director, Charley is wild but wonderful. His actors all believe that his picture will be the most superb work of art ever seen on the screen. If it is ever finished. . . .

You see, Charles works by fits and starts: more fits than starts.

One day, in the middle of a big walloping scene, some one mentioned the Einstein Theory. That was at 2 p. m. At 5.45 p. m. Charles was getting nicely warmed up to the subject and the actors were in a fainting condition. No work had taken place.

Sometimes, he is in transports of delight with the work and tells the actors they are all pure hunks of genius. At other times, he fairly goes into spasms. When he is absolutely exhausted and sinks into a corner, unable to express what is boiling in his soul, Edna only looks down in mild reproof and says, "Now Charley, be yourself; be yourself."

One day, one of the actors was very, very bad. Charley went away and sat in a corner of the set, all huddled up with soul pain. At last, peeking reproachfully thru his clinched fingers, he said, "My dear chap, trying to make you act is like writing a love letter on butcher paper."

And now that we speak of love, there's Pola Negri.

The other day, when Charley had invited Pola and some friends to dinner, the Jap servant came in, looking white and shaken. He said that a young Mexican lady was outside; she was about to commit suicide and desired to die in Charley's arms if he would be so accommodating.

Whereat, Charley burst out laughing. "You go out," he said, "and tell Syd Graumann to take off the disguise and come in to dinner. He cant fool me." Syd Graumann is an exhibitor of Los Angeles, an incurable practical joker and a warm friend of Charley's. However it turned out to be a real Mexican young lady with some real poison pills. For a week after that, she pestered around, killing herself or something. One night, she was discovered to have crawled in thru Charley's window and to have gone to bed in his silk pajamas.

This happened so many times when Pola was dining with Charley that the Polish star had a nervous collapse and had to have a

By
HARRY CARR

doctor and pills and pap and all sorts of things. The only explanation that the Mexican young lady had to make was that she had fallen in love with Charley's picture. Sad, sad to say, she was a hopelessly plain young lady, which entirely spoils the story.

And now, as to the other picture:

The movie world is going to see a new Mary Pickford in place of the little girl with the curls. The story sounds very much like the old drama "Don Cæsar." Mary is a little dancing girl whom a wicked and licentious king desires while she loves a handsome captain of the guard. The queen schemes to save the soldier from being executed and to marry him to the little dancer in order to save her own home. Holbrook Blinn is the wicked king and George Walsh is staging a come-back as the gallant captain.

It is the first picture Herr Lubitsche ever had in his life in which he has had all the money he needed. The number of lights absolutely staggered him. But he absolutely staggered Mary, in turn, when he announced that he had decided to keep two hundred and fifty extra actors on salary all the time thruout the picture for fear the costumes wouldn't fit new ones.

Lubitsche gets terribly excited when he directs and shouts out the most strange and remarkable combinations of the English language. Mary says, however, that he is the most wonderful director she has ever seen.

The other day they took Lubitsche in to see the first American picture made by Pola Negri — "Bella Donna." All he said was, "Well, that is what they might have done to me." From which you can draw any inference you choose.

Norma Talmadge is also making a costume picture; by far the most ambitious of her career. The motion picture colony marvels to learn that she is not to appear until the one hundred and seventy-fifth scene, which certainly could not be called selfishness on the part of a star, to say the least. The picture is full of intrigues, swords and silk tights.

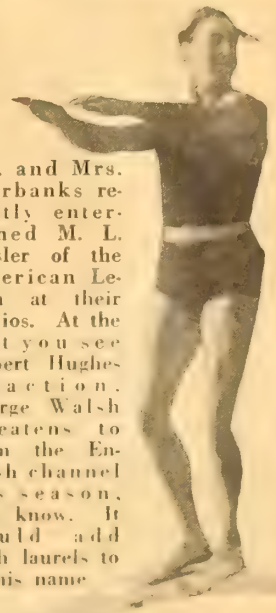
In connection with the premier in Hollywood of "The Covered Wagon," a tribe of Arrapahoe Indians were brought from their reservation. It was their first glimpse of civilization. A girl reporter from one of the Los Angeles papers went to interview and asked them among other questions if they liked Mary Pickford. The chiefs held a powwow upon this momentous matter: finally they sent an emissary to ask: "Before they tell whether they like Mary Pickford they would like to



Photograph by K. O. Rann



"Camera," calls Buster Keaton. And Norma Talmadge, Mrs. Talmadge, Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Constance register attention



Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks recently entertained M. L. Owsler of the American Legion at their studios. At the left you see Rupert Hughes in action. George Walsh threatens to swim the English channel this season, you know. It would add fresh laurels to his name





Photograph above and right by International News Reel



The above picture was taken on the lawn of the DeMille home in Hollywood. Seen with Cecil DeMille are Mrs. DeMille, their daughter, Cecilia, and two of the three adopted children that belong to their fold. At the right are Mr. and Mrs. John Gunnerson. Mrs. Gunnerson will remain Anna Q. Nilsson on the screen



Featuring the bathing suit which brought Marie Prevost into public view and eventually to stardom. And below is the set which has been erected in Universal City for the filming of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"



know whether she knows how to cook." As Mary isn't sure how to boil water, that seems to let her down with a frightful thud so far as the Arrapahoe fans are concerned.

Phyllis Haver's orbit as a comet did not seem to amount to much. It was announced that she was to be starred in a picture by Mack Sennett. She worked for two days in the picture. It was then announced that she had disagreed with Mr. Sennett on the story and wasn't a star or anything any more. Her place in the picture has been given to Winifred Bryson.

A disaster happened to the Coogan fortunes. Jackie of that name and tribe took a header on a bike that somebody gave him and lost two front teeth. Great therefore was the woe in the house of Coogan. The other day Jackie's pet canary died. A very solemn funeral was held with two or three of Jackie's suite in attendance. In the middle of it, one of the little girls exclaimed impulsively: "Oh, Jackie, gimme the bird; I'll feed it to my cat." Jackie gave her a deadly look and exclaimed in slow and measured accents, "You are a terrible woman; go way from my funeral."

And then here's another one. Pola Negri's director, George Fitzmaurice, gave a party the other night at which many stars were present. During the evening some of the more giddy members began to shoot craps on the ballroom floor. One guest seemed to have miraculous success. He seemed to be sweeping away all the money in the place. Nobody seemed to know who he was. The host didn't remember him; but supposed he must be somebody's husband. Suddenly Gloria Swanson pushed thru the group exclaiming, "Why, that's my chauffeur: what is he doing here?"

The moment of embarrassment was relieved by Marshall Neilan, the famous director, who used to be a chauffeur himself. "George," he shouted to the host, "it's no use, you cant keep us chauffeurs down."

Returning for the moment to the grand romance of Hollywood, it is announced that the field is now clear of all rivals; Charles reigns alone. Some time ago, a young Hungarian artist came fluttering around Pola and there seemed to be doubts. He painted a marvelous portrait of Pola to show his devotion. On Charley's last birthday, Pola presented the rival love token to him as a birthday present. And so that's that and the Hungarian artist is at liberty to breeze right along in the direction he is going.

Following the lead of Mr. Rockefeller, Mary O'Connor, the Lasky scenario chieftess, gave a party to a lot of girls who are to be in the forthcoming Writers' Club Revue, and asked them intimate questions; about a hundred answered the questions.

A total of 222 love affairs was admitted by the gathering. One girl admitted being engaged ten times: the average was two times.

Forty-four were married while seventy were not. Only

(*Continued on page* 120)

THEIR WHOLE BEAUTY DEPENDS *on Cuticle kept soft and smooth*

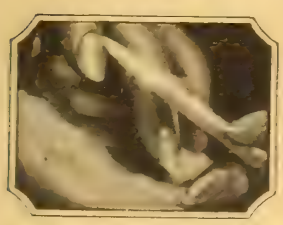
UGLY little ridges of dead skin dried tight and hard around the base of the nail. Those little stiff shreds that you could not scrape away—nor cut away.

How often you have filed the nail tips, *cleaned* them and even polished them—and yet there they were—those nails simply looked as if you had never spent a moment on them.

Do you know you could have spent less time on them and had them a thousand times lovelier!

The whole secret of lovely nails is the care of the cuticle. Keep it soft and smooth. Cuticle *will* grow hard to the nail, tighten and break. But there is one safe certain way of removing those little stiff particles of dead cuticle without injuring the soft new skin. That way is with Cutex.

With the little bottle of Cutex there comes a smooth orange stick and some fresh, clean absorbent cotton. Wrap a bit of this around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle, then pass the moistened cotton carefully over the dry dead cuticle. In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Then dip your fingers in clear water and with a soft cloth *wipe* the softened cuticle away.



In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Rinse the fingers and it wipes away.



Photo by Nickolas Murray

Mary Nash—famous for the grace and loveliness of her hands, posed for this picture. She uses Cutex and says, "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick and makes my nails look so well."

Mary Nash

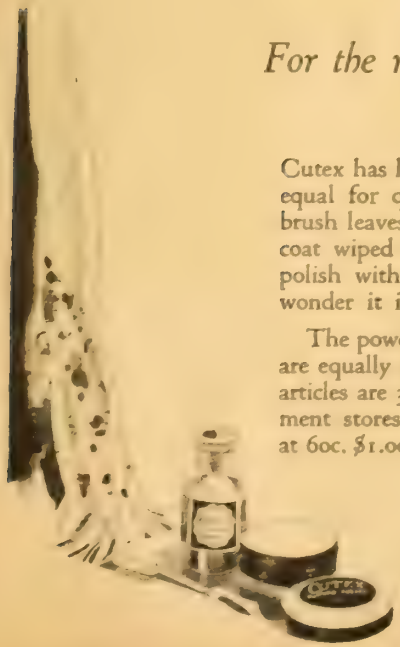
As you dry the finger-tips, push the firm unbroken new cuticle back. How lovely, even and shapely it is. How clean and smooth the nail base. And it hadn't taken a minute! You will find you do not need to do this more then once or twice a week.

But do not neglect your nails between these quick manicures. Every night gently smooth a little cream into the cuticle of each nail. Your regular cold cream will do but Cutex has a Cuticle Cream (Comfort) especially prepared for this.

For the rose-pearl lustre that fashion decrees . . . this wonderful new Liquid Polish

Cutex has lately perfected a Liquid Polish that is without equal for quickness and brilliance. A touch of the soft brush leaves the nails glistening for a whole week. A fresh coat wiped off before it dries completely removes the old polish without the need of a bothersome remover. No wonder it is so popular that it, too, sells for only 35c.

The powder, cake, and paste polishes are equally good. They and all Cutex articles are 35c at all drug and department stores or complete manicure sets at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.



Cutex Liquid and Powder Polishes

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. M-7, 114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. Box)

City _____ State _____

THE-STARS-AND-THEIR-PLANETS



William Farnum, Viola Dana and Richard Dix. Dix photograph by Clarence S. Bull

TERRAIZE H. McDONNELL CONSIDERS THE CANCER PEOPLE



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER



LEO



VIRGO

PREFACE

A belief in the verity of the Astrological creed, is steadily being revived.

It is curious and interesting to note that many centuries ago, when the popularity of this faith was apparently at its height, a Hindoo priest of India is alleged to have written in Sanskrit, the assertion: "Appreciation of Astrology will travel in a cycle"; and today, we are evidently seeing his prediction verified, as this doctrine has become universal.

Self-knowledge is man's greatest necessity, and seers and philosophers have found Astrology to be the true method by which we can penetrate the purpose of existence, so, by following these articles we may perhaps learn to "know ourselves," and gain, as well, a psychological insight into the characters of film favorites.

Cancer (the Crab) June 21st to July 22nd (Cusp June 21st, to June 27th) The moon (Luna) rules this sign, bestowing tenacity and commercial acumen; the latter quality being contradicted by a fondness for speculation and for all games of chance.

IN temperament, the Cancerian men and women differ greatly, in fact, under no other zodiacal sign do we find such a marked superficial contrast between the sexes; for men of this house are silent and reserved and some of them diffident to a baffling degree, while women of Cancer are, on the reverse, talkative, witty and ever anxious to be the center of attraction.

Mr. Richard Dix, whose birthday occurs on July 18th, is beloved for his genial personality and can be cited as an example of the highest type produced by the planet.

Superficially, he displays a quiet, placid nature, disliking haste and appreciating comfort; yet, his strong, retrospective mind exercises a significant power over others, and no one is able to change the preconceived ideas that he asserts and maintains with quiet dignity.

The sincerity of this man, once gained, may be absolutely relied upon, as devotion to family and fearlessness in guarding those whom he loves are predominating qualities; notwithstanding, many might impose upon his good nature, even while they would be unsuccessful in deceiving him, for his horoscope shows a conventional fear of offending others, which overbalances an ordinarily good judgment.

Development of concentration would do much for his somewhat self-conscious and unstable temperament, as he frequently experiences moodiness and restlessness superinduced by a secret desire to travel, in fact, craving for change for a time, is apt to retard his advancement, altho a fortunate degree of determination will conquer eventually and carry him to success.

(*Continued on page* 100)



LIBRA



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



CAPRICORNUS



AQUARIUS



PICES

What the outdoor life of girls today is teaching all women

Why their skin

does not coarsen or lose its freshness in spite of the way they treat it



When girls started on their headlong career of swimming, golfing, riding and motoring, they were warned they would eternally ruin their complexions.

But they just did not. After several years of sports and parties the modern girl still has the kind of complexion men bow to, fascinatingly fresh and smooth.

Because, as she would say, she goes in for taking care of it.

This is one thing the modern girl has proved for women once and for all time. Give it the *two indispensable things* on which a skin keeps young and smooth, and your skin will be fresh and lovely for years.

The exquisite cleansing. The delicate, yet sure protection—Women who use daily the two entirely different creams which Pond's developed for these two needs of the skin, say that no other method leaves them so free from worry about the weather, or gives them the same wonderful feeling that their complexion is *exactly right.* No wonder that women use millions of jars every year of these two creams — Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Every night. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore. Let it stay on a minute —now wipe it off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* The black on the cloth shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Use this method regularly to counteract every day's exposure to dirt and weather. And after any special exposure, a motor or railroad trip, give your skin a special daytime cleansing and freshening. Begin tonight. The Pond's Extract Company.



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

Elizabeth Hines says: "Pond's Two Creams can be depended on to keep the skin fresh and smooth."



removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness
defies exposure—finishes and holds the powder

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS



Read about the method many modern girls use to keep their skin always so delightfully smooth and young

Defy the troubles that mar your skin

Give it the two things that every skin must have to be fresh and smooth

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious everyday exposure that attacks every woman, use the same method that would save your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will prevent your skin from drying out, will keep it smooth and young.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure — keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally to prevent your skin from drying out again. Carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying influence.

Accumulation of dirt and oil in the pores

This is the trouble of an oily skin. Oil accumulates in your glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. It has an oily shine. For this condition you need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Cleanse this way every night and always after any motor or railroad trip. Then every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it because it has no oil. It will keep your face fresh right through the day. With these two creams you will avoid a dull muddy skin.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
147 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for a generous introductory tube of the two creams—enough for both regular skin needs—Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream—for two weeks' ordinary use.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

My Favorite Funny Story



Photograph by Witzel

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Everyone has a favorite funny story. We have a number on hand which have come to us as the favorite stories of motion picture stars. And before they are published in book form we will print them month by month.*

Another Name For Them

By
GASTON GLASS

MR. GLASS, as an officer of the day during the World War, was making a tour of inspection of some trenches the Boche troops had only just vacated.

"I was surprised to find this colored American soldier alone in one of the trenches engrossed in scratching himself most vigorously.

" 'What's the matter, dough-boy—cooties?' I asked.

" 'No sah, Ah ain't got no cooties, sah,' he replied. 'Dem things what I'se got I calls worse'n cooties.'

" 'What could be worse than cooties?' I asked.

" 'Dem things what I got—math'matical bugs, I calls dem.'

" 'Mathematical bugs! What are they like?'

" 'Dey am l'ak,' the negro replied, still scratching with all his might. 'Well boss, a math'matical bug am a bug what subracts from yo' happiness, divides yo' 'tention, adds to yo' misery an' multiplies like de devil.' "

It Sounded Like That to Her

By
BARBARA LA MARR

"MOTHER," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr. ———— What was the name again?"

"Mr. Specknoodle!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."

"I am sorry for that rose"

THEY had been walking in the garden—a riot of color—in the lazy hush of a summer day. Suddenly the man bent over a bush of roses, exquisite in their hue of delicate pink. At each in turn he looked, turning upward the little blushing faces, till at last he found the most perfect of them all.

The girl stood watching him, wondering at his careful scrutiny. The man cut the rose and gave it to her. She took it laughingly and pinned it in her hair, close to her glowing cheek. He caught his breath as he looked at her, then at the rose and back again to the softly flushing beauty of her face.

"Do you know," he said, "I am sorry for that rose—it must be so unhappy."

"But why?" she asked, not understanding what he meant. He smiled at her with loving tenderness.

"Because it suffers by comparison."



Laughingly she pinned it in her hair

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

To obtain Instant Beauty use the three preparations of the Pompeian Beauty Trio together. For greatest care has been used in harmonizing all the Pompeian preparations, that they may give the most natural effect.

Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin and will not reappear in an unpleasant gloss. It makes a foundation for powder and rouge on which they will stay unusually long; softens the skin and protects it against sun, wind, and dust.

The Beauty Powder is so soft and fine that it goes on smoothly and evenly. It adheres so well that frequent repowdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge which is absolutely harmless, comes in all the required shades—light, medium, dark and orange tint. It will not crumble, yet comes off easily on the puff.

Remember: first, Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light dusting of the Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick adds another little touch to the toilette, that

effective and beneficial. It deepens the natural color of the lips and prevents their chapping.

Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	65c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	65c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
Pompeian Lip Stick	25c *each*
Pompeian Fragrance	35c *a can*
Pompeian Night Cream (Normal skin)	60c *per jar*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again loaned Pompeian Beauty Parlors the privilege to reproduce one of her portraits. This Pompeian Beauty Panel is a beautiful reproduction of Miss Pickford in full length, in the dainty colors of the panel.

Send 10 cents for the Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel

Pompeian Day Cream

Pompeian Beauty Powder

Pompeian Bloom

Pompeian Lip Stick

Pompeian Night Cream

POMPEIAN LABORATORY, 2129 PARK AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Send 10c for Canada

Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

© 1923 The Pompeian Co.

The Care of the Skin in Summer

By MME. JEANNETTE

About this time of the year, women begin to realize that they look "different" in their dancing frocks and formal clothes. This is generally due to the damage done by sun and wind.

It is always harmful to suffer wind- or sun-burn; every such experience is an added hurt to the texture of the skin. When the skin is wind- or sun-burned, much of the natural oil is burned out and the skin becomes unhealthily dry. An intense contraction of the upper skin (epidermis) takes place and should be scientifically treated to stimulate the natural oils, and supply others till the condition is overcome.

Summer Precautions

Before going out and before powdering the face it is the part of wisdom to use Pompeian Day Cream. This delightful preparation is delicately fragrant and forms a protective foundation for the daytime toilette. It is a vanishing cream, and disappears almost entirely, leaving an invisible film that is healthy for the skin, and forms an excellent base for the application of the powder and rouge. After using, you will find that your powder goes on more smoothly, and stays on longer.

Don't Touch Water to a New Sunburn

If you acquire a wind- or sun-burn, be sure to use quantities of Pompeian Night Cream as soon as possible. It slightly relaxes the contracted skin, and has a very soothing effect as well. Let the cream stay on the burned parts a few minutes, then gently remove with a soft cloth. If it is night you should leave as much of the cream on as you can comfortably. If burned early in the day, you should use the same treatment and follow it with an application of Day Cream and Powder.

Correct Powder for Tanned Skins

Your usual white or flesh-toned powders will look ghastly over a browned skin. Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rich, cream tone of powder, especially for tanned skin, and can be used as invisibly as you normally use any other shade without detection.

The Final Touch of Beauty

In [illegible], when Nature's coloring is running low, it is important that you preserve the appearance of health. Use a little rouge on the cheeks of Pompeian Bloom. If your [illegible] seems, and [illegible] the right amount of Bloom, you will

Jeannette

Specialist in Beauty Culture

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORY
2129 Park Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose ten (10) cents (stamps accepted) for which please send me the 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please state powder shade wanted, unless you wish Rachel, another below.



Griffith Again Brings His People to the Shadows

A dashing Confederate officer, Ivor Novello. So he appears in "The White Rose." And if all heroes looked as determined and gallant as Mr. Novello looks in the photograph above we would have infinitely more sympathy with heroines



The scene at the right has a very definite Griffithesque touch. Carol Dempster stands in the background with the old mammy. And Ivor Novello looks down upon Mae Marsh, back in the Griffith fold, who lies ill upon the old cot

Showing Several Scenes from "The White Rose"





It is not the intent of the Griffith offices that the story of "The White Rose" be told. So we only know vaguely that it is a tale of a forlorn little cigaret girl, played by Mae Marsh, and a clergyman, played by Mr. Novello. The white rose which gives the story its name becomes a symbol. . . . And, after all, symbols are the stuff that drama is made of. . . . Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton are another hero and heroine; and Porter Strong, familiar to the Griffith casts is also in the production. . . .



Mae Marsh, back with Griffith, brings to mind the Mae Marsh we loved so well in the old Biograph days. Wifehood and motherhood seem to have left no mark upon her. She is the same wistful heroine she was in those other days. Upon her face is the hunger of unfulfilled dreams, even now when really her dreams have come true

Greenroom Jottings



Alfred E. Green was responsible for "The Ne'er Do Well," the latest Thomas Meighan production, directorially speaking. And Lila Lee was entrusted with the leading feminine rôle. And here is an informal shot of Director Green and Lila looking over the scene which the company prepared to shoot. Incidentally, Lila is rumored engaged to James Kirkwood. And they have frequently been seen dining together

ANOTHER thrill in Hollywood! This time even the most blasé inhabitant was more than mildly interested, for in this famous suburb there was recently a massacre. It was a most blood-curdling affair and scores of people were slain. Of course, you have guessed that it was staged on one of the "lots" and under the able supervision of an imaginative director, as part of one more startling movie. It represented the Paris street scenes of the St. Bartholomew's Eve massacre and will be incorporated in the picture, "Ashes of Vengeance," with Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle playing the leading rôles. Another spectacular feature in this picture is the court ballroom scene where twelve hundred people dance the minuet as it was danced in Paris in 1572, the period of the play. The ballroom was so large that an orchestra of seventy-five pieces was necessary to supply the music.

Buster Keaton has finished the most pretentious comedy he has ever attempted. It is entitled, "The Three Ages," and represents one poor man pursued by his own wife from prehistoric times to the present year. We can imagine nothing more tragic even tho the production is to be billed as a comedy. For the sake of giving local color Buster Keaton had built for a riotous scene a replica of the Roman Colosseum. The set for this scene was done from plates, architectural drawings, blueprints and photographs obtained by the Rome Bureau of Associated First National Pictures. This is the first time that the Colosseum has ever been reproduced in America on exactly the same scale. It was a successful venture, for it gave a touch of realism to the picture which Buster Keaton says is a kolossal komedy.



Photographs of D. W. Griffith, either formal or informal, are difficult things to get. That is why we were particularly interested in this snapshot taken down South. He is seen talking over the next scene with Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh

A woman's privilege to change her mind is, in some instances, a cause for thanksgiving. At least it seems so when the news comes to us that Alice Joyce is to return to the screen. After an absence of several years following her marriage to James Regan and the announcement that "a woman's place was in the home," Miss Joyce has decided to play

(*Continued on page* 80)



Don't let diapers irritate your baby's skin

Wash them the safe way that keeps them soft and comfortable

NO matter how carefully you bathe and powder him—if his diapers are washed with harsh soap—his tender skin will suffer.

The diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is caused by this very thing—washing diapers with harsh soap.

Safe for all his little clothes

Keep your baby's diapers soft and comfortable. Wash them in pure, safe Lux suds.

There is no free alkali in Lux to stick to them and make them irritating. No harmful ingredient to inflame the sensitive skin. These pure flakes are safe for all the clothes that touch his tender skin.

Use Lux for your baby's soft woolen shirts and bands, his petticoats and dresses, his diapers and socks.

To keep diapers from irritating

To prepare for washing: Remove all solid matter immediately—put to soak in cold water. If diapers are simply wet place in a covered pail and let soak in cold water.

To wash: Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip up and down pressing suds repeatedly through them. Rinse in three waters. Boil diapers once a week using one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water.

To keep woolens unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out.

A new use for Lux —washing dishes

Won't redden hands

In pure Lux suds you can wash dishes three times a day without harming your well-kept hands.

The free alkali in kitchen soap makes dishwashing hard on hands. It reddens the skin, makes it rough to the touch.

The Lux way of washing dishes won't redden or roughen your hands even gradually. It is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

So quick, so easy—and 54 dishwashings in a single package! One teaspoonful of Lux—a turn of the hot water faucet—and your pan is filled with the most cleansing suds you ever had for your dishes. Try it.

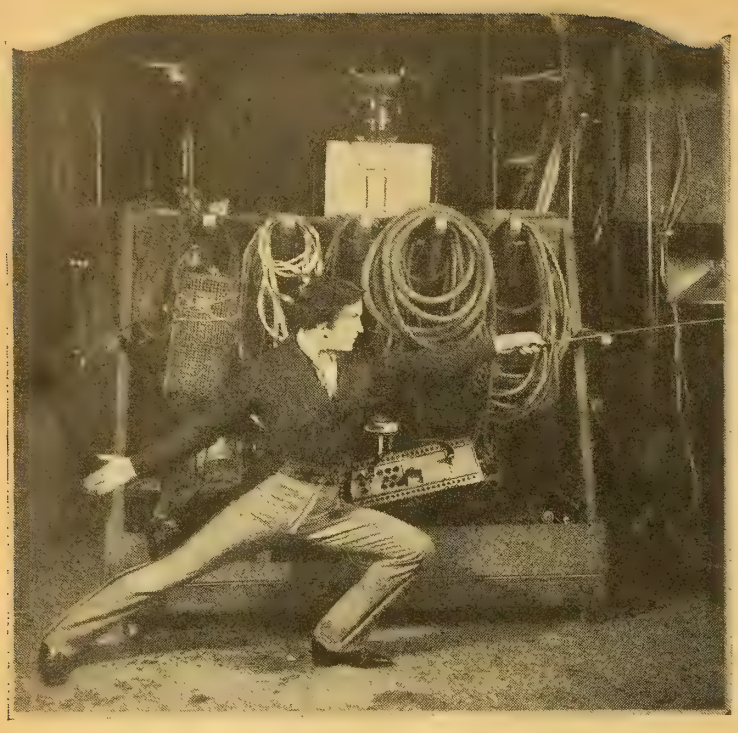


These manufacturers recommend Lux for baby clothes

Ascher's Knit Goods — Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens — McCutcheon's Linens
The Fleisher Yarns

LUX

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free.
Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 104 Cambridge, Mass.



Dick Barthelmess didn't just stand up and do the fencing scenes the script of "The Bright Shawl" called for. No indeed. For days before the duelling scenes were to be filmed, Dick employed the between-the-scene waits with a fencing instructor. Below we find Will Hays with the two latest artists who bring their gifts to the shadows: Lenore Ulric and David Belasco. Miss Ulric will play the title rôle in "Tiger Rose," the Belasco production in which she long pleased Broadway

Photograph by Capital Photo Service



Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 78*)

the leading rôle opposite George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," the screen version of Broadway's success by the same name. It is merely conjecture to say how long Miss Joyce will remain in the movie world but the fact that she has returned at all, after refusing any number of tempting offers in the past, seems to indicate that perhaps her playing will extend to more than one picture. Here's hoping.

Gladys Walton who is working on her latest picture entitled "Sawdust," a story of circus life, was forced recently to take a three-day vacation. During that period she was the guest of the city of Los Angeles. Sounds somewhat important, doesn't it? However, investigation reveals the fact that Gladys was arrested for speeding thru the City of the Angels and consigned to jail for three whole days. It was said she was going thirty-three miles an hour and without an operator's license. The judge while stern in meting out justice, proved to be thoroly human, for he permitted Gladys to return home for more suitable clothes to wear while enjoying her lark in the land of the lock step.

We do not ask you to believe this story, we can only vouch for it inasmuch as it was told to us by one who vowed it was founded on facts and not fancy. It happened that two young things on their way out from the theater after having seen the picture, "Enemies of Women," were enthusiastically discussing its merits. "It is simply grand," said one to the other rapturously. "In fact, I think I like it much better than I did 'The Four Horsemen of Poughkeepsie.'" This might be a good story for Lionel to tell Rodolph. To visualize the environment of the character he is to delineate, is what every good actor tries to do in order to understand better the motives that prompt his actions. But Forrest Stanley who is playing Boston Blackie in the picture, "The Daughter of Mother McGinn," goes a step further. He evidently believes in being prepared, for he began early in life to yearn to know how the other half of the world lived. He not only yearned but he used to slip away from home and spend the night in some cheap hotel located in the underworld. These fascinating adventures were never forgotten and what he learned then Mr. Stanley feels is now invaluable to him in portraying the character of Blackie who is indigenous to the very world that lured Mr. Stanley in his youth.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Fourteen More New Screen Writers

—trained by this Corporation—who have recently sold stories or obtained studio staff positions in producing companies.



Ethel Styles Middleton,

Pittsburgh, wrote the first Palmerplay. She receives royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, having already received an advance payment of $1000.

These Men and Women

In addition to Mrs. Middleton, mentioned above, the following have recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions in producing companies.

Waldo Twitchell, graduate engineer, now assistant general manager of the Fairbanks-Pickford Studios.

John Holden, fiction writer, now on the staff of one of the large Eastern producers.

Jane Hurrle, portrait painter, whose story, "River of Redemption," was purchased by Allen Holubar.

Jessamine Childs January received her training to become a member of an Eastern Studio Staff through the recommendation of the Palmer Department of Education.

Jesse H. Buffum, veteran film man, who found in the Palmer Course the training that enables him to do his work better.

Euphrasie Molle, a school teacher recently signed for stories, "The Voices of Yesteryear," to Hobart Bosworth.

C. Harrison Wiley, assistant director at the Mack Sennett Studios, was given a copy of Palmer Testing to study. He soon found a more lucrative position in a place of responsibility in the film world.

Gladys Gordon undertook the Palmer Course as a matter of experiment. Now she is a staff writer on one of the large Eastern studios.

Mrs. Bernadine King, of Kansas City, Mo., was the author of several stories accepted by the Cosmopolitan Productions.

Francis Knowles, Eastern newspaper man, on the staff of an Eastern producer.

Mrs. Katherine Cook Briggs, Worcester, Mass., whose story, "The Next Name," was recently sold.

Kenneth M. Murray, New York newspaper man, obtained a staff position in one of the large studios.

Phyllis Chapman, New York boy scout, created a large Eastern organization by his story attracting the attention of the producer he employed.

Advisory Council

Frederick Palmer, *Author and Educator*
Thos. H. Ince, *Producer*
Allen Holubar, *Producer and Director*
E. J. Banks, M.A., *Director, Selznick Films, Inc.*
Rob Wagner, *Screenwriter and Director*
Rex Ingram, *Director and Producer*
C. Gardner Sullivan, *Screenwriter*
J. L. Frothingham, *Producer*
James R. Quirk, *Editor, Photoplay Magazine*

Educational Staff Officers

Clayton Hamilton, M.A., *Director of Education*
Douglas Z. Doty, *Editor-in-Chief*

RECOGNITION and financial rewards have come to fourteen more Palmer trained writers. Five of them have recently sold stories.

Nine are employed in studio staff work in producing companies. All discovered their ability through the Palmer Creative Test which is offered to you now.

They are typical of the men and women in all walks of life who, without realizing it, have the ability to duplicate this success.

Seriously Needed by the Industry

The motion picture industry needs these men and women and needs hundreds of others who have like ability.

Mechanically the industry is close to perfection. The directing and acting personnel has reached a high level of artistic accomplishment. But one thing is lacking. There are not enough good stories, written directly for the screen, to supply the demands of the great producers.

Few novels, short stories and stage plays, really adaptable for motion pictures, are now available.

Novelists, short story writers and playwrights have been attracted by the hundreds because of the large prices offered for acceptable stories. Only a handful have succeeded.

The future of this great industry lies with hundreds of unknown men and women who, like the fourteen whose names appear here, can write the straightforward, interesting stories of life as they live it.

We Search the Nation

We know that many people, who do not know it now, can succeed in this field. And because we are the largest single clearing house for the sale of scenarios to the producing companies, we are searching out these people. We must have stories to sell. And we must have stories to produce, for we are also *producing* better pictures—Palmerplays.

For stories written by new writers, Palmer trained, which we select for Palmerplays, we offer royalties for five years on the profits of the pictures with an advance payment of $1000.

Our search is being tremendously successful because of the novel Palmer Creative Test, developed by Douglas Z. Doty, formerly editor of Cosmopolitan and Century Magazines and literary adviser to Harper and Brothers.

During his years as an editor, Mr. Doty was deeply interested in the new writer. He discovered and encouraged several who have become famous.



Douglas Z. Doty

More recently Mr. Doty has been an editor in the studios of some of the more prominent producers. Thus he is qualified to aid in the discovery of new screen writers by a well rounded experience.

We Test You Free

To prevent anyone with ability being overlooked, we test men and women at our expense.

You merely send us the coupon for the Test. Work it out in your own home and return it to us for our careful and personal analysis.

If your test indicates that you have natural story telling ability—Creative Imagination—you receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service.

If you lack this ability, you are courteously advised against further effort along this line. We want to train only those who are naturally qualified. Tests returned by persons under legal age will *not* be considered.

We invite you to test yourself, without any obligation whatsoever. Merely send the coupon now.

Perhaps you, like these others, have ability which opens up a new and profitable field of effort. Though you doubt it, it costs you nothing to know. And it is too important a matter to decide by a guess.

Clip the coupon. Receive also, Carrol B. Dotson's interesting booklet, "How a $10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education Sc '07
Palmer Building, 6362 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test [illegible]. I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this request entitles me to an unbiased personal report on my ability by your Educational Board without the expenditure on my part of any money. Also send me Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a $10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

All tests promptly returned and confidential.



No, it isn't a fancy dress idea for a Hallowe'en party. It is Glenn Hunter as you'll see him in the screen version of Percy Mackaye's "The Scarecrow." Needless to relate he plays the title rôle

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 80)

When they are not too busy working on pictures, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin fill in their leisure moments officiating at the weddings of their numerous friends. At least this is how we are impressed after receiving all the Hollywood reports. At Beverly Hills, the home of Mary and Douglas Fairbanks, Marjorie Daw became the bride of Edward Sutherland. Rev. Neal Dodd, pastor of Hollywood's "Little Church Around the Corner," and who officiated at Jack Pickford's and Marilynn Miller's wedding, performed the ceremony. Mary, who is a close friend of Marjorie, was matron of honor and Charlie Chaplin was best man. Miss Daw first came before the public when she played with Geraldine Farrar. She has appeared opposite Douglas Fairbanks in several films. Eddie Sutherland is a nephew of Thomas Meighan and, until he became associated with Charlie Chaplin as his assistant director in "Public Opinion," the current Chaplin feature, Sutherland was one of the most popular juvenile leading men on the screen.

Marion Davies, in the rôle of Patricia O'Day, a young Irish lass in the picture, "Little Old New York," had to find a brother who strongly resembled her. This task was assigned to Michael Connolly, casting director of the Cosmopolitan Corporation. It was not an easy one by any means and many applicants were rejected but, after what seemed a fruitless search, he finally discovered among a pile of photographs a boy who looked enough like Marion Davies to pass for her brother. The boy proved to be Steve Carr, the sixteen-year-old son of Mary Carr, one of the famous "mother actresses." Young Carr is without doubt a good find, for he is admirably suited to the part assigned to him in the picture.

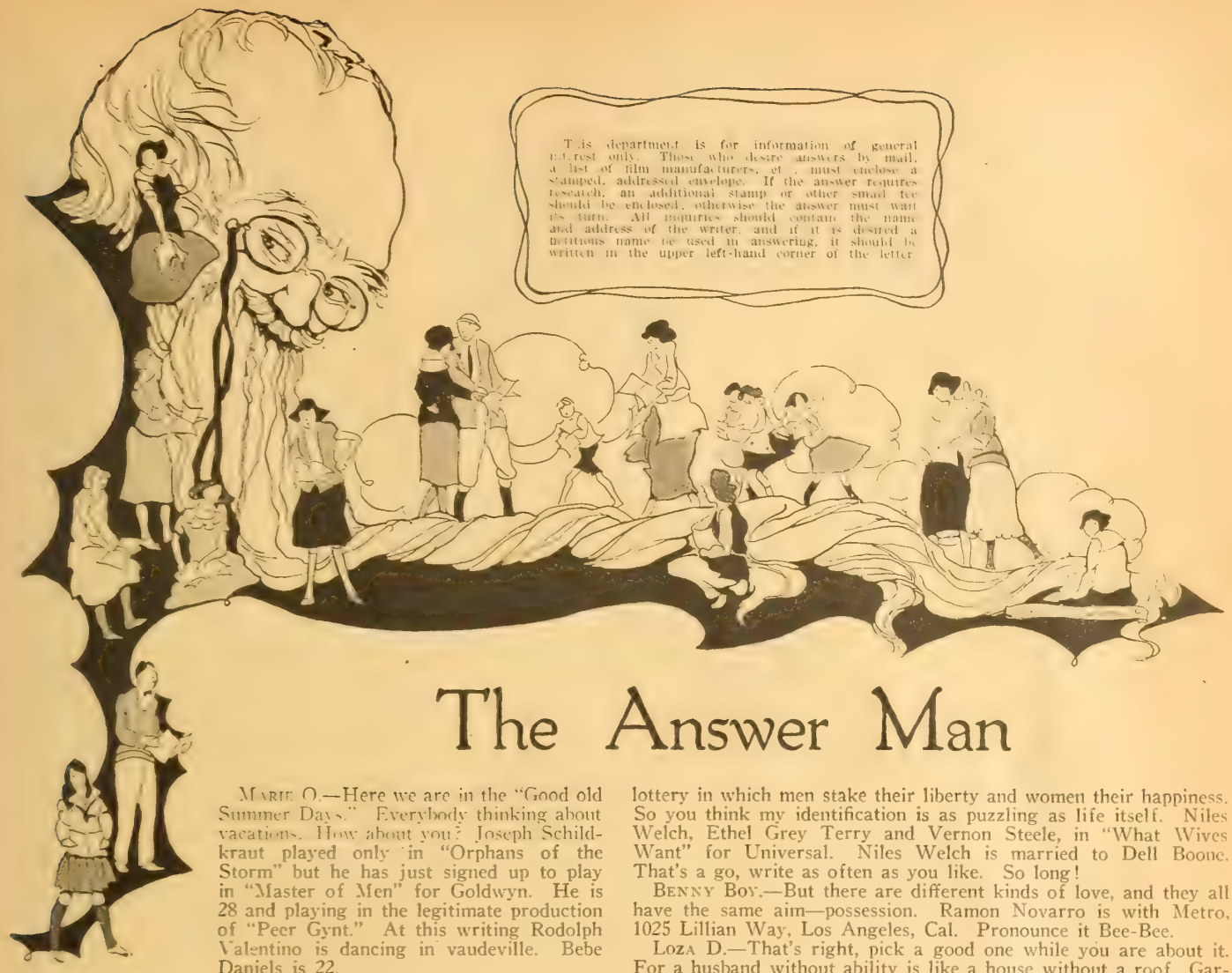
"Rouged Lips" is the name of Viola Dana's next picture. It is the screen version of Rita Weiman's unusual story called "Up - Stage." The production will be under the direction of Miss Dana's brother - in - law, Harold Shaw, who has recently returned from England.



Frequently location trips serve also as ideal holiday excursions. Here we find Rex Ingram and Alice Terry on a South Sea isle where they filmed the exteriors of their recent "Where the Pavement Ends." And while Mr. Ingram cajoles a little girl into looking pleasant for the birdie, Alice holds the directorial megaphone

Just out of high school and given the part of a leading lady is sufficient to thrill anyone. This is what happened to Constance Wilson, the younger sister of Lois Wilson.

(*Continued on page* 116)



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed, otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

The Answer Man

MARIE O.—Here we are in the "Good old Summer Days." Everybody thinking about vacations. How about you? Joseph Schildkraut played only in "Orphans of the Storm" but he has just signed up to play in "Master of Men" for Goldwyn. He is 28 and playing in the legitimate production of "Peer Gynt." At this writing Rodolph Valentino is dancing in vaudeville. Bebe Daniels is 22.

CHUBBY.—It seems to me that you are waiting for opportunity when you might be making opportunity. Weeds grow of their own accord, but crops must be planted. So get busy. Yes, Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring, and Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan. Yes, we all hope to see Alice Joyce back in pictures. You know she is to play opposite George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." Write to me again. Chubby.

JACK.—Do it now! Probably you will do it wrong, but, anyway, it will be over with. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Steve" on the stage. Leatrice Joy with Lasky. Lillian Gish with Inspiration Pictures. Kenneth Harlan in "The Girl who Came Back."

MARY AND JACK.—No, no, no, no! One is James Oliver Curwood, the writer, and the actor is James Kirkwood. The Talmadge girls are American. Haven't heard that Douglas Fairbanks is going to play in "The Virginians." Who told you that?

TEXAS B.—And now they tell us that over $20,000 worth of 16th Century furniture has been purchased for use in Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance." There will be 37 interiors requiring Louis XV and Louis XVI furnishings. $60,000 has already been expended for costumes, armor and labor, while four Louis XV court coaches will be built at a cost of $5,000. Some pitcher, I reckon. Clyde Fillmore in "Nurse Marjorie."

WALTER MCGRAIL FAN.—Yes, and it's a wise child who knows less than his own father. So you have been a silent admirer of mine. Well why dont you make a noise about it. Walter McGrail played in "Top of New York" and "Suzanna." You want to see more of him. I'll use my influ. Thanks for your good wishes, they help, and I need 'em.

AL.—You refer to Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom Boswell made famous, and who "sat in his easy chair and was for twenty years the literary oracle of the world." In 1775 he completed the first large dictionary of the English language after eight years solid labor on it. Marie Doro, Hazel Dawn and Vivian Martin are playing on the stage. Mae Marsh is with Griffith. Of course, Mary Pickford's hair is real. Shirley Mason married to Bernard Durning. Douglas is 40.

SADY W. A.—No, Sady, I am not married. I have been on this earth over eighty or maybe ninety years and I haven't found a woman to accept me. I have always believed that marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness. So you think my identification is as puzzling as life itself. Niles Welch, Ethel Grey Terry and Vernon Steele, in "What Wives Want" for Universal. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. That's a go, write as often as you like. So long!

BENNY BOY.—But there are different kinds of love, and they all have the same aim—possession. Ramon Novarro is with Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. Pronounce it Bee-Bee.

LOZA D.—That's right, pick a good one while you are about it. For a husband without ability is like a house without a roof. Gareth Hughes is not married. He is playing in "Penrod and Sam." Baby Marie Osborne is not playing now and Theda Bara in "The Easiest Way." If it isn't released soon, I should call it the "Longest Way."

BECKY.—Dont you know that tact has oiled more machinery than any other preparation in the world. Watch out! Yes, blood passes thru the heart at the rate of seven miles an hour. Dorothy Phillips is 31 and she is playing in "Slander the Woman." Reginald Denny doesn't give his age. Harold Lloyd is 31. Yes, I liked "Safety Last" but dont like to see Harold play in daring pictures, I'm afraid he will fall.

ANDREW C.—Beware of love at first sight, always take a second look, Andrew. So Fannie Ward is your favorite. She is married to Jack Dean and living in Europe.

DOLORES.—Your letter was beautiful and I wish I could print it.

DIANA B.—No, I dont bother with theory and causes, I deal only in results. Guy Bates Post in James Oliver Curwood's "The Man From Ten Strike" which was made in Yosemite Valley. Mahlon Hamilton opposite Agnes Ayres in "The Love Chase." Johnny Hines in "Little Johnny Jones." Call in again.

CATHERINE S.—An eagle can live twenty-eight days without food, while a condor is said to be able to fast for forty days. So you see, it ought to be easy for you to diet. They do say, however, that the flapper is going out and plump figures are coming in. Address Charlie Chaplin at the Chaplin Studios, 1420 LaBrea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. You win!

GUESSWHO.—Your letter was a gem. Write me another like it. One cannot tell what passes thru the heart of a man by the look on his face. Take another look. No, Mae Murray has no children. Milton Sills in "Skin Deep."

OPEY.—Of course, I think you should read. As Ingersoll says: "When people read they begin to reason, and when they reason they progress." I've been reading all my life. I recommend "The Life of Christ"; "Black Oxen"; "Enchanted April" and "Wanderer of the Wasteland." So you want an interview with Lewis Stone. I'll see what I can do.

WALLY'S FAITHFUL FAN.—Yes, "Thirty Days" was Wallace Reid's last picture.

SAM L.—There be men who are thoroly equipped for great success, with only one lack—ambition; and on account of this lack

s they are failures. My mother always told me I was going to be a successful man—anyway, I have made a success of growing a bald pate and a bewhiskered chin. Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson in "Manslaughter." Virginia Browne Faire was Haydee in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

CHICAGO LASSIE.—Talk about my little $10.50 per week, Betty Compson has just accepted an offer to film one picture in England for which she will receive $50,000. I dont blame any girl for wanting to go into pictures. Robert Frazer is with Metro. No record of Ted Dickson. Fear not, I wont put you in the alsorans.

BABES.—Yes, but there is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty. Ramon Novarro is 24 and not married. Address him at Metro. Send me a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. So you think Will Hayes should get the cork anchor. Some people think he should get the long arm. Your letter was a peach.

DOLLY.—Cheer up, Dolly. People who make more than one fortune in a lifetime, generally die poor. Jackie Coogan's next picture will be "Long Live the King" adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehardt's novel. Agnes Ayres' "The Heart Raider" was taken in California. Yes, Betty Compson in "Kick In," and you want to see more of House Peters. I dont blame you.

AGGIE AND MAGGIE.—I salute thee! No, m'dear, I do not do up my hair in curl paper as Lord Byron did. Here—what do you mean! Madge Belamy is 22 and not married. Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughters," and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." So you think I am about 45. Oh but you flatter me. No, right now Ruth Roland is not married. You want to make love while the moon shines, and remember there is no fool like an old maid.

TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE.—But not good-bye. Shirley Mason is 22. Yes, both Charlie and Pola have been married before. Her name was Apollonia Chalupez, but dont ask me next month how you pronounce it.

ROSALIE R.—You should be glad for the opportunity. Education in Scotland costs three times as much as before the war. Robert Warwick is playing in stock in California, and Lew Cody has signed up with Goldwyn. No, child, I'm not a cake-eater—what with my beard! The Lee children are in vaudeville and Lila Lee's name was Augusta Apple.

LOIS S.—I didn't mean to be sarcastic. Really! No, Richard Dix is not married. Alice Calhoun is playing in "Masters of Men" and Earle Williams, Cullen Landis and Wanda Hawley also in the cast. You refer to "Fury." You must write me again. Do.

BETTY O.—No, child, I am not a philosopher. The astronomer thinks of the stars, the naturalist of nature, and the philosopher of himself. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. Joseph Schildkraut is married to Elise Bartlett. Yes, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, are back in New York getting a new play in which Mr. Hayakawa will be starred on the stage.

SLIM.—You say *mas vale saber que haber* which I take it means better be wise than rich. Guess I'd take the riches. Marjorie Prevost in "The Old Swimmin' Hole." Marjorie Daw is playing in "Wandering Daughters." She just married Eddie Sutherland the other day. Clara K. Young in "In Old Madrid." Tom Mix is playing in "Tempered Steel." So long—slim.

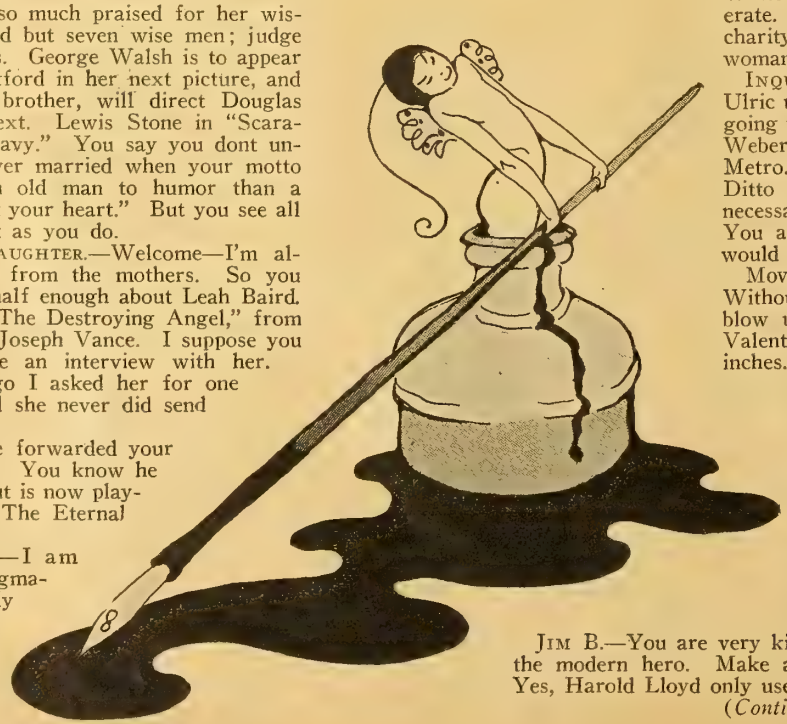
PASH.—Eugene O'Brien is about 39.

MARION W.—Well we cant all be wise. You know that Greece, so much praised for her wisdom, never produced but seven wise men; judge the number of fools. George Walsh is to appear opposite Mary Pickford in her next picture, and Raoul Walsh, his brother, will direct Douglas Fairbanks in his next. Lewis Stone in "Scaramouche" as the "heavy." You say you dont understand why I never married when your motto is "Better have an old man to humor than a young rake to break your heart." But you see all the girls dont think as you do.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—Welcome—I'm always glad to hear from the mothers. So you dont think we say half enough about Leah Baird. She is playing in "The Destroying Angel," from the novel by Louis Joseph Vance. I suppose you would like to have an interview with her. About ten years ago I asked her for one of her pictures and she never did send it to me.

MARY GO.—Have forwarded your letter to Mr. Love. You know he has been very ill, but is now playing in Goldwyn's "The Eternal City."

DIANA MACG.—I am quite sure that Pygmalion is not the only person who ever fell in love with his own work. Albert Roscoe opposite Paul-



ine Frederick in "The Paliser Case." Wyndham Standing in "Paid in Full." Harry Benham in "Cecelia of the Pink Roses." L. Roger Lytton in "The Belle of New York." Most girls want nothing but husbands, and when they get them they want everything. So remember, the wages of sin is alimony.

MYRTLE.—You know that love decreases when it ceases to increase. Jack Crosby in "Black is White." No, Dorothy Dalton is not married now. Norma Talmadge is the eldest. But women are apt to see chiefly the defects of a man of talent and the merits of a fool.

BETTY DARING.—So you are taking a beauty course. Did you know that at the coronation of George II there were but two hairdressers in London. In 1795 there were 50,000 in England. So you see, that accounts for the English rose buds. Thomas Meighan is with Lasky. Tell your friend that Rodolph Valentino has no permanent address, that he is still traveling. Sorry.

HALF AND HALF.—No, that hotel is no relation to him. What next!

ELSIE H.—You're like the fox who sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams. Pearl White is in Europe now. Sylvia Breamer and Virginia Browne Faire are playing for First National. Marie Prevost and Robert Ellis in "The Wanters." Thanks a lot.

SILENT GEORGE.—That's right, and you will never be arrested for speeding. Why, Earle Fox is going to play in "The Lady of Quality" for Universal. Yes, I believe Viola Dana will send you her picture.

SHEBA.—Nita Naldi has purchased a number of bizarre creations patterned after the King Tut style, which she will wear in her forthcoming picture "Lawful Larceny." So you think Robert Frazer is as good a player as Valentino. Viola Dana and Tom Moore in "Rouged Lips." All right, write me any time. I'm always here in my hall room, drinking buttermilk.

WANDA HAWLEY'S DOUBLE.—Really! Well, by ignorance we mistake, and by mistake we learn. Claire Windsor with Goldwyn playing in "The Eternal Three." Robert Frazer is playing in "The Love Piker" with Anita Stewart.

EVERYDAY MOVIE FAN.—You're like all of us, aren't you. No, I didn't care for "Glimpses of the Moon." It was a bit boring, and certainly didn't compare with the book. No, Herbert Rawlinson is not married now and he is with Universal, playing in "Thicker than Water." Yes, Agnes Ayres has been married. As a matter of fact, most all of the players have been married at some time or other. Be sure to enclose twenty-five cents when you write for pictures. So long!

DIANE.—You refer to Edna St. Vincent Milay's "My candle burns at both ends; it will not last the night; But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—it gives a lovely light." Cant give you Winifred Hudnut's birthdate. That was a clever letter of yours.

POLLY.—Dont be too severe, Polly, a woman can easily overdraw on her husband's sympathy; it is one of his short assets. Edith Roberts is playing in "Backbone" opposite Alfred Lunt. He is new to the screen, but very popular on the stage. There is no way I can tell you how many players there are. Whew!

L. A. S.—Your letter reminds me of the chap who gives coal away in the summertime. Creighton Hale was Mae Murray's brother in "Fascination." Mae Marsh in "The White Rose." You are very kind and considerate. Anyway, women have the genius of charity. A man gives but his gold, but a woman adds to it her sympathy.

INQUISITIVE.—Didn't you know that Lenore Ulric used to play for Essanay, and now she is going to do "Tiger Rose" for the screen. Lois Weber is with Lasky and Alice Terry with Metro. Leatrice Joy is with Lasky also. Ditto for Agnes Ayres. Ah, but a critic is a necessary evil, a criticism is an evil necessity. You are not so inquisitive as I thought you would be.

MOVIE BUG.—God bless the publicity man! Without him many a player would be born to blow up unheard and to go to seed unseen. Valentino is five feet eleven and one half inches. No record of Carlyle Moore. So you want a picture of Suzanne Vidor. I'll see.

MARGARET.—Touchin' on and appertainin' to love, remember that lovers have in their language an infinite number of words in which each syllable is a caress. "The Young Rajah" was Rodolph Valentino's last picture. He was born in Castellaneto, Italy. No, I am not married, just an old bachelor living in a hall room.

JIM B.—You are very kind, and kindness is the first element in the modern hero. Make a bow, James. Gloria Swanson is 25. Yes, Harold Lloyd only uses his glasses in pictures. Bebe Daniels

(*Continued on page* 119)



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair naturally curly
in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she's the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straight, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."



Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our home in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



I Marvelled at Miguel

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Dicamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"*Ora sone, senorita*," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesetas* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"I started to protest—I could not tell—but until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and combed [illegible] to touch my face, but one moment more, the transformation [illegible] I did [illegible] place.

"Come. Wash your head—apply it to your own hair and see what it will do for you."

[illegible] I hastened home. Charity [illegible] I could hardly believe my eyes. The [illegible] had vanished. My hair had become [illegible] Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly." "Ora sone, senorita," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesetas* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls. "Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish." "I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me. "At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle. "I started to protest—I could not tell—but until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and combed [illegible] to touch my face, but one moment more, the transformation [illegible] I did [illegible] place. "Come. Wash your head—apply it to your own hair and see what it will do for you." [illegible] I hastened home. Charity [illegible] I could hardly believe my eyes. The [illegible] had vanished. My hair had become [illegible]

Lovely Curls

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size of our Spanish Curline Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.



Wavy Bob

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage when he delivers the bottle. If you are in the least bit dissatisfied with how laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Rockton urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Organization Established 1904 — Beauty Clay)
Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 281
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by return mail, postage paid, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curline Liquid). I will pay postman $1.87 plus few cents postage on delivery. If I am in the least bit dissatisfied with how laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Rockton urges that you take advantage of it at once.

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Street _____

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Original Orange

In the shops of Paris, rouge creams are the vogue—orange tinted rouges that when applied to the cheek blend to suit every complexion.

Mad Cap Rouge

Our Lady Beautiful demands even more. In Mad Cap she has found the secret. It is Original Orange Rouge—rouge that when applied in the morning assures lasting charm throughout the day and night.

Waterproof—Won't Rub Off

These features make Mad Cap the ideal rouge for bathing, boating, tennis, dancing and golfing, in fact for all occasions.

Send $1.00 bill for our special introductory offer of one 75c jar of Mad Cap Rouge and one 75c jar of Mad Cap Cold Cream.



KOLAR LABORATORIES
6 S. Seeley Ave. Chicago

The "No" Man Comes to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 28*)

from a boarding school. Yes. Can you imagine Mephisto like a boarding school young lady, yes?"

And that let this one out.

Nevertheless Herr Lubitsche is very charming to interview.

That is if you dont ask him about the French invasion of the Ruhr. He lives in a nervous terror lest some newspaper feline involve him in an international controversy.

I got off to a bad start when I told him I had been at the front with the German army during the early part of the war.

It was Herr Lubitsche's birthday and this spoiled the day for him.

"Correspondent — war correspondent?" he asked in some alarm.

Wherever he goes, he carries with him a sort of linguistic life net in the person of a young German secretary who talks English or something of the kind, when a crisis arises.

Lubitsche waited in intense anxiety while the secretary translated the answer.

Then he suddenly plunged head first into a little office and beckoned us to follow.

He got himself in behind a desk and faced around prepared to defend himself to the last against any inquiries about France in the Ruhr.

"No politics," he said imploringly.

To be frank about it, Lubitsche looks more like a commerical traveler than an actor. He is slick all over and very square at the corners. He has the hawk nose of a ruler of men, however, and very remarkable eyes. They go clear thru you. They have a strange dynamic quality. When he turns them upon you, they hit like a blow.

"Ach," he said, "we look unt ve look unt ve look the worlt over for a Mephisto and ve dunt findt it one; unt we got the best Mephisto in the worlt right here in the studio and he wont do ut."

"Hey?" asked some one startled.

Herr Lubitsche suddenly struggled to rise from his chair and made gestures like a pirouetting dancer, very nearly knocking over the office desk in the process. "Such is Mephisto," he said—only in his queer halting English.

"Mephisto is not such (pulling his hat down over his eyes and fingering an imaginary villain mustache) not heavy-plated like a stones by the ground on.

"He have sharm and hoomer. . . ."

And he went on, sometimes thru his interpreter and sometimes in English and sometimes running neck and neck with his interpreter, both talking in different languages at once.

"Charm in a woman and humor in a man," he said. "Without those qualities, you haven't any drama or characters either.

"They told me that in America plays must have—what do you call it—only Pollyannas. But they liked 'Passion'; Du Barry she wasn't a Pollyanna. That was because of Negri. She had charm; she is a very, very great artist; one of the greatest artists in the world.

"So Mephisto must have humor and charm. Douglas Fairbanks would be the greatest Mephisto who ever played the part. He has humor and lightness and vivacity; yet he has dramatic power.

"He would go thru Faust like a stroke of lightning—flashing dangerous, vivid and intense—yet brilliant."

Herr Lubitsche sighed heavily and played with a ruler. "Ach lieber Gott, he would be such a vonderful Mephisto."

I asked him about the American plays he had seen.

"I surprise you when I tell you," he said nodding his head sagely while his anthracite coal eyes glittered. "I tell you which was the best American play I have seen. It was 'Over the Hill.' It had the great heart—great appeal—yet quiet and no strain for effects. It was the best. It was all heart and sympathy."

He said he also admired "Broken Blossoms" and "Robin Hood."

I ventured timidly to say, "But where would Mary Pickford have come into 'Faust.' Marguerite wasn't important; she was just a play thing."

This was too much: Herr Lubitsche started to reply, but he had to fall off into his faithful life net.

"He says," remarked the interpreter, "that 'Faust' is the greatest story in the world and there is a part for every body. It would have been the Faust of Goethe, not of the opera and Marguerite. . . ."

"Ja," interposed Lubitsche excitedly.

And he went on to say that "Faust" was the most universal of all stories because it is the struggle of the good and evil in the soul of every man and every woman.

However, he said that they were then at work on Rosita and that Faust had been abandoned for the time being anyway. He is enthusiastic over Mary in Rosita and it should be worth seeing because when Lubitsche says he is enthusiastic he means it. Remember he is now a "yes" man.

I asked him which of his own plays he liked best and which he considered to be the finest artistic achievement. "Well," he said, "I think 'Deception,' maybe he was the best; but they do not like it as they like 'Passion' because 'Passion' was a woman's story and had Negri. She is a great woman because she had passion and dramatic strength, yet she had humor and charm—and like bubbles yes."

I asked him if he intended to remain in America.

He shrugged his shouiders and looked unhappy.

"How can we say what we do after a while. If they like me here, then I like I should stay. America is a great countries. Fresh and young and strong. I like I should work with such young enthusiasms."

Leaving we congratulated him on his birthday, "Ach," he said, delighted, "you know that yes. How you know that? Ach these American newspaper mans they find out everything, yes."

But at that, he was pleased as pickles.

For those things the film folk are doing—and for those things the film folk are saying—away from the glare of publicity's spotlight—read The Editor Gossips

Vignettes

(Continued from page 37)

POLA NEGRI

If an aged philosopher stood before
Her portrait hanging in the hall of fame,
I think he would muse thus:
A thousand jeweled nights are in her eyes,
While luring shadows lie in her black hair;
The smoke wreaths curl from her enticing lips
As perfume from the heart of a red rose;
She loves or hates, knowing no neutral plane.
The flush of life spreads o'er that rounded cheek,
That ivory neck, which like a slender shaft
Soars from its pearly base . . . . . .
And she has found the fourth dimension,
Which is Romance . . . . . Ah, Romance
How tightly does she hold you by her hand. . . . . .
'Tis said to be a genius
One must have a spice of madness,
It is there—the madness of a love of life
And life of love,
Ah me, to be her lover!

EDITED!

By Ruth Overton

"Dont cut that bit!" Hear haughty Hero plead!
"'Tis testimony mute of much hard toil.
"Indeed, its memory makes my spirit bleed,
"And once again I feel my anger boil!"

"And, oh, not that! 'Tis print of harried days
"Of labor for director and poor me!"
The Heroine begs with wistful, pleading gaze.
"I tremble now when those big tears I see!"

"What! Dare you cut that bit? You villain low!
"That set cost millions. 'Twas the fruit
"Of labor spent, and thought. . . . Still say you, 'No!'"
The Art Director raged. "You're one galoot!"

. . . . . .

"Cut here! Cut there!" Thus storm *he* edits on
"What's raving them? They got their pay complete.
"Oh, let them rave! Why care if one scene's gone?
"Film's over length. Must cut *ten thousand feet!*





Ask Any Beauty

How she beautifies her teeth

If all women knew what millions know, they would all brush teeth in this new way.

Ask anyone with glistening teeth. You see them everywhere today. You will probably learn that the reason lies in this new-day method.

Then you can see the results on your own teeth if you make this delightful test.

Clouded by film

The natural tooth luster is clouded by film. At first the film is viscous. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. If not removed it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. And few things do more to mar beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. So dental science saw the need for better cleansing methods. Research found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on new discoveries. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations now use it, largely by dental advice.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Corrects Mistakes

Pepsodent also corrects mistakes made in tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Former tooth pastes brought just opposite effects. They depressed these natural tooth-protecting agents.

Your home needs it

Everyone in your home should adopt this method. They will when they see the results.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

The results in one week will delight and convince you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Only one tube to a family.



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THAT Listerine, the well known antiseptic, is also a very capable and safe deodorant. And that it cannot injure the most delicate skin, or the daintiest garment.



When you're wishing for the old tub way back home



When it's miles between tubs

Simply douse it on when you have been perspiring. See how sweet and refreshed and clean it leaves you—evaporating quickly and removing all trace of embarrassing odor.

So often you don't have time—or access to—a tub or shower. Yet you want to be fresh and immaculate. Every fastidious person *must* be. Call on Listerine—your old friend. It will do the work. You will be delighted.



If you're hot and sticky after an afternoon's shopping

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

The Boyhood of Harold Lloyd

(*Continued from page* 40)

in Durango was in an awful condition and I did not feel I ought to spend money on a hired man when the boys could work just as well. So I started a contest, and made each one pull out a row of weeds. In short order our garden was presentable and Hal was bragging about the number of rows he had finished. The point was that he really enjoyed something that might otherwise have been a disagreeable task. He loves games and tricks. Many a day he has interrupted me at my household duties to plead:

"Oh, Mother dear, please. Just play one round of this new tick tack toe with me." I am told he stops the camera man now and the director and hails the other actors in the studio every time he thinks of some new trick or gets hold of some new and intricate toy.

He was an eternal why. I could never put Hal off with half answers. Nor was anyone else more successful. Once we passed an astrologer with a telescope such as are seen in every small town in the West. Harold lingered to ask him questions. I walked on home, thinking he was right behind me. When I reached the gate I turned in dismay, for the boy wasn't there. It was night and trembling with fear, for he was only nine years old, I rushed back the road we had come. There he was unconcerned as a cucumber, looking up into the face of the telescope man with adoration, drinking in his lecture on the stars.

"He's a right big question box, that lad of yours, ma'am," said the man. "He asked so many things, I just found myself liking to tell him what I knew." When we left the man, Harold thanked him politely and immediately started apologizing to me for scaring me. I chuckle when I think how fastidiously he played the gentleman. He was the most polite youngster and his table manners were fit to be the model for an etiquette book. Yet he wasn't a bit effeminate. Even today I hear persons who do not know that I am his mother, say:

"Dont you just love Harold Lloyd? He's so shy and his manners are just perfection."

Such superficialities didn't disturb me one way or the other tho I did encourage and insist upon courtesy. I wanted my boy above all to be an honorable, representative man. He learned never to tell tales and never to break a promise. This calls to mind an anecdote which reveals Harold's quick wit.

His elder brother who is his superior by five years objected to the ten-year-old "kid" brother always tagging on when the big boys went fishing or swimming. I didn't want the children to get quarrelsome so I said to Hal:

"Sonny Boy, you must promise this time not to annoy Brother. He wants to go swimming but he wants to go alone so you mustn't go with him. Promise?"

Hal looked me straight in the eye and without showing his disappointment at the slur by the big boys, gave his word. I knew he would keep it. So did Gaylord. And Harold kept his promise. He let his brother go to the pond alone but when the older boys got there, Harold was having a decidedly good time swimming by himself. Of course I couldn't scold. He hadn't broken his word, he had merely reached the hole first.

I suppose every mother gets scared when she sees her youngster in a scrap. I am like all the others. I am not a Spartan mother. The fact that Harold was a stubborn fighter worried me exceedingly. I

took him on a visit to some country cousins when we were living in Omaha. The four boys of the family immediately began to mimic Harold's city manners and mock at his city clothes. Not intimidated, he challenged all four of them at once, but immediately sensed his disadvantage should he attack the whole army of small boys. So he tempered his defiance frankly:

"I cant fight four fellers at once, but if you promise to come one by one, I'll get you sure." That is the way he takes all difficulties. One by one, deliberately and systematically, he gets them sure. Harold has made many mistakes as a small boy, and also as a grown man, but he has never bungled because he has bitten off more than he can chew.

Seeing me exert my share of the family earning power, Harold too wanted to do his bit. We were living in Beatrice, Nebraska, when the children's delight came to town. Harold's heart was set on going to the circus but he knew we were in difficult financial straits and hated to ask for money for recreation. So like a sturdy little business man, he proposed to me:

"Mother would you pop some corn for me? If you would I could sell it to some of the other boys and get enough money to go to the circus." I did not hesitate a moment. I fixed twelve bags of molasses pop corn and after one morning's work Harold had earned his entrance into paradise. It was such an agreeable surprise to be able to earn his own way that he asked me to pop corn for him each day. Soon he had worked up a clientele among the candy merchants in town and finally he made as much as twelve dollars a week. He also surmised that his business as he proudly called it was not sound economically because I was furnishing the capital without return. Just to let him learn the value of money I accepted payment for my labor and the materials. I felt that this was my opportunity to teach him practical money matters. Too many mothers of even comfortable families neglect to teach their boys the rudiments of money transactions when their boys earn money selling magazines or newspapers as many do. To my mind this is the best time for such knowledge to sink in.

We changed residences frequently. In each town I learned that Harold's charm was one of my assets and helped me make friends among strange neighbors. Always interested in public affairs I joined the women's civic club wherever we lived, for I believe that every woman owes to her city at least an alert, active intelligent knowledge of its affairs. My club was to present an imitation of Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks at a public function. Harold, then twelve years old, loitered around the rooms where we were rehearsing. He helped one neighbor make-up. He made such an intelligent, artistic job of it that pretty soon he was in popular demand by all of the "waxworks." The town treated him as a prodigy and talked of him as a make-up artist. This was the first chance he had to show off his deep, ambitious inclination for the theater.

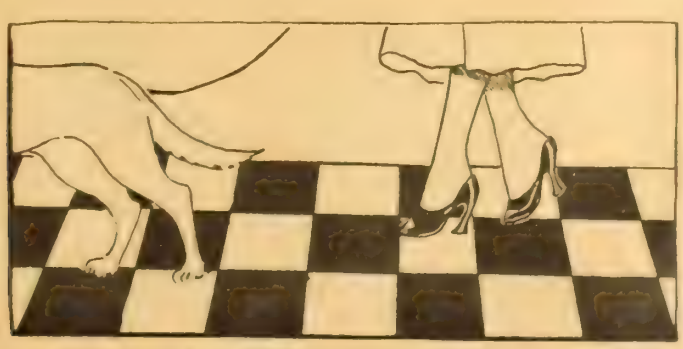
And then came Harold's first chance. Frank Bacon, now remembered as "Lightnin' Bill" was just a young beginner then, starting on his long climb up-hill to stardom. His company was doing stock in our town and Harold's persistent hanging around the theater won for him a tiny part as small boy in one play. After the performance, Mr. Bacon said to me:

"You're going to hear great things of that boy some day." Those words were indelible. I cherish them as a prophecy of a great artist. Of course no one dreamed of success in motion pictures in those days. The movies were in their state of plastic, insecure infancy then. To be great as an actor meant to gain one's laurels playing great drama, perhaps attaining the heights of Shakespeare. I determined then that from that moment no stone would be left unturned to give Harold every opportunity to develop and improve his histrionic ability. I had him excused from school on matinée days, and took especial care of his health. He had to work evenings and I was maternal enough not to risk my boy's sound body even for a career.

Until he was sixteen Harold was entirely under my influence. But it was difficult to give him all the proper attention and when some relatives invited him to come to San Diego, California, to visit them for a while I had to consent even tho I felt the break keenly. I remembered the warning of my doctor that my boy would grow beyond me. I wanted to keep him always my boy but I had to put his future ahead of my primitive and really selfish motherly desires.

Secretly I longed for him to go to college but this was too much to hope for in our moderate circumstances so I compromised by letting him go only on condition that he would finish high school. That at least would be a foundation for any path he trod. I felt intuitively that Harold would broaden his mind even tho he did not have a formal education and his adult years have proved me a true seer.

And so my boy left me to go to California, golden California that has fulfilled so many of our mutual dreams. He has hurdled his way to success and into a niche in the hearts of all those people who like to feel youth surging in their blood. His way has been the hard one of the extra, the disheartening one of a sincere artist. I do not want to tell of these difficulties which he faced so bravely, for I was not with him to share them, except in spirit. Now that we live together in Los Angeles we have the joy of dreaming new dreams together. The things I tell are the things I know as the mother of Harold Lloyd. I cannot realize that he is now the famous Harold Lloyd. He is just my little boy, eternally questioning, eternally playing, eternally smiling into the friendly faces of a million glad hearts.





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The caressing fragrance of living flowers.
Or—the sombreness of perfumery?

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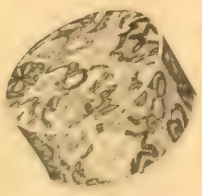
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1933







Keep Your Hair Youthful

The hair of the young is usually more attractive simply because time and non-attention have not had the chance to make their inroads upon it. If you would retain the natural beauty, luster and freshness of your hair, add Canthrox to your toilet requisites and shampoo with it regularly. Footlight and screen favorites have found it an invaluable aid to hair health and attractiveness.

Canthrox
Shampoo

removes all dirt, dust and dandruff, cleanses the scalp and brings out the natural beauty of the hair. After its use you will find that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is never streaked in appearance, and is always bright, soft and fluffy—so fluffy, in fact, that it looks more abundant than it is, for each strand is left so clean and silk-like. To arrange and dress such hair is a pleasure.

At All Drug Stores

All druggists sell Canthrox because it is the leading hair wash and has been for many years. It's so easy to shampoo with Canthrox, the results are so immediate and apparent and the cost so little—about three cents per shampoo—that no woman who cares a whit about retaining her hair health and beauty should be without it on dresser or bath-room shelf. Use it in hard or soft water.

Free Trial Offer

To add to the long list of Canthrox friends, we will send you absolutely free one full Canthrox shampoo if you will forward a two-cent stamp to pay postage. You'll say it is the most effective hair wash you ever tried.

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America's Famous Movie Star

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By His Mother

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The Other Mae Murray

(*Continued from page 21*)

"At sundown the hurdy-gurdy man would shut up shop and I would find myself miles from home . . . late for dinner with inevitable punishment waiting for me.

"I can just see myself now, walking along with my shoes in my hands and my stockings worn to shreds—walking along and trying not to cry.

"In order to keep my mind off the punishment I was going to get I would read all the poster signs on the way home and try to fix my mind on the spelling and so on.

"When I got home, I had to face that which was to me the worst of all punishments—the closing of my grandmother's heart to me.

"When I came in late for dinner this way, I would be all weepy inside; but with a sort of desperate gayety, I tried to chatter on. I tried to tell them stories and shake them out of their silence by sheer vivacity; but I might as well have talked to a stone wall. They absolutely ignored my presence. Of course it always ended in a flood of tears and forgiveness and promises to do better—promises which lasted faithfully until I heard the next hurdy-gurdy.

"I can tell you one thing tho; one of the greatest lessons in the show business that I ever absorbed came to me in those little girl days in New York. Whatever success has come to me since had its roots in the little 'pretend theaters' that we children had.

"We used to give little shows to which the admission was pins or nails or postage stamps or almost anything.

"We didn't have any money to make costumes of course, so we made our dresses out of tissue paper. Of course we were great rivals and I soon found out that I could get more attention than the other little girls if I made my dress out of some very bright color—red by preference. I have never forgotten that. I guess that is where the idea of jazz entered my mind."

I asked her what they did at the shows; did they dance or act plays, or sing?

"Oh no," she laughed. "All we did was to get all dressed up in our tissue paper clothes and walk back and forth across the stage. If I had anything to do with originating the 'Follies walk,' it began right there.

"I have been using ever since, on the stage and in pictures, the lessons I learned in those little 'pretend theaters' back there in those little girl days on the New York East Side.

"When I was fifteen I made up my mind to get into the Follies.

"The days of youth are wonderful days I couldn't stand the rebuffs now. Bu when they turned me down then, I only went around again to see them, again and again. I begged and pestered and pleaded.

"Finally I got a wig and made myself up to look like the 'Nell Brinkley girl' and they gave me a job in a chorus in which all the girls were made up to represent the models of famous artists. I wasn't the only youngster. Some of the girls were only twelve or fourteen.

"I can remember how hard I tried to make myself look grown-up. You know how thin and scrawny you are at fifteen, just all angles and bones.

"I remember when they took a picture of me how I pressed one leg back against the other real hard so my calves wouldn't look so pitifully thin and skinny.

"One day, when we were rehearsing, Lillian Russell came in to see us. Of course we were all terribly impressed and tried our very best.

"I heard her say to Mr. Ziegfeld, 'That little girl in the middle with the tow head is going to be somebody; she has personality.'

"And you can imagine how broken hearted I was when I heard Mr. Ziegfeld reply, 'No chance. You never saw a girl who keeps her mouth open who has any brains; all her brains come out with her breath.'

"After I had been with the Follies a long time, some one conceived the idea of making a motion picture of some of the stars in informal scenes and going into vaudeville with it as a monolog. It was just a little novelty and no one thought anything of it.

"The next morning after it was shown, however, I got an offer from every big motion picture company in New York. It was the opening of a new door and a new life for me."

I asked Miss Murray what her ultimate idea is; for what port she is heading.

"Just what I am doing now," she said. "To the American public I stand for jazz and gayety and a certain bizarre slant on life. For me to try to be Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford would be as tho the makers of Ivory Soap were to begin making gasoline. Whatever I may be like off the screen that is what I am like on the screen and shall continue to be until the public taste changes."



The Prophet of His Own Heart

(*Continued from page 24*)

That broke the ice, of course. The other woman was so amazed and there was nothing for it but to explain myself then and there. Which I did. That was all there was to it."

I turned to Mrs. Moreno. "Of course," I said, "that was not 'all' *you* tell me. . . ."

"Now be careful, dear, be careful," pleaded the temperate Tony, "you dont know what she's capable of printing. . . ."

"If you dont give me some *facts*," I said coldly, "you'll see what I'm capable of *making up*. I do have to fill two pages and have runover you know. . . ."

"Were you crazy about him on the screen before you ever met him?" I asked Mrs. Moreno, slender and quizzical and human.

"Yes," she admitted, "Tony and Harold Lloyd were my favorites. I've always been immensely interested in the screen, and most of the screen people were my closest friends. The Wally Reids . . . I was at poor Wally's funeral. . . ." She shivered a little. . . .

"Did he," I pressed with a look of warning at Tony, "disappoint you when you first met him?"

"Well, certainly not as an exponent of the silent drama," smiled Mrs. Moreno, "we met at a party. I sat next to Tony and he spoke not one single word the whole evening long. It was delicious."

Things, methinks, are rather "delicious" with Mrs. Moreno. She spent her honeymoon going hither and thither with Tony at the camera's behest. "When one is the wife of a movie actor . . ." she said, and spread apart her slender fingers in a comprehensive gesture. A gesture combining tolerance, liking . . . and love. She is indulgent, too, toward the extremely conservative attitude of married Tony. She said, whimsically, "Oh, Tony, did I say the wrong thing, dear?" And she laughed in his eyes when she said it.

They are building a home on the western coast, and it ought to be a very happy home. It is builded on the foundation of friendship and the walls thereof are sheltering and warm.







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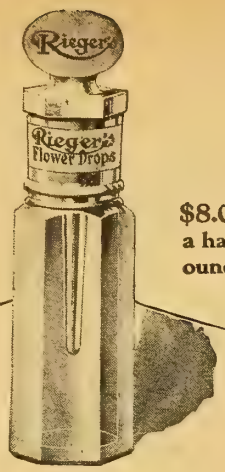
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Susie Takes a Chance

(*Continued from page 34*)

What Has Gone Before

Susie Treadwell, an unusually beautiful girl earning fifteen dollars a week in a small town bookstore, decides to go to New York to seek success as she hopes to realize her ambition to act. She leaves behind her Clay Newton, artistic photographer, who has not the courage to break away from the bookstore. Susie arrives in New York with twenty-eight dollars, and after finding a place to live succeeds in securing a position as secretary to a delightful young playwright. For three weeks things run smoothly, then one day she goes to work and discovers her employer has vanished without paying her. Susie tries to find a new position but fails to do so. Forced to give up her room, she goes to sit on a bench in Bryant Park wondering what she will do next.

Susie saw a dark slim young woman, very pale, in a magnificent tea gown of brocade silk, reclining on a chaise-longue. On the floor, at her feet, lay a Russian wolfhound, with his nose resting on one paw, his ears cocked. The woman's pale face was somehow familiar to Susie—as if it were the face of a person she had seen often but had never met.

Mr. Armistead bowed, and with a gesture toward Susie, said:

"This is Miss Treadwell."

The pale woman half rose to her feet.

"My God," she said, "her hair is red!"

"It can be dyed," said Mr. Armistead drily.

Susie looked from one to the other and instinctively she balanced her weight on her toes, as if she were about to jump, as if she would be ready to jump the moment she knew which way to jump.

"I'm so sorry," the pale woman was apologizing. "I didn't mean to be so rude. Do, please, forgive me, Miss Treadwell."

"You have the advantage of me," Susie said. "I dont even know your name."

"I'm Magda Basarov," she said smiling.

"Oh," said Susie.

"Wont you sit down?" She motioned to a chair. Susie sat down. But in spite of herself she sat on the very edge of the chair.

"You see," Magda Basarov continued, "we saw your picture in the Sunday paper. And it occurred to us all at once that you were the answer to our problem—if you were only willing. And when we learned that you were actually here—in New York—we couldn't wait to find out."

Susie stared at Magda Basarov, studying her, searching out the resemblance to herself that had been so marked in the photograph Clay Newton had shown her.

"Will you smoke?" Magda Basarov offered her a small silver box of cigarets.

"Thank you," Susie said. "I dont smoke."

Magda Basarov raised her eye-brows. She had a trick of shooting one eye-brow much higher than the other.

"You wont mind if I smoke?

"Surely not," Susie said.

Magda Basarov selected a cigaret, with slow gestures, lit it at the flame of a small silver lamp on the table beside her, and leaning back against the chaise-longue, she let the smoke of her inhalation curl slowly from her nostrils.

"You see," she said, and Susie noticed the very slight burr in her speech, as of a foreign tongue. "We look very much alike—you and I."

"But we dont," Susie cried. "We dont a bit. You are very pale and your hair is blue-black and the way you move and speak——" Susie hesitated. She did not wish to be unpleasantly personal.

Magda Basarov smiled, and when she smiled, in spite of her exotic make-up, in spite of the too-red lips and the too-pale cheeks, Susie liked her. She became friendly when she smiled, and there was a glint of humor in her eyes, warm and kind.

"I think if your hair were black, as Mr. Armistead suggests it easily might be, and you were made up very pale, as I am, and you were wearing my clothes, as I hope you will, the resemblance would be sufficient."

"Sufficient for what?"

"Sufficient to deceive the casual acquaintance—and newspaper reporters—and the general public."

Susie relaxed, leaned back in her chair. She felt quite sure now that she was in no danger. And the relief was so great that she knew she had been afraid before, however determined she had been not to be afraid.

"You mean you want me to impersonate you."

"Yes," said Magda Basarov, "you have guessed it."

"But I couldn't," Susie cried. "I couldn't fool anybody."

"I could give you a great deal of help before you began and it isn't as if you would be called on to deceive my husband"—she laughed—"or any member of my family."

"But—," Susie began.

"Wouldn't you be willing to try on some of my things?"

"But—," Susie began, and paused.

Magda Basarov jumped up.

"Come, Mr. Armistead will excuse us if we leave him here." She led the way into a dressing-room, switching on lights as she went, pausing to ring a bell. Susie looked about her, alive with curiosity. The dressing-room was lined on one side with drawers and cupboards. Opposite was a wide dressing-table, with triple mirrors. And beside the dressing-table was an enormous mirror, six or seven feet square, that came clear to the floor.

A white-capped maid appeared from the room beyond in response to the bell.

"Otilie," said Magda Basarov, "find me that white frock I wore this afternoon and the big hat that went with it and a wig—a black wig. Miss Treadwell, do take off your hat and let Otilie dress you."

In five minutes Otilie had made up Susie's face—made it very pale, with scarlet lips—and fitted the wig. Then she got Susie into the white frock, a frock of linen set off by eyelet embroidery, and tried on the hat.

"Now," said Magda Basarov, "see yourself in the big mirror. Let me stand beside you. Look."

Susie gave a little gasp as she got the

effect of the ensemble. The likeness of herself to Magda Basarov startled her.

"Oh," Magda Basarov cried, "if I only had the duplicate of that dress and that hat—I shouldn't know which was my reflection in the mirror."

"Madame has other white dresses," Otilie suggested.

"Get me one," Magda Basarov commanded.

Otilie's fingers were quick. It was only a moment before Magda Basarov stood beside Susie in a white frock and a large garden hat.

"Come," said Magda Basarov, "let's see what Mr. Armistead says."

She led the way back to the room where they had left him. He looked at them, stared at them.

"It is better than I thought possible," he said. "If it weren't for the gesture I shouldn't know which was which."

"But that is just the trouble—I could never learn your way of moving and speaking—the way you use your hands!" Susie cried.

"Pouf," cried Magda Basarov. "You can learn them in ten days—as I did."

"I thought you were born a Russian—that you had lived all your life in Europe."

"Only for publicity purposes," said Magda Basarov. "Listen. I can talk exactly as you do." Susie was amazed at the change in Magda Basarov's speech. It was no longer foreign in flavor, in accent. It was middle western, like Susie's own. "I was born in Columbus, Ohio. I never saw Europe until I was as old as you are now. My name was Ethel Smith—think of it! There are eleven thousand Ethel Smiths. I could not be an Ethel Smith. I invented Magda Basarov. Or rather, I stole it. I stole the first name from a play by Sudermann in which I once saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I wanted to be like her. I took the last name from a novel of Turgenev. It is the name of a rebellious young man. I wanted to be like him, too. You see, all that is Russian in me is my name, which I borrowed; and my dog"—she pointed to the Borzoi on the rug—"which I bought."

Susie laughed. She liked Magda Basarov.

"What do you say?" Magda Basarov cried. "Is it a go?"

Susie frowned. She wanted to think. And she was so intrigued with the idea of impersonating this woman, whom she liked, whom she admired, whom she envied, that she could not think at all.

"Tell me why you want me to do it," Susie said.

"No," said Magda Basarov. "That is my secret. I will not tell you. Nobody knows except myself—and Mr. Armistead—and Otilie—and one newspaper reporter."

"A newspaper reporter," Susie cried. "Then it may be printed tomorrow."

"No," said Magda Basarov, "he is safest of all. In another day he would have discovered my secret for himself. So I told him the truth—in strictest confidence. Then he could not print it. You must know that about reporters. It is the one way to stop them. I do not know whether it is honor or pride. But they do not betray confidence—in print."

"But—" Susie protested.

"I will tell you a perfectly good lie," Magda Basarov continued. "I will tell you that I must go to Paris to have my face lifted and nobody must know."

"But what if I should be discovered?"

"In that case you will lose your job at $100 a week. And I will lose my job at $700 a week. But you will be able to get another job and I, perhaps, shall not."

"So," Susie said, "it is really you who



Posed by Claire Windsor, star of "The Little Church Around the Corner", a Warner Bros. motion picture. Miss Windsor, like many other beautiful women of the screen, uses and endorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion. From a photograph by Clarke Irvine.

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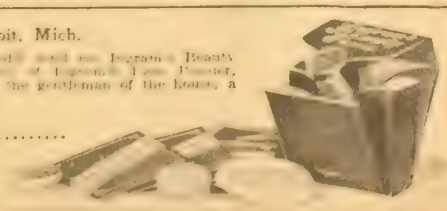
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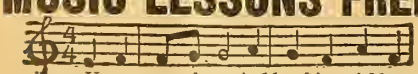
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are trusting me—and not I who am trusting you?"

"It is a little bit of both, I should say." Mr. Armistead arose and spoke.

"Miss Treadwell is going to do it for us, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Susie, "I am."

"Oh, you dear," cried Magda Basarov, and throwing both arms around Susie, she kissed her.

"You wont be gone more than the three months?" Susie asked.

"No—my contract gives me three months' leave of absence. Two weeks are already gone. We shall need two weeks in which to rehearse you and tell you all the things you will need to know. That is one month. I shall be gone only two months."

"And now," said Mr. Armistead, "if you will write a little note to that Dr. Bennett you mentioned—I will see that it is mailed."

"You mean I am to stay here?" Susie asked.

"Of course," Magda Basarov cried. "We shall need every minute until I sail. And besides you must not be seen. You must disappear quite completely. And once I am gone and you have become me—no one can ever find you until I come back."

"I see," Susie said.

It was quite beautifully simple. She sat down at Magda Basarov's desk and wrote to Dr. Bennett.

"I am going to disappear for a couple of months," she wrote. "I am going into an adventure that promises to be extremely interesting and quite profitable and not at all dangerous. But I cant tell anybody what it is. Only I want you to know that I'm all right. Dont tell anyone unless it is absolutely necessary. If I am discovered I lose my job—and it pays $100 a week. I cant imagine anyone will be curious about me except you and Clay. Whatever you do, dont tell Clay that I've written you even this much. Dont tell him even if he should start out to find me—because he cant possibly succeed."

"There," Susie said, "will that do?"

"Quite," said Mr. Armistead. He folded the sheet, sealed the envelope, put it in his pocket, said good-night.

"I think," Magda Basarov said, when he had gone, "that you will find it rather fun."

"I know I shall," Susie said.

Susie did two weeks of the hardest kind of work, learning to play the part of Magda Basarov. For the first week it seemed impossible that she would even learn to smoke a cigaret as if she enjoyed it. And her throat was worn out by constant effort to imitate the slight foreign flavor of Magda Basarov's speech. And her shoulders ached with her attempt to employ the deliberate, yet by no means languid, gestures of Magda Basarov. But after ten days she began actually to live the part.

"The beauty of it is," Magda Basarov assured her, "that when you have once learned it thoroly you will have an ease in it that you've never had in your own personality. It will give you daring. It gave me daring. I have given myself the reputation of being a little eccentric—a little odd. Which only means that I can do exactly what I please and say exactly what I think without giving offense—at least without giving as much offense as I should otherwise. You see?"

"It must be a great luxury," Susie said.

"It is the greatest luxury in the world—save one."

"What is that?" Susie asked.

"The luxury of being understood," said Magda Basarov with a sigh.

(*To be continued next month*)

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 58*)

which, to our great surprise, follows the story from which it was taken. The settings are wonderful, and just as one imagines things to have been at that time, while many pages could be written in praise of the beautiful costumes. When the film was showing in this city, Cincinnati, there was a great demand for historical literature of England at the time of Henry the Eighth.

The picture which is laid in a certain period naturally causes a desire to know more of that century and the resulting study cannot fail to interest and help a great many.

Some of the best "period pictures" were —"Orphans of the Storm," the delightful "To Have and To Hold," "Lorna Doone" and "Knighthood." Now we are promised "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The first four were apparently successful and the last two will surely be so. This kind of films is wanted and liked by the people the "fans"—who really make a picture.

If the producers wish to please their patrons, which, of necessity, they must do, there will be many more of the ever enjoyable "period pictures." Why not revive Scott's "Ivanhoe" with all the later-day facilities for making beautiful, lavish productions? Then there is "The Lady of the Lake" by the same author. This dramatic poem could be made into an ideal picture of lovely costumes and beautiful scenes with a plentiful amount of spectacular action.

There are any number of stories of olden times and so we "movie" lovers wait —impatiently.

Yours sincerely,
MARY M. LEPPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

An offer.

DEAR EDITOR: I am an old reader of your magazine and have a collection of M. P. S. M's from 1912, 1913 and 1914 in brand new condition.

Would you be kind enough to mention in your next publication that I would be very glad to send them to one of your readers, who is an old fan.

I do hate to throw them away after keeping them for six years, not being how interesting they would be to some movie lover.

Very truly yours,
EARL MARVIN,
226 East 87th St., New York City, N. Y.

Praise from a native of China for Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart."

DEAR EDITOR: I am naturally averse to any kind of exertion, whether mental or physical, but I enjoyed seeing Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart" so much that I really must write to you and tell you about it.

I had seen scores and scores of pictures before I left China last fall and have not missed a single picture that promises to be worthwhile seeing since I came to this country. But "Peg O' My Heart" is by far the best picture that I have ever seen. The wit and humor with which the play abounds was delightful and the photography of the rural scenery of Ireland charming, but one hardly notices these things the minute Miss Laurette Taylor enters the scene. Her bewitching smiles,

Avoid the Hidden Danger that Spoils Your Pretty Skin

How that "Last Touch" to One's Skin Can Undo All the Care that Has Gone Before, and the Way to Avoid It

WOMEN will learn with amazement the recent disclosures now being made known in regard to their use of the indispensable face powder. A painstaking, scientific study of the skin and its care has brought forth some facts which are nothing short of revolutionary as to the correct way to powder. Here are the facts.



"Princess Pat is Really Wonderful."
—Madge Bellamy

Most women nowadays give thoughtful attention to their complexions. Why, then, should the skin so painstakingly cared for, frequently tend to coarsen and roughen without *apparent cause?* Why should the tiny pores mysteriously choke up and enlarge? What has been the reason so much beauty effort has had no permanent result—brought no lasting benefit? Science has found out, sifted down the facts, and discovered the cause of most cases of clogged, enlarged pores: be—*powder!* Not the innocent *habit of powdering,* but the *powder itself.*

Every woman knows there are countless brands of face powder—a bewildering array. Prettily packaged and daintily perfumed, they tempt one on every side. They are to be had in various forms, and many fragrances—but science made this important discovery: nearly every powder on the market was basically the same—*made of rice!* Therein lies the trouble.

How Rice Acts in Face Powder

Consider! Rice, as everyone knows, is a *starchy substance* and no matter how fine it may be pulverized, its particles remain "sharp."

When magnified, rice powder resembles *sand!* In a test patch of powder there can be seen the scores of ragged, star-edged particles. Not a many, even the application to the delicate skin! But even so, that the powdering shall cause, in the last analysis, serious annoyance.

[illegible] moisture of the skin [illegible]

There Is No Rice in Princess Pat Powder

Use the *"Powder Made Like The Almond Leaves"*—Princess Pat—and the thousands of delicate pores in your skin will never be enlarged in the least, however plentiful or frequent the powdering. For, unlike rice, the Almond Base has *no sharpness* in a dry state, and does not penetrate and *steal* when moist. Instead, it has a soothing, healing quality, making its application *a beauty treatment in itself.* It is as kind to the super-sensitive skin structure as Almond *always is*—and Almond, as you know, is used on the tender skin of babies.

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Knowing these facts, one regards it as a pity that rice powders—for the face at least—still are used. This is particularly true when you realize Princess Pat is so *finely particled* that its gentle adherence makes its effect last much longer than the finest powder that can be made of rice. You will be altogether amazed and delighted with the clinging quality of Princess Pat—"The Powder With The *Almond* base."

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IMPORTANT

Ask for Princess Pat Powder by name and [illegible]

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A display of pictures showing the actors who will always be remembered for their delineation of certain characters in fiction. See if your favorite ones are among them.

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No historical photoplay is entirely free from anachronisms—especially where the costume is concerned. An article full of helpful information and practical suggestions along this line is written by one who understands the subject thoroly.

"The Scarecrow"

A fictionization in short story form of the photoplay by Percy Mackaye in which Glenn Hunter is featured. This picture is the last one that Mr. Hunter will do for the Film Guild. Sketches of the various characters are used to illustrate the story.

The Many Wives of Bluebeard

Have you ever wondered what they were like? You will find eight of the most attractive ones in this issue. There will also be interesting pictures of scenes taken from the screen version of the two popular novels, "If Winter Comes" and "Main Street," and full page pictures of some of the most prominent screen celebrities.

JULY CLASSIC JULY

That "Different" Screen Magazine

her all-engaging winks, her majestic and yet natural gestures, her sprightly and capricious frolics, and above all, her beauty and simplicity—all these and a host of other qualities make Miss Taylor the greatest screen artist of the day. I enjoyed watching her so much that I saw the same picture three times over and would see it a thousand times more if I have the opportunity.

I have never seen such spontaneous demonstration of appreciation on the part of the audience before as I did at the local theater when "Peg O' My Heart" was shown. I also observed that I was not the only one who stayed thru the second show. If it is not a rare thing for others to see the same show twice over, it is so with me. And I saw it three times over.

Yours for Laurette Taylor,
C. C. W., Madison, Wisconsin.

We Announce the American Beauty

(*Continued from page* 42)

DEAR MISS FLETCHER:

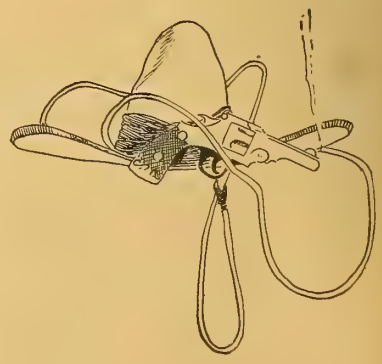
I have always written my notes and letters when the spirit moved me—and it seems if ever that benign spirit should smile on me, it would be now, but instead of feeling gushing and deliriously happy, as I should, I am feeling rather depressed and wondering how I am to sustain the reputation that has been thrust upon me. It is impossible for me to express to the Judges of the American Beauty Contest my appreciation of their great kindness in awarding me the honor of being the American Beauty.

I have always had a warm place in my heart for the Brewster Publications. Years ago, I used to long for them each month to get a new picture of Mary Pickford to paste in my scrap book.

Please thank Mr. Brewster, personally, for me and give my regards to the entire staff and office force and say to them that I hope to meet them when I am in New York.

It will be impossible for me to go to New York before the middle of June, as I have to complete my school term here.

Most cordially,
FLORINE FINDLEY DE HART.



Within the Law

(*Continued from page 49*)

throat. He didn't quite know what to make of his own feelings. Ever since he had dragged Mary from the lake, he had been feeling queer. Just as if he didn't want her *in* on that sort of thing . . . his and Aggie's. Now he spoke, without quite considering his words; "'Course I'm glad, Mary" he said, "if . . . if you are. But I wish you could 've pulled the final card on the level. The marriage stunt, I mean. All right for the rest, but gee, Mary, the . . . the marriage stuff. . . ."

"I know, Joe," Mary said, "but this . . . this dont need to be . . . final. He's hardly even kissed me . . . yet. You see, I want to go with him and face his old man. I want him to introduce me to his old man as his wife. I want the old man to take a look at me and then remember back to the *last* look he had at me . . . the day he had me railroaded to Auburn. That's what I want. That's what I've been wanting, all these years. It ate me, that did. It ate into me, deeper than anything else, except . . . except . . ."

"Except what, Mary?" Joe Garson asked, gently, for him.

"Oh, nothing. . . ." Mary said, suddenly. She couldn't tell Joe Garson. That was because, suddenly, too, she knew that he loved her.

But she didn't need to tell him. Just because he loved her he knew that that "except" meant Dick Gilder's young face.

"Let's talk business," Aggie interrupted, rather impatiently. It had just come to her in something of a roundabout way that the watchful law, waiting for her to get "without" hand had to "hand it to her" for her superlative dexterity in remaining "within." She was feeling elated and talkative on that particular subject. Joe and Mary were "funny" when they weren't talking "shop." Then, too, she would receive in the morrow's mail old General Hastings certified check for fifteen thousand. Hush money. There was, it seemed, a hatchet-faced *Mrs.* General Hastings to whose ears the news of little Aggie in the Everglades wouldn't sing so sweetly. It had been worth fifteen thousand, however, to the aged General, or so, game to the finish, he had gallantly said.

Joe began talking about a "deal" of his own. It was to steal tapestries from the Gilder mansion. He said he supposed Mary would have no scruples about that, even if they did belong to her "in-laws." Mary laughed, her new and shaky laughter. No, she said, it didn't matter to her, only she wished Joe wouldn't go in on it, she'd heard odd things about it lately, she was afraid it was a plant . . . a stool-pigeon. . . . Aggie said nonsense, the boy who had put Joe wise was "one of the best." "Just the same," Mary said, "it has a funny sound to me. I wish Joe wouldn't go."

. . . . . .

Everything "broke" the next day.

It had been arranged between them that Dick was not to see Mary for two days after their arrival in New York, then he was to call for her and take her to call on "the family," consisting, only, of father.

"He's sure to like you, sweetheart," Dick told her, as they walked thru the Park on the way up. "He's often said that what I needed most was to be married to some nice girl. And you're going to tell him all about yourself, aren't you, Mystery-Maid?"

Mary laughed. "Didn't you tell me" she said, "that your father is an expert and



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BATHING, tennis, golf, motoring, sailing—all the summer sports that a girl *must* indulge to be a social success—what havoc they wreak with her skin! And yet if she cares she can ward off the bad effects of excessive sun, wind and dust; she can be an "outdoor girl" and yet retain the satiny skin texture which is her greatest charm in other seasons.

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After the ALCORUB is all rubbed in, dash a second application of ALCORUB quickly over the skin *and let this evaporate*—it takes only a few seconds. *Do not rub in this second application of* ALCORUB.



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After each ALCORUB treatment you will sleep with a refreshing soundness that restores your physical vigor. And in a few weeks you will find new beauty in your skin.

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BATHASWEET

infallible judge of character? That he never makes a mistake?"

"The old man's pretty good."

"Then I think I wont have to tell him much about myself. I . . . I think he'll know." She added, curiously, "Would you take your father's word against—anything, Dick?"

"Against anything except my love for you," the boy replied, and Mary was silent.

Mr. Gilder, they were told, would receive them in the library. As they entered he sat across from them, at a carved, massive desk. Still the Judge, Mary thought, still the Judge, misjudging, canceling pleas for leniency.

Dick was impulsive. "Father" he said, and they seemed, in effect, to rush into the limelight, "father . . . here is Mary, my wife. . . . We were married in Florida —alone—she and I."

Edward Gilder looked at the girl. She took the same pose, hands clasped in front of her, that she had taken that other time, only that now she was casual and the bitter smile of then was transformed into the quietly triumphant smile of Now.

"You!" Edward Gilder said.

"I!" smiled Mary back at him. Both of them had for the moment forgot young Dick. They were closed in a curiously wrought wedlock. They were momentarily fused.

"Why?" Edward Gilder asked.

"For my revenge. I told you this," Mary said simply.

"But my son, my only son . . . all I have. . . ."

"My youth . . . my only youth . . . all that I had. . . ." Mary made answer.

"This isn't fair. God, what a trick to turn!"

"Mr. Gilder, I must remind you. . . ."

"Father!" shouted young Dick. The dark blood was in his face. He threatened the older man.

Edward Gilder turned then to his son. Dark blood matched dark blood. The two men looked dangerous and bad. "This woman is a convict, an ex-convict, Dick," his father said, "she stole from my store. She was tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in Auburn. She served her term there. Before she went she promised to repay me for her punishment. This is what she has done. *You.* . . ."

"Mary . . ." Dick's arms were reaching for her.

"Part of it is true, Dick. The last part. Of course I did not steal from your father . . . until now . . . you. . . ."

"'Now' . . . 'me' . . . but Florida. . . . Oh, Mary, we'll settle the old score later, but this first . . . you cant tell me you dont love me, not after Florida. . . . You didn't do this just to pay back Dad . . . did you Mary? Dont you love me? Answer, "yes' or 'no'."

"No."

"You dont love me?"

"No."

"You did this to have vengeance on Dad?"

"Yes."

"Mary. . . . Mary . . . my God!"

"I'm sorry for you, Dick. You seem to be the innocent victim. But there is always—an innocent victim."

Mary left the two men, father and son, alone.

. . . . . .

It was late when she got home. She walked and walked. She thought she might walk from her consciousness the memory of Dick's mortally wounded face. Too young for such a wound. She tried to think that she had been too young, too. But somehow, now, that reasoning didn't fit, wasn't logical. After all, it wasn't Dick's fault . . . it wasn't. . . .

When she got back, Aggie told her that Joe had gone up to the Gilder place "with the gang." Mary felt a pang of sudden fear. It came to her as quite certain and distinct that Mr. Gilder would not be going far from home that night; would certainly not be leaving town for any length of time. It was quite likely, too, that Dick would be home or in the vicinity. After such a day, they would scarcely be likely to sally forth on any jaunt, either separately or alone. Then . . . what? Then it did mean a stool-pigeon? It did mean a frame-up? It might mean the end of Joe, with his honest heart and his dishonest hands. Paradoxes. Paradoxes everywhere. Mary had given up trying to figure out these bad people who were good, the good people who were bad. A "good" man, Edward Gilder! A "bad" man, Joe Garson. How *could* one understand?

Mary slipped out, leaving Aggie to figure up their joint "profits." She must get to the Gilder house, must warn Joe Garson, somehow . . . no more harm must come to any one of them thru the Gilders . . . no harm must come, either, to any one of the Gilders. . . .

She had seen the tapestry room that afternoon. A small, grilled balcony sided it. That was where Joe and his "gang" would be. . . . So they were. She reached there just in time to see Dick come in the door, facing her, as she climbed in from the grille. She reached there just in time to see the man who was the stool-pigeon she had suspected reach for his revolver, just in time to see Garson reach for his and shoot the bounder, just in time to watch Garson vanish into the darkness and the police come in. . . .

Of course they identified her, recognized her. Of course she was accused of the murder of the stool-pigeon and her words, as once before, taken down as of no account. Hadn't she served one term in jail? What could anyone expect?

And equally, of course, in the dark days that followed young Dick tried to take the blame for her, tried to absorb the accusations unto himself. Hadn't *he* been there, too? Well, then, why didn't they think that *he* had done it? Wasn't it just as likely? But they said, no, it wasn't. . . .

But somehow Justice rights her equipoised scales. Some time. Somewhere. And it was so with Mary.

Quite unexpectedly, in the midst of this new trouble, a girl named Helen Morris, with whom she had used to work in the pre-prison days, came forth with a written confession, admitting that she, Helen Morris and not Mary Turner had been guilty of the theft for which Mary had served her term.

Even in the shadow of her new distress, Edward Gilder begged his son's wife pardon—saying, humbly, now, that he knew an apology was pitiable chaff enough . . . now. . . .

And then, perhaps less unexpectedly, Joe Garson returned and against Mary's wishes, made a confession of the shooting. "I didn't want you to do it, Joe," Mary told him, "I might have come off all right. . . ."

"You always brought out the best in me, Mary," Joe told her, "this'll serve me right. After I get out . . . well, we'll see. But I want you to be happy, Mary. *Honest*-happy, I mean."

Dick, standing by her in this moment dropt on his knees and she put her arms about him. "I'm going to be" she said, softly, and then realized that they were left alone: "Dick" she murmured over him, "Dick, I dont have to lie any more, sweetheart. It's all over. It's all right. I . . . I married you because I loved you. Honest-true!"

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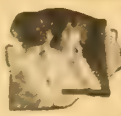
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They Mean To—

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A MERE MAN—AGE
ANOTHER WOMAN—NEGLECT

You may be willing for a physiognomist to read *character* in your face but do you want a man to see *age* or to have "the other woman" know you *neglect* your skin? *Not if you are a real woman!*

Why Not Do This?

Let BEAUTY show you how to erase those tell-tale lines and instruct you on the care of your skin, hair, and general health. And last, but by no means least in importance, is the matter of knowing how to dress correctly. All this information can be found in BEAUTY for July.

It also contains fiction, verse, interviews with celebrities, and many beautiful illustrations.

On the news-stands June eighth

JULY **Beauty** JULY

Beauty Secrets for Every Woman

The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page 72*)

Mr. Otis Skinner, born June 28th, is a peculiar combination of the profound and superficial. Obdurate in his views upon all matters and not in favor of radical changes, his extreme conservatism somewhat retards progress; nevertheless, he very sensibly restrains others from plunging recklessly ahead and any failure upon his own part results from miscarried plans rather than thru lack of foresight.

Possessing marked affection for home ties, he is, however, inclined to be vain and imperious rather than loving and is not immune to flattery from the opposite sex; yet, in addition to being unusually tactful for a Cancerian, he holds a sincere desire to do right by everyone; besides, when properly approached, he displays an innate courtesy to the point of personal inconvenience.

The dominant personality of Mr. William Farnum, whose birthdate is July 4th, can not bear dictation or restriction and should be governed by gentleness rather than thru compulsion, for he might resent even kindly meant criticism if it was not proffered adroitly.

Truly tender-hearted and sympathetic, he is, nevertheless, easily antagonized, very changeable and often, no doubt, a puzzle to his associates, as they do not realize that his peculiarly sensitive nature, is subject to sudden and frequent discouragement.

All Cancerian men are easily "piqued" and will take offense when it is least meant, but theirs is a sensitiveness of wounded pride rather than hurt affection, as the majority of them would not exchange one iota of anyone's admiration for all of the love in the world; also, unfortunately, exaggeration and boastfulness play a large part in the conversation of both sexes.

Miss Viola Dana, born June 28th, is vivacious and decidedly original, having the power of creating illusion or of making others accept any impression that she would wish to extend.

Distrust of many, is, with her, a developed rather than a fundamental trait and later, towards middle life, this characteristic will recede to be replaced by an accurate judgment of associates, which attribute her horoscope shows she already thinks she possesses.

The natal day of Miss Fannie Ward is June 22nd, and Gemini's influence gifts her with plausible conversational talents and great persuasive ability.

Her likes and dislikes she forms from first impression, as a remarkable intuition renders her a keen judge of character; however, she demands more sincerity from acquaintances than she would be inclined to display and also, when in certain moods, requires much humoring, for a fatally retentive memory sometimes causes her to recall and repeat incidents which could be more happily forgotten.

Cancerian women frequently fly into a rage at any fancied slight and talk unkindly to those whom they love, but, as they honestly repent their tempers, this momentary meanness must not be confused with the real cruelty that exists in the women of Aries (March 21st to April 19th) brunette Leos (July 22nd to August 22nd) and all those of Aquarius-Pisces, Cusp (February 19th to February 25th); nevertheless, people of this planet lack sincerity, and while posing to be paragons of truth, they are, in reality inclined to fabrication, disposed to discuss family affairs and divulge secrets, therefore, it is unsafe to trust them.

Coupled with these faults is a peculiar spirit of dissatisfaction, leading them to

fret over such trivial matters as the arrangement of their furniture or the manner of fixing their hair; on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that they are the acme of kindness and the soul of generosity and under no other planet do we find better mothers or more artistic homemakers.

In writing fan-letters to Stars of this House, I would advise an expression of the admiration which the people of Cancer crave and you may be certain that, unlike Gemini, they will accept your praise, with courteous appreciation. In love affairs, they often manifest inconstancy as, unfortunately, they are rarely able to find others who appreciate their best qualities, and unluckily for them, designing persons, by playing upon their sensitiveness, can capture their affections.

They attract and are attracted by those born in March, November, January, June and October and the Cancerian faults are gambling, extravagance, morbidity, avarice, parasitism, and sometimes drunkenness and the worst form of sensationalism.

Others born under this planet, besides those already mentioned are Robert Ellis, born June 28th, Raymond Hatton born July 7th, Norman Trevor born June 23rd, Gorden Griffith born July 4th, William Courtleigh born June 28th, Raymond Hackett born July 7th, George M. Cohan born July 4th, Maclyn Arbuckle born July 9th, Laura Nelson Hall born July 11th, Marguerite De La Motte born June 22nd, Dorothy Devore born June 22nd, Miss Bradley King (writer) born July 8th, Zena Keefe born June 26th, Mabel Talliferro born June 21st, Vera Steadman born June 23rd, Mary Anderson born June 28th and Baby Zee Rae born July 13th.

Have you read The Editor Gossips? It appears every month—this month on Page 65. For the personal news of the motion picture world there is nothing to equal it





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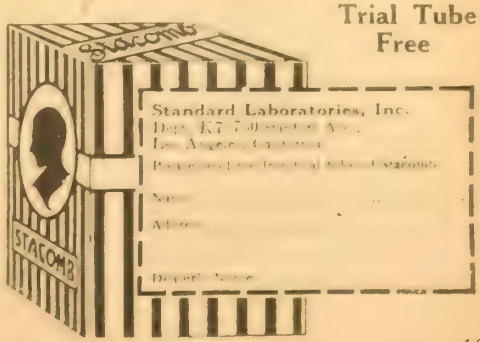
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That's Out

(*Continued from page* 44)

of depression the studios will again start to buzz with activity, the stars will again—but why go on. It's the inevitable circle.

Are Women to Blame?

"The women of the country control the destiny of the screen, and the movies today are being made to suit the female taste," says a prominent theater manager in Milwaukee. After viewing some of the pictures on current screens, this appears to be a terrible indictment. If I were the women I wouldn't stand for it.

Try and Get It

Some amateur writers labor under the misapprehension that producers are prone to pilfer stories. This is a mistake. They never pilfer anything. They simply borrow it. The writer can have it back any time he wants it.

Good Luck Usually Makes the Star

No matter how talented a player is, it takes a little luck as a rule to bring big success to the door. Under favorable circumstances it is remarkable with what speed a hitherto obscure performer can be elevated to the top of the ladder. One of the amazing peculiarities of the flicker world is that it takes only one successful production to raise a camera actor or actress from the lowest rungs of the ladder to the topmost heights. And once on the top it takes a long series of poor vehicles to shake 'em off the perch. Look into the movie hall of records and what do we find? Valentino, best example of all, played in several pictures without causing a ripple of interest, then suddenly had the break of luck to get in "The Four Horsemen" and became a sensation over night. Betty Compson, after three years of comparative obscurity in two-reel comedies, sprang into the foremost ranks by a single performance in "The Miracle Man." It only needed "Sentimental Tommy" to make one of the six best bets out of May MacAvoy. Nita Naldi knocked about from studio to studio and was classed only as a good type until "Blood and Sand" boomed her to the sky. A total stranger to the theatergoers of this country, it only required a solitary production, "Passion," to make Pola Negri one of the leading favorites. There are numbers of instances of this sort. Many of the players have never lived up to the promise they gave in the photoplay which put them over the top, but they continue to reap the benefit of their ten-strike, nevertheless, Verily, there are many players being buffeted about from studio to studio, grasping eagerly at small parts, who have the potentialities of becoming as great favorites as those now at the top if they could only make the connection with that big part in the right production.

Stars That Will Shine

Irene Dalton: A captivating young miss whose work has been confined mostly to comedies but who is now being properly advanced to feature productions. Watch her grow.

Making Wedding Scenes Realistic

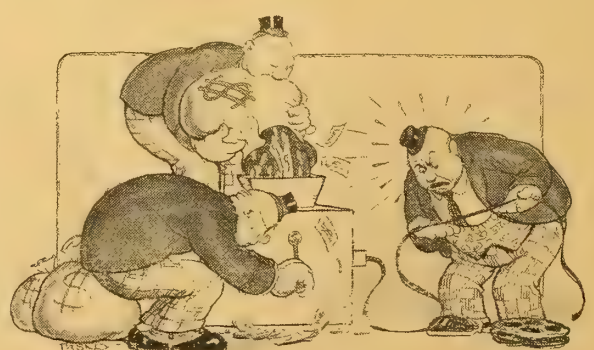
There is one situation in movie plays to which I wish to make a strenuous objection. That is the one at the wedding wherein a close-up is always shown of the mother sobbing bitterly because she is losing her daughter. This is supposed to be a very touching scene but it only moves me to tears of laughter. To make the scene true to life a close-up should be shown of the bridegroom's mother wailing because another woman will now have the affection that was once hers.

For the Hall of Fame

I nominate Sam de Grasse, whose performances in "Robin Hood," "Slippy McGee," and other pictures prove him to be one of the finest actors on the screen. As the villainous Prince John in the Fairbanks production, De Grasse gives what is probably the best performance in the piece, a subtle, forceful characterization. Great work can be expected of him in future productions.

Earle Developing a New Screen Art

There are very few individuals in the shadow industry who are earnestly striving to do anything worth while to advance the art of the silent drama. Director William P. S. Earle, however, is one man who is really attempting to develop the photoplay along artistic lines. At his studio in Hollywood he has been working patiently for months on something new in the way of motion-paintings which should revolutionize the present method of production. He now has his process perfected and his paintings make scenes of unparalleled beauty. I have visited his studio and seen examples of his art. They surpass anything I have ever seen on the screen and are practical in every way for production. Where, formerly, actors filmed before paintings were confined to limited space and could not move about, by Earle's new process the actors can move about freely. Earle is now making a screen version of



While herds of producers have been vying with one another to see who could spend the most money and make the "biggest" production, along comes "Driven" made by Charles Brabin at an estimated cost of less than $40,000 and scores the hit of six months. It takes more than money to make big pictures

Flavory

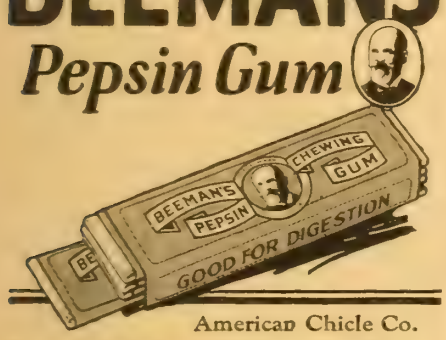
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"Tut-ankh-Amen," and from scenes that I have viewed of the production at studio run-offs I would say that it will be a sensation when released.

Foreign Romeos Are Losing Ground

The foreign invasion of movie stars is falling off. Only eighteen new aspirants arrived from foreign lands this month. I, for one, will be glad when the barbers return to the barber shops and the toreadors return to the bull-pen.

A Lesson for Producers

While the herds of producers have been vying with one another to see who could spend the most money and make the "biggest" production, along comes "Driven" made by Charles Brabin at an estimated cost of less than $40,000 and scores the hit of a six-months' period. A simple little story but with a fine idea and beautifully told, "Driven" is, in spite of its low production cost, one of the biggest pictures of the year. It takes more than money to make big pictures.

Money! Money! Money!

Craig Biddle, Jr., heir to millions, recently arrived in Hollywood to break into the films. Did he find it a difficult proposition? Not by a million! With the dailies playing him up on the front page, Craig, Jr., broke into the studio in a blaze of glory with the producers fighting for his services. In his wake and watching from the sidelines were a legion of young actors who had nothing but ability and the personality of which stars are made to aid *them* in getting into the films. Their thoughts, no doubt, as they watched young Biddle in one day surmount the wall against which they had been struggling for years, were to the effect that acting qualifications are a minor consideration in the cinema world when a million dollars appears on the scene.

Those Childhood Lockets

When I was a youngster I had a locket which I treasured very highly. It has long since disappeared and after returning home from the movies one night recently this fact caused me much mental agitation. The loss of my locket shows me that there has been a mistake in the continuity of my life somewhere along the line, or else a slip up in the direction. In the movies whenever a mother fastens a locket on the baby, it remains with him thru thick and thin until twenty odd years later when he is able to identify himself as the long lost prince of Bargravia and not hero Harold the necktie salesman as everyone has believed thruout the early part of the picture. A person can lose everything else in the films but he never loses his babyhood locket. If I only had my lost trinket, there is no telling whom I might be identified as a little later in the story. That's why I'm worried about it.

Those Publicity Endowments

While Adolph Zukor and Carl Laemmle are endowing institutions and establishing foundations to advance the photoplay, their producing companies are going right along making mediocre productions as in the past. The quickest way to advance the silent drama is to make a few first rate pictures. The future of the screen can then take care of itself.



Earle E. Liederman as he is to-day

How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

The good old swimming days are here. Oh boy! But it's great to rip off the old shirt, into your suit and take the splash. But what a shock to some of the poor girls when they see their heroes come out with flat chests and skinny arms instead of the robust frames they expected to see.

You Can't Fool Them

Don't try to make excuses. You should have knobs on your arms like a baseball. A fine protector you would make, when you can't even fight your own battles. What are you going to do? She is going to find you out.

Look Your Best

It's not too late. I can save you yet. It means hard work and plenty of it, but think of the results. In just 30 days I am going to add one full inch to your biceps. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I am going to broaden out those shoulders and put real pep into your old backbone. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye, showing you to be a real, live man. Before summer is past you won't recognize your former self. You will have a physique to be really proud of. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on and make me prove it.

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 53)

the screen often resembled a transient Spotless Town. If the picture had been less worth while, less realistic they might have spoiled the illusion.

With admiration for practically the entire cast, we wish to mention Ernest Torrence first. His work in the rôle of an old tobacco "chawing" bronzed, seamed pioneer: fascinating mixture of the villain and the hero is something we will not soon forget. We liked Charles Ogle too as the captain of the train. But then we always like Charles Ogle and we always wonder why he isn't more often entrusted with important portrayals. For he may be depended upon for natural, sincere work. Lois Wilson is an appealing heroine and J. Warren Kerrigan a sympathetic hero.

There has been talk of "The Covered Wagon," being as great as "The Birth of a Nation." We give it less praise than that but we do recommend it heartily.

And now we come to "The Bright Shawl."

By possessing imagination in rich abundance, "The Bright Shawl," demonstrates that lack of imagination is the primary weakness of the motion picture today. We review this picture with pleasure. It is an intelligent translation of the Hergesheimer novel and, while like many translations, it is marked by a few variations from the original, we do not doubt that these departures help in the new language of the screen.

Its background is Cuba in those days when the island still suffered Spanish tyranny . . . when women wore crinolines and gave their lives demurely to loving . . . when men wore top hats and high stocks and gave their lives to their country with flaming gestures . . . when romance was plentiful on that island crowning indigo waters. And this is the Cuba you find in the screen's shadows—not a studio composition of Cuba, accentuated by palm trees, a trifle moth-eaten, borrowed from the property-rooms. Many of the scenes were photographed in Cuba and with a result so charming and satisfying that they should send other companies to the locale described in their story.

A bright shawl of flaming, vivid colors is worn by La Clavel, an Andalusian dancer, who loves Charles Abbott, a young American, together with the cause of Cuban patriotism which his valiant idealism causes him to serve. So the shawl becomes a symbol . . . a symbol for which men die.

As Charles Abbott, Richard Barthelmess confirms our opinion that he is as rich in artistry as almost any man upon the screen today. His portrayal is instinctively intelligent, sympathetic and colorful. It is also possessed of a repression which complements its poetry with vitality and strength.

And Dorothy Gish, strange to this sort of thing, plays La Clavel. There are times when she achieves her effect for Miss Gish is an actress, but she has not yet learned when to employ a fiery gesture and when to smile coolly and placidly with her beautiful eyes. So her La Clavel is a vixen rather than the subtle, Latin dancer of the author's imagination.

The entire supporting cast is excellent. But we wish to compliment Jetta Goudal on her La Pilar and to tell of the lyric beauty of Mary Astor which is here emphasized by her sympathetic pantomime.

John Robertson is the director . . . the director who has learned that spurred soldier heels seem more tyrannical when they storm over cool marble floors . . . and that a military death list seems even

(*Continued on page* 106)

Below is a scene from Within The Law which is the antithesis of The Bright Shawl as far as imagination goes. Norma Talmadge plays Mary Turner



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Lucian Cary's Fascinating Story

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Is why Susie dared to leave the shelter that her small-town home offered.

She decided to come to New York in quest of fame and fortune. Just to experience the thrill of being a part of the great Metropolis was what Susie desired above all else. And then comes the acid test—

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In The August Motion Picture Magazine



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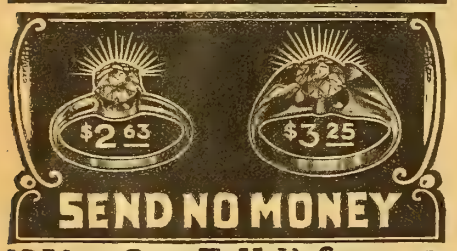
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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 104*)

more terrifying when it is concealed in a fragrant nosegay sold in the marketplace.

So we recommend "The Bright Shawl," remembering it with pleasure.

"Within the Law" is the antithesis of "The Bright Shawl," so far as imagination goes.

Every now and then we heartily endorse a story, previously filmed, being made over again. If something definite is to be gained by this procedure, we are in sympathy with it. But just to make a story over again, no differently than it was made before—adding nothing to it in any way, except perhaps in the way of photography, is our idea of nothing at all.

Norma Talmadge is starred in this version of the Bayard Veiller melodrama. Alice Joyce, you'll remember, played Mary Turner four or five years ago in the Vitagraph production. And if you saw the first edition, we wouldn't advise going again.

Miss Talmadge plays Mary Turner well and sometimes with emphasis and appeal. But for anything else connected with the production except Eileen Percy as Aggie Lynch we have no praise.

The rooms in which the characters live are the rooms which could be erected in any studio at a moment's notice. Present are the eternal crystal chandeliers, heavy draperies and abundance of furniture. We have never witnessed such rooms in houses built of brick and wood. Their special province is unquestionably the motion picture studio. Well, that is one thing to give thanks for. And lately too, we've noticed that there is a decided improvement. Other ways of depicting luxury have been devised.

Someday perhaps Norma Talmadge will find herself endowed with a sincere, intelligent rôle, backed by a story that isn't commerical and a production which is imaginative. It will be interesting to see what she will then do.

"Vanity Fair," which Hugo Ballin produced and in which Mabel Ballin is featured in the rôle of Becky Sharp, is the last production which we review this month. Frankly, it did not interest us very much. If you have read "Vanity Fair" you'll feel that the dominating, living spirit of the famous Thackeray novel is lacking. And if you haven't read the novel, we're afraid you'll be a little puzzled here and there.

We admired the photography and the grouping frequently. We admired the characterization intermittently. . . . But there is something beyond the ordinarily mentioned composites of a picture as indescribable as genius . . . it is this something which "Vanity Fair" lacks.



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The Film Drama Versus Life

(*Continued from page 52*)

Such a course of conduct is wholly contrary to life; and a girl who would thus sacrifice her parents and her lover, rather than permit an undesirable kiss or make a false promise, would be inhuman. Any man imbecile enough to marry her afterward would deserve having to live with her the rest of his days.

Another inexplicable maxim of the motion pictures, which is at complete variance with the ordinary, every-day facts of life, is that all villains are one hundred per cent corrupt. Characters of the screen are either as white as the driven snow, or as inky black as the Stygian darkness. A screen villain is a villain thru and thru, in and out, up and down. He will stop at nothing—there is no limit to his diableries. He is the most hellish of fiends.

Moreover, he hasn't one redeeming trait, aside from his flair for snappy dressing. But even his sartorial perfection, his immaculate coiffure, and his elegantly waxed moustache, are merely snares with which to dazzle and beguile his victims. He is wholly incapable of a decent thought, a generous impulse, or an act of the most rudimentary kindness. He is even devoid of common courtesy and civility. Perhaps never in the history of mankind has so depraved, benighted, and unmitigatedly despicable a human being ever lived. Beside him Heliogabalus is a Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Furthermore, the laws governing his career on the screen are out of all accord with the laws governing a villain's career in real life. For instance, a cinema villain —no matter how clever or resourceful he may be—never once succeeds in any of his machinations. He hasn't a chance in the world. He is doomed to failure from his cradle.

Now, actual villains very often succeed. That is what makes life interesting, and gives it its conflict and fascination. What fun is there fighting a man when you know, before you start, that God is going to step in at the right moment and give him the shingle in the cosmic wood-shed? You are betting on a sure thing. Your opponent hasn't even a sporting chance.

Consider, also, the fate which inevitably befalls the villains of motion-picture dramas. It is a fixed and invariable law that any man who is not honorable and pure—any man who threatens to foreclose a mortgage on a poor widow's farm, or seeks to force his unwelcome attentions upon a pious cutie—will, before he accomplishes his wicked ends, either (1) be thrown over a high cliff, (2) plunge to his death in an automobile, (3) get shot thru his evening-shirt bosom, (4) be cast into the bastille by the gendarmerie, (5) die of a mysterious cardiac disturbance, (6) get struck by lightning, or (7) be stabbed to death in a hand-to-hand struggle with a ninety-pound flapper.

Villains in real life do not always meet with these tragic ends. In fact, it may be said that such a fate is the exception. Numerous villains are still alive in this world. Nor are they all in jail. Some of them are even prospering.

There is another inviolable motion-picture law applying to villains, which should be mentioned here. This law pertains mostly to burglar-villains—that is, to financial crooks—and might be stated somewhat as follows:

"Whenever a burglar, home breaker, second-story man, gangster, or safe-cracker comes in contact with a small child in a Gainsborough suit or an old man with white hair, he shall at once break down, weep copious tears, and take an oath to give up his



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nefarious practices and to live a helpful, God-fearing and saintly existence from that moment on."

Of course all burglars in this cynical old world dont throw away their tools and join the Christian Endeavor every time a child mistakes them for Santy Claus. If we could get the statistics, I imagine it would be shown that not over ninety per cent of them automatically reform under such conditions. But in the movies it is absolutely fatal to a burglar's career to have a marceled infant accidentally appear on the scene of his depredations.

Then there is the motion-picture mandate which requires all crooks to reform and become heavenly minded the moment they get out into the country or on a farm. One whiff of the new-mown hay, one glass of buttermilk fresh from the churn, one glimpse of a setting hen, one minute's communion with the boll-weevil—and the deepest-dyed of underworld gangsters gets a lump in his throat, goes all to pieces, and turns to the path of rectitude and loving-kindness forevermore.

This bucolic, or gregarian, edict governing reformations, is really but a subdivision under the more general motion-picture statute pertaining to city influences *versus* sylvan influences.

This statute holds tenaciously to the assumption that all rustic persons are pure and honorable and free from sin, whereas all cosmopolites are impure, dishonorable and steeped in wickedness. An upright and godly country lad, on coming to the city, is at once drawn into a mire of iniquity and corruption; and the only way he manages to escape an abandoned and dissolute end is by fast-footing it back to the barnyards and the alfalfa.

Just where this notion of bucolic virtue and cosmopolitan sin got its start, I cannot say. There is certainly no foundation for it in real life. There are just as many blackguards, ganufs and spalpeens in the tank towns and along the R. F. D. routes, as there are in the big cities. Human nature is much the same the world over. Saintliness or corruption is not a question of locale.

While we are on the subject of scoundrels, there is another cinema ruling which should be noted. To wit: In any fight between the hero and the villain, the hero must invariably win. He may be weak and wounded and only half the size of the villain, and the villain himself may be a champion pugilist in the pink of condition, and armed with dirks, stilettos, lead pipes, broadswords, brass-knuckles, beer-bottles, and automatics. It doesn't matter. The hero, with his bare hands, will lay him out cold.

Even when the hero is outnumbered ten to one, and is confronted by a whole camorra of professional thugs and blackjack artists, he will emerge victorious, with his assailants piled up about him knee-deep. The law is that, in any combat, the virtuous party—irrespective of size, odds, or talent—shall get the decision. One wonders why a villain ever fights, for he is licked before he begins.

In real life, of course, a combatant with superior strength and cleverness has occasionally been known to win. And even tho Dempsey were a crook, he would be a good even-money bet against a puny five-foot missionary.

And then there is the cinema ruling which makes it impossible for any noble young man to be fatally wounded. No matter how many times he may be shot, or at what close range, or thru what vital organs, he invariably recovers. There is simply no way of killing him.

Aside from these general laws governing the life and morals of the screen

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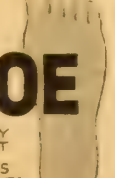
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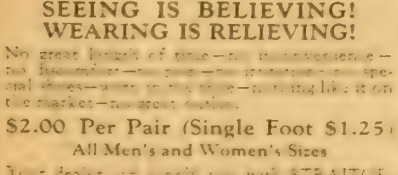


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drama, there exists also a long list of rules pertaining to human actions and conduct.

Regard, for instance, the way people carry on under certain given conditions. This all comes under the head of "emotional acting"—commonly known as "emoting."

Now, people in real life do not emote. But on the screen every sensation experienced by a character is accompanied by its own special calisthenic exercises; and, once the system is learned, we can watch a character's actions and tell what is going on in his mind.

For instance, when a character gets a telegram or a letter, and immediately crumples it in his fist, lifts both hands high above his head, struts rapidly back and forth with his eyes popping, throws himself in a chair, buries his head in his arms, and heaves as with asthma—then we know right away he has received bad news. And the more serious the news, the more violent he becomes.

Just the reverse, however, is true in life. Grief does not fill a person full of pep. Tragedy stuns and weakens the most active and healthy. But, in a movie drama, the most feeble and debilitated person is transformed temporarily into a whirling dervish by any kind of sad tidings. The news of a dear one's sudden death will turn an aged, bed-ridden invalid into a cavorting athlete.

Regard, too, the way a character acts when he is shot. He does a violent moujik folk-dance, with *jeté-tours, glissades, arabesques,* somersaults and tumbles, before he finally calms down into a prone position. In actual life such activities would be diagnosed as angina pectoris; but on the screen they indicate merely a bullet wound.

Then there are the laws governing the methods by which seductive ladies must work their deadly wiles upon the susceptible male.

Pause and picture the screen vampire—with her rolling eyes, her sinuous movements, her panther tread, and her exaggerated mannerisms! If any woman should act that way in life, the average man would flee from her in terror, fully convinced that she was about to enter an epileptic trance, or was on the verge of a fit. Her physical allurements would have no effect on him whatever. He would be thinking merely of his personal safety; and he would hasten away immediately to some sheltered retreat.

In addition to these laws of conduct, there are firm-and-fast rules controlling the actions of all persons in specific situations. Confronted by a given set of circumstances, a character must act in a definitely prescribed manner. For example:

(1) If a young lady should happen to be present during any hand-to-hand struggle between her lover and a desperado, she must stand supinely by, with hands clasped on her breast, and under no circumstances lend a hand in such struggle, even tho she is armed and can easily save her lover by a single blow.

(2) No country heroine must ever pass a horse without feeding it a lump of sugar and stroking its nose. And no city heroine must pass a dog, cat, canary, rabbit, or other species of domesticated fauna, without bending down, wagging her head roguishly, and shaking her index finger coyly.

(3) When, or if, a young lady is locked in a room, she must at once rush to the door, beat upon it gently with her fists, and then sink in a limp heap on the sill.

(4) If a character should discover himself or herself to be within twenty feet of a body of water, he or she must im-

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mediately devise some means of precipitating himself or herself into said body of water. (This refers also to indoor fountains during gay dinner parties when the participants are in evening clothes.)

(5) In any combat to the death, especially one upon the edge of a precipice, the hero must insist upon fighting with his bare hands, and must deliberately throw away whatever weapons he may possess at the time.

However, it is not only in laws of life and ethics, and in rules of human conduct, that the world of the screen drama differs from the world in which we live. Motion-picture characters also are governed by arbitrary and inflexible laws. In real life a stranger may be a doctor, a minister, a financier, or a burglar. One doesn't know until one has become acquainted with him. But not so on the screen. The characters of the silent drama rarely, if ever, vary, either in clothes, hair cut, manner, general appearance, or actions. One glimpse is sufficient to tell the whole tale.

Here are a few of the cast-iron conventions of characterization, which have grown up in the cinema, and from which no actor or director has as yet had the temerity to deviate:

A MOTHER: A frail, feeble-minded old lady of at least eighty. Believes anything that is told her. Oozes with saccharinity when happy; and drips with tears when sad. Wears a checked apron and a grey shawl. A hound for knitting.

A BUTLER: A dolorous, aloof man with voluminous Burnsides, and bushy eyebrows. Walks stiffly, as if suffering from acute rheumatism of the joints. When standing still, appears to be falling over backwards.

AN ARTIST: An effeminate, long-haired young man, with velvet waiter's-jacket, corduroy bloomers, a Tam-o'-Shanter, and cravat resembling the crêpe hung on front doors in small towns. When in evening dress, wears soft shirt, turn-over collars, and Windsor tie. Points with little finger.

A ROUÉ: A small elderly gentleman, with curly white hair parted in middle, goatee, and waxed moustache with ends like knitting needles. Wears a cutaway coat, white waistcoat, black stock, chamois gloves, light spats, and a *boutonnière* the size of a funeral wreath. Carries a gold-headed stick, and a monocle on broad black ribbon. Marks time with both arms whenever any gay music is played. Is fond of liquor, but gets hilarious on two drinks.

A COWBOY: Handsome youth, wearing hair pants, and silver-spurred, Cuban-heeled boots polished into ebony mirrors. Always close-shaven and talcumed, and with fashionable hair-cut. Exquisitely manicured. Mounts his horse by a flying leap from the ground.

A VAMPIRE: A tall, thin brunette of about thirty, with hair parted and slicked back close to head. Wears a one-piece, form-fitting black gown, and huge pendant earrings. Glides, cat-like, when walking. Talks with her shoulders, and constantly displays the whites of her eyes. Reclines languorously when receiving a prospective victim. Keeps a negro maid dressed in Turkish costume. Smokes cigarets with an affected elegance which is almost unearthly.

A MINISTER: A simple-minded male adult, with high-cut vest and Congress gaiters. Has smooth-shaven, vapid face. Sits on the extreme edge of chairs, and never leans back. Moves stiffly, with a slow deliberate tread, and carries hands on abdomen, the tips of fingers juxtaposed. Never laughs, but smiles in a way to

justify mayhem on the part of any healthy man present.

A Doctor: A middle-aged, pompous gentleman, with an incipient façade, a Van Dyke, and grey patches over the ears. Wears frock coat, black spats, white piping on the V of his waistcoat, a *pince nez*, high hat, and kid gloves. Always carries an obstetrical case. Times a patient's pulse with a watch the size of Matzhos. When a case is serious, he strokes his beard and shakes his head dolefully.

Society Matron: A semi-corpulent lady of uncertain age, given to wearing short tight gowns covered with spangles. Is always laden with jewels, including a tiara and rings on index-finger. Carries an enormous lorgnette attached to a chain. Has arched eyebrows, and treats everyone, including servants, with sneering disdain and hauteur. Shakes hands with tips of fingers held on a level with the eyes.

Wealthy Bachelor: Gentleman of forty or thereabouts, with waxed moustache and twelve-inch cigaret-holder. Gardenia in button-hole. Keeps a Jap valet. Dress suit has velvet collar and eight versts of broad tape. Appears often in riding-suit, carrying a crop with which he constantly flicks imaginary particles of dust from his boots. Fond of highballs, and is cruel to animals. Always makes love to married women.

A Financier: Square-faced, prognathic-jawed man of fifty. Shakes forefinger belligerently and beats table with his fist during conversation. Chews long black cigars in the corner of his mouth. (If killed early in picture, can "double" as a detective in later reels.)

It is because of these and many other standardized types that the average screen character has so little verisimilitude and individuality. When a character appears on the screen one does not remark: "He resembles a financier," or "He looks like a doctor." But when sometimes in real life we see a queer looking person, we say: "He looks just like a *movie* butler," or "She dresses like a *movie* vamp." Which shows that the screen, and not life, has created these particular types.

But all these laws and conventions of the cinema are not fatal to the future of motion pictures. They have grown up because of the speed with which the silent drama has developed. We standardize because we have no time to individualize.

Nevertheless, they do constitute a serious criticism of the screen. And until they are abrogated, until directors and actors ignore them and base their concepts on life itself, the films will not attain to the highest degree of competency and merit of which they are capable.





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Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 57)

and thirt' title upon his novel expedition thru the lots of Hollywood, showing us pictures and stars in the making and giving us plenty of human interest and comedy and satire in the bargain, is difficult to determine. It smacks of the W. K. box-office value. Really the expression is an indictment of those uplifters who denounce the picture colony, altho the author employs several familiar tricks to score his points. At times he appears to be laughing up his sleeve or his megaphone seeing as how he uses the "sheik" stuff and a climax which features the activities under the big top.

The plot revolves around a girl whose intuition impels her to leave her caddish and criminal husband. She makes her exit aboard the honeymoon train and bobs up in a California desert in the midst of a picture company on location. The following scenes show her climb to stardom. Punctuated with her rise are actual studio shots of various directors including Chaplin taking scenes—as well as the recreation hour in the studios when the stars stop work for a bit of lunch. The cast reads almost like a blue-book of Who's Who in Hollywood. There are so many stars it is hard to get intimate with any of them, but shining thru this circus-like novelty are Eleanor Boardman and Lew Cody. Go see it and look over the cast. Enjoy a laugh at the captions and get a thrill here and there.

Masters of Men—Vitagraph

Morgan Robertson, than whom there is no better writer of sea stories, has fashioned a likely tale in "Masters of Men," a character study of a youth who finds himself by running away to sea and emerging as a man during the Spanish-American war. It is an interesting adventure story, this Vitagraph expression. Once in a while this company sneaks one over. The picture is punctuated with crisp incident, much character building, conflict, interesting climaxes and stirring action and it carries all the essentials that make worth while film entertainment. Moreover there is a patriotic glow about it which gives it a considerable "kick." Cullen Landis as the youth gives his best performance in his biggest rôle, and his support contributed by Alice Calhoun and Wanda Hawley, attired in the quaint costumes of the nineties, and Earle Williams, is highly competent. Be sure to see this picture.

Bucking the Barrier—Fox

Incredible and inconsistent and decidedly picturey is this Fox opus featuring Dustin of the Farnums. This star is certainly following a hard luck season or three, not one of his pictures lingering in the memory an hour after it is shown. "Bucking the Barrier" is a mongrel—a half-breed melodrama and society yarn which pilots its protagonist from the wilds of Alaska to the cultivated atmosphere of an English manor and back to the Yukon before he is able to find rest and happiness. All about an inheritance left him by a deceased friend and the conflict stirred up by a pair of scheming half-brothers of the dead man and the sister, who must needs misunderstand the motives of the miner from the far-off places where men are men. It is hectic and thoroly unconvincing—and none of the characters appears genuine.

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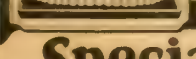
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DEAD GAME—UNIVERSAL

An interrupted weddin' party instead of a necktie party features this lively little western which gives Hoot Gibson a chance to wear his checkered shirt, sombrero, cowhide boots, chaps, et al, and dash forth to the rescue of the gullible girl who casts him aside for an ornery villain. We are provoked with this girl because of her changeable nature. First she throws her sweetheart over, then the scheming scoundrel—then she accepts the cowboy again and turns aside to meet the plotting piker. The picture has two good moments—one when Hoot sneaks out of bed in the camp hotel, holds up the stage and kidnaps the girl, the other when he dashes thru the window of the church and takes the girl away from the altar. It gives the hero a chance to live up to the title. Suitable if you haven't got far to go for your entertainment.

THE WOMAN OF BRONZE—METRO

The eternal triangle in its most obvious form comes to light in this adaptation of Margaret Anglin's stage play of three seasons ago. It serves to introduce Clara Kimball Young as the long suffering wife of a temperamental artist who neglects his talent for modeling the prize-winning piece of sculpture to play at unholy love with his model. In a fit of dejection he hammers the clay to pieces. An obvious note, this—one which has been used far too often on the screen. Indeed it is rare to find a story concerning an artist who doesn't at some time before the end is reached slash his painting or destroy a design upon which he is working. In this instance the patient wife wins back her erring spouse's affection and thru her inspiration the statue is completed. A hackneyed story embellished with a fitting atmosphere. King Vidor, who directed, should turn to the thing which he does best—the human document. Miss Young is mostly ornamental, for such a play needs the emphasis of the voice to do it justice. Fair entertainment.

BAVU—UNIVERSAL

It wasn't so much as a play when Earl Carroll wrote it to open his theater on Broadway, but adapted to the screen it looms up as a satisfactory melodrama. Doubtless it was written with the silver-sheet in mind, for it contains those necessary essentials known as action and suspense. With the obvious dialog silenced, one's interest is maintained in the series of rapid events which have a background of Russia during the revolution. The protagonist is modeled apparently after Lenin or Trotzky, altho these gentlemen of the steppes have a working knowledge of their A-B-C's while Bavu is ignorant of the three R's. But Bavu has something which all of us know as personality and he has the peasantry in his power. So he incites them to burn and pillage but the god-like Mischka, having charge of the licenses and an education to boot, makes a plaything of Bavu. He rescues the princess in the best manner of Frank Merriwell, and the revolutionist, excellently played by Wallace Beery, who might have stepped right out of Moscow or Kishinev, so perfect is his make up, is drowned in his drosky during the pursuit. "Bavu," be it said, moves vigorously even if it is trite and obvious in theme and treatment.

HAS THE WORLD GONE MAD?—EQUITY

The evils of jazz are exciting many of our screen authors at the present time. Here is Daniel Carson Goodman writing a sort of sequel to his "What's Wrong With The Women?" He uses a quad-



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rangle of an erring mother and a dissolute father (they are not married to each other) to point his sermon, which never becomes a preachment because it has been dramatically treated. It takes the children of these jazz disciples to bring harmony out of discord in their respective homes. The father's daughter upbraids the mother of her fiancé in the lioness' den and she comes to her senses in the nick of time. Goodman has wisely left out a lot of melodramatic fireworks which might have been employed for colorful effects. Fair entertainment this picture and finely acted by Charles Richman as the tresspassing husband and father.

THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK—LICHTMAN

If the designers of this melodramatic fabric had watched their yarn more closely, the stitches wouldn't have dropped and spoiled the pattern. As it is, they have allowed too much liberty. Gaps, many of them, need bridging to make it a perfect cloth. Yet it is a fascinating story of crookdom—of prison life which looks authentic. A tale, to be exact, of an auto thief who victimizes a girl into a mock marriage and who is sent up along with his pretty "bride" for a term. What follows is his ultimate escape along with his cell-mate, the introduction of the latter to the girl via the knock-out route, and their happiness together in South Africa. The author carries the characters around regardless of the fact that he is giving the spectator too much for granted. This spoils the effect and makes it picturey. Yet there are scenes which hold the attention in a tight embrace.

It's a story of crime, punishment and retribution and neatly acted by Miriam Cooper as the girl. The Hollywoodian touch showing a gorgeous costume ball doesn't belong. But something must be done with celluloid coin.

LUCK—MASTODON

This is the story of the wager or how the irrepressible upstart must make good within a specified time or find himself out in the cold. A fairly good farcical idea even if it first served for "Brewster's Millions" many, many years ago. John Hines uses it here and has a fair amount of fun of the made-to-order brand from it. He starts with nothing in the shape of money and with little more than nothing on his back. A suit of B. V. D's.—that's all. The hokum starts with an elephant chasing him, a stolen ride in a train, a boxing match in some rural hall and a rescue of the girl from an oil well. Of course Hines wins the wager. This fellow Hines exaggerates to such an extent that spontaneity is lacking. It is as if he said: "Watch this, fellows, this is funny." A little repression wouldn't do him any harm. The piece will escape the memory within a week. Fairly enjoyable during its unfoldment, if you haven't been fed up on "winning the wager" formula.

THE TENTS OF ALLAH—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

'Tis another of the "sheik" pictures, which carries a fascinating title, a supply of desert atmosphere and some colorful movement even if its sequences are made to order. Here we have the bandit chief arrested by a U. S. naval officer for kidnapping an American girl. The plot finally comes out in the open revealing the officer reconciled to the Arab, who proves to be his son, the mother, a Moorish woman, having been given up for dead. Monte Blue is not adaptable for the part of the chieftain, even tho his sincerity is a mark in his favor. The others in the cast, particularly Mary Alden, are much more in character.



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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 65*)

place was some miniature piece of luggage and a tiny pocketbook, while the ladies were presented with pansy corsages.

Alma Rubens came to the dinner, escorted by Daniel Carson Goodman, author and producer. Of a certainty she is beautiful. And with an individuality of beauty. Her skin is pale and clear as the screen promises it to be and her hair is soft and dark . . . as dark as her eyes. She wore black velvet, old lace and pearls. We found a pleasure in watching her . . . and in listening to Doctor Goodman who is, in truth, amusing.

For "Westbound Limited" we have little praise. We give praise only for some striking and beautiful railroad shots where industry with its smoking smokestacks and its great black hulk of engine becomes a thing of beauty. As to the stardom of Ella Hall, this is something we never expect to understand.

One of the things we are proudest of is the achievement of Willis Goldbeck. Mr. Goldbeck has been and will be, we trust, a frequent contributor to this magazine. He has also been chosen to handle the scenarios of the Rex Ingram productions. Having completed the continuity of "Scaramouche" upon which Mr. Ingram is now working, he writes us enthusiastically that he is now working on the adaptation of "The World's Illusion."

Incidentally, it was one of Mr. Goldbeck's interviews . . . one with Gareth Hughes, in fact . . . that attracted Mr. Ingram's attention and gained him his present opportunity.

We remember the first work Mr. Goldbeck did for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and our delight in annexing him to our staff. From the first he showed deep promise in his imagination and charm of writing.

For his achievement we feel a tinge of the sponsor's pride.

And to him we say, Bravo!

Alice Brady's new play promises to be one of the offerings that will run over into the summer when most of the metropolitan theaters are dark. And "Zander the Great" is certainly not the sort of play we would have suggested for Miss Brady. In it she plays a young country girl who runs away with a tiny boy who she adores and whose father she is determined to find. In a ramshackle flivver they drive from New Jersey to Arizona where they fall in with a band of bootleggers. Then a certain tangy, breezy romance mingles with the humor. And in the end the master bootlegger reforms and becomes the heroine's slave. Personally we fail to enthuse either over the play or Miss Brady as the heroine. We did think it mildly amusing and something of an antidote for the queer, depressing things which have threatened to monopolize the Broadway theaters. Nor did the critics spend their adjectives lavishly in the Zander reviews. But all of this is beside the main point. The play goes on and on and speculators buy up the tickets.

And Alice Brady wearing queer little hats and dark ginghams learns that the ravishing imports she has heretofore worn are not necessarily expenses incidental to her position.

So be it!

A. W. F.









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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 82*)

Constance is good to look upon and is possessed of unusual charm. The small part she had in "The Covered Wagon" was done so successfully that Famous Players-Lasky decided that she was worthy of a real part. That is why they have given her the leading feminine rôles in the Paramount picture, "Fair Week."

"Richard, the Lion-Hearted," is the title that has been chosen for the screen version of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Talisman." The bluff and hearty monarch who is the outstanding figure in the story has won much popularity thru Wallace Beery's portrayal of him in "Robin Hood." Richard, the Crusader, is the first historic hero to win the honor of being the featured character in two successive film productions. In "Richard, the Lion-Hearted," the thread of the story is picked up to fill the gap that was made in "Robin Hood" from the time he left England until his return. All the scenes in the new picture are laid in and around Jaffa, Palestine, where his dramatic battles with the Saracen hordes were staged. Wallace Beery will play King Richard; John Bowers, Sir Kenneth; Marguerite de la Motte will be Lady Edith; and Kathleen Clifford, the bride of King Richard.

The call of the blood has come to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and he is going to follow in his illustrious father's footsteps as a movie actor. Already plans have been set in motion by William Elliott for a series of pictures starring the young son of Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. James Evans. Doug., Jr., is still in his early teens but has already shown unmistakable talent as an actor, so that his new offer comes to him as a reward for his first efforts and may prove the means of carrying him on to bigger things.

Richard Barthelmess' next picture is to be called, "The Fighting Blade." It is now in the course of construction and from every indication promises to be a success. Dorothy Mackaill, who appeared in "Mighty Lak a Rose," will play opposite Mr. Barthelmess in the leading feminine rôle. Bradley Barker is the "heavy," and John Robertson is director.

Edwin Carewe is going to make as his next production "The Girl From the Golden West," a picture adapted from Belasco's play by the same name and which made such a tremendous hit on the stage. Sylvia Breamer has been chosen to play the leading rôle as it is thought she has all the essentials required to portray that part.



The Ne'er Do Well

(Continued from page 64)

four questions in just about one breath.

Now here was a grave situation requiring finesse and skill to dissolve. Andres Garavel, after his first shocked disappointment, went to Mrs. Cortlandt and told her the truth. The wretched woman listened to his story without comment.

"Well," he said, "is there nothing you can do to save my daughter's husband from death?"

"Yes," she said at last wearily, "there is this," and she handed him a crumpled note addressed in Cortlandt's sprawling hand to "My Wife." "You may have this—to make any use of you see fit. When you have read it, will you take me to see Kirk? I want to beg his forgiveness . . . and wish him happiness."

"Most certainly, Madame," replied Garavel with grave courtesy putting the note unread into his pocket.

In the narrow stone-walled room of the local prison, Kirk sat on the edge of his table and listened in painful silence to what Edith Cortlandt had to say.

"That's all," she finished in a flat lifeless voice. "Read the letter, Kirk."

He took the crumpled missive in hands that shook. Stephen Cortlandt had been his friend in spite of the miserable trouble there had been over his wife.

"My dear," the letter began. "I have come to the end of my ways. I am involved in grave financial difficulties from which I do not see how it is possible to extricate myself. I have lost the love of my wife, the love of the only woman in the world I ever cared for—you. Life holds nothing more for me now, and I mean to end it voluntarily of my own free will. If I have misjudged you and Kirk Antony, I can only say I am sorry. Will you bear a posthumous apology to Kirk? There is enough money left for you. You will have no difficulty. I wish only happiness for you.

Good-bye, my own dear wife,
STEPHEN CORTLANDT."

So Stephen Cortlandt had shot himself! Kirk still sat staring at the letter in his hands when the door was opened by an officer followed by a priest.

"Your time has come," the officer said not unkindly. "Is there anything you wish to——"

"No! No!" cried Edith. "He is innocent! Here's the proof!" And she thrust the letter into the hands of the surprised official.

. . . . . .

On the deck of a big ocean liner bound for the United States a bride and groom stood alone, in the usual unmistakable bride and groom attitude, with the usual unmistakable bride and groom look on their rapt faces.

"I've got the finest father in the world!" Kirk was saying.

"And I do want to see him," Chiquita replied. "Was it not fine of him to send Clifford down here to find me? You see, he never had discovered you in his heart. Fathers just are. He'll be so proud of you now. Won't he, my darling?"

"Well—er—ah—hmm—" answered Kirk noncommittally.

"The only thing is," Chiquita continued dreamily, nestling closer, "I don't understand how he could have stayed away from you for so long . . ."

"Well—er—ah—hm—" answered Kirk again, not without intelligence, and kissed his wife for the thousandth time.

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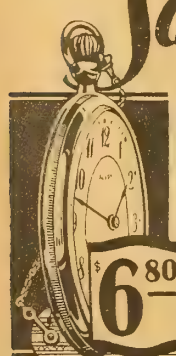
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

with Lasky. Doris Kenyon and Henry Hull in "The Coward."

MARY O.—I should say I am kept busy. I wish you would see this desk full of letters. Most people do not realize how many different kinds of work there are to do in the world. Frank Kingsley was Bruce in "One Wild Week." Sam de Grasse in "The Little Grey Mouse." William Scott in "Jackie." No, I cannot tell you the name of that story from your description. Tell me some more about it.

SUNSHINE.—That's what we all like to see, and I bet you are always smiling. And you say your mother censors all your letters to me. Well, what do we care. Maybe mother enjoys reading them, I know I do. Tom Moore was married to Alice Joyce and they have a little girl, and now he is married to Renee Adoree. Yes, Tom Moore is Irish. He was born in County Meath.

MINNIE Z.—And you too want to see more of Leah Baird. Someone page Leah, and tell her to send on some pictures.

RENEE C.—Well, the whale has a huge tongue, but very little sense of taste. Yes Madge Evans did play in "On the Banks of the Wabash" but it never has been released. She is 16. Dont know what happened to Mary Fuller. She sure was popular in the olden days.

BLONDY.—Thanks for the gum. I like chewing gum, candy and tobacco. No I dont roll my own—I can afford to pay to have them rolled. The Gish sisters were born in Ohio. Eric von Stroheim in Austria. Her name is Anna Querentia Nilsson. Dont go too far, you know pleasures are like liquors; they must be drunk in small glasses.

LILLY W.—No, I am not fat, and buttermilk is not fattening. It can be taken at any time without any possibility of increasing a person's weight. Keep up the good work, your stories are bound to appeal. You know whom the gods love, died young. I am over 80 so you know what that means.

WARD H.—Yes, the price of sugar has gone up. Somebody is raising cane with it. Eva Novak is married to William Reid. Irene Rich is to be starred in "Lucretia Lombard" for Warner. Zeena Keefe expects to go to England. No, it isn't necessary to have it copyrighted. Send for a list of addresses. All right. Fine.

WILLIAM MC.—Well dont blame me, William. It didn't appear in my department, and I believe it has been corrected by now. Write me again.

MILDRED.—I dont blame you. I never have any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort around with them. Alice Calhoun is playing in "Masters of Men." Yes, Liberty bonds are a good investment—but I dont go in much for investments. How can I on $10.50 per.

JACK G.—Greetings. You have it. You say "love is expressed of so many sensations, that something new of it can always be said." You might be right. We are all out of October 1920 SHADOWLAND. Maurice Costello is playing in Dorothy Dalton's "Fogbound." He is the villain. Any time Jack.

FAN.—Did you say fan or fanny? So you are several kinds of a fan, including baseball fan and picture fan. So I am. Notice Brooklyn starting off in the cellar again. Just you wait! Our office boy, Edward, defines fan as a thing used to brush warm off with; also a person who fans his enthusiasm into a flame and then cant put it out. Joseph Schildkraut has signed up with Goldwyn, and Nazimova will play in "The White Moth" for the screen.

ANNA D.—Right now Eugene O'Brien is playing on the stage.

D. E. G.—Yes, but life is not measured by the time we live. And dont you know Peggy Joyce? Page the New York *American* for her life story. Billie Burke is playing on the stage. So you have never seen Rodolph Valentino on the screen. You dont know what you are missing.

MOLLY B.—Webster Campbell is directing his wife, Corinne Griffith. Yes, Elsie Ferguson in "Déclassé" directed by Donald Crisp. No, I dont play a violin, but the Italian rosin is best I am told. My favorite violin selections are "Ave Maria"; "Meditation from Thais" and "Souvenir." What are yours? So you think Winifred Hudnut is a lucky girl. So is Rodolph. Thanks, write again.

CAMELLIA.—In love eh. Well think much, speak little and write less. Carol Dempster is about 22 years old. Dorothy Dalton is with Famous Players. Jack Holt in "Less than the Dust." Monte Blue with Warner and Pete Morrison in Universal pictures last. Yes, I believe in plenty of work, you know a young man idle, and old man needy. I need all I can get, I tell you that.

THISBE.—So there you are, all the way from the Philippine Islands. You sure do write an interesting letter, and you want to see Grace Davison and Ralph Kellard playing in "The Rosary." I'm afraid I cant arrange that for you. Wish I could. Arthur Carewe was the Duke in "Ghost Breaker." Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenk. Any time you feel like writing, think of me.

S. O. S.—Well here I am. Glenn Hunter was born about twenty-three years ago, and you can reach him at the Cort Theater, 48th St., New York City, or at Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PHYLLIS.—Oh Joy! Thanks for the *bonne bouche*. No I have never had the pleasure of seeing Agnes Ayres, personally. She is playing in "The Love Chase." Send your subscriptions to 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., where they will be thankfully received. Well he who spends more than he should, shall not have to spend when he would, *comme dit l'autre*.

SUZANNE DE B.—Welcome to the throne. I see you are a great admirer of Fritz Leibler. He is a Shakespearian player, and is not playing in pictures now.

HOWARD G.; EVELYN T.; ALICE G.; T. B. J.; BUDDY; DUD; EMMY LOU; WALTER H.; A. A. G.; DUD; LOVABLE M.; P. S.; MRS. E. B. M.; BITTLY T.; BUTTERFLY AND JAMES E.—Your questions have been answered somewhere in this department. Let me hear from you again. My best!

NEWCOMER.—Here I stand at the front door with open arms. Come in! And the face is supposed to be the silent echo of the heart, isn't it? Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago. That was Helene Chadwick and T. Roy Barnes in "Scratch My Back." Stuart Holmes was the Duke Michael in "Prisoner of Zenda." Yes, and that was Lon Chaney as Fagin. Hope you will be a regular visitor.

FRANCIS R.—Yes, I like the theater very much. I plan to see one legitimate each week and about two movies. No, I didn't see "The Fool" but I did see "Merton of the Movies." Leatrice Joy and Owen Moore in "The Silent Partner."

(Continued on page 121)



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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 70*)

six children showed up on the blank, indicating that the stork is not a popular bird in Hollywood.

Asked whether they would be willing to see a young sister go into pictures, ninety-two answered in the affirmative; sixteen in the negative.

When asked if they had been insulted in the studios when seeking work, fourteen said they had; ninety-eight said no.

As to whether they could love and trust a man in the motion picture industry, eighty-eight thought they could; eighteen replied in the negative and four modified their answers. One girl said she could easily love an actor; but she didn't believe she could trust one.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn, Wallace Beery, Priscilla Dean, Truly Shattuck, Fritzi Ridgeway, Sada Cowan, Louis Wilson, Virginia Valli, Virginia Browne Faire, Kathleen Key, Mrs. Mitchell Lewis, Clara Horton, Helene Ferguson, Maryon Aye, Virginia Fox and others.

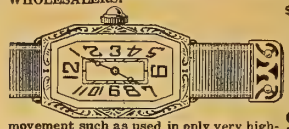
In one week, the Los Angeles papers have had Constance Talmadge engaged to marry two different people—John Charles Thomas the opera singer, and Irving Thalburg. Meanwhile she has not entirely completed her divorce from John Piagolou. The Thalburg rumor seemed to consist principally in the fact that Connie was going somewhere or other and Mr. Thalburg sent her some flowers; I say Connie and Mr. Thalburg because the talented young person, last named, has let it be firmly understood that this first name familiarity doesn't go with him. Having arrived at the venerable age of twenty-three and having achieved the management of Universal and Meyer studios, he realizes the time for dignity has arrived.



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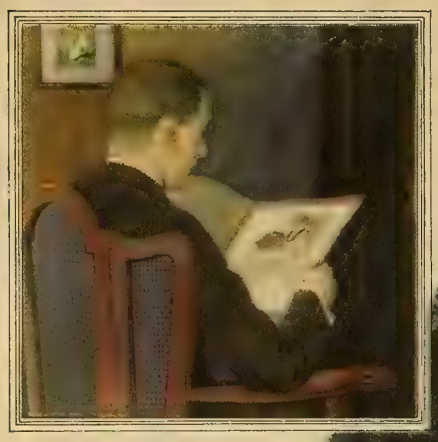
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